

Northwoods Humane Society – Deanna Persson, President

The following is a pet story that was submitted to Pet Tales by my sister, Mary Bonnett. It came in after the deadline and it was too long to qualify (even though she is my sister). This is a wonderful tale of a street dog from Guadalajara rescued by a family member of Allen Hoeft. There was no place to go for this dog and our shelter agreed to take her. The relative had the dog thoroughly vetted, and flew her to Chicago and turned around 2 hours later and flew back to Guadalajara. I had made arrangements for my sister to pick up the dog in Chicago and drive to Madison where a volunteer would meet her and bring the dog back to Hayward. I should have known better – my sister is an animal lover big time and it was love at first sight for Mary – it took Gracie a little longer as you will read.

### **Grace in a Year by Mary Bonnett**

Dead of Winter. Paws akimbo.

Not Guadalajara, Toto! In an airport cab.

I wave an ear at the woman who saved my life from the hot streets of Mexico.

Why the squirrel am I curled up in the arms of a stranger in minus 30 degree weather?

We head home. Her home, not mine.

Bed. Food. Water. Meh! Stranger doesn't speak Spanish. Que pasa?

She babbles. Walks me. I don't do leashes. I do muscles.

Leap six feet straight up - over and over as I spin in midair. I am loco en la cabeza.

SEND ME BACK TO GUADALAJARA, Gringo. "Se puede?"

Park's nice. Room to run. I'll give her that.

Girl can't throw a ball. I stick to men with tossers.

One by one they disappear until she's the only one left in a dark park.

I refuse to leave. Surely someone will show up to play. She tricks me with a treat. I jump in the back seat and plot my escape.

Doggie Splash. A swimming pool adventure with a man who speaks Spanish. "Que Pasa, dude?" I give her one point for trying.

Two months into cold misery I make my escape leaping from a two story building over a six foot fence into the neighbors' backyard landing in their lavender bush. Muscles, baby.

There she is running like a crazed woman to make sure I'm alive. I'm fine. A little scratch. No biggie. Veterinarian is amazed. Guadalajara Gold Street Medalist in the high jump. Ka-pow!



Months pass. Have a boyfriend. Teddy. Her best friend's best friend.

One day I'm lying in my plush bed eating beef snacks staring at her long and hard.

Who is this stranger? This creature? And what is she to me? She reaches down and pats my behind for nothing. She speaks gibberish to me in Minnie Mouse. She kisses my head. She tells me she loves me. I stare harder. Squint my eyes.

AH HAH! I suddenly realize.... after seven months of ignoring her commands, I realize she's MY HUMAN. I lick her face. She cries.

Grace passed away a month ago. She developed malignant tumors that restricted her breathing. She and Mary were inseparable. Needless to say, there is a hole in our family.

Dates to Save: April 3, 17 and May 1 – Bingo at Powell's on Round Lake – 6 p.m.

April 26 – Spay-ghetti and No Balls – & Baking Contest - Vet Center – 5 p.m. – 7 p.m.

May 23 – Dining for Cats and Dogs – Lynne's Custom Meats and Catering - 10:30 – 2 p.m.

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