



Marley

Hi, my name is Marley. I am told I am 4 yrs old now, but I don't remember much about the first part of my life. It's hard to keep track of the days when you're stuck out in a back yard pen. Day after day, my birth Mom and I waited for that few minutes when the people would come out and see us for a little bit. The people would bring us food and water, and sometimes would even let us run for a little bit. Then it was back to the pen again. One day just ran into the next and I lost track of time.

Then one day they let us out of the pen and we raced to the house and found a new person standing there. That was the moment that my real life started and let me tell you, I didn't like it very much

at first. That new lady and my own human held me down and stuck something on my neck that they said was a collar. I fought hard to avoid it and I even screamed and yelped. Next they shoved us in this tin box thing they called a Jeep. That is when the scary part started. The thing started moving and took us far, far away, into a whole new world and new life. I cried the whole way there. The first night my Mom and I treated this new person to “two part howling harmony.”

The next morning I got left in the crate and the person hauled my Mom off on a trip to her new Foster home. I really surprised my new person



when I was not in the crate when she got back, and both latches on the crate were still hooked. I escaped several times after that until this new person found the roll of baling wire and the cable ties. I started calling this new lady my Foster Mom.

There have really been some scary new adventures that I have been through. On my first day I had to learn to walk on floors. It took me a little bit to figure out how to do it without falling down. One of my back feet kept slipping on the new floors, but wait a minute, I only have one back foot. I heard them talking

about my other leg being amputated when I was a baby, but I don't even remember having it, so it must not be a bad thing. One of my worst experiences had to be the first bath. All 3 people were soaked and I was still dry. I thought they were trying to drown me or something. Then the other really scary thing was my foster Mom making me go all the way down the steps, and then back up again. She said that one round trip took 20 minutes. It felt a lot longer than that but she said I had to learn how to do it. Mom said that she didn't know a dog could do a complete somersault in the middle of the stairs. Just a couple hours later I did it all by myself and really surprised her.

I have learned that growling at everything doesn't help. I did that non-stop for the first several weeks. Lunging at my new siblings and trying to attack them was not allowed. Mom told me that Mo (my new brother), and Bailey (my new sister) were both adopted from HANR also. They had both been left tied up in the back yard. (Mom said HANR is awesome and I have to agree with her.) Hiding under the desk when a toy squeaked was also a waste of time. I think my Foster Mom was ready to throw me back a few times. It took awhile to learn all of these new things, but they all turned out to be a cinch since I am a very fast learner and I try so hard to make people happy.

It has been 17 months in this new life. This week my Foster Mom told me that I had to start dropping the word "foster" and just start calling her Mom. She said she adopted me because I turned out so good. I hope this means that I get to stay here now.

