

Scooby's Story is about a little dog, BuBu, who went through quite a journey to find a loving home. It was not always easy and happy times but perseverance prevailed. This story will inspire people to want to show concern for animals in need, to try to be resourceful and to brainstorm on how to fix a problem, and to know that we need to stand up for animals in need, and be their voice.

SCOOBY'S STORY

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Scooby's Story



Rose Marie Murphy



SCOOBY'S STORY

by

Rose Marie Murphy



and

Scooby

SCOOBY's STORY

CHAPTER 1

Lunch time! It was a warm sunny day. Taco Bell was my main goal. An expiring coupon for Walgreen's was my second goal. In my small town there are two Taco Bell's. The one I like to go to is the farther away of the two. I like driving down the long stretch of road with fields on both sides, windows down, hair blowing; it's a free feeling. Back to my story, having the coupon I decided to go to the Taco Bell in town, down the street from Walgreen's. Coupon used, my next stop was food.

The Walgreen's parking lot was full. As I was leaving I had to walk in between two vehicles to get to my car. I only remember the maroon SUV to my left while

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walking past it. A young male was sitting in the driver's seat, the door open, and he had a foot hanging out of the SUV. His head was back leaning on the headrest, a hand over his eyes. His hand rubbed his face in a slow motion, from his eyes down to his neck. It seemed like a stressful type gesture. My only concern was making sure I cleared his open door while walking between the two vehicles.

Pulling out of the parking lot of Walgreen's, looked left and looked right – all clear – wait what's that to my right? It was a little dog running along the curb, away from the store. It seemed like within half a millisecond I thought, not something he needed to be doing. Where could he have come from? He had to be lost, maybe a runaway. Catching it seemed the thing to do. After taking my millisecond to think, my reflexes sprang into action.

To stop and help an animal in need would be a great feeling. Now is my chance! With exuberance I drove toward the little dog, and then realized it would take more effort than that to catch it. I pulled over just

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behind the little dog and stopped my car. I got out and headed toward it. Certainly my legs could run faster than his little legs. It darted out into the street. Thank GOD no cars were coming or going. It skirmished around in circles not knowing which way to go. Cars were now coming and going. They were driving slow, seeing the issue at hand. There is a slight possibility that I would not be able to catch this little creature, but he needed someone's help. There was no option, he was going to get caught, and it would be me who caught him.

There were two people across the street at a can crushing machine. I thought it could possibly be their dog, so I was a little unsure if I needed to pursue the dog. If it were their dog, how could they let it run loose while they worked? The guy looked at me and realized I was trying to corner the little guy. He stopped what he was doing to help me catch it. That is when I realized the dog was not his and I thought how nice he was to help me corral the little lost creature. The guy walked toward the dog and said, "HEY DOG", with a stern voice. The little guy dropped to the ground and

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just laid there as the guy walked toward it. He lifted one of his burly gloved hands and halted an oncoming truck. I was mesmerized at the way he took control, and everything seemed to fall into place as he commanded. He bent down and grabbed the dog with his burly hands in big leather gloves. I started walking toward them between traffic coming and going, while the guy asked me if it was my dog and I said no. He said it was not his dog and he couldn't do anything because he had chores to finish. I took the dog and thanked him for catching the little guy, and he went back to his chores.

The dog could not have weighed more than 3 pounds. It looked like a little Chihuahua. Fur with dark brown and light brown streaks and a bit longer than a normal Chihuahua. He was cute as could be. A face like a Chihuahua and a little like a Beagle. The shaking little guy looked up at me with a scared and loving look. Walking toward my car he buried his nose under my arm. Comforting him was all he wanted and accepted every bit that I could give. I got in the car and sat there while petting him, letting cars go around me. It

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felt comforting knowing he was safe with me. Then I felt a little tinkle. Farthest thing from my mind that I would get upset that he just tinkled on me. He was scared and I totally understood. Little dog - little tinkle.

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