

## Casey

As I lay in my bed I open my eyes and stare at the ceiling. My mind drifted to my grandpa, it was two days after his funeral, and I was still upset. He was only in his seventies, he didn't deserve to die, but fate decided otherwise. Tears slip off my cheeks and soak into my pillow, I rub my wet eyes, telling myself that today is not the day to be sad. Today is supposed to be happy, today is the day we get to pick out our new dog.

"Evey, are you up?" my mom calls from the hallway.

"Yes!" I holler back while climbing out of bed.

After I'm dressed I head downstairs to find my parents running around the kitchen making breakfast for my brothers, Aiden and Owen, while they're watching "We can be Heroes" on Netflix for the hundredth time this week.

"What do you want for breakfast?" said dad as I seated myself in the chair next to Aiden.

"Just a bagel with butter please," I say, it was what I always had in the morning. The clock on the oven said 8:34 on it, and we were supposed to leave in about 10 minutes. I looked at my reflection on the window, my brown short hair was too short and I hated it.

In the car I climb to the third row and buckle myself in. Owen clicks a button on the ceiling of the car and the small TV hangs down, Aiden grabs the remote underneath and hits the power button.

"Can we watch 'How to Train your Dragon'?" Aiden asks. Mom, in the passenger seat, nods and pulls out a long grey case and zips it open. She flips through several disks before she finds the one we want. She presses some buttons on the screen in front of her and slips the disk in.

After 20 episodes of “How to Train your Dragon” we finally arrive at the dog breeder’s house. The sky was hiding behind the clouds making the outside seem sad, and the rain did not help. We waited in the car while the current family played with the dogs, I could see a small fenced in area on the driveway with about ten little Whoodle puppies, puppy piling on a small boy.

When it was finally our turn, mom and dad unlocked the car for us to get out and we made our way to the driveway. The puppies were jumping up and down in their little playpen, wagging their curly little tails in the excitement of our arrival.

In the playpen, we all sat in a circle around the hyper pups, each dog had a colored collar around their necks. There were three puppies that had brown fur and a thick white strip running down their face, two black, and two brown. One of the brown and white pups walks over and sits on my lap, he has a red collar around his neck. His coat is very curly and super soft to touch.

As I stroke Red’s fur I feel a tug on my hair, I turn around and a pup identical to Red with a blue collar pulling on a strand of my hair.

“Hey!” I say grabbing my hair before he yanks it off my head. Blue smiles with his tongue hanging out of his mouth and wagging his tail like he didn’t just try to bite my hair off. After 30 minutes of playing, snuggling, and laughing, we ended up picking Yellow. She was the most active pup, running around the playpen, jumping up and down, and licking our faces. She basically picked us and was begging to be taken home.

Back at home we let Yellow out into our backyard and let her get to know her new home.

“What’re we gonna name her?” I asked mom and dad when we got back into the house. They both look at each other and smile.

“We were thinking about naming her Casey after Grandpa Wayne because his favorite brand of tractors were Case Tractors,” dad answered. I feel tears forming in my eyes, but these aren’t tears of grief or sadness like this morning, these were tears of joy. Joy for the remembrance of Grandpa Wayne, joy for our new puppy, and joy for my family because they are amazing.