



I'M TRAPPER...

AND HERE'S MY STORY

I don't know why I spent my first five years on cold, hard cement. I don't know why I wasn't fed. I don't know why I was kept isolated. I don't know why no one hugged me. I don't know why I wasn't loved. I don't know what I did wrong. I don't know why I simply didn't matter – to anyone. I felt very scared and alone. I don't know how I survived.

*Saving one dog will not change the world, but surely for that one dog, the world will change forever.*

*- Karen Davison*

But here's what I do know...

Someone cared about me enough to rescue me from the horror. My saviors looked at me as though they had seen a ghost. Maybe they saw the sores on my body...or the callouses on my legs...or my gaunt features and protruding ribs because I was an emaciated 32 pounds. They took me to a local dog shelter but, for some reason, kept me isolated in a garage. I don't know why. Then a miracle happened. Kim spotted me...and Kim told Amy...then the two swiftly transported me to my new temporary home – the Lake Erie Correctional Institute. I really liked it there! I was fed and hydrated, kept warm and given medication. Gosh, I even put on 40 pounds! My prison trainer, Wyatt, took exceptional care of me. He was cool! He introduced me to other rescue dogs just like me...taught me new basic communication skills...and treated me with dignity and respect. Upon my Inmate Training Program graduation, two happy people – Paul and Gwen – showed up at the prison. Next thing I knew, I was riding with them in their car to my forever home!

This past year I've learned to trust, love and be loved. I have many dog pack playmates and many toys. We have fun chasing each other and lying together on our cot as the sun streams through the window. I have a cushy couch (for my nightly TV time) and a soft, warm bed to snuggle up in. I also have a mom and dad who truly care about me and many people, including Kim, Amy, and Wyatt, who continue to root for me. I now know what unconditional love is. I just hope that others, who are being neglected and abused as I once was, are rescued by my forever Angel, Amy. ❤️