

Danielle Hung

Tell Fix-It

Dear Fix-It,

I'm a Yorkshire Terrier named Princess. I was named that way because my master used to think of me as the most important pet in the house. I have silky, brown and gold fur, and I can do quite impressive tricks, such as somersaults, pirouettes and dance moves.

My master Coco used to adore me. She would keep me in a cozy pet house with plush carpets and blankets. She'd feed me with the best gourmet dog biscuits. She bought me my own wardrobe—complete with everything from trendy T-shirts and dresses to stylish sunglasses and hair bows. She'd carry me around in a dazzling, glittery pet carrier. She even took me on vacation to places all around the world!

That was until DJ came along. Coco had brought DJ into the house several weeks ago. Since then, it seemed like only DJ mattered, and I was a total nobody. DJ was taught tricks Coco had never bothered to teach me. I was always scolded for trying to draw attention. These days, Coco has become completely oblivious to my presence. She only cares about DJ.

Since the arrival of DJ, I've become weaker; and I've been really hopeless when it comes to getting someone to notice me. I'm out of faith, and it seems as if life isn't worth living. I feel hatred and jealousy towards DJ, and I've become moody and miserable. What can I possibly do at a stage like this? Is it too late to change my thoughts and feelings? Is there still any hope for me? I'm extremely desperate for help, and I'm in despair. Is there anything you can do to help me?

Yours truly,

Princess

