

The crazy true adventures of three dog brothers and the family who rescued them. Together they team up against Swampy Lakes, Sneaky Cats, Hairy Camel Llamas, Free Range Kids, Kennel Snakes, and many other challenges.

Rescue Dogs: The Early Years

by Mary Skinner-Vance, LCSW

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Rescue Doss: The early years

how ruff beginnings become happy tails

Mary Skinner-Vance, LCSW

Illustrated by S.C. Watson Edited by Brianne Brown Copyright © 2018 Mary Skinner-Vance, LCSW

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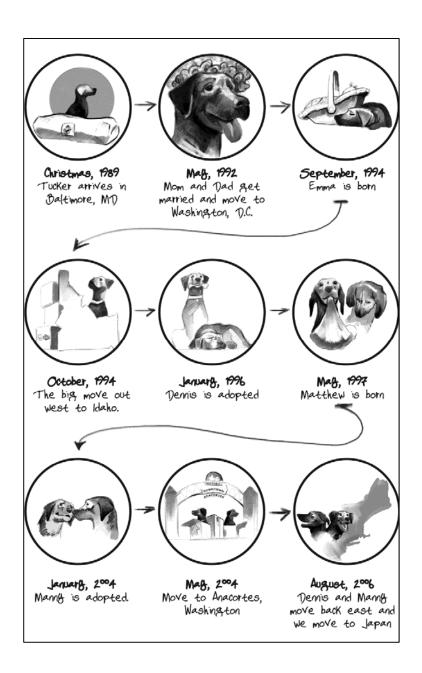
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This book is part fiction and part memoir. It reflects the author's present recollection of experiences over time. Some names and characterizations have been changed, some events have been compressed, and some of the dialogue has been imagined or recreated. But the dogs have done their best to tell a truthful story.

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Mom and Dad realized I needed more exercise and more company. They took me walking, swimming, and for rides in the car. I started going with them on dates whenever I could, but sometimes I wasn't invited. I was still home alone a lot. I kept busy eating toilet paper, bags of potato chips, Pillows, shoes, and stuffed animals. Then it summer. Dad went to work at the beach as a police officer. Mom was school. and I lived with Grandmom. She and I were a good team. We stayed up at night eating pop-corn and watching cow boy movies, until one day.

The Day I Made Grandmom Crazy

Grandmom was at work, and I was missing Dad. I was laying on Couch and I was bored. I grabbed Pillow

and gave it a good shake. This Pillow did not have feathers. I decided to find out what was inside. Stuffing! Stuffing is yummy! I wondered if Couch had stuffing inside too. I decided to find out. I spent the afternoon checking inside Couch for stuffing. I pulled Couch across the room, so that I could get a better look hehind Couch had stuffina everywhere and, soon, so did the living room! Stuffing is almost as much fun as feathers.

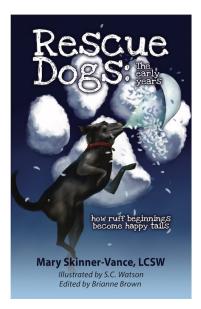
Grandmom came home and she thought someone had come into the house, and dragged Couch across the floor looking for treasures. "Who would do this?" she cried. Then she looked at me. I looked away. I pretended to know nothing about Couch and the stuffing. I went back upstairs to bed. It didn't work. Grandmom wanted to call Dad, but

he did not have a phone, so she called all his friends. When that didn't work, she called the police station and happened to talk to Uncle John. (Uncle John was working at the beach that summer with Dad.) Grandmom told Uncle John that Dad needed to come get me. Instead, it was Mom that came and got me. I stayed with Mom for a few days. She said we were giving Grandmom "time to calm down."

Jake

When Dad came home from the beach in the fall, he and Mom decided I would be less lonely with a buddy. Mom's friend had puppies that needed homes, so Mom adopted Jake. Jake was very little and fluffy. Mom's friend said he was a Labrador like me. Jake was not a





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