

# Substantial Disruption



## Remedy Dog

By Mike Tully

They washed ashore on the Internet, two dogs with truncated histories, living on borrowed time. She was found on the streets, naked, scared, without a friend in the world. He was dropped off at a county animal control center in Las Vegas, Nevada, his record branded with the comment: "Owner-sur." Surrendered by owner. At least one heart was broken when that happened. She was brought to the Pima County Animal Control Center as a stray, a quiet, honey-colored Vizsla, with no collar and no story. She was placed in a common area with other dogs, but did not do well. She lost weight and her ribs began to show. She had difficulty keeping her food down. She stayed there, week after week, with nobody showing any interest in her, except Kevin and Bonnie Hartnet. Kevin and Bonnie volunteer at the Pima County Animal Control Center and they had gotten to know her over the weeks she was there. When they learned that she was going to be put down, they intervened and took her in as a foster dog. After she was healthy and robust again, she was advertised on the Internet as a dog in need of a permanent home.

He was dropped off at a facility in Las Vegas, precious residue of a human life gone wrong. I don't fault the individual who dropped him off and abandoned him that day in the City of Sin. Maybe it wasn't even his owner. Maybe it was a friend who was doing his owner a "favor." Maybe the dog had made a serious mistake, perhaps snapping at the absolutely wrong time at the wrong obnoxious child. Maybe it was a divorce. Maybe his owner was going to prison. Whatever the reason, somebody dropped off a dog named "Rocky" at the Las Vegas dog pound and abandoned him to whatever events his fate would grant.

He was transferred to an animal rescue facility in Kingman. He stayed there for ten months, confined to a cage and crates supplied with food and water and loneliness. He lost weight and his coat was awful. Earlier this year he was brought to Tucson by the kind humans at [savemoreanimals.org](http://savemoreanimals.org) and placed in a foster home. His foster owners worked to bring his weight up and restore his coat. Then, he was advertised on the Internet. He was called "Hudson." He was "Rocky" when he was abandoned at the center in Las Vegas. He became "Hudson" for adoption purposes. "Rocky" sounded too aggressive. One has to be careful when offering adult dogs up for adoption. People snap up puppies. The homeless dogs that are a year old, two years old, three years, four and more, those dogs are the ones who linger in the cruel limbo of abandonment. And that's a damned shame, because there are wonderful dogs out there who are crying for a home. There are also dogless humans out there who would benefit from loving them. You know who you are.

R. I. P. Spot: June 25, 2005. Augie: October 24, 2005. Spot was 18 years old. Augie was nine

I credit Kris for insisting that we look at other dogs that needed homes. I did not feel ready. We lost Spot after nearly two decades in June. That was hard, but our other dog, Augie, was a wonderful comfort. Then, we lost him, unexpectedly to cancer, four months later.

One does not dishonor the memory of a dog he or she is grieving by adopting other dogs. They are all precious and unique, and they all have their dedicated alcove in our personal histories. No dog will replace Spot or Augie in my lifetime. More importantly, the dogs that follow will generate their own memories and their own histories.

She was called “Penny” by her foster owners, because of her copper-colored coat. That seemed to work and “Penny” she remained. He was called “Hudson” by his foster owners, but that was changed to “Holden” when he came to live with us. Kris and I both appreciate J. D. Salinger.

So, on this Thanksgiving weekend, this is a Thanksgiving column devoted to a couple of wonderful mutts who deserved better than to be abandoned to shelters and foster homes, but who wound up brightening our existence, and to the unconscionable number of dogs who linger in shelters and dog pounds while you read this, and to the wonderful and kind people out there who save their lives, take them in, and release them to inflict love on a world that sorely needs it.

Has anybody inflicted love on you lately? Have you had your face licked robustly? Has anybody looked at you with eyes that brim with adoration?

If not, too bad. Remedy: dog

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