

During the height of COVID in 2020, it was just me and my Dad living together. I got quite bored of having to sit through long days without socialising or going outside. So I decided to borrow some ebooks from the library. I read books on art, craft, world records, history and more.

One particular book gave me an idea, perhaps my best idea ever. The book was 'The world of dogs' I thought of all the possibilities of what it would be like with some canine company. I even made up names: Linguini the whippet, Bear the chocolate Newfoundland, Daisy the great Dane, PB and J the bernedoodle twins, Michelle the pug, Miles the sheepadoodle and Oscar the dachshund. The eight dogs seemed perfect until one day I came across a pamphlet showing adorable dogs that needed to be adopted. They were rescue greyhounds that had been taken from racing.

We drove an hour to get to the shelter to see them. That's when we came across Dynamo. When we first met her at the shelter, she ran up to the gate to greet us. In return, I gave her a nice, big pat on the head. We then went inside, where we were told how to look after her and read her body language. It turned out she loved belly rubs!

We took her home the next week, and that's when Dynamo became part of our family. I was a little scared of her at first. She looked so big and scary. But behind her dark fur and big brown eyes, she was the loveliest companion you could ever wish for.

One day, Dynamo decided to escape. The front gate was left open and she bolted out the door and onto the street. I tried to chase after her but it was no use. After years of racing, she was lightning speed. Eventually, she stopped to sniff a bush and that's when I grabbed hold of her collar and took her back home to safety.

Dynamo always enjoyed swimming. My Grandad would take her to the park right next to the harbour and one day, she was finally allowed in. The second she was unclipped from her leash she dashed for the water and hopped onto the back of some poor man's canoe! After desperately calling her for five minutes, Grandad finally got cheeky Dynamo to paddle back.

About a year ago, we noticed Dynamo develop a bit of a limp. We took her to the vet many times to see what the matter was. Around Christmas last year, she was diagnosed with bone cancer. Even though she was on three types of painkillers, we could tell the pain was getting worse. We decided it was time to say goodbye so she wouldn't have to suffer anymore. Although our time together was short, she was definitely my best idea ever.