

Mr. Sean C. Jones, Art Teacher

K.O. Knudson Academy of Art Middle School

Brooklyn 1 and Brooklyn 2

Pen and Ink on Paper

Prior to the pandemic shutdown, my family rescued an elder dog with bad eyes, not teeth, a lower jaw with no bone (which caused his tongue to hang out permanently), dangerously thin, bad legs, and tiny. My first reaction was that this dog would not live long. My second thought was, "How o you feed him?" We learned his name was "Brooklyn."

Brooklyn had to be hand fed with wet food three times a day. He needed to be carried up and down the stairs. He had to take heart medicine every day. He began to gain weight and run around the house, almost like a "real" dog. He also had a real personality.

When the pandemic shutdown began and I was stuck in a room teaching on a computer all day, Brooklyn decided he needed to be sitting next to me all day long. I took on the feeding schedule and the up and down stairs routine. The first Saturday of that pandemic schooling, Brooklyn sat by the computer barking at me - "We need to work!" Dogs do not understand weekends.

A few weeks before we were going to return to "in person" school, I began to worry about how we would take care of Brooklyn. Brooklyn's health took a quick turn for the worse, and he passed away just before I returned going back to school. We were all heartbroken.

Grieving, I realized that Brooklyn had "rescued" me during the pandemic lockdown. I worry a lot about my own health, and if it hadn't been for caring for Brooklyn, I would have been a wreck worrying every minute about myself. Instead, I was focused on this little old guy who became a dear friend. I believe he somehow knew his job was done and he did not want to burden me. He picked his time to leave us with grace.