A day in the life of a dog In the morning, I can see and hear people moving around in the house but no one comes outside to check on me. They are talking and laughing; I wish I could be with them. I’m hungry and thirsty. I tipped over my food and water bowls last night when I got tangled in my chain. I’m still tangled in my chain. The chain is too tight and it’s cutting into my neck. The people who live in the house are all leaving. I try to run toward them with my tail wagging, hoping they will notice me, but my chain snaps me backward and I fall to the ground. It’s no use. I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do with myself. I can’t protect the house from my chain. I don’t have any toys to play with and there are no other dogs to keep me company. Maybe if I bark, someone will show me what to do. I decide to bark all day. I growl at other people passing my house. The smallest person from the house has returned in the afternoon. Maybe he will play with me! He does not. I go to the bathroom in the same place I always go, a few feet from my shelter. In the evening, the rest of the people are home. One of them yells at me to stop barking. I pace back and forth, confused. I smell food in the house. I am still hungry and thirsty. One of the people from the house comes out to see me. He fills my food and water bowls and I am so happy for this attention that I jump up in excitement, spilling both bowls and dirtying his clothes. He scolds me and delares that this behaviour of mine is one of the reasons I am not allowed to live in his house with him. Another lonely night. I dream about being on a chain because it’s all I know.