

My name is Andrea. Lately I have been working in a veterinary clinic with one of my best friends from high school. From the very beginning we both knew we wanted to work with animals. I guess we just didn't realize that it would take us so long to own our own clinic. Eight years of college is a long time, especially when you have a young girl at home to take care of. I suppose if I wasn't married, everything would be even harder though. At least I am lucky enough to work at a place where I am happy. It feels good to be able to help save an animal's life. It was only an hour ago that a lady walked in with a bloody cat. She told me that it had been hit by a car. I have worked with many injured cats before, and I knew exactly what to do. I remember when...

My seventh grade year of junior high was very enlightening for me. I knew that ever since I was young, that when I got into junior high and high school, I wanted to take classes so I could be a vet. Back then I didn't know that these classes would be different than classes I had ever taken before. We were preparing the frogs. I was a little afraid of what I might see. What if I didn't know what to do? What if I got a bad grade? Would I have to change my career now? I was worried about a lot of things. I guess I was just worried that I was going to find out I couldn't do what I had been dreaming of for many years.

Right after P.E. at around 10:00 A.M., I walked into science class. Jessica Smith was my assigned lab partner. We had been friends for a long time, ever since she moved into town. We both wanted to be vets, and we were great students. Our science teacher knew that even though we were girls, we would be great at dissection. After this A+ I would no longer have to worry about whether or not I would be able to cut open an animal to look down at its insides and wonder what to do next.

We sat down at the table, the teacher brought out the frogs, and then she passed them around. The room had an awful aroma all around, and at first everyone complained about it. After everyone was settled in, we pinned down our frog. Jessica and I decided to split the tasks on what to find and help each other if needed. I let her start by taking the scalpel and cutting the poor amphibian straight down its belly.

The cat gave out a loud moan and I realized this feline was bleeding intensively. As it looked at me with those eyes of a helpless animal whose life was in my hands, I knew I would never forget the first time I looked at that frog. I knew that someday I would be saving creatures. The very first step of my occupation started in seventh grade. It was hard to believe everything I do everyday, all the lives that I save, and all the people that thank me for saving their beloved pets, all started out in my seventh grade science class.