

Missy's Story by Natasha Watts

Missy came into my life four years ago in the form of a present from an ex boyfriend. I had never owned a dog before and straight away I did not want her. My mind was changed in only a few hours spent cuddling and playing with her that I was in love. Where I was living at the time was a small, remote country town about five hours west of Cairns where pig hunting was the favourite local 'sport'. Numerous people warned me that my boyfriend had only given me the dog so I would look after it until it would become old enough to hunt pigs. I defensively told everyone that the dog was mine and that he wouldn't do that to me.

One day I asked him if that was his intentions and sadly he confirmed that Missy was going to be his new pig dog. I told him that Missy was my dog and that he had no right to decide what to do with her. He grudgingly accepted this fact, but in retaliation, became quite an abusive person. I had found out some awful ways Missy had been treated while I wasn't around. She was tied up to the house on a Friday afternoon with a bowl of water and food and was left there until my boyfriend returned on a Sunday afternoon. Missy is also petrified of hoses and water because she was squirted with the hose and fell from the top of the dog cage. The final straw was when he beat Missy as a means to hurt me. At that point I knew that I needed to end this toxic relationship and Missy was coming with me.



Nowadays, Missy enjoys an incredibly peaceful life full of cuddles, treats and love. Her favourite things are playing at the beach with her best friend Bruno and running with me on the esplanade. She has a beautiful personality and even though she came into my life under unfortunate circumstances, I am glad we found each other. I believe she is one of the luckiest 'pig dogs' out there!