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Writing

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My Dog Sister

She just looked ahead with ~~the~~ cloudy eyes. She lied on the operating table made of icy metal. She stretched her legs out forward and close together (pulled back its paws?), and rested its head on it (what?). The belly with dull and black fur heaved slightly and slowly. While she saw the veterinarian hold a syringe, not like usual, she did not struggle. The needle impaled her skin and death flow in~~to~~, and it was the first time I ~~see~~ saw the shape she ~~sleeps~~ slept in. (this sentence is well-written.)

She is a three-year-old dog from a shelter, my family adopted her five years ago (She was three years old when my father took her home five years ago?). On the day she first came, she bristled up ~~the fur~~ and there was a tiny ball on her tail. She lowered her head, cringed, ~~and~~ shivering all over while she saw ~~the~~ humans.

I used to tiptoe ~~approach~~ to the kennel in order not to awake her in the morning, but she always rushed at me before I got close enough to see her.

Being excited, usually she ~~was~~ gasp~~ing~~ed, sticked her tongue out at me, and stepped ~~her feet~~ on my belly, and two ~~feet shape~~ footprints would be left on my shirt. While feeling her ears itchy, she ~~swings~~ shook her head rapidly like twisting a bottle top, the wide and flimsy ears would make sounds, and the saliva ~~flow~~ flew out from the gap of her mouth covered by sagging lip skin ~~of the lips~~. Then her face was stained with a white and sticky string, like a worm. Walking her is a big challenge. Every time I unfastened the chain, she would quickly disappear. It always ~~takes~~ took time to find her, and finally I saw her ~~stay somewhere~~ await somewhere.

Time flies, the day she first ~~come~~ came, she was just three-year-old, equivalent to a fifteen-year-old human, as if she was my sis. However, just five years later, she ~~gets~~ got older than me and ~~cannot~~ could not run so fast like before.

She died four months ago because of a disease.

Animals bring happiness to people, sadness too. Their life span being short, they go into our life and make bonds with us, but simply a few years pass~~ed~~, and they leave. Just like the saying goes,” Not crave forever, because too far.~~”,~~ ,” ~~fostering~~ keeping a pet one must experience losses and a pang of sadness.

However, although the time she was ~~been~~ with us was short, she had become a part of our family. Love you, and goodbye, my dear.

1. Good description.
2. Too many minor mistakes.
3. Grade: 86-5, late