



Saving Rocky

It was a bright sunny late afternoon in Florida when Carrie and Peter went for their daily walk. They were an attractive couple in their sixties, well tanned, fit and devoted to each other. Although they were married for over thirty years, Carrie and Peter would often hold hands during their walks. As they walked past a wooded area, they heard a strange sound coming from the edge of some bamboo sprouts. It sounded like a bird chirping.

Peter said "Boy, that's a weird sound. Lets take a look".

Carrie said "Yes, lets see what it is but be careful".

On the edge of the bamboo sprouts was a tiny puppy. He looked at Carrie and Peter with sorrowful eyes.

Carrie said "Oh my, look at that poor little guy. What should we do, Pete?".

Peter said "Best we leave him here. I'm sure the owner is looking for him"

Carrie said "You're probably right".

Carrie and Peter walked away and continued their walk. After a few minutes, Carrie stopped. She turned to Peter and said "I'm worried about that little dog. What if his owner doesn't find him. There's gators and coyotes in the area. That poor little guy wouldn't have a chance".

Peter said "I was thinking the same thing, dear. Lets go back".

Carrie and Peter went back to the bamboo sprouts but the little dog was nowhere in sight. Suddenly, they heard the whimpering sound coming from inside the stand of bamboo sprouts. Peter looked inside and saw the little dog shaking. Peter picked up the little dog and brought it over to Carrie. The dog was small, not much bigger than Peter's hand.

Carrie said "Lets take him home, Pete".

Peter said "Well take him home but we can't keep him. We'll try find his owner".

When they arrived home with the tiny dog, they noticed it had Flea's and was sickly. Peter went out picked up dog food and Flea repellent. The tiny dog immediately warmed up to Carrie and Peter. The next day Peter posted notices at the local supermarket and McDonald. The notices had the tiny dogs picture and Peter's address.

Two days had passed since the tiny dog came home with Carrie and Peter. The tiny dog's condition seemed to worsen.

Peter said "If he doesn't get any better, I'm going to take him to a vet. It doesn't look like this poor little guy was taken good care of".

Carrie said "That's a good idea, Pete. He doesn't look well".

Just then, the doorbell rang. Peter opened the door and standing there was a small ten year old girl with curly blond hair. The girl said “You have my dog, mister”.

Peter said “How did you find out? How do we know it’s your dog?”.

The girl said “I saw the poster at McDonald’s. I know it’s mine. He has a big brown spot on his right side”.

Peter said “That’s good enough for me. Where do you live? I’ll drive you home”.

Peter told Carrie about the little girl being the owner of the tiny dog and said they need to return it. Carrie did not say anything but a sad look appeared on her face.

When Peter arrived at the little girl’s home, her mother came out to greet them. The mother appeared to be unhappy to see the tiny dog returned back to the little girl. The mother gave no thank you to Peter. She turned away and walked back into the house. Peter surveyed the area as he walked to his car. The yard was littered with trash and there were several dogs and cats running around. They were all unkempt. He wondered to himself what kind of care would that tiny dog receive?

For the next few day’s, Carrie was not her usual cheerful self. She was sad. Peter noticed this and said “What’s wrong, dear?”.

A tear appeared in Carrie’s eye and she said “I miss Rocky”.

A surprised look appeared on Peter’s face “You gave that little dog a name?”.

Carrie said “Yes”.

Peter thoughts went back to the unkempt animals and said “I’ll be back in about an hour”.

Carrie said “Where are you going”.

Peter said “You’ll see, my dear”.

Peter drove to his bank and then on to the little girl’s home. The mother greeted Peter at the door and said “What do you want?”.

Peter said “I’d like to take that little dog off of your hands”.

The mother said “He’s not for sale”.

Peter said “I thought you’d say that. Peter pulled out a roll of bills from his pocket. He handed the mother a one hundred dollar bill. She remained stone-faced and said nothing. When Peter put the fifth one hundred dollar bill in her hands, the mother said “He’s all yours”.

Peter drove home and handed Rocky to Carrie. A look of joy appeared on Carrie’s face. She gently petted Rocky then put him carefully on the kitchen table. Carrie gave Peter a big hug and said “Thank you, dear. I love you”.

The next day, Carrie and Peter took Rocky to a Vet. The Vet told them that Rocky was a Shih Tzu and that he would grow to become somewhere between nine to sixteen pounds. The Vet said this dog was not take good care of and that in addition to the Flea's, he had a serious respiratory infection. He would not have survived much longer without medical treatment. The Vet said that with the kind of care I know you folks will give him, he will grow to a ripe old age.

With the lving and tender care, Carrie and Peter gave Rocky, he grew to be a twelve pound adult. Rocky, Carrie and Peter enjoyed their walks together. Rocky became an inseparable part of the family.

They all lived happily ever after, but this is not a fairy tale. This is a true story.