

## Roxy's story: December 1998 – 21st October 2014



Late in 1998 I decided I had the time for a new puppy, I only lived 5 k's from the Auckland RSPCA so I started to visit to look for a suitable pet.

There were many sweet older dogs but this time I had decided on an 8 week old puppy.

After several unproductive visits one of the volunteers mentioned a dog had been left with them and had a litter of pups, did I want to see them? She took me into the quarantine area and there they were, a sweet looking mother with 6 tiny pups.

They were too young to leave but I was told they would call me when they were ready for homes, so a week later I went to select my new friend.

When I went into their cage I was instantly set upon by 5 little pups, all so sweet but there was one left huddled and shaking in the corner, *'I'll have that one...'*



A week later I returned to pick up 'Roxy'.

She was a rather sorry sight, a tiny bag of bones with little fur, a cough and a sad face but she was so sweet.

She took to her new home immediately.

Some dogs bark for attention but Roxy cried and, of course, it worked. She had a basket by my bed but was too tiny to jump up so she would cry for me to get up and cuddle her.

**Roxy looking a little startled at sharing her basket with Scrappy**

It didn't take long for her to gain some weight (she liked me to hand feed her) and grow some fur, but she still seemed a little shy so 3 months later she gained a 'sister' and the Roxy and Scrappy era began.

They were so different but worked so well together.

I don't think anyone who saw that little frail puppy would ever have thought Roxy would live 16 years. She remained active and alert, and was still walking every day until the day before she died.

Roxy was a sweet, loyal, loving friend and companion, I will never forget her.