

The Story of Bunny

The first week Bunny was with us, she ate and stayed in the kitchen under the chairs. But she is now such a different dog. She runs all over the place. She steals things from my son who is just about 8 years old. You can be sitting on the couch, see Bunny toddle off down the hallway, and hear my son yell "BUNNY!" And she comes flying down the hallway with a sock in her mouth. She cannot chew anything up, she has no teeth!

When my son is doing homework, she steals his pen and pencils and sits back under the computer just holding it in her mouth. And what are those little eels in the sea that dart out from rocks? Yeah... that is Bunny! All is quiet and you can walk by... and she darts out. She does a little "meep" noise, and darts back in. She loves to do it to the cats especially. They just stop and look at her. And it never fails.



When I take her outside with Boris (our foster Peke) she sneezes and her face goes splat. Right into the snow! A little black face looks up and it is dusted with white. And two shiny little eyes peer up at me. She is so innocent and I always catch her looking at me. She will see me get up and come near her and she does a huge FLOP onto her back and wiggles all over the place. Then she freezes and we play this game. She will put her front paws straight out and paddle my hands and I kiss her face, kiss her cheeks, kiss her little paws. Then she jumps up and zooms around.

At night, we all get into bed... and I mean ALL, including the Chesapeake. She will jump down, go get a drink of water, comes by the bed and "meeps" - Brian reaches down and picks her up and she snuggles up against the wall. This is her little routine every night.

She is so different than the shy little dog that was 10 at the time and nobody gave her a second look because of her age. I cannot imagine not having her in my life. She is pure innocence, love and joy. There is so much I could write about her like the first time I gave her strawberry yogurt and she so enjoyed it. She had her little face right into it and when she looked up after it was gone she was pink all over her face and her eyes. Oh, my heart was just bursting!



She has this impact on people. Like my son, for instance, who can be playing with Torch, and they play hard, and he will then come over and give her a gentle pet and tell her it is okay to not feel left out that she just can't play like they do. And she can make a grown man pick her up and talk to her like a little baby.

She is such a special little dog and it makes me wonder how many dogs get overlooked because of age or a limp and it is just sad to me. I hope that more people consider an older dog when they feel the time is right to get a dog. I would have loved her just as much had she stayed inside her little shy shell, but watching her come out of that shell is amazing and it breaks your heart to think about why she was that way... or any dog for that matter. I wouldn't give this little dog up for a million dollars. I wouldn't give her up for the most perfect puppy ever born. She may have no teeth, have a limp and be eleven years old, but that just makes her more special. My little Bunnyoo. My Small Fry. My little Tuff Puff. I hope all of you who are reading this have a special little Bun of your own, and if not... go get one!

Bunny's Side of the Story



My name is Bunny. I used to be called "Precious", but my Mom said that all dogs are precious and because I am quiet, soft and kind of hop around, she named me "Bunny". Sometimes she calls me "Bunsy" or "Bunsicle" on the cold days.

I have a foster brother named "Boris" and he and I play all the time. I also have a big brother named "Torch". He's a Chesapeake and he loves me!

My Mom and Dad adopted me on August 16, 2007 and I am so happy. I love my human kid too. He feeds me yogurt! I was shy at first but now zoom all over the place

and I like to dart out from under the computer and steal my human kid's pens and pencils, and then he chases me to get them back. It's a lot of fun!

I am 11 years old now and my Dad taught me how to roll over last night. I heard my Dad tell my Mom that he wants to put night lights in the hallway for me and for some reason my Mom thought that was the funniest thing ever!

I waited a long 10 years to get my family. My Mom says I am the best dog in the world. She hugs me and kisses me and says more people should adopt older dogs and that we have feelings and love inside of us too. Just cuz we are older, that doesn't go away. My Mom and Dad don't care if I walk with a limp (an old injury that former people didn't take care of). I can keep up with my big brother, Boris, and he doesn't have any limp! I play fetch too like my brother, Torch. He is way faster but I still get the job done!



My brother, Boris, is a foster brother. I don't know what that means. I just know he lives with me. He doesn't play with toys or anything. He is really quiet and he was shyer than I was when I got here, but he jumps on my Mom's lap now and likes to sleep next to dad.

He looks really sad some days. He stares at the wall and I told him it was really nice here and he will be okay. I hope he gets a family like mine someday and if not I don't mind. He gets the same love I do and yummy food and, as long as he doesn't eat my share, he can stay.

If any of you ever think of getting a dog, please remember me and think of an older dog out there that would love you just as much as any cute puppy... maybe more even. We older ones have a history and really appreciate our new wonderful homes instead of our crummy pasts. My Dad has a hard time thinking I was ever a shy girl. My Mom has lots of funny stories about me and people always laugh and then look at me and shake their heads. I don't even remember my old life much anymore. I am not afraid of anything anymore. I know my Mom and Dad would never let anything happen to me... so I am free now. Free to accept love and to play all I want. I have the best life ever.

Yours truly, Bunny.

