

---

## Lost Souls: FOUND!™

---

*Inspiring Stories About Boxers*



**Kyla Duffy and Lowrey Mumford**

Published by Happy Tails Books™, LLC

Happy Tails Books™ (HTB) uses the power of storytelling to effect positive changes in the lives of animals in need. The joy, hope, and (occasional) chaos these stories describe will make you laugh and cry as you embark a journey with these authors who are guardians and/or fosters of adopted dogs. "Reading for Rescue" with HTB not only brings further awareness to rescue efforts and breed characteristics, but each sale also results in a financial contribution to dog rescue efforts.

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

Published by Happy Tails Books<sup>™</sup>, LLC [www.happytailsbooks.com](http://www.happytailsbooks.com)

© Copyright 2010 Happy Tails Books<sup>™</sup>, LLC. Printed and bound in the  
United States of America. All Rights Reserved. No part of this book may be  
reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including  
information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from  
the publisher.

The publisher gratefully acknowledges the numerous Boxer rescue groups  
and their members who generously granted permission to use their stories  
and photos.

The following brand names mentioned in this book are registered  
trademarks and the property of their owners. The author and publishing  
company make no claims to the logos mentioned in this book including:  
PetSmart, Jeep, Craigslist.

**Photo Credits (All Rights Reserved by Photographers):**

Front Cover: Allie, Kelly Dunn, [www.justimagineinc.com](http://www.justimagineinc.com)

Back Cover Top: Titan, Abbie Cooke, [chariotcreative.com](http://chariotcreative.com)

Back Cover L: Jezabel, Whitney Price

Back Cover Mid: Alice, April Turner, [uturnstudios.com](http://uturnstudios.com)

Back Cover R: Bruin and Ruger, Abbie Cooke

Inside Title: Beau and Nike, Kelly Dunn

P10: Grace, Abbie Cooke

**Publishers Cataloging In Publication Data Available Upon Request**

Lost Souls: Found!<sup>™</sup> Inspiring Stories About Boxers/ [Compiled and edited  
by] Kyla Duffy and Lowrey Mumford.

p. ; cm.

ISBN: 978-0-9824895-3-6

**Happy Tails Books appreciates all of the contributors and rescue groups whose thought-provoking stories make this book come to life. We'd like to send a special thanks to:**

**Blue Ridge Boxer Rescue**

<http://www.blueridgeboxerrescue.com/>

**Boxer Buddies**

<http://www.boxerbuddies.org/>



**Boxer Rescue and Adoption, Inc.**

<http://www.va-boxerrescue.org/>

**Heart of Ohio Boxer Rescue**

<http://www.heartofohioboxerrescue.com/>

**Legacy Boxer Rescue**

<http://www.savetheboxers.com/>



**Mid Michigan Boxer Rescue**

<http://www.midmichiganboxerrescue.org/>

**Midwest Boxer Rescues**

<http://www.midwestboxerrescues.com/>

**Missouri Valley Boxer Club**

<http://www.mvboxerclub.com/>

**Mokan Boxer Rescue**

<http://www.petfinder.com/shelters/KS01.html>



**Norcal Boxer Rescue**

<http://www.ncbr.org/>

**Rockin' P Rescue**

<http://www.rockinprescue.org/>

*Want more info about the dogs, authors, and rescues featured in this book? <http://happytailsbooks.com>*

---

## Love Goes Bonk

---



The day Abner made his way into my heart started out like any other weekend morning with grocery shopping, house cleaning, and surfing the internet. We weren't actively searching for another dog, but on this particular day, I decided to look. Scrolling down the pages of the Midwest Boxer Rescue website I stopped at a picture of a fawn Boxer who appeared to be winking at me. How odd...dogs can wink? As I scanned the latest update, the words, "I am blind," caused me to take a

second look. Continuing on, my heart stopped at the sentence, "You would think that as cute as I am someone would have scooped me up, but everyone is afraid of me because I am blind." I knew right then that this was the dog we were going to adopt, regardless of the fact that we hadn't even discussed getting another dog yet.

I immediately went to my husband and said, "What do you think about looking for a playmate for Brooke-Lynn?" (Brooke-Lynn is our other Boxer.)

He said, "Sure, we can start looking."

Biting my lip I said, "Don't be mad, but I think I already found one." I showed him Abner's story, and he agreed we were ready to handle the added responsibility and cost of another Boxer. Neither of us had ever had an animal with a handicap before, but we thought we could care for Abner. We were at least willing to try when so many others were not. I immediately started filling out the application so that we could (hopefully) adopt him.

Over the next few weeks, we learned that Abner was found in very poor condition: severely underweight, scratched up, and partially blind. Due to lack of space at the Humane Society, he had been stuffed in a kennel with a much larger,

food-aggressive dog, who regularly attacked Abner. Nobody was sure whether the attacks by the larger dog or his prior abuse had led to his blindness, but in any case one of Abner's eyes had to be surgically removed, and the remaining one did not function at all. Despite all of these hardships, Abner was a sweet, friendly dog who wagged his little tail and did the Boxer "kidney bean" wiggle every chance he got.

After several more emails with the rescue group, a very thorough home visit, and daily visits to Abner's web page, we were invited to visit Abner in Springfield, Missouri, which was a quick five hours away. About a week before we were scheduled to leave, a friend laughed when I told her I was cleaning up the house and moving all the chemicals to higher cabinets. "You're nesting!" she teased. I guess I was, because if everything worked out and everyone got along, we would be bringing Abner home with us that weekend.

After a looooong night in a hotel room with three kids and a scaredy-cat Boxer, who seemed to shake at every little noise or closing door, we were off to meet Abner. We walked into the French's house, and Abner greeted us in the living room. At only 40 pounds, he was much smaller than the 70-pound monster we were used to. He was quite friendly and

playful with the human members of our family, but was *very* defensive with Brooke-Lynn. It was clear he did *not* want a new dog in *his* house. Seeing Abner act this way towards Brooke-Lynn was the first time I felt doubt about this adoption. I mean, if the dogs didn't get along, would they even let us bring Abner home with us?

We decided to try the dogs on more neutral territory, so we took them to another foster family's home. This time Abner and Brooke-Lynn didn't quite hit it off, but they were at least tolerant of each other. I started to relax a little.

Before we knew it, it was time for lunch and a final decision about Abner. We talked pros and cons over burgers and fries and decided to bring Abner into our family. (As if there was any doubt!) We went back to the French's house, signed the paperwork, packed up Abner's things in our van, said our goodbyes, and set off for home. Abner made himself comfortable in the backseat with the kids and drifted off to sleep while his "silly sounds" ball whooped, laughed, and roared whenever we hit a bump in the road.

After a nervous couple of hours driving through a horrible rain and lightning storm, we were home at last. The first order of business was walking Abner through the house so

he could start to get his bearings. He bumped and nosed his way around for the rest of the evening and even tried to play with Brooke-Lynn a bit. It was rough at first while they figured out how each other played, resulting in some small nicks and unsure growls, but we could tell they were having fun getting to know each other.

My parents came to meet Abner the next day, and they were impressed at how quickly he had adapted to his new environment. Abner was already running in the backyard and maneuvering his way around the trees and fences, which led my dad to ask, "Are you *sure* he's completely blind?" As if he was listening and wanted to convince us, at just that moment, Abner ran right into the wall next to where my dad was standing, with a resounding "Bonk."

"Pretty sure..." I said, and we all laughed at Abner's timing. We lovingly referred to him as "Bonk" for the next couple of days.

Abner has been such a wonderful addition to our family, and he never ceases to amaze and impress us with his wonderful spirit and gentle nature. We continue to learn new things about him even after all this time has gone by. He loves ice cubes but hates being wet. He *loves* peanut butter and will

---

gently nibble while licking it off your finger. When he plays tag with Brooke-Lynn around the furniture, he can catch her even though she goes into stealth mode and doesn't make a sound. He can also catch a treat in mid-air when it's dropped in front of his nose. His favorite toy is a full-sized basketball, which he'll chase around the yard, barking at it for hours if we let him. Good luck getting it away from him... Abner protects it like it's a T-bone steak!

I once read that rescued animals were the best kinds of animals to adopt because they are so grateful to their new owners for taking them out of their horrible circumstances; Abner is living proof this sentiment is true. In his case the dog who was severely underweight, abused, wounded, and disfigured has now become the happiest, sweetest, most well-adjusted dog imaginable. Our whole family is so appreciative of the rescue organization and Abner's foster family, the Frenches, for giving him a second chance at life...with us!

*Meredith Thompson*

## The Musical Queen



It was nearly Thanksgiving when I was paging through the adoptable dogs on the Mid Michigan Boxer Rescue (MMBR) website and came across this delightful brindle Boxer girl named Yuki. She was the most wonderful looking old lady—standing so proud in her picture—with a pair of angel wings on her back. I said to my husband, “I want her!” and she became mine. (Okay, so I shared her with everyone.)

Yuki was found in the middle of a road after Labor Day. She was old with a huge, cancerous tumor on her neck, and someone had probably dumped her. After getting to know Yuki, we joke that we can actually picture her sitting there and saying, "Helloooo... I'm ready to be picked up now." She was so strong and independent but at the same time loving and fun.

The first day at our home we dubbed her "Yuki Gianna Francisco," and she just beamed and spun and spun. Hearing her full name must have given her such joy. She gave that joy right back to us by helping us create laughing memories we will never forget. For example, one day I came home and my husband, Todd, was laughing so hard he was crying. He told me about how he had heard a "wonderful musical scale" coming from the living room, even though nobody was home. Upon further investigation, Todd found Yuki sitting in the middle of the room with a look of ecstasy on her face, scratching her ear with her back paw and tooting a concerto fit for Mozart. The next day we were again blessed with a concert—what musical talent she possessed!

A few years back Yuki was crowned queen of the Mid Michigan Boxer Bash, a fitting title since she was already the queen of our home. The following year we returned to the bash

so Yuki could pass on her crown. On the way to the bash, Yuki shared her front seat with me and also shared my chocolate chip cookies. (She had decided she was my napkin, licking my lips after every bite, and nothing was going to stop her). The first person we saw at the bash was the king's mom, who also loved Yuki. Next Yuki greeted all of the volunteers and the directors. She was high-stepping and spinning with pride.

Unfortunately, after everyone had received their royal welcome, Yuki fell down with a seizure and passed away immediately. The cause of her death was a brain aneurism that had burst. Yuki seemed to have hung in there just to thank her "royal court" full of rescue friends and prance around as queen one last time before crossing the Rainbow Bridge.

We were devastated and couldn't even think about replacing her. I kept saying, "No new dogs. Never, never, never..."

But as the story always goes, it was only a few months later, just before Thanksgiving again, when my husband and I found another Boxer we needed to adopt. That's when "old man" MoElmer came into our lives.

MoElmer was apparently running free when he was caught and brought to a shelter. MMBR rescued him from that

shelter and placed him in foster care. Since he was so old and thin, he was stuck there for a while. They didn't know if anyone would adopt him, but I think he was waiting for us! MMBR had named him Elmer, but he didn't look like an "Elmer" to us. We decided to change his name to Mo because "the Francisco's needed *mo'* Boxers in our lives." (Mo would be our fourth.)

The name "Mo" didn't last long because Todd decided "Mo" sounded too much like "No." Again on the name hunt, I decided to combine both names: "MoElmer John Francisco" became our new dog's formal name, but we kept calling him "Momo" for short.

Momo just needed weight and lots and lots of love, and we were more than happy to provide him with just that. His favorite hobbies turned out to be eating, sleeping, snacking, and long afternoon naps, snoring with Mom on her bed and occasionally letting out the loudest, smelliest toots in the world. Besides being loud and stinky, Momo is highly intelligent, well-trained, and incredibly laid back with no dominance issues. We actually had to retrain him to lay on the couch with us. His hearing is not the greatest, he has no teeth, and he has cataracts, but boy does his sniffer work well. He can sniff out

anything "peanut butter" with the best of them. He also has a huge capacity to love everyone, never knowing a stranger.

I never thought I could love another dog after Yuki, but since Momo came to us, I couldn't imagine life without him. He is truly a meat and potatoes kind of old man, and we are the luckiest people to have him in our lives.

*Marie Francisco*

---

## A Snort Break

---

**So What if His Breath Stinks?** One of our first fosters, Iain, had holes in his feet, heartworm, intermittent liver and kidney functions, loose teeth, and scars all over his body. Oh, and he was emaciated with *awful* breath! We didn't know what to expect: Would he be okay with our kids? Food aggressive? Friendly? This mess of a dog turned out to be the easiest foster ever... But he never found another home. We kept him! Iain's breath still stinks, but he's gained much weight, and his spirit is spectacular. He sleeps with his head on my son's pillow each night and spends the rest of his time seeking attention on the couch by pawing at us gently. He is the only dog in our home that doesn't require a leash, and he's had no formal training. Seriously, what more could we ask for? -*Whitney Ricciardi*

**So There!** When Patrick went in to pick up Betty Lou, he was told she really didn't like men and had an attitude to boot. From the end of a catch pole (aluminum rod used to catch dogs from a safe distance), she looked up at Pat with soulful, brown eyes as if to say, "Please get me out of here." Pat quickly removed the catch pole, attached a leash, and knelt down to greet this sad and tired Boxer. Betty buried her head in his lap for some much needed ear rubbing, gave him a gentle kiss, and they left the building! Humph. -*Lee Mitchell*

---

## Deaf But Not Disabled

---



My story begins one year ago last October. It was a cold, wet day and I was all alone wandering the streets. I didn't know where I was going or how to get food, and even if someone called to me to offer something I couldn't hear them because I am deaf. It seemed I was destined to walk the streets scared and alone. That is, until I looked up and saw a man with a stick coming towards me and thought things might be getting even

worse. After putting a rope around my neck, he placed me in a truck, and we rode for some time before reaching our destination, which for me was a wire kennel.

Not knowing what would happen next, I shook with fear. It appeared I was in a place where someone could find me and take me to their home, but who would want a deaf, filthy dog? Some people gave me food and water, and it wasn't cold like the streets were, but I still felt a foreboding danger.

After a time the answer to my question still seemed to be, "Nobody." I was eighteen hours from my world coming to an end when a lady finally came into my kennel. She leaned over and touched me, and I could feel her love and caring in my heart. Was I actually getting a chance for a better life?

The woman took me home that day, into a life I had only dreamed of. I was timid because I thought the love I was receiving from this woman was too good to be true. But God does answer prayers, for shortly thereafter I went to my forever home, where I now receive even more unconditional love (even when I make mistakes).

My forever family doesn't even care that I'm deaf. Mom has shown me that she can talk to me by making signals with her hands. She calls it "sign language." I know fourteen signs

and it has opened up a new world for me. Oh, and guess what? My new mom takes me to schools and foster homes for children. She tells people my story, and we show them how we communicate with each other. I must do a really good job because I'm always rewarded with cheese.

As if life wasn't good enough, we are about to embark on another adventure! I soon will begin therapy dog training, so we can go into hospitals and make sick children happy, just like we do for the kids in foster care. I want to get my story out to the world for you see, I am deaf but not disabled. My mom says being deaf just makes me *very* special, so maybe when others meet me they'll want to give other special dogs a chance, too. (Hint! Hint!) Mom and I assure you, dogs like me can and do make a difference, and we won't let you down!

*River, translated by Trish Locklair*

## A Matter of Perspective



**Craigslist Ad:** *Free to anyone with more patience than I have. 2-year-old Boxer puppy. Does not come when called, but her name is Abby. Missing back left leg, so she can't scratch her left ear. We ask her every day where her leg is, but she won't tell us. In spite of her handicap, jumps on furniture and runs in a circle like nothing I've ever seen. Loves toys - anything loud that squeaks. Will bug the crap out of you dropping her ball at your feet, then grabs it and runs off when you bend down to get it.*

*Shoves toys under the furniture, then whines until you fetch them for her. Abby loves to pee all over the rugs in the living room and dining room, however, she saves her poops for the kids' bedroom carpet. Will eat anything she can get a hold of. However, only weighs 40 pounds because she is bulimic. Is not picky about where she throws up. Loves to fight with our other dog and, despite the fact he outweighs her by 100 pounds, can kick the crap out of him. Does not sleep and will wake you up to play at 4:00 a.m. if not in her crate. Fights to the death when you attempt to put her in her crate, so oven mitts or thick gloves and a sofa-cushion shield are required. Yes . . . her bite is much worse than her bark. Has been spayed and is up-to-date on all vaccinations.*



First I wonder whether this ad is for real. My curiosity turns to anger when I realize the ad is referring to our sweet tripod rescue, Abby. I can't be mistaken because the accompanying picture is one we had posted in our adoption ad on Petfinder when we were in the processing of find Abby her *forever* home.

I immediately call the woman who had adopted Abby and very kindly remind her of the adoption contract she had

signed, which states if an adoption does not work out for any reason the dog is to be returned to our rescue. She agrees to relinquish Abby back to us, so my friend, April, and I immediately go on our way.

Only having the Craigslist information to go by, I'm expecting a crazy dog tied up in the back of an SUV. Instead I find a cute little "baby" Boxer seat-belted next to her giant Boxer brother. "Wait," I think, "Doesn't she try and kill him?"

As soon as Abby is out of the car, she comes bounding towards us with kisses for April and me. I look at the woman's hands, expecting them to be mauled, but there's nary a scratch. Abby hops in my lap, exerting some dominance, and with a quick correction she's back to Boxer kisses. Instead of goodbye, the woman wishes Abby "good riddance," calling her "rotten" in a tone that flips my stomach.

Now the time has come to test Abby's boundaries. April picks her up and puts her in the kennel single-handedly (her other hand is bad)—not one growl, not one raised hair, not one bit of a fight. Abby did fine in the crate and had no problems in the car.

At home I arrive to chaos as my boyfriend (at the time), Anthony, has let out all my dogs: the obnoxious puppy, the

submissive pup, the napoleon-complexed little dog, the hyper male, and Hugo, who runs the house. It looks like this is the perfect opportunity to find out if Abby is truly aggressive, so with fingers crossed I watch as Abby meets each dog and backs down in every confrontation without a second thought. Not one scuffle.

I can't help but laugh as I write about her, as Abby is lying next to my bed giving Hugo the eye. Not the evil eye, the "I'm completely infatuated with you" eye. She loves attention and cries for it, but I make her earn it all (there are NO free lunches in my home!). One "no" to the crying and she is lying on Hugo's dog bed next to mine. It's obvious that some love, discipline, and exercise are all this dog needs.

A few weeks pass and nothing changes—Abby is still loving and friendly to my dogs and me. None of the horrifying behaviors so vividly depicted in the Craigslist ad have emerged.

It turns out Abby is quite the social butterfly and quite creative in her attention-seeking. She proved it to me one weekend when we were doing yard work. I ran inside for a lemonade break while Anthony raked out new mulch in the yard. When I returned, Anthony was grinning ear to ear with Abby cradled in his arms like a baby....and his shorts around his

ankles! It turns out Abby had been pestering him, so he had played with her and then continued working. I guess when he turned his back she saw her opportunity to hook her paws in his waistband and pull herself right into his arms, pushing his shorts down she climbed up. What a sight for sore eyes!

The lesson from this story is that you can't believe everything you read. Had Abby written the Craigslist ad, it would have said something like:

*Funny, loving Boxer princess, running away from impatient, intolerant bitch (pun intended!). Looking for attention and more attention. Will help with yard work in exchange for love.*

The second time around, a wonderful family answered Abby's adoption ad (not exactly the one above). They love her to pieces and don't even care where her leg went. No oven mitts or sofa cushions required...

*Whitney Price*

---

## Sometimes Everybody Wins

---



A breeder was looking for someone to euthanize Benjamin, a four-week old pup, and she thought I might be the gal for the job. She was so wrong. Naturally we had no intention of putting him down, and instead we took him home.

Seeing him that cold February day over a decade ago is etched in my mind. He was a frail, smelly, and disfigured dog with green mucus oozing from his mouth and nose. Upon further examination, my husband discovered he had a cleft

palate with a rather large opening. It was a weekend, but this poor dog was desperate for medical attention; the infection and drainage had to be cleaned out. After being involved with rescue for so many years I have become quite resourceful, so I got out my dental water jet (never to be used again) and cleaned most of the infection drainage away. I then sank a stomach tube into him and gave him a nourishing solution of half water and half goats milk to help him gain some strength.

On Monday the vet advised me to keep doing just what I was doing, and we started Benjamin on antibiotics, too. About a week later we added puréed dog food to the goats' milk. As Benjamin quickly grew bigger and stronger, I knew I had to make some decisions about him being adopted out, but my heart nearly stopped every time I thought I would have to part with him. He was such a good dog.

One day I took another rescue to a vet at Ohio State University for heart testing. While I was there I asked if they knew anyone who did maxillofacial surgery on dogs. While Benjamin was vastly improved from when I first met him, he still had a hole in the roof of his mouth and facial distortions from the cleft palate that needed repair. The vet looked at me oddly and said, "Are you sure you want to do that on a rescue?"

She wasn't trying to be hurtful, but I couldn't hold back the tears. Seeing my distress, she asked me to wait a minute and then left the room, returning shortly thereafter with a woman who would be graduating in June and returning to New York to start her own practice. She examined Benjamin and said she thought she could help him. Because of her imminent departure and the fact that Benjamin would need several surgeries to correct his deformities, she asked, "Can you leave him today?" I couldn't believe our luck!

I left him, and the wonderful vets at OSU worked their miracles. My heart sang with joy that we were actually able to help Benjamin—and so quickly! As he healed, his true handsomeness was finally revealed. The surgeries were effective and Benjamin just looked great.

During Benjamin's recuperation, a rescued Boxer named Maggie mothered him and became his best friend. She was adopted by a gentleman named Doug Thompson, who loved her and felt uncomfortable leaving her home all day while he worked. Would I babysit? Sure! From then on Benjamin looked forward to every weekday because his girlfriend Maggie would join us while her dad was at work.

One Friday evening Doug asked if he could take Benjamin home for the weekend. I didn't like that idea at all because he was my Ben, and I loved him with all my heart. At the same time, I knew it would be good for both Benjamin and Maggie to interact together in a different setting, and they were in good hands with Doug. I let Benjamin go, and as you may have suspected, Benjamin's visits to Doug's house slowly became longer and more frequent. Ben finally made his forever home with Doug and Maggie, who has since gone to the Rainbow Bridge.

To this day Ben still joins me on weekdays with his new friends, Sadie and Clayton. In essence I've had a wonderful boy for nearly 14 years, but have also had the joy of seeing him adopted into a loving family. As a rescuer I've always had an ebb and flow of dogs through the house, so Doug adopting Benjamin was a wonderful gift. It's truly given me the best of both worlds.

*Mary Nevius, 78 and still actively running  
Heart of Ohio Boxer Rescue*

---

## Love at First Lick

---



"Are you sure you want to adopt a dog?" my dad asked me seriously. "They're a big commitment."

Dad was right, and adopting a dog was going to be a big change from life with just two cats. Cats are easy—you don't have to worry about being home to let them out or walk them, and they can take care of themselves while you go off on a weekend trip. But I wanted a dog. I grew up with dogs, and so I know that there's just nothing like a wagging tail and lolling

tongue greeting me at the end of the day. I had wanted a dog for a long time, but I made myself wait until I left apartment living behind for a house with a yard. Less than a month after I moved into my new house, I put in my application with two Boxer rescue groups, crossed my fingers, and waited.

Every day was agony as I waited for my application to be processed, my home visit to be completed, and finally to hear from foster parents who thought their dog might become *my* dog. By the time I was approved to adopt, I had every dog on the rescue website memorized and a long list of dogs I wanted to meet. Waaaaaaay at the bottom of that list was "Alton." He met some of my requirements—he was the right age and cat-friendly—but I was set on getting a female, and I preferred the flashy fawns (fawn with white markings on the face, chest, and paws) over Alton's plain fawn coat. Plus, I love "class clowns" Boxers who will run, jump, and make me laugh all the time, and Alton just looked so serious.

Well as one dog after another was crossed off my list for one reason or another, I finally agreed to meet Alton. "After all," I told myself, "I might as well get some practice meeting dogs, so I'll know when I find the right one."

Alton turned up on my doorstep one cold December night with a bright blue scarf wrapped around his neck. His foster parents eagerly told me all about his many talents, but I was just watching him, waiting, still skeptical. He ran around the house sniffing every corner and investigating my cats. He didn't even seem to notice me at all. Finally his investigation ended, and he came back to join us. He bounded right up in front of me and gave me a big smile, followed by an even bigger (and sloppier) kiss. All at once, I *knew*. I hugged him and asked him if he wanted to come live with me and be my dog. He kissed me again, and I considered the bargain sealed right then and there.

Alton became my sweet Casey, and life has never been the same. As Dad predicted it was a big change. No more going away on last-minute trips or going out after work, unless I figured out what to do with Casey first. My owner's resolve was tested almost immediately, as three days after I adopted Casey we were struck with a legendary Texas ice storm. Schools and businesses all over town were shut down, but I was carefully skating across the ice to take Casey on his morning walk.

Yes, it's been a big change, but it's absolutely been worthwhile. Now I rush home at the end of each day, knowing

Casey will be thrilled to see me and go on his evening walk. There's nothing like coming home to a Boxer wiggle. When they're so excited, it's not enough to just wag their little nubbin of a tail—they have to wag their whole bodies! I can't be depressed for long with Casey squirming up in my lap to kiss me, and even a dreary walk in the rain turns cheerful when I have Casey beside me, chasing raindrops and splashing in puddles. Nothing beats snuggling into bed on a cold winter's night with a warm, furry body curled up beside me... Even if that furry body is snoring (somehow snoring is fine when it's coming from a dog)!

Life with Casey has been a joy. He may look serious sometimes, but he's got the Boxer personality all the way. I'm so glad I met him, even though I didn't think he was exactly what I was looking for. After all, ours is an age-old story: love at first lick!

*Andrea Westerfeld*

---

## About Happy Tails Books™

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.



Happy  
Tails  
Books™

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

## We're Writing Books about ALL of Your Favorite Dogs!



Find Them at [Happytailsbooks.com](http://Happytailsbooks.com)!



### Make your dog famous!

Do you have a great story about your adopted dog? We are looking for stories, poems, and even your dog's favorite recipes to include on our website and in upcoming books! Please visit the website below for story guidelines and submission instructions. <http://happytailsbooks.com/submit.htm>