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Sometimes things happen that you don't necessarily like. They make you feel sad or mad or lonely or even a mix of them, but most of the time, there is someone there to help cheer you up, to get your mind off the stress or anger or sadness you're going through. This might sound strange, but my dog, Shawn, was there for me one day when no one else was.

It was a normal day; nothing special was going on that I recall. It was a Saturday. I don't know if I had a rude tone of voice, or if I was late, or said, "Mmmh,mmh..." one too many times, but in the end, there was a lot of arguing until finally something zipped my mouth shut. My mom uttered my least favorite words, "You - Are - Grounded! No TV! No computer! Go to your room!!!"

I guess I had made plans to go on a date with the TV and my favorite show. However,, I shuffled over to my room, plopped straight down into my carpet, and "expressed" myself to the hot pink fur of the rug.

I don't know if dogs can smell sadness, or if Shawn is just special, because a few giggles later, he was there licking the tears off my cheeks, cuddling me, and putting a grateful smile on my face.

Sometimes in life, things you don't like happen, and you can't go back and change them. There you are, down in the dumps where it's hard to get back up. Most times, you just need a helping hand, or a paw.