

Lucky Dog Adoption Newsletter-Spring

Alabama's Foster Mom

Interview by Alexandra Richardson

One of Lucky Dog Animal Rescue's shyest dogs, Alabama, has been searching for her Furever home for months. Unfortunately, this "Little Bug" as her foster parents have nicknamed her, doesn't always show her best side at adoption events; she's just so shy. At home, however, she's a different girl: Foster Mom describes her as "affectionate, playful, content, a great snuggler, and her tail is wagging all the time!"

Alabama has had a rough start to life.

However, her foster parents report that "Ali" has been improving steadily over the three months she has been living with them.

Although she was shy at first, she started trusting Foster Mom, and about a month after that she began to trust Foster Dad. With some time, patience, and plenty of treats, as well as quality time with Foster Dad, Alabama began to realize that boys aren't all that bad. While she is still fearful of new people, Alabama is learning to warm up to them more quickly, and has become a much happier, more relaxed, and more trusting dog in her foster home. Foster Mom says, "At first, Ali was shy and reserved. Over the months she has become playful, affectionate, and excited to see Foster Dad at the end of the day."

Alabama has been living with her foster family since January 2014. She is the fifth foster – all of which have been through LDAR – for this family. Foster Mom reports that, "[Alabama] has been very affectionate and even goofy at times with [Foster Family]." In addition to getting along well with her family, she is very friendly with Foster Sister, Ava (a Lucky Dog

Dog alum), and Foster Brother, Brodie, who was rescued from a high – kill shelter at 10 months.

Despite her shyness, Alabama is sure to be a great dog, once she warms up to her new home. She has fantastic manners, according to Foster Mom. This girl is potty – trained, waits patiently for food or treats, is fantastic on a leash, and – best of all – doesn't chew up anything other than her chew toys! She is a pretty easy – going, low energy dog, AND she's compact. She's also a quick learner and a very smart girl. Foster Mom says that she has been the "best and easiest foster dog yet!"

Routine and a supportive, loving, relaxed environment has helped Alabama settle into her new home. She enjoys plenty of regular playtime with her foster sister, snuggle time with her foster parents, potty breaks, and walks. Bed time is around nine o'clock, and she sleeps easily through the night.

Weekends involve playtime, walks, and sometimes a bath. Every Sunday, she attends an adoption event with her foster parent.

Today, Alabama is enjoying the spring weather and happily waiting for her Furever family. Her foster parents admit that they will be sad to lose her, but can't wait for Alabama to find a fun, happy Furever home of her own. Alabama is enjoying life and her favorite things: "Going for walks, chewing her Nylabone, a spot on the couch just for her, treats, playing with her canine foster sister, basking in the sun, and snuggling."

Alabama's foster family agrees that, though they love Alabama, they cannot wait for her to find a Furever home to call her own and that no dog is more deserving of this one.

Foster Mom says of Alabama, "Everyday she brings me joy!"

Continued...

Watching her grow both physically, mentally, and socially is very rewarding. Finding the perfect family for her proves challenging, but with all the support I receive from her AC I'm certain the perfect match will come into Ali's life. Until then, I will enjoy this sweet little girl!



Tales of Tails: Volume IV

Fictional Stories By Amana Abdurrezak

Boss yanked the door handles wide open to reveal the bustling movement of the Wellington Towers complex. Winston pranced beside him and kept inaudible while they explored the building's lobby with prying eyes.

"You mind if I come along, sir?" the bus driver asked as he followed the both of them. He shook hands with Boss and introduced himself as Kembo. "I'm off the clock, and frankly, I myself am curious to see what's going on with this city. I've driven through here every other day—and I think I could be of some value to your hunt."

Boss nodded, accepting the support. "It would be much appreciated. Thank you."

Winston barked beside both of the men. He extricated the remnants of a nearby plant while waiting to capture their attention. "LOOK, LOOK, LOOK!"

Kembo reached for the item in the plant's vase. Much to their surprise, Winston had found a rugged red wallet, leather with ridges outlined in faux gold. Leaping to his feet and angling the object so that both he and Boss could search through the item, they flipped it open to find the driver's license and a few dollar bills protruding from the inside pocket.

"Why in the world are there dog noises?" In came a voice from a few feet behind them.

The clacking sound of heels entered the lobby, and although Kembo, Winston, and Boss had assumed Wellington Towers was deserted, it looked like they'd found a member under the party.

"Oh," coughed the woman who had just walked in. She was dressed in business attire, which was a bit odd for a Saturday morning. "I'm sorry, but we don't allow

A Short Story by Danae, age 9

"Hi! I'm Lora! I'm a Golden Retriever! I'm already 2 ft. tall and I'm only 3 weeks old!" babbled Lora. Lora was in a cage at the animal shelter with her mom Delta. Lora and Delta loved it there. Delta like the food and toys but Lora only liked the toys and the treats and tricks they taught her. Since the mom loved Lora they had to be adopted together.

One day there was an a great sales day with thousands of people buying puppies and kittens and dogs. But no one picked Lora or Delta. There was a note on the front of the cage that read "MOTHER AND DAUGHTER! HAVE TO BE ADOPTED TOGETHER!" Until a little girl came named Taila Drane good came.

"I want them! I want them!" she shouted. Her dad John Fimerol was buying her two dogs and Lora and Delta were perfect. The salesman gave her two leashes , their favorite toys , food, and a trick book for Delta and Lora. "Yay! Yay!" shouted Taila. Taila and John walked out of the store with a happy pup and dog.

THE END

dogs in the building.” she finished with a sneeze that followed.

Boss crossed his arms. “Who is “we”? Are you the only one here?”

The woman hesitated. She tapped her foot lightly until she’d come up with the most respectful way of getting these mysterious men. “Who are you? Do you belong to the state? Police? Wanderers?”

“Citizens.” Kembo answered for her. “Are there more of you here? Perhaps Mr. Wellington is here? I have a few questions for him.”

The woman scoffed and chuckled, “Oh please, he’s never here. Now unless you have an appointment and you’ve directly contacted him to meet you here with just cause, you just might be able to slip in a few precious minutes. Keep in mind, us interns never even see him. The likelihood of an average citizen to speak to the future mayor is highly—“

“UNLIKELY!” Winton finished for her.

The woman sneezed into her elbow again. With as much hatred she could muster, she shot the dog a cruel glare. “Yes, unlikely.”

“FISHY!”

She raised her eyebrows at the dog. “I can’t help but be a bit confused. Anyways, I’m going to ask you to leave because only those with a work permit are allowed on this property...hey, is that *my wallet*?”

Kembo glanced down at the burgundy item and caught the sight of the license. The name said JIANA RAY.

“Is this you? Jiana Ray. That’s your name?” Boss inquired.

Jiana lurched for her wallet, but Kembo pulled it away just in time. “Why would this be in a plant vase? And why are you the only one here?” Kembo waited for a response but Jiana, a woman in heels who barely looked over twenty-five, bit her lips and remained mute.

“Well do you know why the water is contaminated? If you do work for Mr. Wellington, I believe his only building in the Water District composed of interns would be handling this situation. Am I right?” Boss continued to bombard her with questions, but the woman only grew more and more reserved and defensive.

Jiana Ray reached for the phone in her jacket pocket, “I’m calling 9-1-1. These intruders can’t respect trespassing boundaries—“

“WAIT!” Winston snarled at her.

Jiana Ray dropped her phone out of pure fear; afraid the small dog would leap at her body and maul her. Though Kembo tried to catch it midair, it hit the ground with a loud *CRACK!* and Jiana kneeled down to find the front of her phone cracked.

“Ma’am, we just wanted answers. That was all. We’ll leave you alone and pay for the phone damages if necessary—“

Jiana picked up her shattered phone. Suddenly, as she sat crawled on the ground, she gestured for Kembo to hand her the wallet. Unwillingly, Kembo complied once he was nudged by Boss to do as she wished.

She peeked back at the opening of the lobby, where she had come through to confront them minutes ago. “Are any of you journalists?” Jiana whispered while turned her head back towards the men and dog.

“I’m a bus driver.” Kembo muttered.

Boss chomped on his teeth nervously, “I’m a retired journalist...yes. Why?”

Jiana’s eyes lit up. She shuffled in her wallet and pulled out two dollars that stuck out of the pocket. “Help me, please.”

Both men raised their eyebrows in curiosity.

“Ma’am, are you safe?”

The look that followed represented the severity of the issue. Jiana Ray was about to cry. The fear in her eyes resembled that of Mr. K, the lemonade man, whose lemonade stand was almost out of business.

“Bring all the reporters you can by Monday morning—the interns and I aren’t doing something illegal against our own will and it’s all Mr. Wellington’s plan to ruin the city.” Jiana shoved the \$2 into Boss’ hand.

Scribbled on the top of the note was the address of the building and a scribbled message on the bottom:

Don’t trust Wellington. Investigate us.



Word Search:

**ADOPT
ANIMAL
CAT
DOG
DONATE
FLOWERS
LUCKY
RESCUE
SPRING
WARM**

A	D	I	W	L	Y	I	F	Q	T	X	Y	L	J	L
X	D	A	L	P	A	F	T	W	S	E	L	M	V	U
U	R	O	U	H	J	M	W	S	P	R	I	N	G	C
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A	O	N	N	T	D	V	R	D	V	S	T	F	C	K

How can you help?

By volunteering! You can do so much just by caring for the dogs we have here. They all are patiently waiting for owners and meanwhile could use a little TLC. By offering to help with house visits, transportation, and walks, the dogs will have tons of fun while feeling cared for! Email Carrie at [carrier at \(@\) luckydoganimalrescue dot \(.\) org](mailto:carrier@luckydoganimalrescue.org) more information on how to help!

We are always looking for kids to help out! Some ways you can help our lucky pups:

- Have a donation drive at your school. Collect old blankets, towels and toys for our pups in the shelter.
- Have a bake sale and raise money so we can give our pups the treatments they need to stay healthy.
- Come and help out at events or transports! We are always in need of help cleaning cages at transports, setting up water bowls, and videoing the dogs.
- We would love help promoting our dogs