

Harry's story by Belinda Tomkinson

Joel and I bought our house in Jan 2009, especially so we could have a dog. We then got married in Sept and went looking at the pounds within the following week.

Harry was about 12 weeks old when we found him, or he found us.

We played with him; he came to us straight away when we called him, and was the most gorgeous little puppy. We were told he was a Bull Arab x Mastiff, and we had no idea what either of those breeds were like.

We couldn't have asked for a better dog, he is the love of our life and is a loyal companion. He is excited to greet us when we arrive home from work every day.

He knows the sound of Joel's motorbike and each day when we go for our walk in the park, he sits and waits and watches every bike that passes by. He knows when it's Dad, and runs home to meet him.

He eats with us, sleeps with us and is spoilt rotten.

We are expecting our first baby in Dec, and can't wait to see what a good big brother he will be. Nothing about Harry annoys us, he is a golden soul. He has only ever chewed my shoes once when he was little and never again. He doesn't dig holes and has never had fleas.

He is smart, and knows all the key words such as walk, park, ride, car, beach and can sit, drop, roll, jump up and "speak" on demand. He loves belly rubs and back massages and loves us back unconditionally.

