

Defender of the Night

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Defender of the Night

By Theodora Pasion

I was on my late night patrol and the backyard was clear. No cats, no birds, the house and backyard were safe. I started to smell something... a raccoon! Being the dog of the house I had to protect my people and my place! I sprinted around the corner as fast as my four legs could carry me, through the alley, into the side door where they washed their clothes and there it was. This large raccoon; it needed to go. The glowing eyes and evil grin was something completely different from a cat. A growl, no response, a bark, nothing. It stayed there trying to get to my people through the other door into the house. This beast sat in my bed. I could not deal with this anymore. I knew I had to protect the house my space! I leaped. We rolled around, I was biting his neck as he was biting my copper ears, while growling, and yelping. Although I am only a tiny Pomeranian, I knew I had to do whatever I could.

Then I saw her. My owner, this frail little girl in nightgown crying. She opened that door he tried to get into. I had to get the raccoon away to protect her. I rolled outside the doggy door with his weight crushing me. He clamped shut on my snout. I could smell the blood. Although he was twice my size, overpowering me, I could get him. I bit his leg and he jumped off. He looked at me with these dark eyes and ran around the corner of the alley. I ran barking chasing him. I had to make sure he knew not to come back. He climbed the fence in the backyard and looked back staring at me. His eyes showed he would be back. Angry and silent, as he sat on the top of the fence and we stared knowing our battle was done for tonight. As he climbed over the fence and out of sight, I laid on the cold cement in the dark. In pain cuts all over and soreness from his weight, a beast I never thought I would need to protect my people from. Within the night, I hear a sound in the alley that led back to where my people washed their clothes. My master, the frail girl calling me "Rosie! Rosie! Where are you?" I slowly picked myself up feeling the pain in my back leg from the raccoon crushing it and limped towards her. She was safe, my people were safe.