Monkeys in My Backyard By Sharada Dubey Story-Barking Dogs Seldom bite Autobiography of Blanco (The white bitch) I was born in the Southern part of America, My whole family lived there. My parents named me Blanco because of my white fur. I still remember the day the humans found me playing with some squirrels. That was the last day I ever saw my family. The humans shipped me off to a place called India. As soon as we reached India all the animals were Let out in a forest because the Police had found the people smuggling us illegally and set us free.

My newfound freedom was short-lived. The forest in which I lived was burned so those silly humans could make another building or some other puny unnecessary thing. The few friends I had were all killed. I barely made it myself. Just outside the forest I found a pack of dogs who had also made it out of the forest fire. They took me under their wings and I joined their pack after recovering from the fire. Together we all started off to find another place to live and find prey. One of the pack members knew of a faraway forest. We decided our best bet was to go there. It was a very long and tedious journey; at times when there was nothing to eat or drink we had to kill someone so we could eat something. To reach the forest we had to cross a big city.

When we reached to the edges of the city most of us had given up. I remained in the town outside the city with a few others. We thought it would be easy for us to feed on the humans’ leftovers and there seemed to be pipes with water everywhere. We thought it would be better if we parted ways. I set out to the nearest tree I could find thinking that I could sleep in its shade. I slept below a banyan tree for a couple of hours and woke up to the sound of my stomach grumbling. I was very hungry and thirsty and knew that I had to find food fast. I killed a small bird and ate it under the shade of my banyan tree. Under that banyan tree I felt safe. I lived beneath that tree for a whole year. I thought that I would live there in peace till I depart this life. I was so wrong. The tree was cut down so another monstrosity could be made by those silly humans. I ran away once again. I was getting used to running away by now.

I saw a few other dogs living near a big building which was surrounded by cars and a few trees. They were playing with little humans. The humans seemed to be feeding the dogs some biscuits. I went to them and a little girl gave me a little biscuit to eat and then she playfully rubbed the space behind my ear. She called out to someone and another little human –a bit bigger than the one playing with me- came our direction and smiled at me. He said something to my little friend who looked a bit crest-fallen but gave me another biscuit and left behind the other human.

Those two came to visit me every day and fed me water and biscuits. After a few weeks I gave birth two four little puppies. They were beautiful-one was white with a few brown spots while one was brown with some white spots. The other two were pure brown and pure white. The two humans who played with me were absolutely delighted to see my little puppies and played with them till the late evening. That night I noticed something strange in bushes- they seemed to someone hidden in them. When they heard me barking they ran away. I couldn’t see who it was because it was so dark. I ran behind them, leaving my little puppies, I followed them for a long way till it was dawn and I had lost my way. When I was behind the person it was dark and I couldn’t make out anything but a silhouette of the human.He had led me far out of town and to the forest which lay beyond the town.I found a new home.

I will never understand humans – some are creators, some destroyers; some preserve, some raze but in the end we have to remember that everything and everyone is different. And living in this world will always be a game-the survival of the fittest. Right now the humans are winning but one day we will take back what was ours, our homes and our lives. So, till then do not just seek out a cure for cancer but search for a cure of AIDS as well. Fight for those who can not fight for themselves. Speak for them, scream for them. Find something worth dying for and live your life to the fullest. Make the best of everything.

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