

MAGGIE the wonder-ful rescue dog



by
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Several years ago, our family decided we wanted a new companion--a DOG! We asked our friends and neighbors if they knew of any puppies, looked at ads in the papers, and searched lots and lots of websites on the worldwideweb. But we didn't find the kind of dog we were looking for.

Then one day, we saw The Milo Foundation web site. The Milo Foundation is a group of people who go to pet shelters to rescue the animals who are there and to find them new homes. On that very site, on that very day, we saw a picture of an adorable scruffmuffin of a dog. Her name was Angela. This is what she looked like



“Oh!” I said, “that’s the one I want to meet.”

I knew that the MILO group would bring her to Fourth Street the following Saturday.

So the next Saturday, Michael and I went down to Fourth Street to meet Angela.

We said “hello,” then let her smell us and lick our hands. (That’s what dogs need to do to get to know you.) Then we took her for a walk around the block.

“This is the one I want,” I said. So we told Angela we wanted to take her home and we spoke to the volunteer from Milo, whose name was Karen. She told us about all we needed to do to adopt the dog.

“She has been spayed, so she won’t have any more puppies,” she said. “And she has a micro-chip in her shoulder, so she can never get lost. You must take good care of her, love her, and make her a part of your family, and you will have a friend for life.”

So we took Angela home, and wouldn't you know? She liked our little house and yard. She scrambled up the hill, sniffing all the plants and trees, and listening for the squirrels and birds. (She especially loves squirrels!)



That night, she found a comfy spot to sleep, under our bed, and enjoyed all the food we gave her in her new bowl.

On the morning of the second day, after looking at Angela for a long time, I said, "You know what? She just doesn't look like an Angela to me. I think her name should be Maggie."

So we tried it out. "come, MAGGIE," we repeated over and over. And each time, we gave her a little treat to

eat--a piece of cheese or chicken or fish. And at the end of the day, she was getting used to her new name.

In no time at all, she became our Maggie. We take her to the vet for check-ups, walk her two or three times every day, rain or shine, and on the weekends, we all go to a park or playground so she can run without a leash. She loves to run after tennis balls, roll in the grass, lick the puddles on the ground, and chase whatever squirrels she can find. (Luckily, they run faster than Maggie so she never caught one.)

We even took her to “doggie training school” so she would learn to sit, stay, come, and lie down.



When you walk Maggie, she likes to smell ALL the plants and flowers. People say that the ground is a dog's newspaper, telling her all that has happened since she last visited. And Maggie loves to read the news of the neighborhood.



We have had other dogs before; Suzy, the Dalmatian, Lucky, the Boston Terrier, Becky, the Brittany Spaniel, and Jake, the big Border collie mix. But none of our dogs was as cute or sweet as Maggie the Mutt.

our friend, Jacob, told us that she has the “flerkiest” ears. (He said that was a cross between floppy and perky.) And she really does. Look how flerky they are!



We have had lots of children meet Maggie, and they all like her SO much.

She gives lots of love to our friends and family. Emilia and Bobby have fun when they visit Maggie; Ivy and Cece love to feed and play with Maggie, too. Even Baby Nolan has met her, and Maggie is as gentle as can be with him.

Here's Maggie with Bobby.



Grown-ups love Maggie, too. People sometimes stop me on the street when we are out walking and say,

"Is she a movie dog? She ought to be in movies!"



"No," I answer, Maggie is just a wonderful rescue dog.

How lucky are we that we found her!

How lucky are we that she found us!

Everybody loves Maggie—and she loves us, too!

And the wonderful thing is that there are so many more Maggie's in the world--just waiting to be found. So go out and find your very own Maggie--your very own rescue dog!



Here's Maggie--smiling!