

THE STORY OF GEORGE

Hi. My name is George and this is my story.

Once upon a time I was a homeless dog. I was on my own for quite a while. Let me tell you, being alone is tough. I was a handsome guy—still am—but for some reason I was alone. It was hard to stay warm and dry. I was always hungry. It's really hard for a dog to find food in the woods. I got thinner and thinner and it was winter.

Then one day someone found me. They didn't want to keep me so they tied me to a lamppost. I guess they thought someone would come along and help me. I'm pretty brave but I was really scared!! Lucky for me, someone called BBR and they rescued me. I went to a Doctor who said I had five abscessed teeth, ear infections in both ears, parasites, and was extremely underweight. No wonder I was feeling so crummy! They took care of everything (and while I wasn't looking, even neutered me! Yikes!) Here is a picture of me when I was found.



Then I got to stay for a week with Foster Mommy Laura. It was wonderful!! New dog friends, nice people and lots of food! She hugged me and told me I would get my very own family!

Here's where it gets really good.....A man named Dan picked me up. He said he was taking me to my new family. I was so excited! My life was just getting better and better! Well, we get there and guess what?! I have a brother! His name is Walter and we liked each other right away. Even though I had lots to learn (I had never lived in a house before) I knew I—was—home!

That night I slept in a kennel...I didn't like it one bit and cried a lot. My new Dad laid on the floor next to me so I wouldn't be alone. Every day after Mom got done work she would sit in the rocker and I would

climb up on her lap and she would rock me and sing “Rock-A-Baby”. She said she was making up for all the times when there was no one to love me. Here is a picture of us waiting for Santa.



You will never believe this next part! In the morning Walter and I got to go see Santa! Yep! The real one! I was so excited that as soon as they snapped the picture I peed on Santa’s leg. (I’m embarrassed to mention it now but at the time I wasn’t housebroken.)



But then, that afternoon I started feeling sick again and we had to go to the emergency doctor. She said because I was so close to starving that some of my organs wanted to shut down. They gave me lots of medicine and in a few days I started feeling better. I went to my vet a lot and at first I had all kinds of things going wrong. I had a foot infection and I had to wear this stupid e-collar thing and Mom and Dad had to soak my feet every night. Walter did not think I should have to wear the e-collar and chewed up four of them but they just kept buying more. And once I ripped my toenail clean off! Hurt like crazy. Here—I'll let Mom tell it.

Jeez...Sunday night we let George out to do his thing and about three minutes he was back at the door, covered in blood. Ken was trying to check to see if he ate another bunny (ick! ick!) when he discovered that George had ripped his toenail completely off. We tried but couldn't get the bleeding to stop and it was pouring out pretty fast. We ended up taking him to the emergency clinic. I had to hold him on my lap and hold the towel on his foot. It was, "Hey Dad, Let me drive.", and "Mom, can I ride on your shoulders and stick my butt in Dad's face?", and "Here, let me clean your glasses with my tongue." all the way. Let me tell you, he is 55 pounds of wiggle and slobber.

By the time we arrived, Ken, George and I were all covered with blood, hair and dog goober. They cleaned his foot, got the bleeding stopped and bandaged him up. We handed over our credit card and got in the car. (I made him ride in the back seat on the way home). Today he sees his regular vet. Meanwhile, I get to chase him down, wrestle him to the floor and put the plastic bag on his foot every time he wants to go outside.....which is about every 10 minutes.

Just another day in paradise!

P.S. If any prospective adopters are reading this, George is a wonderful boy and I love him like crazy! Some bassets have more "adventures" than others, that's all.

George here again....For all you newly adopted dogs out there, I know you are excited to have a new family but every family has rules and you may benefit from some of my mistakes. Here's a story about my first Easter. Listen and Learn.

This was my first Easter party and Mom was telling me all about it. There would be decorations and eggs and guests and BUNNIES! (yum!) What I found out was there were "rules".....lots of rules....

Rule #1. The Easter Bunny did not hide the eggs for me. They were supposed to be for the grandkids. (that includes the one I "hid" in my mouth.)

Rule #2. The chocolate bunnies Mom put at each place at the table were not for me because they would make me sick, yada yada yada. (I thought the protective foil cover would keep me safe.)

Rule #3. The ham was not intended as Easter dinner for Walter and me. (Hey, that was an honest mistake! Walter kept whispering, "Grab it! Grab it!")

Rule #4. When Mom announces that "dinner is ready", it does not mean I should rush ahead of everyone and jump up on one of the dining chairs.. (hey, she did not say, .."Dinner is ready-- except for dogs.")

Rule #5. Apparently, it is considered bad manners to stick your head up Grandma's Easter dress. (I swear, I was just looking for that Easter Bunny!)

Well, that's my story. I am a happy dog. I love my family, my brother, (the cat, not so much) and even though Mom says I am quirky (I don't walk on grass, I have a Basset Ninja War Cry, I have elevated whining to an art form-- and I nap on the end table) she loves me tons. By the way, Mom's all time favorite movie ever is "It's a Wonderful Life" and that's why she named me George Bailey Turgeon. And you know what? It IS a wonderful life!



Love, George