

Bailey & Fred's story by Lizzie Marshall

All of our dogs have been 'rescue' animals from YAPS or the RSPCA, each one with its own particular need. Bailey was so timid when we got her that she tried to fit under furniture or into any available dark space. She seemed hardwired to distrust any human that came her way. Fast forward two years and the changes are remarkable. Bailey has become one of the most talkative dogs that we have ever had. She literally sings for her supper! She has worked out just how to manipulate us into giving her treats or dinner earlier than scheduled. You can almost see her think "got you...suckers!"

When Bailey's companion dog Monty had just died, the girls thought she looked sad and lonely on her own so set about finding her another friend. We thought... a nice small dog this time, one that will 'fit into a shopping bag' size. And so into our lives came Fred, a collie/German shepherd cross – large, boisterous and with no manners at all. Not exactly what we had planned for, but when you visit the pound, it is so hard to come away with just one dog and he captured us at first glance.

Fred is like a hurricane. He overwhelms anyone visiting the house for the first time in his own particular style. He is also a Houdini and escapes from the garden at every opportunity to wander the streets and attach himself to a jogger or family out for a walk. We have had calls from neighbours saying he is in their garden having dinner and when we go to pick him up, they invariably want to keep him. Fred is a handsome devil who needs a good personal trainer to show him that he can be friends with people without knocking them out first. We could do with learning the basic training procedures too!

Life would be far less interesting without their constant companionship, and although we can't go anywhere without thinking "who will look after the dogs" we would not part with them for anything.

