

T h i s

may be the best impulse I've ever had. This may be the biggest moment of my young life. This may be what the next 14 years looks like. This may be my future. This may be my calling, my duty, my obligation to your foster mom, Marisa. This may be the best \$395 I've ever spent. This may be worth all the time, all the effort, and all the energy. This may consist of sweet early mornings and happy late nights. This may be worth the \$90 amazon purchase of CBD peanut butter, a pink lick mat, a triangulated cot, a bone-shaped clicker, training treats (and the bag to match), and potty bells. This may be worth the hundreds that will go towards pet insurance and veterinarian bills and private training lessons and unneeded toys and cute little collars and leashes and bandanas. This may be the happiest I've been in a long time.

This may be the easiest it's been to swifer your dirty paw prints and vacuum up bits of leaves and debris you track into my apartment. This may be the most proud I've ever seen my parents. This may be the most excited I've ever seen my little sisters. This may be worth the eight 20-minute potty breaks every single day and the additional 15 minute bedtime walk. This may be worth the relentless energy and constant need for attention. This may be like something I've experienced before. This may be for real, this time. This may be my purpose. This may be who I am.

This may be what love truly feels like.

This is tiring. This is a lot of work. This is unending and expensive and hard. This is scary and new and very, very weird. This is a real adult-like journey. This is late nights cleaning pee stains off of my \$200 area rug. This is early mornings, cussing as I throw (yet another) bathroom towel covered in poo into the washing machine. This is cleaning you because you're covered in mud, again. This is real, unexplicable, neverending, all-consuming love. This is a new beginning.

This is hope. This is for me .