

Northwoods Humane Society – Deanna Persson, President

The Northwoods Humane Society has been working on a project that will honor pets and also become a fundraiser. “Our Pet Tales” was conceived by Vallie Szymanski and Mr. Spock and embraced by Irene Farone a pet portrait artist who works in pencil. People have been asked to submit a story about a pet along with a clear headshot of their pet. The story must be no longer than 200 words. A committee will select 20 stories. Irene will do a portrait of each animal. An exhibit of the portraits will be held on October 8, 2025 at Out of The Woods Winery, they will be included in a book and on greeting cards.

The following story was submitted by Shirley Armstrong. Shirley is a NHS Board of Directors member, an animal lover and a dear friend. I love listening to Shirley tell a tale. As you read this story – which is obviously more than 200 words long and doesn’t qualify for ‘Our Pet Tales’ – read it with a Berwyn, Illinois accent and at a slow pace. It will make you smile.

Shotzi Dog was a pistol. The cutest miniature Dachshund you ever did see but a pistol. She came to our home when she was only 6 weeks old. We already had BooBoo Kitty. So Shotzi thought BooBoo Kitty was her new mom and that she. Shotzi, was a cat. When BooBoo walked the back of the couch so did Shotzi, when BooBoo walked the window sill so did Shotzi. Of course, Shotzi fell off. And when they ran around the house and BooBoo Kitty ran up a kitchen chair on to the table, so did Shotzi. And that’s a story for another day.

Let me set the stage for this story. My blessed Mother would drive 7 miles out of her way after working an 8-hour shift to pick up Shotzi Dog. So little Shotzi didn’t have to hold her business more than 8 hours. I worked long hours and let’s face it; I needed to play some of the time. This day I dropped Shotzi Dog at my mother’s. My father, sister and she had just returned the night before from an Alaskan cruise. I stopped to drop off the dog, have breakfast with them and then to work.

Returning to the house about 8 pm that night, the following occurred.

Me: Hey mom, where’s Shotzi.

Mom: In the yard.

Me: Why?

Mom: She got into your aunt’s chocolate covered jellies. Tried to get into the Salmon but the box was too thick. Diarrhea all over the house.

Me: How in heck did she get them? Did you leave the chairs out? (Thinking she got on the table.)

Mom: No, they were in a bag on the floor. She chewed through the plastic bag then the box. She ate most of them. And they were expensive. She tried to get the salmon, (also on the floor) but apparently she wanted the chocolates instead.

Me: What were you thinking leaving them on the floor?

Mom: I was thinking she couldn’t get through the bag nor the box.

So I go open the patio door and Shotzi Dog has blown up like a pork sausage. All you could see was a plump long round dog and I mean plump with only little feet sticking out (no legs) and a little head.

Me: MOM. She’s blown up like a pork sausage. She could die!!!

Mom: Yep!

Me: Get dressed you are going with me to the emergency vet.

And up the stairs she goes to get dressed. And remember this is pre-cell phone and google so I drag out the telephone book, look for a telephone number and hope we have an emergency vet clinic available because by now it's 8:00 at night. I call and 'yes' I can bring her in. So I wrap my little pork sausage in a blanket just in case she has an accident. My mom was already not in a good mood. I didn't need Shotzi having diarrhea on her in the car.

We get the vet:

Dr: Whoa, she is quite swollen

Me: Yes. Can you save her?

Dr: What she get into?

Mom: Expensive chocolate covered jellies from Alaska. She tried to get the salmon but settled on the chocolate.

Me: Yes, I know.

Dr: Salmon would of been better. We will keep her overnight, get her to vomit and give her some fluids. Pick her up by 8 am. hat's when we close. And if she needs further treatment you can take her to your vet.

Me: OK

I take my mom home and I head home to sleep quickly. I called at 6:30 in the morning and asked if she was still alive. 'Yep' she was. So I get there by 7:30 am. I pay the bill to the tune of \$432.59.

They bring her out and there she is, in all her glory. Wagging her tail. Not a bit of remorse that she just cost me a ton of money. And, I have to listen not only to my mom but also my dad, who never really liked the dog. That again, is a story for another day.

All 200 words or less stories are due by January 15, 2025. Please go to www.northwoodshumanesociety.org for the information and an application about 'Our Pet Tales'

A couple of notes: 1. All jeans at the NHS Thrift Shop are 50% off!
2. Congratulations to Angie Larson for completing a 35 hour course in Shelter Cat Behavior Mentorship.

Dates to Save:

January 15 – Our Pet Tales stories due – see NHS website

March – 6, 20, April 3, 17, May 1 – Powell's on Round Lake – 5:30 pm

April 26 – Spay-ghetti and No Balls – 5 pm – 7 pm – Hayward Vet Center

June 7 – Eagles Cover Band – "Raise The Woof" – Park Center