

# Stories of LOVE

They say I sure know how to make a first impression. I'll take that as a compliment.

I came to Atlanta Humane Society (AHS) because my owner could no longer care for me. At just four-months-old, that was a big change. I wasn't happy about it, and I let these people know it. I got real feisty and started snapping. They put a big sign on my kennel that said "Do Not Touch." I just sulked in the back corner.

The very next day was when I first met her. My angel. She came up to my kennel and I could partially see her standing there behind the big sign on my kennel. "Do Not Touch," she read. "She's a biter," someone else said. "A cute one, though!" The door opened slowly and I made a giant leap, right into the arms of my angel. I nuzzled into her neck and started crying. "I've been waiting for you," I thought to myself.

My angel started laughing. She volunteered to foster me as I learned to adjust to my new life. But she was firm about the fact that this was not permanent. Turns out, she was mending a broken heart. Her best friend had just died. Cancer. They had been together for 12 years and she said she wasn't ready for a new dog. It made me sad. I knew I would just have to make the most of our time together.

Our time together was awesome. I spent three days with her. We went to work together, and everyone in the office loved me. I would go to each office and take all the treats, love and attention I could get! I got to play with some really cool other dogs that came to the office with their moms and dads, too. No one believed that I was the snappy dog with the "Do Not Touch" sign. What they don't understand is that I was just waiting for my angel.

I got to go on long walks in the park every night. I heard the word "spoiled" a lot. At night, I got to sleep in the biggest, comfiest bed you will ever see. It was the best three days of my life.

I was then declared "adoption ready." They say all good things must come to end. My angel brought me back to AHS. Turns out, this was one good thing that would never end. My angel is now my mom. A perfect three days has turned into a perfect 11 months. The moral of my story? Sometimes you've just gotta take a leap of faith and know you will land in the right arms.