



This is my dog, Cookie. My family adopted her from the shelter when I was only 7, and she grew up alongside me. Doing breathing treatments for hours a day would have been dreaded by my childhood self if not for Cookie running over to me, snuggling up next to my legs, and falling asleep to the shaking of my vest. She never left my side until my vest was unhooked and I was up and moving again. She was an unofficial therapy dog to me, making me look forward to my breathing treatments every single day and providing the comforting feeling of never being alone. Even in her final days, she made sure that I was comfortable and at peace during my treatments. 10 years after we adopted her, Cookie passed away, inspiring me to paint this art piece in her memory. She was so much more than a pet to me-- she was one of my biggest supporters, an inseparable best friend. Cookie will always hold an incredibly special place in my heart.