

## Tank's story by Kristyn Fanning

Tank came into my life in early 2012. By that stage he had shared in many people's lives. He was adopted from Yaps at six months of age in 2009 by my friend Richo and began his life with his furever Dad. I came to be house-sitting for Richo in late 2011 having just moved to Cairns. Richo wasn't home much because of work, so Tank was moved around from friends to eventually be living with his Richo's Mum down south. Tank is an energetic boy who's passion in life is to chase... things... but particular things... one of those is Roo's ... and on a walk one day his power got the better of his walker and she was pulled over busting her knee. So it came to be that Richo brought Tank back up to Cairns for me to 'look after him' until he moved home.

When we picked him up at the cargo bay Richo said 'he's not himself, sulky and sullen....' to me he just looked like a very big dog... and what had I got myself into. For the first few months he was dog and I was human, I fed him, learned to ride the bike with him running beside so I could use up some of his energy and the rest of the time he was happy to laze around and mainly keep to himself. Unless he wanted to sit on your chair that is, then you knew of his presence, often sitting up at the outdoor setting like a real little boy. It wasn't until a friend of mine come over and said, "wow he's changed so much, look at him, he's smiling at you..." that I realised we had really started to bond. As all good things come to an end it was time for me to move on and into my own place... but what would happen with Tank? After much discussion it was decided Richo was no closer to moving home and there was no one better to become Tanks full time carer. So this is how I found my self the happy mum of a strong headed Bull Arab cross greyhound.

Tank is now well known around Trinity Beach for his antics... his particular habits involve that of chasing boats, Jet Ski's, canoe's, anything that moves in the water. He has followed the bikers along the tracks and when I have been called to pick him up I have been told "bring him back anytime!" Not that he needs my permission; his sneaky, persuasive ways will see him take off on his little adventures without any permission from me. Fisherman, jet skiers, and people canoeing have picked him up in the ocean; the lifeguards even brought him back to shore one time. Funnily enough he won't go near the water unless there's something to chase needless to say he's given me some grey hairs over the years. But one thing with Tank is that he always, always finds the nicest people on his adventures, they have a laugh at all my dog tags with various instructions if he is found.

At home he's a happy, lazy, sloth boy who can be left to his own devices when I am away, after all his has his own two seater couch, arm chair and doggy bed, who wouldn't be happy. He only let's out one single bark at times if he sees me pouring a second glass of wine and he is still to be taken on his walk or if he's on his lead out on walks and is displeased with such enforced restriction. He loves to sit up on 'my' couch with me, and has leant how to 'knock' on my bedroom door as soon as he hears me rousing in the mornings. He has a beautiful strong, loving character and wins over anyone who has become a part of one of his adventures.... even the police would you believe. I love my beautiful boy and truly believe he found me, and rescued me.

