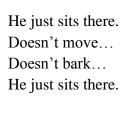
Pup Daddy



His name's Pup Daddy. My dog plushie. Lifesize. But lifeless.

He sits, with his ears flopped down to the side of his head. A blank expression on his face, his black marble eyes staring out into the distance. His black leather made nose always cold. Heavy because of stuffing.

He wasn't the real dog I wanted.

Then one night, many years later... I was feeling a little sad. I was in my room, on my laptop, and I just looked at him.

Same blank face...
Same marble eyes...
Same leather nose...

Yet...
I got up, and went to him, and I hugged him...

And I wasn't sad anymore.