

Stories of LOVE

My name is Leroy, and I've got a lot of what people call . . . anxiety. My dad wonders all the time what bad things happened to me before we met. I'm glad he doesn't know. It would make him so sad. He worries about me all the time.

My story started the day I met my dad. So that's the part I'll tell you. My friends in Savannah brought me to Atlanta Humane Society (AHS). They were excited when they met me. I guess they don't see too many Puggles (that's a pug/beagle mix) arounds these parts. But, it didn't take them long to realize I needed some extra help.

For starters, I had heartworms. That was terrible. They gave me this medicine that made me cough real bad. I wasn't allowed to run or play hard for months. That was really tough because I have lots and lots of energy! Because of the treatment, the folks at AHS decided to place me in a foster home.

I went home with a girl who told me I was her first foster. That first night was really hard. She ran an errand, and I got really anxious. I broke out of my plastic crate and made the carpet a little snack. She told her brother I needed someone who is home a lot to help me work through my issues. Turns out, her brother worked at home, and he kinda liked me! I prefer guys, so I was really excited.

We had so much fun together. We went on walks together, played video games and enjoyed lots of treats and belly rubs. But, it wasn't all fun and games. He told me we had a lot of work to do. It would start with my Dojo.

My Dojo was my home . . . my crate. Now, I liked it. It was real cozy with a warm bed and my favorite Speed Racer blanket. I'd get special treats in there and enjoyed snuggling up in there at night. Then, one day, I went into my Dojo and a door shut. Soon, my friend left the room and I heard the door close behind him. I panicked. I barked and barked and howled and cried. He left me for two whole minutes! It felt like it was six full days.

We tried the Dojo out for weeks and weeks. Every time my friend left me alone a little longer. So I made sure he knew I liked it less and less. One time he came back, and I broke out of the metal crate. Another time I moved the crate to the other side of the room. It was clearly not working. We started obedience classes. Turns out, some dogs aren't meant to have a Dojo. So my friend would just leave me alone in my home. That's when I started back in on the carpet. It's a good thing my friend is patient. I'm what you would call . . . destructive.

And so . . . the Dojo returned. And I'm ok with it now! It helps that now the heartworms are gone, we go for walks and play lots and lots. I'm too worn out to cause much trouble anymore.

My friend said it was adoption time. He asked me if I'd like him to be my dad. It makes me anxious to even think about not having him in my life. He was so patient with me and we've got a real good thing going! I'm his dude . . . he's my dad. Lucky for me, that's how it will always be.