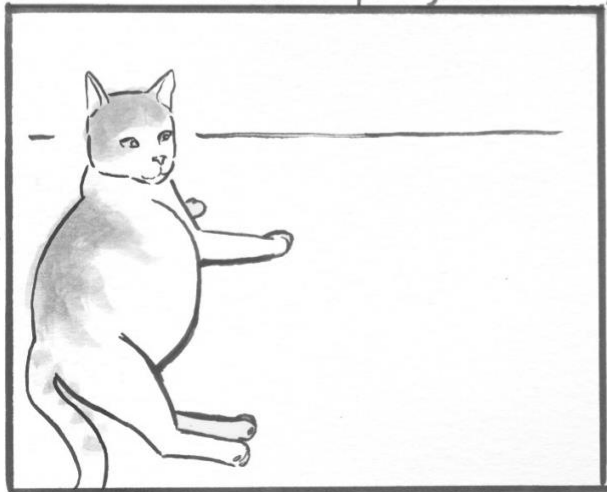


Caspar was a teenager,

Barney was old,



And Powder was pregnant again

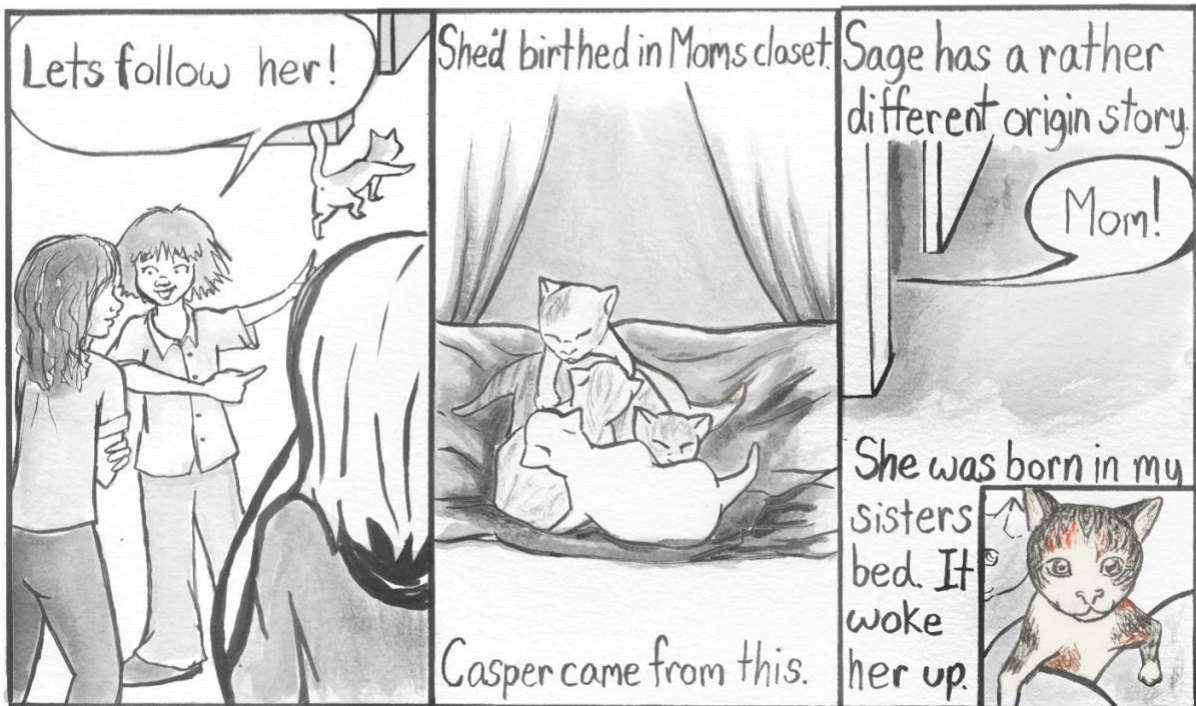




when Cody, a puppy at the time,  
came home to live with us.

And so, for that one month  
we had an equal number  
of cats to dogs.





Sage stood out early on.



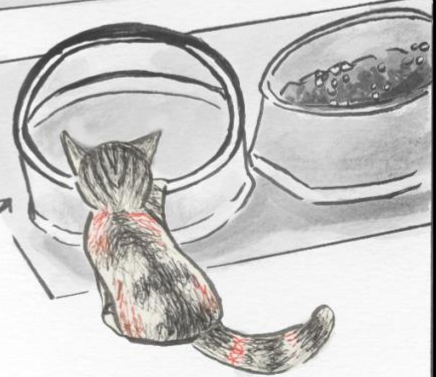
She was bold.

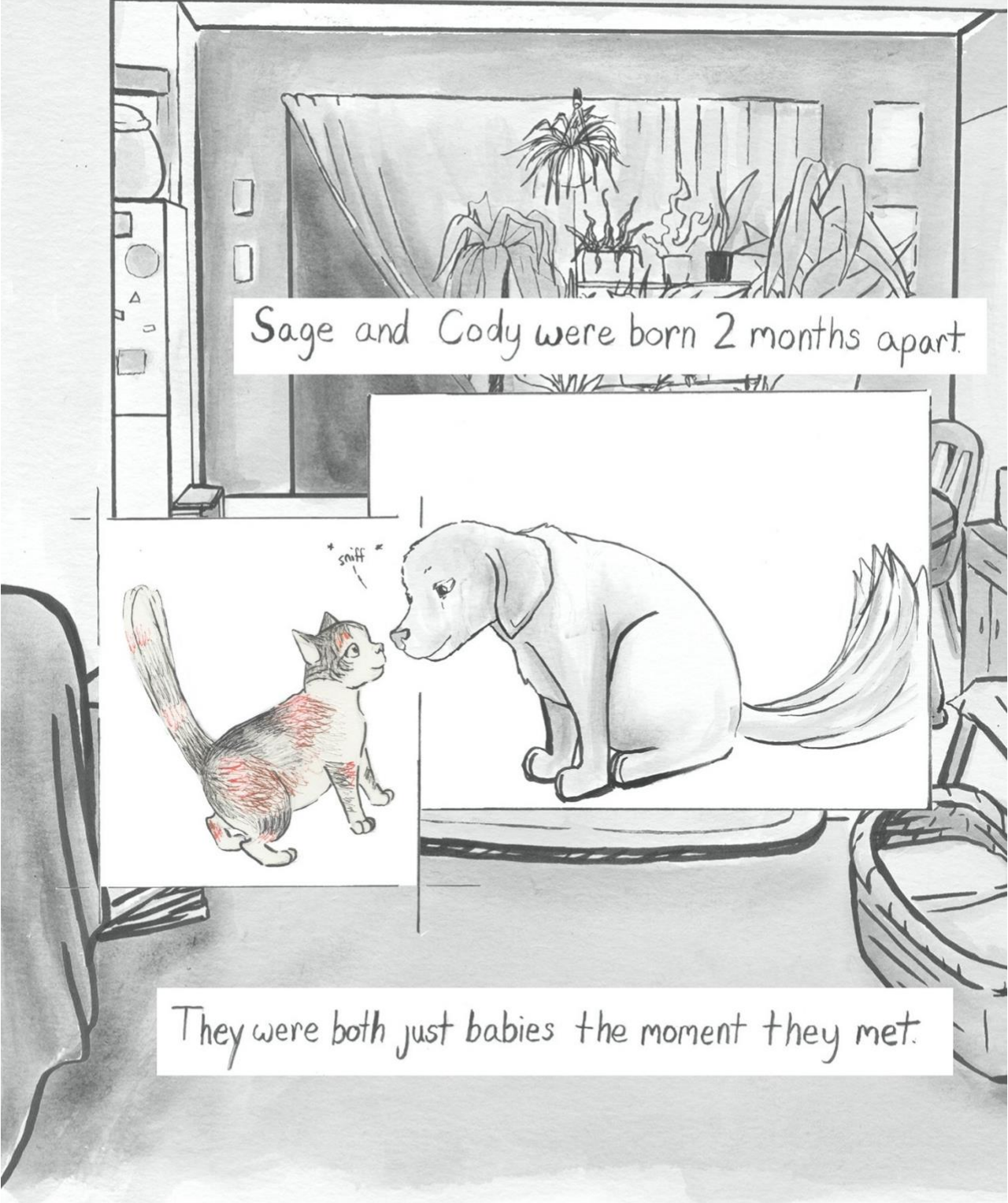


She was the first to explore alone.

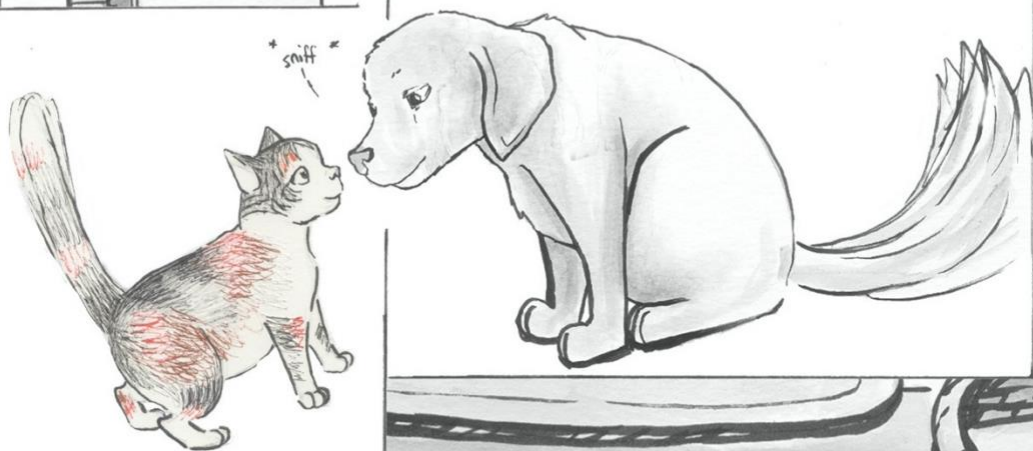


Dogs  
bowls

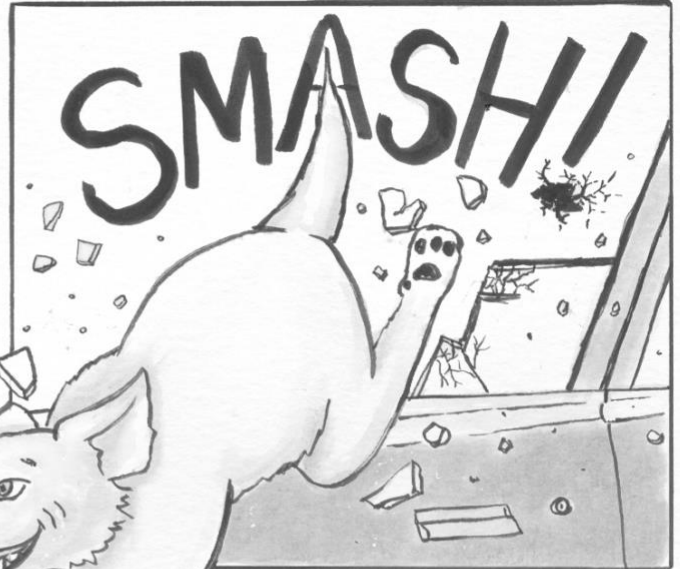




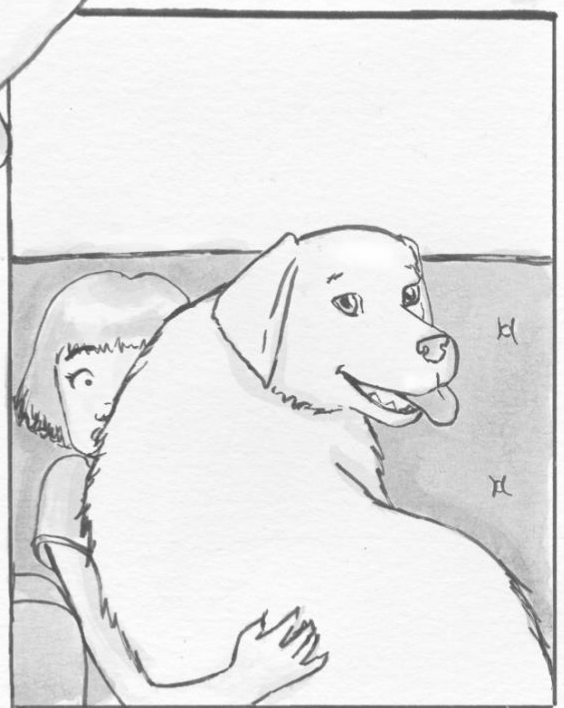
Sage and Cody were born 2 months apart.



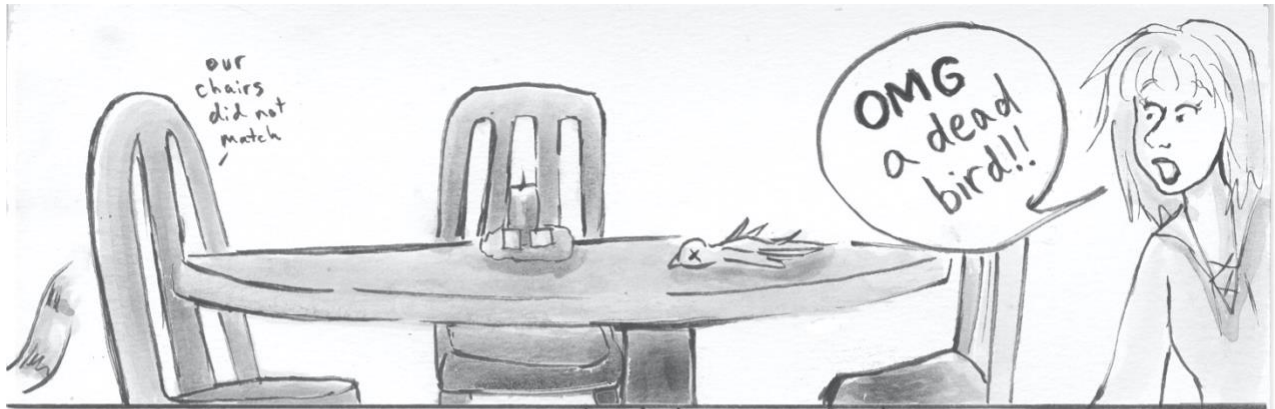
They were both just babies the moment they met.



Cody got big real quick.



But he always just seemed like an overgrown puppy.



Sage was very smart.



Too smart really.



But she did look out for Cody. In little ways.

My brother could be scary sometimes.



The cops came for him often.



Where's Scott?!



I remember being alone and so scared.

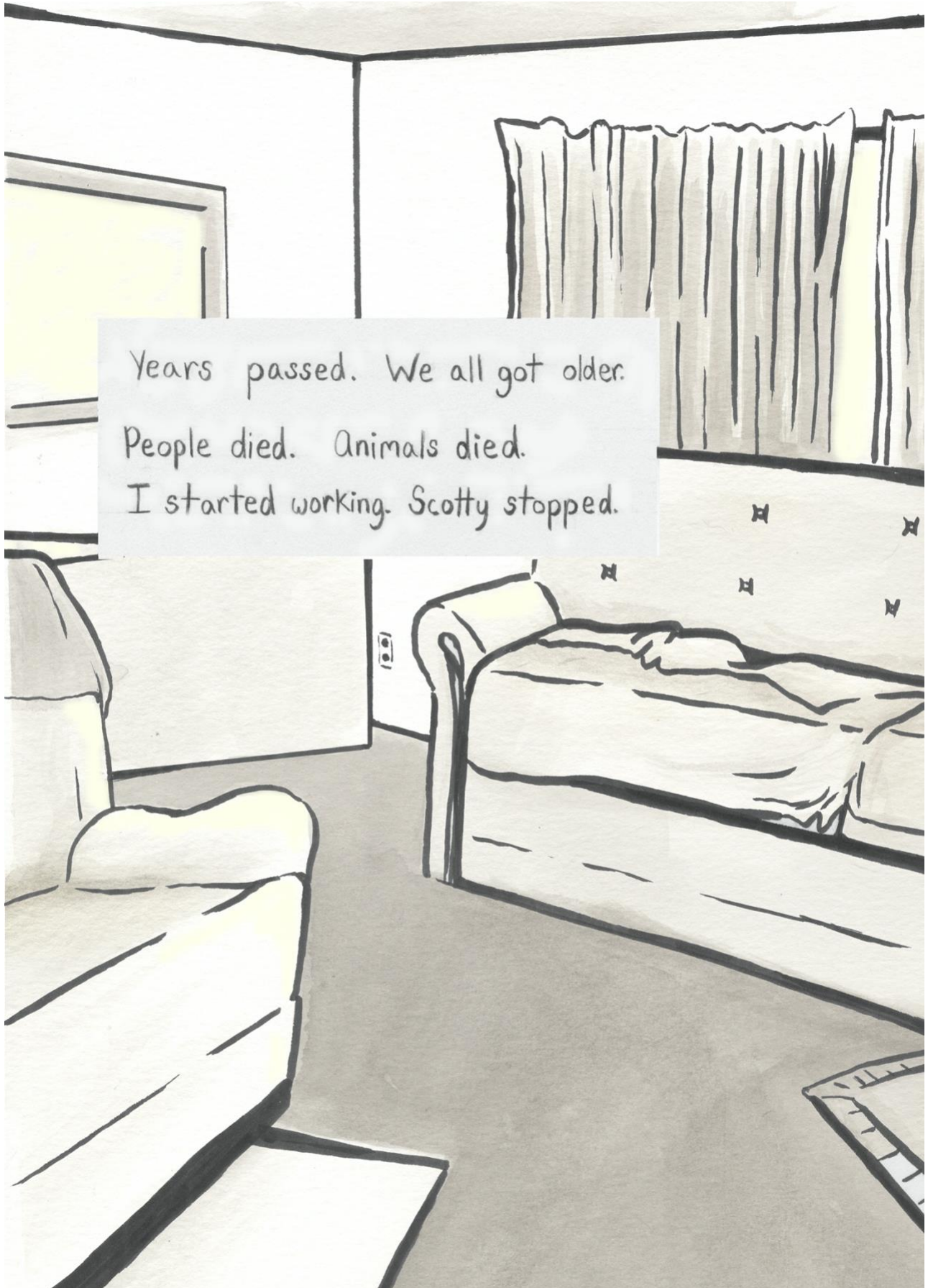
But then Cody came.



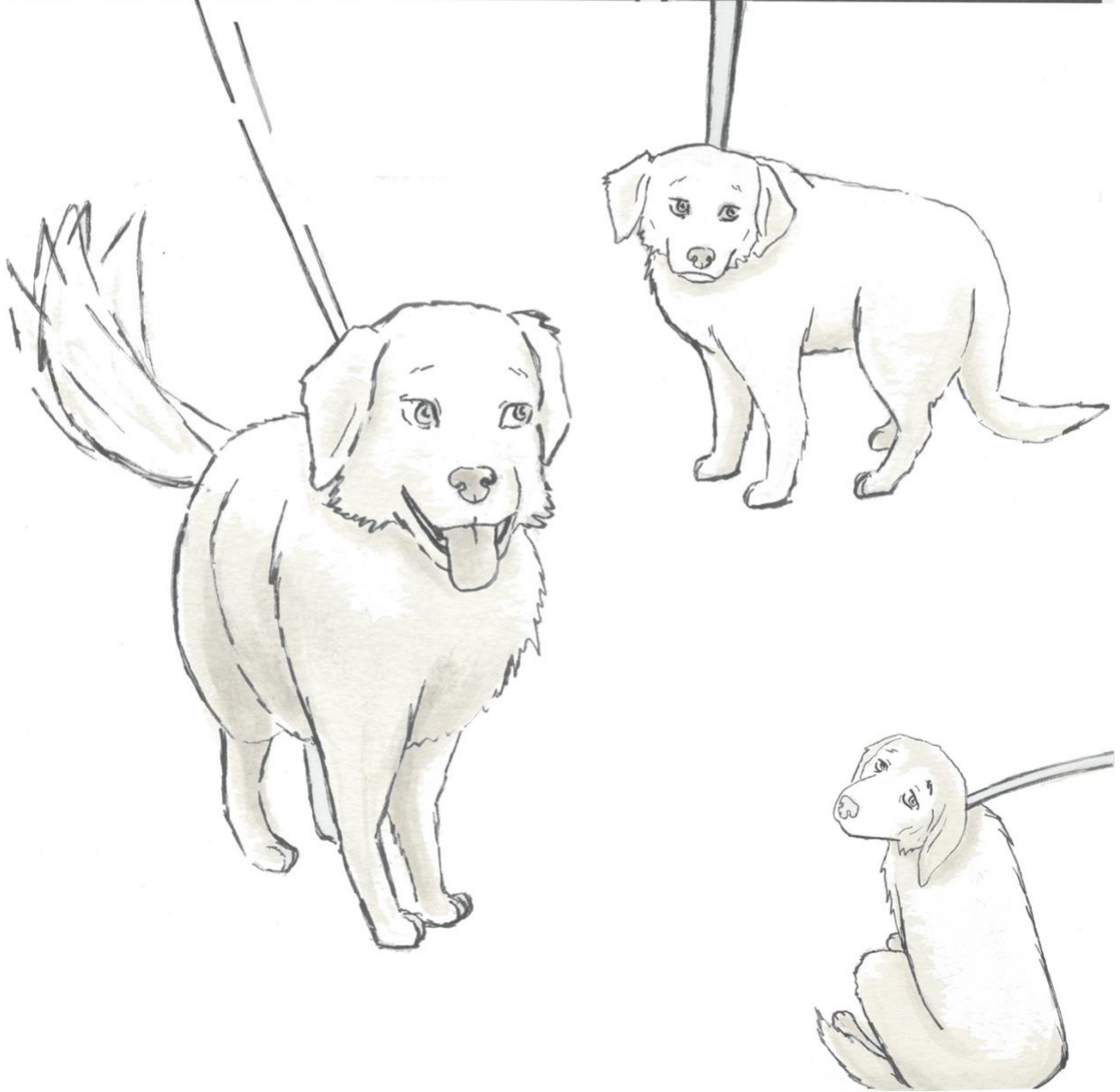
After the cops left I still had to wait for Mom to get home.

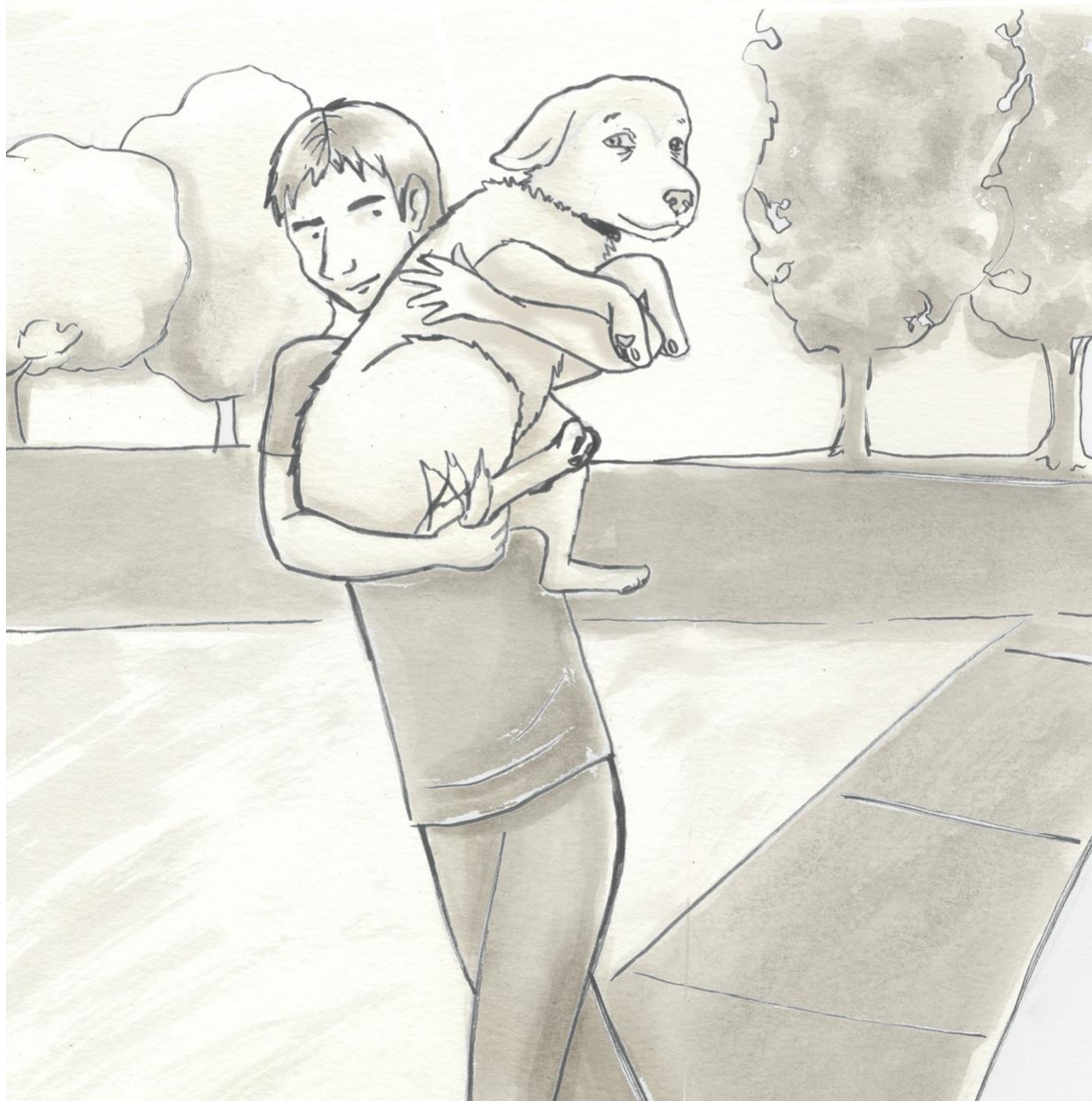


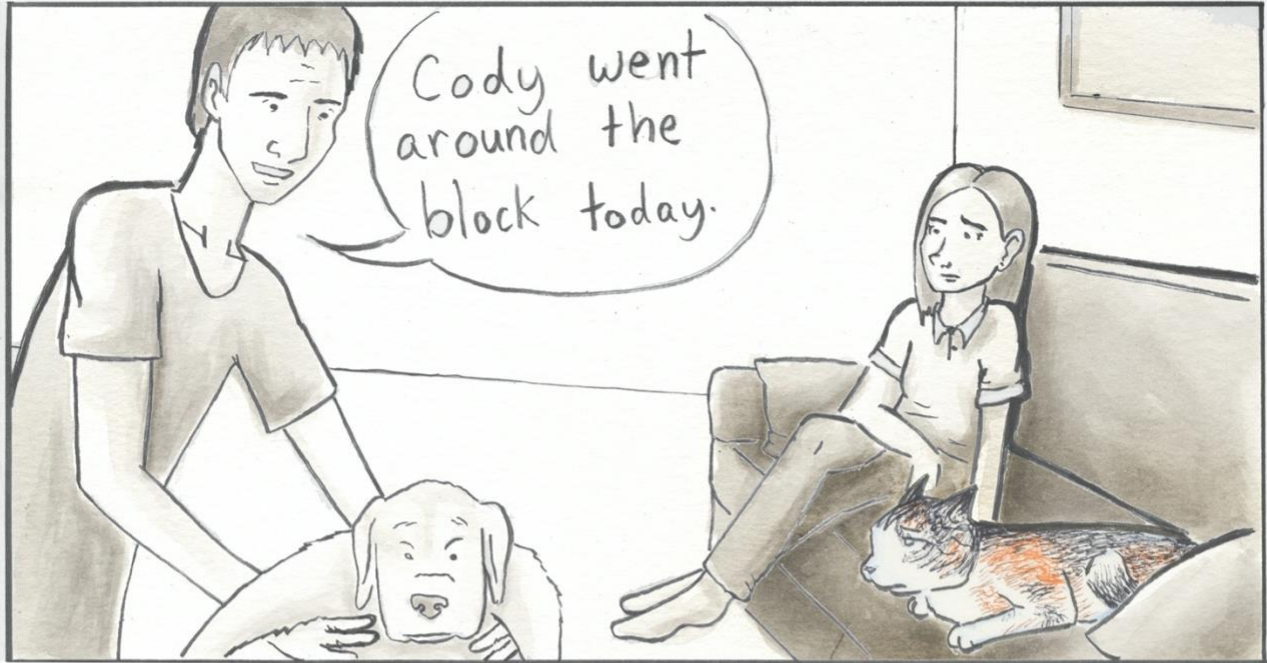
Later on it was Sage.



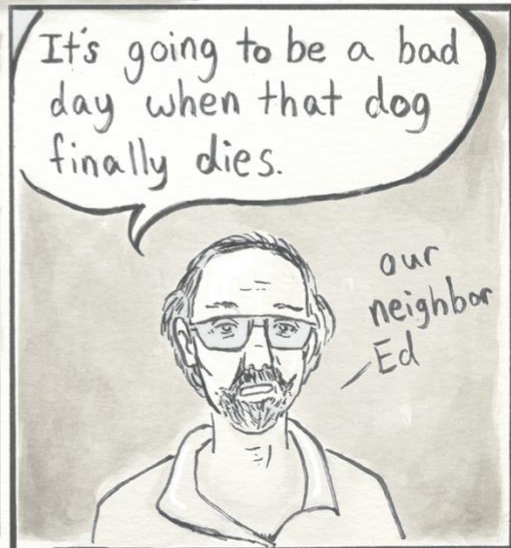
Years passed. We all got older.  
People died. Animals died.  
I started working. Scotty stopped.







Scotty was notorious throughout the neighborhood.



Cody got so old he couldn't walk at all anymore.



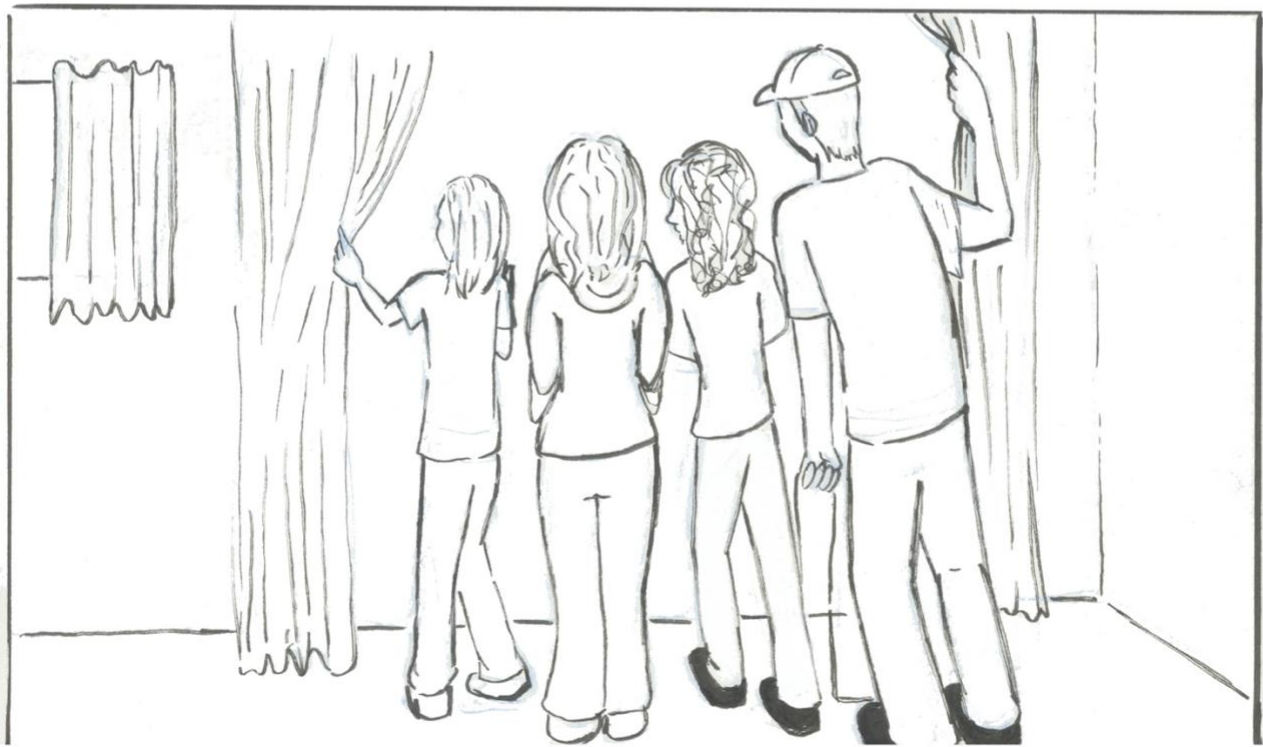




STOMP

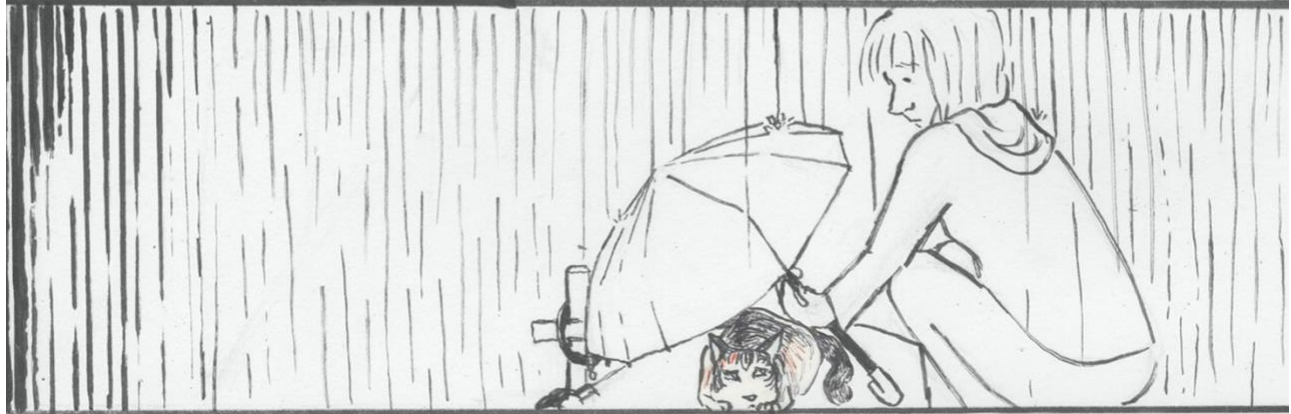
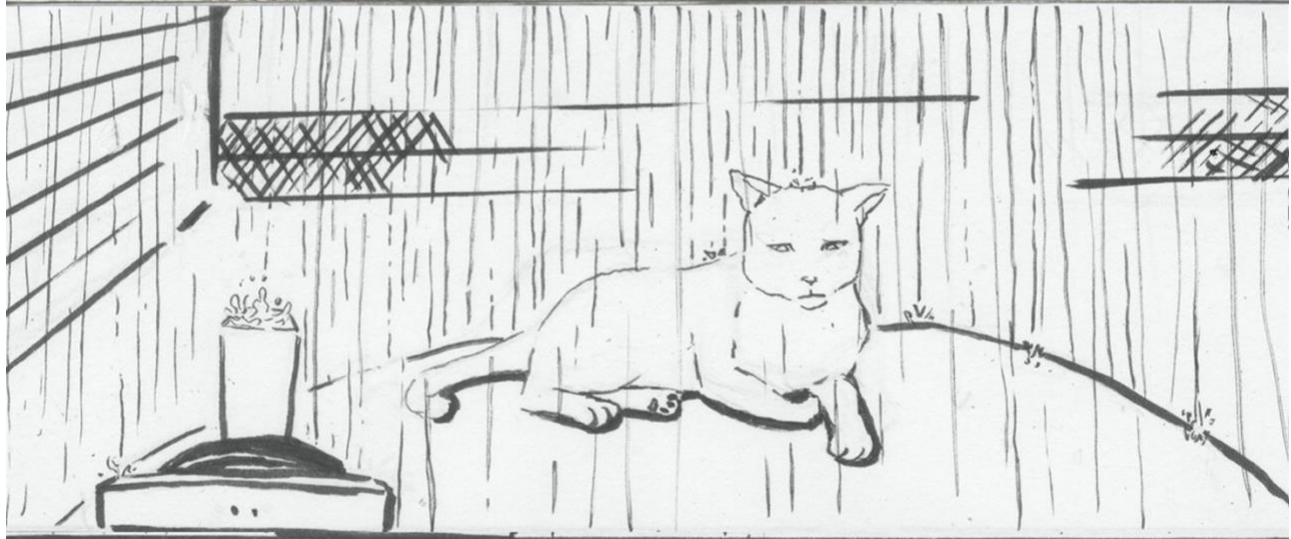
Oh my God!  
Look!







She stayed outside and wouldn't come in for months.



I remember seeing Sage and Cody play together.



I guess Sage remembered too. She felt his loss. Watching her out there it felt like she'd taken on the burden of all our grief.



Scotty never did flip out over Cody.

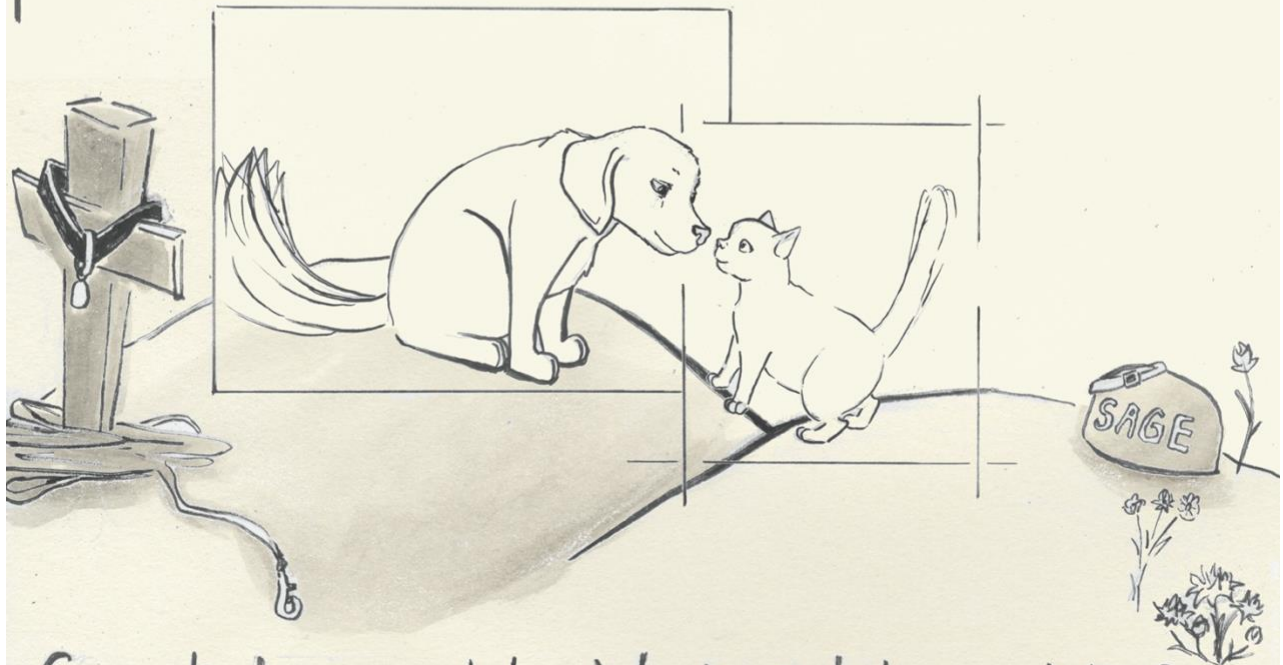


Sure, he mourned.

We all did.



But he didn't get angry, didn't take his feelings out on us.



Sage died a year later. We buried her next to Cody.