

Opinion: All dogs are emotional support animals

By Wes Siler, Outside

A few years ago, I hit rock bottom. I was pushed out of the business I'd spent seven years building by someone I once considered a friend. Making matters much worse, I badly injured myself in a motorcycle crash, and it took me three months of hard work to be able to walk again. The worst part, though, was that losing my business meant that I'd lost my health insurance.

On top of the never-ending pain, and watching my life's work swirl into the toilet, I was dirt broke, and badly in debt with medical bills. Friends took it on themselves to pay my rent and feed me, which was incredibly generous of them, but man did that screw with my sense of self worth. All of this coming at once was too much—I couldn't see a way out. But then I adopted a dog. Wiley saved my life.

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