

Pepper's story by Amie Armstrong NEE Lyons

There was a loud barking coming from the public toilet block.
It sounded like there was a big aggressive dog hiding in there.
Nervously I pulled the metal gate shut and peered into the dark space, and there she was- a small frightened black puppy dog. Her barks were echoing in the concrete space.
I took her home. Her fur was so soft and she was so grateful to have some food and water.
No one claimed her and she stayed with our family.
I don't know if it is because of her history or just the breed of dog she is, but she has to be near you or touch you all the time. She loves to stand on your foot or lean on your leg.
She loves to lie next to you and have cuddles.
There is always love and affection in her countenance.
She is a bundle of black furry love and I will never tire of her putting her head under my hand and insisting on a pat.

