I didn’t know much about Chloe when my family adopted her from a local shelter—only that she was from a surrendered litter and too young to be separated from her mother. She was so tiny she could sit in my palm and mostly slept in my son’s sweatshirt pocket, but we soon discovered that she has a huge personality.

At home, she followed our two dogs and the dogs would follow me; when I turned around, they’d be lined up behind me like a string of ducklings. Now 18 months old, she still seems to think she’s part human and part canine. She loves jumping on the dogs’ tails, lounging on the couch beside them, and playing with their toys.

When we’re having dinner, she sits at the counter bar in our kitchen. My sons take the first two seats, and she takes the third and acts like, “Where’s my plate?” At night, she visits everybody’s room, starting in bed with my husband. Then she’ll go into my oldest son’s room for a while. She ends up in my youngest son’s room and wakes him before his alarm goes off.

I took this picture of her nestled on my son’s shoulder at a baseball game when she was so small we couldn’t bear to leave her at home.

If there is one word that describes her, my son says it would be “precious.”

— Christina Wilson, Tega Cay, South Carolina