

### **Jack's story by Briohny Frook**

I was only 21 and had just bought my first house in Sydney. The house and the yard was not at all ready for a puppy, but that weekend I still went to the pet shop 'just to have a look'... Famous last words! I walked over to a playpen with 5-6 Boxer x Staffie puppies in it that were only 8 weeks old. All the puppies were busy playing with each other or sleeping and took absolutely no notice of me, except one - Jack. There was this beautiful little brown, brindle and white puppy trying to climb up the side of the pen to me. I picked him up and as he snuggled into me I instantly knew that this puppy had picked me. I walked out of the pet shop with that puppy, who I named Jackson.

Twelve years later and Jackson is still my 'puppy'. He is one of the most loyal dogs I have ever known. He has moved interstate with me, been to the most northern tip of Australia with me and adjusted to so many house moves and new backyards that I've stopped counting! He has shared my highest of highs and my lowest of lows and has never left my side and continued to be my ever faithful stead.

