

Scrappy's story: January 1999 – December 2012



Late in 1998 I had adopted Roxy from the Auckland SPCA, she was a little timid so one of the staff at the local vets suggested I get her a playmate.

I decided to go back to the SPCA and look for a little white fluffy thing, a poodle cross puppy perhaps. Each weekend I would go to the shelter and look through the cages, some lovely dogs but not the 8 week old white fluff ball I had in mind.

Sadly, like many dogs homes, the majority of the dogs were too big for the home I lived in, I felt most of the puppies needed land and a family so for 5 weeks I came away without a sister for Roxy.

Then March 1999 I happened to be driving by mid-week so decided to drop in. As I was walking down the row of cages I saw someone working with a group of puppies, by way of small talk I commented how sweet they were. The volunteer opened the cage door and invited me in, next thing I was surrounded by 6 little 'pit-bull' puppies. One started to bite my foot so I picked her up to save my shoe, then I heard the staff call out to her colleague that '*number 1674 has a home....*' I looked around to see who she was referring to and realised there was no-one else there so she must mean me.

Oh no I thought I don't want a dog like that !!!!

The Auckland SPCA is a big place so I knew I could easily leave without anyone knowing, as I got to the front desk I had to decide what to do... so I paid my \$150 and organised to pick up my new 'pit-bull' the following week.

What had I done.....



A week later I returned to pick up my new puppy, she was so happy to come into a house she proceeded to attack Roxy and wreck the joint.

Shortly after I drove to the supermarket and saw cars in the vets car park, I pulled in and found it was the first night of a new puppy school so I rushed home to pick up 'Scrappy' – there really was only one name for her.

On our arrival Scrappy had a go at every other puppy in the room, I was beginning to think she would be going back to the shelter....

then as if she knew being naughty was not a great idea my little monster puppy turned into a cuddly, sweet, funny, loving pet – from that day she loved everyone and while she was always mischievous she only licked people, I never heard a growl from her.

For nearly 14 years she was a loving, happy and loyal companion, every day was an adventure for her, everyone she met was a new friend.

She asked for so little, every treat, every walk, every pat was a new joy for her, I was so lucky to have her.