

Will Your Pet Always Have a Home? Read This!

The following letter is reprinted by permission of Mike Arms, Executive Director of the Helen Woodward Animal Center. Mike is a hero to thousands of homeless animals and an inspiration to pet owners and animal welfare groups. If you are in the San Diego area, stop by and see the Helen Woodward Animal Center, a haven for pets in need. For more information about the Helen Woodward Animal Center please go to www.animalcenter.org.

Could this happen? You Bet!

This morning I woke up feeling great. Ran to the door and found my best friend waiting for me. We went for our usual morning walk. My friend does most of the talking, but I am happy just to be listening. My best friend's words are always soothing and comforting. After our walk, we went back home and had breakfast together. I got kissed on my nose and my best friend went off to work. Now comes my boring time. I walk around the house making sure everything is safe and secure, then I just lay on the couch or the bed or the easy chair waiting for my best friend to come home.

Today is different. Night has fallen. My friend normally is home by now. It is getting late. I'm starting to worry. I hope she gets home soon. I'm starting to get hungry. You know I don't care if I get to eat or not. I don't complain. Please come home. I miss you. I am so tired now. Why is it getting light out again? This is so strange. I need to get on the bed. I can smell my friend was here. This is where I feel safe. Wait! I hear someone at the door-it must be her, No, it is someone I don't know. Who are you? Why are you coming in here? Are you going to hurt me? Rob my friend's home? What am I supposed to do? I know. I will act mean. I will growl, bark, defend my friend's home the best that I can. They have just put a leash on me. They are trying to talk calmly to me, but I don't trust them. I will still act mean. I just heard them say my friend's name and something about a fatal heart attack. Now I am in a small cement barred area. This is not the food I normally eat. These are not the smells I normally smell. I am so scared. I still need to act mean. I know my friend must be trying to find me. I have been here for about a week now. I hear people talking about me being aggressive. Wait. They are opening my door. They are putting that leash on me again. My friend must be here. Now I am in the exam room. Oh I see the needle again. My friend always told me the needles will help keep me healthy. I felt the pinch-this needle is different. Something is happening. I feel very sleepy...where is my friend?

We know how much you care about your beloved pets. Please make sure this does not happen to your friends.