

At The Elbow of Docter Death

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A Acara tells of her life in the pound.

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I know you have heard this story before. Owner creates pet, owner abandons pet, pet finds happiness with new and loving owner. What you may not know, however, is that being abandoned is sometimes a good thing. Here is my story, and it is just a little different.

I was a bit too young to remember my first owner when I was abandoned. I was only about 5 hours old, according to Dr.Death. He told me the story many times, as if it were only yesterday. One cold, blustery day in the month of Collecting the door to the pound burst open, letting in a chilly gust of wind. A frantic woman rushed through the door, dragging a scared baby Acara behind her by the ears.

"How much to leave this beast here?" she demanded.

Dr.Death eyed her coolly and said,"280 NP. Please let go of that pet, you are hurting her ears."

The woman reached into her purse, slammed the NP on the counter and began to rush out. Dr. Death stopped her at the door and reminded her to fill out the necessary forms. She scribbled her signature on the consent forms and turned away. Dr.Death asked her, "Ma'am, wouldn't you like to say goodbye to your pet?"

She didn't even look at me when she replied, "Tell her thanks for breaking my very expensive Attack Fork!" and stormed out.

Dr.Death looked around for an empty space to put me in, but there were very few. Many of the spaces were filled with Zafaras and Buzzes. There was one spot in a cage with a Grarrl, but Dr.Death thought better than to stick me in there. The only space was in a small, but warm, carrying case that someone had left behind. Dr.Death kept me in it and I got to stay on his desk! That's how we got to be such good friends. He would tell me the hard-luck stories of other pets during the slow hours, and he told me all about how he came to work at the pound. He said he felt very badly for me when my owner brought me in, because I was just a baby and looked very cold and scared. For someone with such a scary reputation, Dr. Death is a wonderful man.

The days and nights passed by slowly. Hardly anyone came in to adopt, mostly to abandon. The food was downright awful. All the stories you've heard are true. And it is very cold. Dr. Death explained to me that the pound was losing money all the time. Rich and greedy people keep creating pets to make NP, invest it a little, and then abandon the pets. The rich also inflate the food prices in Neopia making it impossible for Dr.Death to buy the pets proper meals. He does the best he can, but it's a hard job.

Then that fateful day came. It was on a sunny morning during the month of Eating when the door to the pound opened, pouring sunshine into our cold, damp cages. A young girl entered, looking unsure of what to do. She stepped quietly up to Dr. Death, but I was in earshot, so I heard everything. She told her story of how much she wanted a bright,entergetic Acara. The girl was excited.

Dr. Death turned my cage away so the girl wouldn't see me, and told her that he didn't have any Acaras at that time. I was shocked! Why was he lying? I was right there at his elbow! I couldn't believe the man I thought was my friend would let me miss the opportunity to find a home. I began to cry louder, loud enough so the girl could hear me. She asked if I were up for adoption.

Dr. Death said, "I'm sorry, but this Acara has already been taken."

That confused me a great deal. I didn't remember being looked at. The girl smiled sweetly and thanked Dr. Death for his time.

"Would you please keep me on the Acara waiting list? I promised my friend I would get an Acara. But if I can't do that that's fine."

Then I saw something in Dr. Death's eyes I had never seen before. He had a tear! "Wait! You can take this one," he said.

My heart filled up when I realized he meant me. The girl's face lit up as well. Dr. Death told the girl, "You have reminded me of why I went into this line of work in the first place. I wanted to match good pets with good homes. And frankly, Acarocemi is about the best pet in the world." Then he turned to me and said, "I'm going to be sorry to see you go. Please come back and visit me." Then he picked me up out of my cage and gave me a big hug. The girl was about to pay when he said, "No, I couldn't take money not for my little friend." Neither one of us knew what to say, but we knew that we had just witnessed something great? Dr. Death's cold heart melting just a bit.

So how is being abandoned sometimes a good thing? Well, for me, it got me out of a bad home. If owners are going to be temperamental and mean, it's probably best for them not to have pets at all. Also, if I had never been at the pound I never would have gotten to know Dr. Death, and I never would have met the best owner in the world! So please, if you are tired of your pet and are being mean to it please let it have a shot at a nice, happy home. It's a shot every pet deserves.

The End