

Taffy's story by Tanya Prince

Taffy (aka T-Dawgy) has been in my life for eleven years. He was one of nine tiny puppies being seriously neglected – all confined in a hot box sleeping on car parts and tools. The owner at the house I was visiting told me that her husband was going to “knock them on the head tonight”. I offered to take them all to the RSPCA, and before I arrived, Taffy had worked his way onto my lap, and into my heart.

He was an ugly little fella as he was sick and was shaky. He had no hair except a tuft on his head (a Mohawk), weepy eyes, and was covered in ticks – between his toes, in his ears, on his eyes, everywhere. He got sicker after I pulled them all off. The vet said he had terrible worms and was very lucky I found him - but I think *he found me*.

Taffy has been my best friend for years. He has made me laugh and licked away my tears. He has taught me to be forgiving, caring, responsible, and to always come home.

And look at him now...He's still beautiful!

