A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A STREET DOG I am a street dog. I spend the whole day and everyday just roaming on the streets aimlessly in search of food. I have to work very hard, move along houses, rubbish dumps and only then I may get a morsel or two to satisfy my hunger. My daily food comes from the overflowing dustbins of the colony, where I live. Most of the time, we get our breakfast and lunch there.

At times I do wonder, why people never give us anything to eat fondly, but at the same time throw so much in the dustbin. Though I am thankful to them, but life would be easier if they would gave us what they plan to throw away. I and some of my friends search for whatever we can find to eat. Sometimes I go across the street outside the colony to a food stall nearby.

Yesterday, I was lucky to get a bellyful of leftovers at that stall. Besides working hard, many a time, I have to fight with other dogs who, are looking for food like me. When I pass through houses or flats, some owners of those houses shoo me away with streams of abuses. Some of them even hit me with sticks or stones. In summer and winter season, I have a very difficult time in trying to protect myself from the scorching sun or the biting cold winds. I take shelter under a car, under a tree, or at times in verandahs of houses just to be shooed away. Sometimes in rainy season, if this place gets flooded, we have to stay without food also for many days. Today, I saw a pet dog peeping out of a moving car on the road. Seeing this, I feel terribly depressed.

That dog in the car is loved, cared for, fed well, gets medicine when he falls sick. And here, I am all alone in the world with no one to love me and care for me.