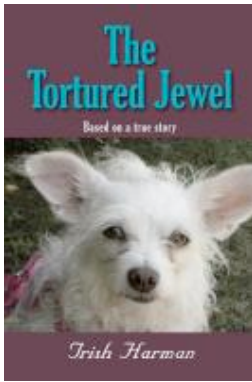


The Tortured Jewel

Based on a true story



Irish Harman



The Tortured Jewel is the story of a shelter dog that was caught by the county and later escaped by climbing like a cat over their wire enclosure. The first chapter is fiction, based on what she shares in fear. After Bijou was captured by the county, the events in the story are true.

The Tortured Jewel

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The Tortured Jewel

Trish Harman

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The first chapter of this book is fiction. The rest is based on a true story.

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First Edition

Chapter One:

Born to Survive

This is how I remember those first days.

A streak of lightning raced across the dark sky lighting the ground.
Rain poured down.

Nestled under the roof of an old shed my mother, a long haired
Chihuahua dog gave birth to six helpless puppies.

The night was cold, and I shivered and moved close against the
warm body of my mother. She felt so nice and cozy.

My brothers and sisters and I each fought for a nipple to suck the
milk she provided, but after every meal my stomach hurt.

When daylight arrived Mother carried us towards a house not far
from the shed. There inside lived a family of humans.

“Mom, mom, come quickly! Sara had pups last night and has brought them to us,” said Mary a small four year old child with brown eyes and dark brown hair. Her nearly waist length hair felt soft as it rubbed against my body.

Her mother, Polly, a slight built lady with jet black hair stopped folding a load of clothes and walked to the back door where my mother stood proudly sharing her six pups with Mary. Mom sure liked this little girl, and I would soon learn why.

“Bring Sara and her pups inside, go get a towel from the closet and that old cardboard box on the back porch,” Polly explained to Mary.

“Why you are soaking wet and so is your little family. Let me grab that other towel over by the stove and dry you off,” said Polly.

We were placed in the box with the warm towel that Mary brought.

“Now go bring Sara some water and food and place it beside the box,” Mary’s mother said.

The rain continued to pour down, and Mother and all of my brothers and sisters and I were happy to be in a warm house.

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Mary could hardly wait to share the news with her father when he arrived home from work.

“Daddy, Daddy you won’t be able to guess what happened!” shouted Mary jumping up and down with excitement.

“No, I probably can’t guess what happened, so you’re going to have to tell me,” said Will, a tall, broad six footer with a grin.

“Sara had six puppies last night, and Mom and I put them in a box in the living room. Come see, come see, quick, walk quicker, Daddy!” demanded Mary dragging her father by the hand.

I began to have more stomach aches and ate less than my brothers and sisters.

As the weather warmed up that November we were put outside on the grass for increasing lengths of time. How nice the warmth felt on my back, and that green stuff the people called grass actually tasted good.

Mary had given each of us a name. There was Bob, Sue, Daisy, Tom, Fluffball—that was me. I was the white one, and then there was Rover who moved all around.

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Bob, Sue, Daisy, and Tom had short brown hair the same color as Mother, Rover was light brown with long hair, and I had a long white coat with spots of apricot. My pointed ears were also apricot, but inside they were pink, and I had the largest dark brown eyes of any of the litter. I heard the people say my eyes danced with kindness and love. Mary continued to watch over us as we in play clumsily jumped on one another.

At five weeks of age all six of us had either been sold or given away.

I was the smallest of the four and was given to a couple Mary's parents had met at a party the previous Saturday night.

Ellen was a big boned lady with an authoritative manner, and her husband Jed couldn't utter more than five words without a derogative one slipping out. He was a mean man with a bad disposition who wanted to control every man or animal he met. I noticed that Ellen put up with his behavior, and sometimes he did bend a bit for her.

Torn from Mother and Mary I was experiencing more and more stomach aches, and now was vomiting.

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Ellen and Jed had no patience with my vomiting that marked the floors of their home. Ellen grabbed her fly swatter and whacked me on the rear. I tried not to vomit, but I couldn't stop.

After eight months of no progress Ellen used the fly swatter with greater strength, and I ran under the bed for protection. She would reach after me, and I moved farther back under the bed until she finally gave up. Jed on the other hand took his boot to my behind which sent me yelping to the bed. I was terrified of my new family.

"I've had enough of that vomiting dog," exclaimed Ellen.

"I want you to dump her somewhere. I don't want another day of that animal!" After work Jed unceremoniously grabbed me and put me in his truck. He drove to an area on San Pascual Street in Santa Barbara and threw me out. My little legs didn't hold as they hit the ground. I watched as Jed sped away in his truck not understanding what I had done to anger him.



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