

Even If It's Not Perfect

Dad calls my bedroom “Suzannah’s Pet Shop,” because stuffed animals have taken over! They play hide-and-seek between the books on my shelf. They bounce with me when I jump on my bed. They snuggle against my neck and beg for treats.

It’s fun pretending with my stuffed animals, but I wish I could have a *real* pet. Something soft and furry that could sit in the window, waiting



for the school bus to bring me home. My pet would bound across the living room to greet me. He'd jump into my lap before I even sat down.

If I couldn't have a big pet, I'd pick something little and busy. He could live in a cage in my room. I'd build him a fun playground with paper-towel-tube tunnels to scurry through and ramps to climb up and slide down. My pet would ride in my bathrobe pocket when I made breakfast: cereal for me, carrots for him.

But the only pets I can have are stuffed animals. We live in an apartment, and the landlord says:

No dogs.

No cats.

No pets of any kind.