

Sammy's Journal

January 2018



Although, I am about two years old, I just started this journal. I think I'll have some happy things to write about.

I was rescued from the Darke County Shelter by a nice lady from Dream4Pets. I was taken to several vets about my right front leg. I have an old injury that didn't heal properly. The vets say my leg can't be repaired and recognized that I am in some pain. I am now getting some pain medicine, which helps some. I guess I'll just keep accommodating.

On January 7, I met a couple with an older dog. They agreed to foster me in their home. The older dog thinks I'm a silly teenager dog as she's not interested in playing running games outside with me yet, but otherwise tolerates me.

My foster parents feed me, take me for short walks and, most importantly, cuddle with me on their couch. Life is pretty good. They talk to each other and on the telephone about my leg – things like being on pain medication long term and quality of life.

I do have some bad moments. I'm hand-shy until I get to know people. I don't like being put in my crate and will howl if you leave me there.

Sometimes, I want to be left alone and will crawl under the bed. That's when my "Do Not Disturb" sign is up and it's best to leave me along. I'll come out when I feel better. I'm glad my foster family doesn't have small children as they might not understand about not disturbing me.

I like to keep you company – going for walks and rides in cars. I'll sing to you rather than bark.

February 2018

On February 13, the Dream4 Pets lady took me to the vet. I was given something that made me sleepy and woke up without my right front leg. Several days later, I was picked up and taken back to my foster family. They were very glad to see me and pampered me while I recovered. The older dog even let me sleep on her mat.



In a few days, the stitches were taken out. I was allowed to run free in the backyard and up and down the stairs. I can run better with my three legs than I did on four legs. I almost caught up with a rabbit the other night!

I still have a lot of puppy in me – energy to play tug of war with my rope toys, running in the backyard, or chasing a tennis ball or laser light. I'm learning to be more careful when I grab the rope toy.

I'm well-behaved if you leave me in the house. Occasionally, I get a tissue out of the waste basket or might chew the odd pair of underwear, if I get bored and have access to the laundry basket.



March 2018

My foster family wonders what sort of family might adopt me.

Here's **my** wish list:

- An active family – maybe with older children and/or a dog to play with.
- Lots of love and cuddle time.
- A fenced yard to run in.
- Time to chase tennis balls or laser lights.
- Rope toys for tug of war.

