

To my friends at the Moncton SPCA:

I thought I'd write a letter and send you some pictures to let you know how I'm doing. It's now been a little over four months since I was adopted. After being with you for almost 11 months I must admit I was a little confused about what I was supposed to do. I really liked being inside, my bed is soft and cuddles are great, but boy, I sure didn't know the rules! My person basically treats me like a puppy, tiring me out with lots of play and runs, letting me out LOTS and keeping things she doesn't want chewed, out of reach. Of course that last point was after I ate several sandals (leather is yummy, as are DVD cases btw). Once I figured out the housebreaking thing (I'm afraid it did take a little while but I did get it) and my person figured out I needed to go through the teenage stage, everything went pretty smoothly. At first I was frightened of almost everything (even flowers in a field) but I'm beginning to realize things aren't so scary after all and usually different means interesting - like swimming in the ocean or going someplace new in the car. I take my cues from my big brother. He was adopted from a shelter 5 years ago and is pretty relaxed about almost everything. I'm still a little wary of new people but I mostly forget I'm supposed to be scared, especially if they give me a treat. It's ongoing and I learn something new everyday - I've discovered that I'm pretty smart and catch on quickly - I really like being challenged to think and learn, but mostly I want to please and for me it's all about hugs and cuddling. I LOVE that!

I've sent you some pictures so you can get an idea of my new life, as you can see I've put on a little weight but my doctor says that's a good thing. You may remember how fast I ate? Well, I eat my food a little more slowly now but not by much. I play lots with my brothers and am even o.k. when my person goes to work. I guess separation anxiety was a concern but my person made sure I had time by myself everyday and I'm o.k. with that, I have nice grass to roll in, a soft couch to sleep on, bones to chew, and a family that I love and loves me. You know? I'm a very happy dog.

I want to thank all of you for your time, attention and love while I was at the SPCA. I know some of you were sad for me, it was looking pretty bleak and I had forgotten about home and family, all that was a faded memory. But my days are now filled with love, warmth, colour and adventure and sleeping alone in the cold is the faded memory now. I'll never forget YOUR kindness while I was there, I'm pretty sure I would have given up much sooner had you not shown me affection and given me some human contact.

I wish people would realize that those of us that might seem aggressive in the cage are usually just scared, confused and heartbroken. If they took us for a walk, they'd see all we really want is a hug and the knowledge that someone will love us and not abandon us. Yes, we have a few issues but with some patience and consistency a rescued dog can be the greatest friend you'll ever know. My person knows that, and I plan on loving her my whole life and showing how much I appreciate her adopting me and giving me the home I'd hoped for. Yes, I'll still make mistakes but I'm learning how to be the best dog ever and even when I'm not ideal, she still tells me I'm a great dog and you know what? I believe her!

Thanks again.

All my love and appreciation.

Winter.

(June '07 - April '08)

