

## Amin

I slowly opened the creaking door on that Saturday evening of June 4045, and entered my new house. I began smelling in the house and instantly was greeted by coughing. The house was hundreds of years old according to the realtor who had sold it to me. Now I could tell what the realtor meant by it. The house was filled with dust and smelled musty. I could hear the occasional footsteps of the mice running through the house. I knew I would have to get rid of them. I slowly started working my way around the house. Checking out every nook and cranny. I could tell the walls were old, mold was running down every single one of them. Then while I was brushing away spiderwebs to open the basement door.

I heard a shrill “BARK! BARK! BARK!”

I jumped up, surprised, the realtor had told me no animals except mice were living here. I pushed open the basement door and slowly went down the basement stairs. With every step the stairs made a loud Creak. I winced every time waiting for when I would reach the solid stone floor.

## Desmond

Something’s moving upstairs. Is it Merlin? Is he finally back for me? I better bark so he knows where I am.

“BARK! Merlin it’s me Desmond I’m here in the basement,” I screeched at the top of my lungs.

I ran around in excitement waiting for Merlin to come down the stairs. So we could finally live together again. The basement door creaked open. The anticipation was rising, I was trying to fight the urge to go run up the stairs. Even though the stone floor was cold my body

grew hotter, I Couldn't feel the cold. It was being washed away by the feeling of joy. I finally couldn't resist anymore, I jumped to the bottom of the stairs, then leaping at the human coming down them.

## Amin

I felt fur cover my eyes as the dog jumped on me. I tried to get the dog off but it wouldn't stop licking. Its tongue was warm and my face was covered in dog slobber. When I was finally able to get up I realized the dog was a husky and a beautiful one at that. It was the color of snow. With a short brown coat, but the most recognizable thing was the eyes. It was a soft blue that I could get lost in for hours, and I did. I sat there on the cold stone floor for 2 hours, staring into the dog's eyes.

## Desmond

When I finally stopped licking the human, I paused. I could feel a tear falling slowly down my face, there standing in front of me was a human and it wasn't Merlin. I stood there staring at the human for 150 minutes. Till finally the human looked away.

I started getting more accustomed to the human as the days went by, and by the fifth day the human finally told me his name. The human was called Amin.

## Amin

Well that was weird, I thought to himself. I just told a dog my name, like it could hear me. I let out a big huff and sat down. This past week was amazing. I was starting to like Desmond a lot more. BAM! BAM! BAM!

“Who’s there? I’ve got a gun and I’m not afraid to use it,” I screeched. Sweat dripping down my shirt, I was a waterfall.

“Down here, the basement, Dad.” The strange voice replied.

My thoughts were jumbled. I have a kid, since when? Wait no, what am I saying. Desmond is in the basement, please say he’s ok that’s all I need to hear.. I just got him, I can't lose him. I have to get to him NOW.

CRACK! BOOM! THUD! THUD! THUD! Were the only sounds, as I kicked down the door and it fell down the stairs. I ran down the stairs skipping as many as humanly possible ignoring the splinters being embedded in my feet.. Till I reached the bottom, and all I saw was Desmond sitting in front of me.

“Hi dad,” Desmond said.

Those were the last words I heard before I blacked out.

## Desmond

“Dad wake up, Please I don’t want to be left again,” I cried as tears fell down my fur.

After 6 long hours Amin finally woke up. The only thing next to him was me, laying right next to him sleeping on the cold stone floor with a pile of slobber on the floor. Amin slowly petted me.

“What, huh, who's there? DAD YOUR AWAKE,” I screamed.

“WHAT THE HELL, YOU CAN TALK,” Dad screeched.

## Amin

I tried racking my brains for ideas. What is going on, my dog can talk. I was unprepared for this, who is prepared for this. What am I supposed to do, how am I supposed to live with a dog that can understand every single one of my words. On one hand he's a companion but what am I going to do? This is like raising a child. I have no experience with this stuff.

“So Desmond, since when have you been able to talk,” I asked him.

He replied, “I've been talking ever since you got here haven't you noticed?”

Huh. So it must be that a person can't hear him till they develop a bond with him. So he must have been talking that very first day when I thought I heard him barking. Now that I know him better, and he likes me more I guess I can hear him.

## Desmond

He couldn't hear me back then when I was calling for Merlin, but how can he hear me now? I grew worried. My head was tilted to one side; it looked like my neck had snapped in half. After what seemed like hours but was only 2 minutes he spoke.

“Do you know who Merlin is,” I asked.

Amin replied slowly, “Who's Merlin?”

My face immediately fell and my ears started drooping. I realized he still had not found Merlin yet. When would I see Merlin again was the only question on my mind.

## Amin

Who the heck is Merlin? His old owner. That bloody bastard left this beautiful dog behind. Amin's face started growing redder by the second, anyone could tell I was mad, I loved this dog even though I had barely spent a few weeks with him. I could feel it in my bones that this dog was as pure as an angel.

I struggled trying to keep his voice low as he said "Who is Merlin? Your old owner? Why did he leave you behind?"

Desmond seemed confused. I seemed mad but at the same time he seemed so calm.

Desmond then replied, "Merlin was my old owner, my dad. He left me because he said he had to pursue a very bad person. The last time I saw him was the year 0001."

I was about to talk but stopped, it looked as if he had just realized what Desmond was saying. Year one? That means this dog is over 4000 years old, but how? He barely looks 6 months old. I finally had understood everything he needed to know about Desmond. He was finally ready to take care of this pure hearted dog. Who had taught him so much. Without Desmond, Amin would never have adopted a dog ever.

"Well the past is the past I guess. Now that that's been said I want to thank you Desmond. You're the best dog a man could ever ask for," Amin said with a smile on his face.

"Thanks Dad, same thing for you. Not the dog thing, but your the best owner ever." Desmond said with his chest puffed out.

The Technical Ending