

Harley Q. Walker

I am now known as Harley Walker a rescued Berner. The story as I remember it goes like this. I was born in a very horrible place that I learned later, by keeping my ears open, was called a puppy mill. Later, I went for a long ride and the next thing I knew I was in a large place people called a pet store. People would look at me and make funny faces at me and say how cute I was but no one wanted me. Finally someone bought me and took me home; then they gave me away as a wedding gift. Have you ever heard of such a thing, giving a puppy away as a wedding gift? Well here I was left outside as a yard dog and I got sick with sarcoptic mange, worms, fleas and I don't know what else. I just know this made me really sick and I was weak and lost all my hair except a little on one side and the tip of my tail. I must have been a mess because my then daddy said he was going to kill me if my then mommy didn't get rid of me.

They don't have shelters in this area of Mississippi so I was just dropped off at a place called Choctaw Ridge Rescue. It was for horses but there were lots of dogs there also. Some of the dogs were rescued from the hurricanes that happened in that area. The people had their own dogs also. Not knowing all that was wrong with me besides some kind of mange they put me in a dog crate. It was ok-I felt safe there. It took them a while to figure out what kind of dog I was since I had no hair. I fell in love with one of the workers; her name is Beverly and she took special care of me. She also knows her dogs; between her and the veterinarian they thought I was a Greater Swiss Mountain Dog or Bernese Mountain Dog but then again I could be a Swiss hound, maybe an Appenzell Cattle Dog; well we are all of the same family. As I grew stronger and got more hair Beverly decided I was a Bernese Mountain Dog and she was right.

Then she went looking on her computer for specialty dog rescue clubs as she does with all the rescue dogs. She is good at doing her job and she found the Chattahoochee Valley Bernese Mountain Dog Club. My new owners Ken and Marty Walker were on there list to rescue a puppy.

I had to be transferred to Karen Alexander in Florida as a foster dog. She already had three dogs just like me. I learned a lot from her dogs. Karen helped me a lot to get socialized with dogs like me. That was really neat. They were much bigger than I was because I had been so sick for so long. I would look at her dogs and think "some day I will be big like they are." They were so beautiful. I still was not really well and had to be treated and have shots but each day with all the love I got, I got better and better. Then something happened and Oh! I wanted to make love. Karen said I was "in heat." She put diapers on me and I looked so cute in my little panties. I would strut around the house in them because no one else had such nice panties. I heard Ken and Marty say they were going to come to Florida and pick me up as soon as I didn't need my panties any more. I used to hear Marty's voice calling me on what Karen called a phone. I don't like phones.

Ken and Marty did come and pick me up and now I live with them in Tennessee and I like it there. It is cold and they have snow and a big yard for me to run and play in. They also have 4 rescued cats for me to play with in the house. They are going to train me to be a service dog because my new Mommy has Multiple Sclerosis and I can help her. I am so happy to be alive and well and growing into a beautiful dog. I learn something new each day. I am so loved and it feels so good. I still have some issues from my former owners but I am getting over them one by one. Thank you, Mommy and Daddy for saving me - Harley.

I also have my own web site. If you would like to see more of me go to

<http://freewebs.com/harleyqwalker>

Harley

Kenneth and Martha Walker

