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## Lost Souls: FOUND!™

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### *Inspiring Stories About Beagles*



### **Kyla Duffy and Lowrey Mumford**

Published by Happy Tails Books™, LLC

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**Lost Souls: Found!**<sup>™</sup> Inspiring Stories About Beagles by Kyla Duffy and Lowrey Mumford

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## Inspiring Stories About Beagles



**A**rrogant Barkers  
**C**ourageous Delinquents  
**E**nergetic Funny Gassy Hunters  
**I**ntelligent Jealous Knights  
**L**ovable Maniacs  
**N**aughty Obsessed Perfectionists  
**Q**uick Roamers  
**S**tupendous Trackers  
**U**npredictable Vacuums  
**W**inners  
**X**-citable Yelpers  
**Z**-best

*Alphabet Poem by Steven Roberts, age 15  
(You're never too young to take action!)*

## My Heart’s Desire



We named her Fanny. She found me at the dog pound. I walked along the kennels and saw a small Beagle huddled at the rear of her cage. When I returned, she had crept to the front and was looking at me with a bowed-head, droop-eared, sad-eyed anxiety telling me she was prepared for rejection—we called it her “lop-eared rabbit look.”

Much about this little lost dog was a mystery. She had run loose for months and was seemingly a puppy, although obedient and subdued. She fit into the palm of one hand, was as dirty as a New York subway, smelled like a sewer, and had a smudge of blue paint on her nose. She needed to be washed, rinsed, and washed again before she was fit to enter the house. She disliked bathing although she knew the rituals, but she very much liked to be towel-dried and brushed. She knew nothing about inside living; she didn't know how to climb or descend stairs and would jump from floor to chair to desk, oblivious of furniture.

This dog was an eager eater. As she ate, she unfolded before us. After two weeks she weighed 12 pounds and could fill two hands. Our vet estimated her age to be somewhere between three and seven years old. One month later she had regained her full-figured weight, 34 pounds! She accelerated another dozen pounds before we could reverse course. And now she fit her name from a song by Little Richard: "Short, fat *Fanny* is my heart's desire."

With Swiss-like precision, Fanny calibrated her meal times. The anticipation of food electrified her, and she had the

patience to chase a single pea around the rim of her bowl, never leaving a morsel. When the bowl was clean, her hunger started again. Cleverly, by repeating her ritual, she could feign a lost meal whenever an innocent person appeared near her food bowl. It worked often enough to produce many double-feeds. And, of course, she knew how to sit up and beg for another bite of something...anything.

Between meal times, Fanny taught us all the appropriate distribution of doggie treats: a reward for having done her business, a solace for a separation, a celebration for a homecoming, a final snack at bedtime. Her pleasure with food was infectious, and produced its own reward. Coming, going, or staying was the occasion for sharing: "Give me a treat, and I'll please you with my satisfaction." Having lived a rough life, Fanny had no equanimity about food. She never overcame her time of scrounging for something to eat.

Fanny's nose was her guide to the world. It was a bumper—a poke to announce her presence. It also "Hoovered" the house for morsels, finding a single kibble on the floor behind a closed door in another room, a sandwich discarded

from a school lunch, or a full-sized tortilla from a weed patch. If it didn't move, it went into her mouth.

After I coaxed her into walking on a leash, she taught me that she didn't just walk. Nose to the ground she sauntered, strolled, and sniffed. She never forgot the scene of a scent: the storm drain where the raccoon hid, every place where she had ever found a bite to eat, and every dog's "posting."

Once she learned the neighborhood, she had most definitive views as to where she preferred to walk. Her simple technique to express her views was to do a belly flop and press herself into the ground. Usually Fanny chose the crosswalk for her act so all could see. That was her ultimatum: "You follow my lead or drag me home on my belly."

Inside the house she was ever-alert to anyone's absence, on guard for their return, and practiced in her front-door greeting. Her greeting, however, was in her own style, an ancient Chinese "kowitz" including a rapid approach, a deep bow of her head, and a near-prostration at your feet—and she would not move until by sound and touch she gained the needed reassurance of her adequate welcome. Most dogs must

learn the command, "Down;" Fanny had to be coaxed, "Look up!"

We learned Fanny's other preferences. Never stand when you can sit. Never sit when you can lie. Never gaze when you can doze. Never let a flying insect come within two feet. Sun was for people; shade was for dogs. She had the greatest fondness for "dog stink," an underground fungus from which a noxious odor transferred to her fur when she rubbed vigorously on it with her back, neck, and ears. It smelled like rotten meat.

It is in a Beagle's DNA to demonstrate both stubbornness and independence concerning many things. In both aspects Fanny planted her flag on a peculiar battleground: "Where do you want me to lie? No, not there. I'll go just one foot away."

Fanny loved trips in the car, and she only rode shotgun. She was quite patient about waiting in the car while we ran errands, but when alone she had to sit in the driver's seat. Delighted as she was at every reunion, she surrendered the driver's seat begrudgingly.

Fanny was a little Beagle, only 13 inches (though she couldn't reach that height unless standing on snow). Nevertheless, her self-appointed task was to guard the doors and sound the alarm at any approach. To this end she perfected her mad dog character: growls, barks, standing on hind legs to bark out the windows, a mad crash against the door followed by a bull rush outside if she escaped our restraining hands, at which time she would stop and bend her neck, hoping for attention. Sometimes replacement workers for the mail carrier, UPS driver, trash man, etc. weren't warned about her. Fanny was certified by the US Postal Service as a "dangerous dog," allowing the carrier to shirk delivery if fears dictated.

All Beagles appear to be sober, solemn dogs, sufficient unto themselves. Fanny cultivated that appearance so long as food wasn't involved, but she lost all composure when we went for her feet, which looked like oversized snowshoes. Trimming her nails was work for three: one to hold her muzzle, another to pin her down, and a third to cut. It was a successful day when two paws got manicured. She memorized the place where those clippers were stored, kept a close watch on the

drawer, and at anyone's slightest hesitation near that cabinet, she was gone in a flash to the farthest room.

Beneath Fanny's apparent independence, her fears of abandonment eased imperceptibly with time. She gained the peace of our unconditional love and acceptance; she gave us commensurate careful attention. She learned the patterns and timing of each of our schedules. She could even recognize the sounds of our cars' engines. At the end, she was content in our company without need for undue assurances.

Our peaceful union was her greatest gift and a shared joy. Fanny, your fears and wants are passed away. You are our baby. We miss you mightily.

*Philip Marcus*

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## Las Princesas de los Corazones

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Cassie was our first rescued Beagle. We welcomed her into our lives when she was nine years old. She was living with her one and only guardian, who could not keep her any longer because she was going to a care center that did not allow pets—how sad.

When we met Cassie, she was aloof and bitter and her coat was *very* coarse. She had multiple health problems, was 10

pounds overweight, was unsocialized, and ate anything and everything; her diet was *not* good. My husband, Gene, being the sensible one, suggested this was not the dog for us, as she had so many issues and the probability of her living a year was a stretch. I, on the other hand, fell in love with her immediately and knew this old dog had a few more good life tricks. So, of course, she came home with us.

Cassie’s fear of men immediately became clear. Gene has a lovely, deep voice, and when he would come home, Cassie would run and cower in a corner, behind a door if possible. Gene realized that if he changed the pitch of his voice, Cassie would feel more comfortable, so he talked like Frankie Vallie for quite a while. Bless his heart. Cassie also had an incredible fear of feet, and if we raised our feet to cross a leg or we stroked her back with a bare foot, she would again cower. Her abuse must have come in the form of a male foot—again, how sad.

We put Cassie on a strict diet of high-quality food, few snacks, green beans every afternoon, four or five walks a day, and 1000 kisses per day—none of which were negotiable. She soon lost 10 pounds, her coat became like silk, and she

morphed into an affectionate, puppy-like, 10-year-old Beagle. The only phobia left was her fear of cameras, which was a dilemma because we loved taking pictures of her. The instant the cameras would come out (they didn't even have to be turned on) she would run and hide and bow her head. How funny is that?

Cassie was a joy in our lives for the 18 months we had her, and our hearts broke when one morning she awoke and could not see. We took her to the vet, and a week later she died of kidney failure. Even though we hadn't expected her to live that long, her passing was very sad.

Less than one month after losing Cassie, we got a call from our Beagle rescue contact about another adult female Beagle who needed a home. As you can imagine, we were not sure if we were ready, but as soon as we met this little love-dog, Kelly, we welcomed her into our lives.

Kelly, like Cassie, was a show champion. She is a very sweet girl, and at four years old when we welcomed her into our hearts, her only "fault" was that her pups did not survive past a week. She would conceive, deliver, and then the pups

would not make it. Because of this, the "reputable" breeder decided Kelly had no worth and should be euthanized. We decided otherwise. At our first meeting, Kelly immediately connected with Gene, leaping toward him with such affection that she won his heart right away.

When she came to us in November, Kelly had just lost a pup, endured a caesarean section, and had horrible dental health because all she did was eat poop in her kennel. Within two months the poor little girl had to endure another surgery to be spayed, during which we had to have six teeth removed because her teeth had been so badly neglected. But even though she was again hurting, she adapted to her new home and family beautifully.

My husband and I live part of the year in Boulder, Colorado, and the other part in Ixtapa, Mexico. All of our neighbors in Mexico have adopted Kelly and buy treats for her, so she knows whose homes to go to for the best treats and loving. She is known as "Kelly Belly Princessa de Ixtapa" by the neighbors, the guards, and the locals on the beach. When she walks their way, they say "Princessa!"

Kelly has made her way into many strangers' vacation photos because when they see her, they want to have a picture of her with their family. Unlike Cassie, Kelly doesn't shy away. Strangers regularly stop to say hello, and at that moment she captures their hearts.

Both Cassie and Kelly have been nothing but a joy in our lives. Cassie was sweet and loving, and now Kelly makes us laugh every day, loving to be held and cuddling for 12 hours out of 24. These Beagles will always own our hearts.

*Karen Diane Woodard-Chavez*

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## Busy Beagles

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**Little Lost Lump:** Little came to us at the age of nine after having been found wandering the Bronx. His foster mother told me he was an inside dog and probably wouldn't use the dog door. The first night he slept on a dog bed on the floor next to our bed. I woke up early and he followed me downstairs. Surprisingly, he went outside through the dog door. I had some coffee, read my e-mail, and then went to look for him, having not heard him come back inside. I called him and looked outside. Starting to panic, I searched the yard, behind the shed, and under bushes. Where was my new/old dog? I finally went upstairs to wake my husband. "I lost the dog," I said. "No, you didn't," he replied. My husband pointed to a lump under the covers. There Little was, curled into a ball! He clearly felt right at home less than 24 hours after we adopted him. -*Julie Dvorak*

**Tootsie Pup:** Tucker somehow unwrapped lollipops (grape Tootsie Pops, no less). He'd steal one from the dish and sit with that lollipop between his front paws, which, by the time he was through eating it, would be sticky and purple. Now, whenever someone has Tootsie Roll Pops, I always go for the grape as a tribute to Tucker! - *Pattie Scully*

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## Some Small Shoes to Fill

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On that hot day in July, my husband Duncan and I really had no idea which dog we were going to get at the shelter. All we knew was that we would be coming home with a dog, as it was my birthday present. Like pretty much everything we do in our life together, we had no great plan.

There were rows and rows of barking dogs, but in one corner was a quiet Beagle, who looked a little clueless as to

how he ended up there. He was about seven years old, had fly bites on his ear, and had tar all over his coat. He was found roaming the streets of Burlington with another Beagle, who had since been adopted. When we took him outside for a mini meet-and-greet, he won us over with his gentleness. He sat on my lap during the ride home and kept nuzzling me as if to say, "Thanks for getting me out of that ruckus!"

He was nervous as he entered the house, but I think he knew instinctively that he was in fairly adequate hands. (I say "*fairly* adequate" because my husband had I never had a dog before, but we were determined to give him a good life.) We decided to call him Duce after one of my husband's favorite football players, Duce Staley. Since I had spearheaded the "let's get a dog" campaign, I felt it was only fair that he got pick out the name.

That first night I stupidly thought I would keep Duce in a crate downstairs when we slept, but he would have none of that. He literally pulled the bottom rail up and somehow squeezed out of a three-inch space. He wasn't afraid to let us know that he wanted to be part of the pack. He even made friends with our not-too-friendly cat, Dudley.

I am a freelance court reporter, and as such if I don't work, I don't get paid. During my long days at work, Duncan and Duce became inseparable, spending most of their time together walking throughout the neighborhood. For an "old" dog, as onlookers would call him, Duce had a lot of spunk and kept Duncan moving quickly.

Life went on very quietly for the next few years. Then my dad died. My mom, who could never stay still, decided to move to Kentucky to volunteer in the Appalachians for a year. Duncan, Duce, and I paid her a visit over Christmas, and since this was not exactly a metropolis, one of the few stores in which we could shop was Wal-Mart.

It was in Wal-Mart that Duncan bought a pair of sneakers. I didn't really think anything about it, but I should have—he has peripheral neuropathy in his feet (limited to no feeling) due to diabetes, and these sneakers were too tight. A few days after we returned home from Kentucky, Duncan's toe had swollen dangerously and an infection began traveling up his leg.

Coming home late from work one night and not knowing what else to do, I took him to the emergency room. I calculated in my mind that we would be there for a few hours, and I could still come home, get enough sleep, and make it to work the next day, but after an eight-hour wait in the ER, Duncan was diagnosed with cellulitis of his foot. That's fine, I thought; now discharge him. But no, he had to be hospitalized. By this time it was 4:30a.m., and we were exhausted. Okay, one day of IVs and he'll be better. So I went home, got a little sleep, and then went to work.

After work I went to the hospital and fully expected to take Duncan home with me. But when I got there, I saw that he had been visited by an oncologist. That's so weird, I thought; he only has diabetes and this infection. Duncan then told me that they thought he might have more than cellulitis. They continued to do more and more tests, and finally he was diagnosed with a cancerous tumor on his right kidney. Within a few weeks his right kidney was removed.

I took a few days off while Duncan was in the hospital, but once he was home, I went back to work. My first day back turned into an all-day affair. Duce had to be walked, and

Duncan did it all by himself. Slowly, step by step, they walked down the street, and Duce did what had to be done. Duncan says that he's probably the only guy around who had to pick up dog poop three days after getting a major organ removed. His biggest embarrassment was that he had to "bend over like a girl to pick it up."

As winter gave way to spring, Duce and Duncan continued their walks, going a little farther each day. Duce slowed his gait to match Duncan's. At home, Duce sat quietly next to Duncan and never jumped up on him. Duce didn't mind Duncan moaning in pain, and he didn't mind the lazy days of watching crazy TV shows like Jerry Springer for the tenth time. Duce just wanted to be with Duncan.

Duncan recovered, but because of other health issues, he had to retire early. Duce loves having Duncan home all the time now, and after seeing the devotion and love that Duce gives Duncan, I knew I had to give back. Two years ago I became a rescue volunteer, and we have since adopted another Beagle named Brandy. She is a tiny girl who adores Duce as much as we do. She is from a shelter in Kentucky where Mom had once

volunteered, right near the Wal-Mart that sold Duncan the too-small sneakers.

*Janice Burness*

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## Queen Bee-gle

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It all started with Georgia spending a week in the hospital for ingesting dental floss including the plastic cartridge. Thankfully she survived to tell the tale. Two years later I noticed Georgia limping, and to make a long story short, I was referred to an orthopedic specialist, who examined her and diagnosed her with a torn ACL requiring surgery. It would be around \$3,000 dollars including the post surgery veterinary

visits. To make things worse, the veterinarian said there is an 80% chance of her tearing the other leg within two years.

Georgia is a drama queen, and she doesn't do anything halfway. The second torn ACL happened one week from the completion of her six-month post-surgery rehab veterinary visit for the first leg. After all the surgeries she had been through, I gave her the nickname of the Queen Bee, which would become her first of two nicknames.

Georgia's second nickname is Lemon, not because she is a lemon-colored Beagle, which she is not, but because Georgia is a medical mess. She has been rushed to the emergency room for an anxiety attack brought about by a rain storm. After that incident I was referred to a neurologist, who asked me to record her actions during a rainy day. I recorded her in the rain out in the yard and brought the video to the neurologist. In his medical opinion, she was suffering from seizures brought about by the rain. Georgia was prescribed Xanax, which I was to administer prior to rainstorms, and Phenobarbital to be given daily for control of seizure activity, which is not what one would think of as a typical seizure. After all, Georgia is not a typical Beagle.

Georgia’s seizures consist of anxiety and hallucinations that are so intense I find myself looking up the wall or toward the ceiling to see what she is watching. If a fly gets in the house, it is a living nightmare for Georgia. She cowers under the covers, as if to hide from the terror of the unknown flying object.

If Georgia were a superhero, her name would have to be Super Lemon. I can write a whole chapter on her skin issues alone, but I’ll refrain since this is supposed to be a short story and not an introduction to veterinary dermatology textbook. After many visits for hair loss, flaking skin, and excess itching, I was again referred to a specialist—but this time it was a veterinary dermatologist. I made an appointment for her to see the dermatologist, who prescribed medication. When we were ready to pay the bill and leave, the young receptionist mumbled a total, which I thought was around “two-hundred-and-something” dollars. I thought, no problem—I was use to hearing numbers like that for a veterinary visit. To be sure, I asked, “What was that total again?”

The young woman then said clearly, “749 dollars.”

I was shocked, never expecting that amount for a veterinary visit, but I handed over my MasterCard and just concentrated on breathing. I laugh about it now, but that year Georgia cost me more than \$10,000 dollars in veterinary care. It wasn't that funny at the time!

Georgia became used to seeing the dermatologist and all the perks that came along with it. The visit would start with the technician spending five to ten minutes giving her attention and telling her how pretty she is. If they had to take blood, Georgia would be given a stuffed animal from the toy box to take home. Her picture was taken and hung from their holiday tree with care.

Then one day, in her Beagle mind, the unthinkable happened. Georgia was taken down from her Beagle pedestal and put with the regular dogs. (What really happened is that I took her to the free rabies clinic in town.) If I could voice her thoughts, they would go something like this:

"They had me wait in line like a dog. Then they took this sharp object and injected some fluid substance into the muscle area of one of my hind legs. I was then thrown out into the cold

January weather. Where was the toy? Where were the glamour shots? Where were my adoring fans? I am going home and never returning to this place again. The nerve of those people—don't they know who I am?"

For Georgia, that day must have been like going from a high-end department store to the discount mart for a wealthy socialite. That story always makes her primary vet laugh. Georgia has come a long way from the day she was adopted to the Queen Bee she is today. She is a one-of-a-kind Beagle, which is just one of the reasons we all love her.

*Carol Ann Kaminski*

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## Busy Beagles

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**Reading Rescue:** Sahara came to me completely unexpectedly. I was helping with a transport when I was introduced to this tiny, terrified dog, whose facial expression just begged for someone to love her. This "foster failure" is now my little shadow, traveling with me to local libraries for story time, which is a super way for children with reading disabilities to feel confident as they read books to Sahara. She listens to every word they speak, and because she is non-judgmental, the kids benefit from her company while they improve their reading skills. I think back on all that we've been through together and am so thankful that one snowy day this little angel came to me—just by chance. -*Karen Hulmes*

**Tattle-Tail:** Nellie and Watson weren't allow on the furniture, and they knew it. However, when Nellie got on a scent, this shy, submissive dog would trample stocky Watson, whacking him in the face with her flagellant tail. One morning I heard Watson barking in the family room. I went in to check out the situation and saw Nellie up on the couch, looking out the window. Watson, on the other hand, was on the floor. He wasn't barking at what was outside—he was telling Nellie to get off the couch! -*Karen Bruno*

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## The Great Christmas Feast

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The door closed, and I looked over at Paris.

“So what’s the deal here?” I asked.

“Oh, so you can talk to me,” she replied. “I wasn’t too sure. You looked pretty bad when the people brought you here.”

"Of course I looked bad," I barked back. "I'd been in that shelter for two weeks, I'd just had surgery, and I had kennel cough and a tapeworm!"

"The people looked worried about you. I've seen that look on their faces before."

That was interesting. "Oh yeah?" I said, trying to get her to elaborate.

"Oh, yes. The previous dog was with the man for 84 years," she said. "Before she left, she was pretty sick, too. That's when they looked worried. When she was gone, I think it was especially hard on the man."

So there was another dog here, I thought. Now that my nose had recovered, I'd smelled, but not seen, traces of the other dog: a tricolor Beagle like Paris.

A rather mundane dog, I thought to myself, unlike my distinctive red-and-white markings.

Paris continued. "Maybe you've heard of her? Lucky? Of the Great Christmas Feast?"

Now I knew she was just playing with me. Every dog has heard the legend of the Great Christmas Feast, but mostly through stories told to us as pups. Besides, you meet a lot of dogs named Lucky, and they all act like they're part of that tale. Paris probably thought that because I'd been sick I was a pushover.

"Oh yeah, right," I said. "Sure. Lucky of the Great Christmas Feast lived here."

Paris gave me the coy look I'd seen her give the woman when she wanted a belly rub.

"Believe it or don't; it's all the same to me," she said. "How about I tell you the story and let you decide for yourself if I'm telling the truth?"

Knock yourself out, I thought.

"It was a long time ago, before I joined the people. In fact, Lucky said it was before I was even born. One day she went for a ride with the people to another house. When they got there, Lucky said, it was the most amazing thing you can imagine. There were people of every age, from very young to

very old, in every room. As it turned out, she was the only dog there, so she got lots of attention. But even more important were the smells. Lucky was a Beagle in the finest tradition of Beagles, and she said there were almost too many smells to count: people walking in and out from all over, carpet smells, furniture smells, and food smells. There was even a tree the hosts had brought in from outside. Lucky told me it took her over a half an hour just to get the smells all sniffed and another hour before she got them all sorted out. She sniffed everywhere. Lucky was great that way: very thorough. No smell got past her, especially not food smells. She taught me a lot about Beagling and sniffing."

Paris adjusted herself on the couch and took a glance outside to make sure no one dared walk on our sidewalk.

"Anyway, she spent most of the day working the rooms. Lucky was a professional at this and a pleasure to watch. She had 56 years of experience on me, and I've seen her charm the last bite of a sandwich out of the people more times than you can count. She just went from room to room, laying those Beagle eyes on people, and they'd give her a tidbit. She said it started small at first: a piece of potato chip here, a crumb of

cookie there. But as the day wore on, she kept getting more and more. Pretty soon she was eating entire cookies! She told me about something the people called "Chex Mix." Apparently it's a mixture of all sorts of tastes and smells, each one better than the next: pretzels, nuts, M & M's and two types of cereal."

I'd heard the Chex Mix part of this story before, but only in Spanish from a Chihuahua. No one had ever described it in such detail. My mouth was salivating at the thought of it, and I began to suspect Paris was telling the truth.

Paris continued.

"Later that day the people gathered in one room and gave boxes to one another. Inside the boxes were all kinds of things the people called gifts. The boxes were covered in colored paper, which they ripped off and threw on the floor. Being a devoted dog, Lucky knew her job was to tear that paper up, of course. Lucky said she had a lot of fun with the paper, but although she went about her task with gusto, there was so much she couldn't tear it all."

Hmm. The paper reference was definitely part of the legend, but I hadn't heard the gift and box parts before. Either

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Paris was embellishing, which is always frowned upon in the telling of dog legends, as you know, or she had the real story.

“After the boxes were all opened, the people moved into another room, bringing out food they had been cooking all day and sitting around a big table. There were mashed potatoes and sweet potatoes, bread, corn, peas, gravy, creamed onions, stuffing, ham, and turkey. But here’s where the story gets even better. Since Lucky was the only dog there, she got every bite that dropped on the floor. Some of them even gave her bites right from the table. And when they were done, she got to lick all their plates—there were 20—and eat all the leftovers they didn’t want to save!

“Well, as you can imagine, even Lucky had a limit. She told me that after that she became pretty choosy about the tidbits. The people would offer her food, but she would only take it if it was a really *big* piece of cookie. Toward the end, she said, she even turned down Chex Mix. When the man went to pick her up to come home, he thumped her belly and laughed at how big it was. I guess she was completely full. She fell asleep on the way home, and the man had to carry her into the house.”

I sat in disbelief. Until that day, I really thought this story was just a legend. No dog had ever done so well. No dog had ever eaten people food until they couldn't eat anymore, especially not a Beagle. (A popular joke among other breeds is "How do you know when the food is all gone? The Beagles have stopped chewing." They think it's the funniest thing they've ever heard.) At any rate, I finally believed Paris. I was truly in the house of legend: the house of Lucky of The Great Christmas Feast.

*Kasey Hodges (Translated by Tim Hodges)*

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Happy Tails Books™ was created to help support animal rescue efforts by showcasing the love, happiness, and joy adopted dogs have to offer. With the help of animal rescue groups, stories are submitted by people who have adopted dogs, and then Happy Tails Books™ compiles them into breed-specific books. These books serve not only to entertain, but also to educate readers about dog adoption and the characteristics of each specific type of dog. Happy Tails Books™ donates a significant portion of proceeds back to the rescue groups who help gather stories for the books.



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To submit a story or learn about other books Happy Tails Books™ publishes, please visit our website at <http://happytailsbooks.com>.