

Muffin's story by Reesa Sorin

We moved to Cairns and were away all day long, so I thought my Silky Terrier, Sparky, would be lonely. Without really looking hard, I found Muffin.

Muffin came into my life as a seven-week old puppy. Her parents, still not much more than puppies themselves, had been abandoned and later rescued by a kind family. She was an only child and even at such a young age showed an incredible zest for life. She was tiny – she fit comfortably in my hand – so I made sure she was securely nestled in a blanket surround for the long car trip to her new house. For her first night, I placed her in a small, secure room. But she cried and barked and would only be comforted when she was relocated to my room, where she has slept ever since...

Muffin makes me smile every day. She is there when I wake up; she is there when I get home from work, her tail wagging in delight. She keeps me from computer overload by taking me for walks on the beach, reminds me when it is mealtime, and now, as she's grown older, when it is time to settle down for the night. She is always affectionate – loves a tummy rub and doesn't fuss too much at bath time. When I travel, the separation can be too much; when I return it is a mixture of anger at being left and ecstasy that I'm back.

