

Izzy's story by Beth McArthur

My husband died three years ago, my four children are all adults and then my old fox terrier, a rescue dog from RSPCA, got lymphoma and died. I was feeling a bit lost on the planet when I saw an article about greyhounds needing to be fostered. I contacted the animal rehoming people and offered to foster Izzy, (one week off the track), who had come on heat and couldn't be speyed until she was over it all.

I always thought I would get another smaller dog but of course once I had Izzy's trust, I felt I couldn't let her go through the ordeal of maybe finding the right home again. Because she was so recently a racing dog she wasn't used to being treated like a pet, was inappropriate with food, (she was very skinny and a bit anxious when she first came to me), and a bit scared of men. Of course I waited until she could be speyed and then adopted her, (a failed fosterer!), and now I am the owner of a very big dog.

Izzy has turned out to be quite a character – she insists on sleeping on the bed with me – and although I was told greyhounds are not very good watch dogs she has also proved to be very protective. She can't be trusted around cats but she loves little dogs, the smaller and fluffier the better. She remains a bit frightened of bigger dogs. If I am late home from work I find her in her bed with as many of my shoes and clothes as she can find – not chewed or destroyed but piled up in her bed.

I am no longer lost on the planet, having to find time for twice daily walks with my beautiful, glossy, happy companion. Izzy is only four years old, so I am expecting to have many years of love and companionship – really we rescued each other.

