T H eRescue

The Electronic Newsletter for T Heights Books

The last picture on the right in the banner above is Maggie. I'd like to share her story.

My mother was understandably depressed. She'd recently lost her husband, her dog, and her home. She was in her mid-eighties at the time, had recently moved to a new home nearer her children, and wanted a dog.

She had given it a lot of thought and described the type of dog she wanted. She wanted a small dog she could hold in her lap. She'd always had larger ones before. It needed to be one of the shorter-haired breeds that was low maintenance. She was getting up there in age and slowing down so wasn't up to a lot of maintenance on a dog. She wanted an older dog that wouldn't need to be housebroken or trained. It should a beige or tan-color so the dog hair wouldn't show up so badly on the floors and furniture.

After giving me all these details, she finishes with, "You know. Something like a Newfoundland." If you're not familiar with the breed, Newfoundlands are big, black, and very hairy—about as far from my mother's description as a dog could get. But I don't have the courage to question or correct her. I just load her in the car and start taking her to local shelters. She doesn't find what she's looking for at any of them.

A couple of days later, she calls to tell me she's found her dog online. It is a designer poodle (maybe a standard poodle mixed with a Newfoundland—who knows?) that is probably a puppy mill reject according to the rescue people she talked to. It is a young, hairy, black dog that is skinny and lacks the muscle to walk more than a few steps. It is big and going to get bigger. It is not housebroken or trained in any way. She goes to the bathroom wherever she happens to be when she feels the need. My mother had to housebreak her, walk her to gradually increase her muscle tone, and find and fix her raw pancreas because of digestive issues. She had to treat

her for a bunch of health problems, and has to groom her daily. Maggie was definitely not low maintenance.

But here she is more than ten years later. She was definitely the dog my mother needed. The time it took to care for, train, and exercise Maggie left her no time to mope around and be depressed. And after some exercise and training, Maggie would proudly walk beside my mother's motorized scooter, greeting everyone and helping my mother make new friends. About the only requirement that met my mother's desire was that Maggie—after gaining enough muscle—likes to leap into my mother's lap and be a lapdog.

Like in BRUISER, we learned that sometimes the dog we think we want is not really the right one. The perfect match may be an unexpected one. Animal shelters sometimes have a difficult time finding a good match for adoption. You can help buy them more time to do this by purchasing BRUISER and other Robin Kould and Mary Yen Rescue books at THeightsBooks.com where the profits from the sales go to dog rescue.

If you have a rescue story you'd like to share, I'd love to hear it.

T Heights

T.Heights@Outlook.com