

# Speech 3 Final

Some people find comfort in music, some in books, but for me, comfort had four paws, a tiny frame, and a heart bigger than she was.

- My childhood dog Littlebit a 3-pound Yorkie, was more than just a pet—she was my best friend, my medicine, and a piece of my heart that still stays with me.

- Little Bit meant the world to me. She was there through my struggles, she made me feel special, and she stayed by my side no matter what.

Today I want to tell you guys the story of

1. How she came into my life.
2. What made her special.
3. What she meant to me and still does today.

## **How She Came Into My Life**

When I was younger, I was going through a really tough time. Moving around so often made it hard to make friends, and I struggled with school. I was feeling pretty isolated and unsure of myself, and I didn't know how to handle it all.

Then one day, my mom's coworker told her about a dog that needed a home. We weren't really looking for another dog; we already had one, and it was bonded to my mom. But when my mom saw a picture of this dog, she knew she was meant for me. She made the decision to surprise me with her. And it turned out to be one of the best decisions she ever made.

Littlebit had a rough start. She was born in a puppy mill in Texas and was the runt of the litter. She'd been passed around to multiple homes before we got her, and it was clear she hadn't been treated well. When my mom went to pick her up, Littlebit was being chased around the living room by two young boys and hiding under a couch. We learned that she was four years old and had already been through so much by then, but somehow, she was still full of love.

I'll never forget the day my mom brought her home. She told me she had something she wanted me to look at in the yard, and when I went outside, there she was. It was love at first sight. As cheesy as it sounds, the moment I saw her, I just knew. From that moment, Littlebit became my little companion, and we bonded immediately. I could tell she'd been through hardships, and I wanted nothing more than to make up for the tough life she'd had.

### **What Made Her Special**

Littlebit wasn't just any dog—she was a character. She had this adorable, mischievous personality that made her stand out. She followed me everywhere, like my little shadow, always wanting to be near me. Whether I was reading, doing homework, or just sitting around, she would curl up next to me, always seeking my attention and affection.

She had the most amazing smile. You've probably heard people say dogs smile, but Littlebit took it to another level. In so many pictures, it looked like she was grinning from ear to ear. It was impossible not to smile back at her when she had that look on her face.

And she had the quirkiest habits. Every morning, she'd wake up with the most hilarious bedhead, all scruffy and messy. We used to joke that she looked like she'd been electrocuted, so we called it her "cuted" look.

She would also rub herself on scratchy surfaces, like furniture or the floor, and lose her balance in the funniest way, as if she was trying to scratch an itch but ended up toppling over. It was adorable. When she was excited, especially when she saw a treat, she would spin in circles like a little circus dog. And don't even get me started on her side-eye—whenever she thought something was suspicious, her “bombastic side-eye” would have me laughing out loud.

We had so many nicknames for her—“Itty Bit,” “Bitsy,” “Bits,” “Bitsy Roo,” and my personal favorite, “Basie.” She was a tiny dog, but her personality was anything but small.

### **What She Means to Me**

Littlebit wasn't just a dog to me; she was family. She was there for everything—the good, the bad, the awkward teenage years, and even when I went off to college. I'd like to think that I was a good dog mom to her, but I know she was the one who took care of me when I needed her most.

She was always there when I needed a little extra love, when I was feeling down or just needed someone to be close. I remember times when I'd be sad, and she would sense it, immediately curling up next to me. She never judged, never asked questions—just gave me the kind of comfort only a pet can give.

When we were trying to come up with a name for her, My Dad kept saying over and over, "She's a little bit of nothing," which eventually led to her name, "Littlebit." which suited her perfectly. My dad spent a lot of time with Littlebit, taking care of her, and she became a reminder of him. After he passed away, Littlebit felt like the last real piece of him that wasn't just a picture.

She was there through all of life's milestones. And even though she had the tiniest paws in the world, the next dog will have some really big paws to fill.

## **Conclusion**

Littlebit was more than just a pet—she was my family, my source of unconditional love, and is a huge part of my identity. She taught me about loyalty, about love, and about what it means to be there for someone, no matter what. She never cared what I looked like, how messy my room was, or whether I had a rough day—she was always there, ready to love me.

Even though she's gone now, she's still here in my passwords, in my wallpapers, and most importantly, in my heart. The love she gave me was immeasurable, and I will endure a lifetime of missing her for the privilege of having loved her.

So, Littlebit, thank you for being my best friend, my little shadow, and the one who made my life so much brighter. You'll always have a special place in my heart, and I hope, wherever you are now, you know how much you meant to me.