

FORGOTTEN

By Cathy Gladden

Photography by Donna Brooks Brisbin

I spent days outside alone in the cold, wind, rain and hot sun. My fur is only able to protect me from the elements a small amount. My hair has become matted my claws have gotten so long it hurts to stand, I think I have problems with my ears they hurt inside.



I see the 2legs walk by, they don't notice me or my wagging tail. I guess they forgot I love them or maybe they don't love me anymore. They do bring me scraps of food sometimes, but I really would rather they talk to me; play with me or even just a pat on the head would be nice. I have prayed someday they will notice me and someday come visit.

Wait a minute one of the 2legs is coming. He is looking at me!! He is putting a leash on me does this mean we are going for a walk or to the park? Are my prayers answered? We are getting in the car, yes yes the park! Wait this isn't the park what is this place? It smells like dogs and cats. Maybe I will get to play with one. The 2legs is talking to someone he says he

doesn't want me anymore I am too much trouble. I don't cause trouble I sit alone in a fenced area in the yard. He passes my leash to the other 2legs now where am I going? What? A cage? Oh no this is worse than the fenced yard much smaller. They are going to put me down? What does that mean? They say I am probably not adoptable, that probably no one will want me my hair is so matted and I am so unkempt. All I need is a good bath and combing. I am young and playful. I have lots of love for anyone, someone, and everyone. They are going to euthanize me, kill me, why?

What did I do? Won't they give me a chance to find someone to love me? They say I am just a mutt another mix that people don't want because they prefer purebreds. Do purebreds love people more then mutts? Oh this is bad I am really scared they are spraying down all the cages with all the other dogs barking from being sprayed with the hose I think this is gonna hurt, here they come I am going to hide in the corner.

Wow this place is not a nice place I am going to die and have no one to be with me and love me as I go. No one to hold my paw and tell me goodbye.

Who is this? Is this the 2legs that is taking me to be killed? They seem to be nice they are talking to me, petting me, smiling at me. Maybe this is how they get us to go along happily. Well we are going the leash is on. Goodbye world, what little I saw of you I enjoyed. I played with a few butterflies, caught a couple of bugs. I sure thought life would be different. I remember as a puppy the 2legs held and kissed me. They even talk to me like this 2legs is. This is bringing back so many warm memories. Where are we going? Where do they "put me down"? How can they be so sweet and happy and caring at a time like this?

We are getting into a car again this place must be far. Hmmm we stopped I hear other dogs barking they sound so happy. Maybe being "put down" isn't so bad they seem to be having fun. The 2legs is letting me off the leash telling me I can run and play with the others. Boy I am shaky, what is going on? I have been rescued? What is that?

I have had several days getting a bath, having my matted hair clipped and brushed wow this feels so good now I can scratch behind my ear again. The 2legs that did all this for me I will no longer call just a 2legs, she is a person.. Not, like the 2legs that put me in a pen in the yard. She even scratches behind my ears. She has taught me so much. How to have manners and behave. How to get along with other animals. We take trips to what she said is the vet and I sometimes get shots but I don't care I feel so much better.



Here comes some people 2 big 2legs and 2 small 2legs. They are smiling, talking and petting me. Wow my tail is wagging so hard I can't stop it. They are going to take me home with them. They say I get to live with them in a house like I do here at the rescue. They are calling it my forever home. I hear them promising to take good care of me and most of all LOVE me. I am alive again living in dogging heaven on earth thanks to my rescuer. I am young and full of life these people and I are going to have so much fun together and to think those others were going to KILL me at my age when I have so much yet to give.

Thank you all rescuers out there for what you do. We all need you. The strays, the forgotten, the lost, unwanted. You make us wanted. You help us to be wanted. So stop reading this and get out there and save another one of us.