

## Introducing... Mandy!

On the first day of 2007 the Malcolmson family had to say good-bye to Ptolli. The loss was especially wrenching in its suddenness. In our grief we grasped at the wisps of ideas for what the future might contain... Our breeder had some puppy prospects in the works and maybe Ptolli's spirit would whisper to one of them as she sped away from us...

But instead, she whispered to a five year old dog with Lyme's, ehrlichiosis, hip dysplasia, a history of seizures and a case of the itchy-scratchies who was about to be taken to a vet to be euthanised as her owner couldn't afford her care any longer. "Don't worry, my mom and dad will come and get you soon—everything will be fine!" A week and a half after Ptolli died, I offered to foster a dog coming into the BMDCNV rescue program, said to be good with dogs, cats and kids. Sure, we could help out — our house was a little empty and a dog that was good with other dogs and kids should be no problem. Our offer of help was

accepted, largely because we were pretty close to where "Brandy" was spending a week at the vet's office. The vet, at his own expense, had done bloodwork and x-rays, and had convinced Brandy's owner to let her go to a rescue group. Brandy came home with us, accompanied by a bag-full of medications to get her started.

Even that first afternoon we began to look at each other sideways... "so... what do YOU think? Should she stay?" A week and a half later we were quite definite about it. This dog wasn't going anywhere! With each day that passes, she gets brighter—in eye and spirit AND all her white markings, of which she has LOTS. She had her full treatment of antibiotics for the tick diseases, a month of antihistamines and good food, plenty of glucosamine, and FOUR baths! Now her white is so bright it's blinding! On the first day I had to train her to take the two steps off the deck, and now she gallops around, chasing Miss Jago and playing tug-of war. She is better with and more tolerant of our children than our dogs have been and her relationship with Jago is exactly what you'd hope for in two dogs meant to be companions—it is clear they are great friends.



*Gillis gives Mandy a hug*



Many times we've been told, "what a great thing you did, to take in this dog who needed you." But what else COULD we do? This dog arrived at a time when our hearts were greatly wounded, and she rescued US. We could do no less for her. John researched her name and while you'd think a word that began with B-R-A-N would have some sort of welsh meaning, it is only the beverage of that name... But "Mandy," short for "Amanda" means "lovable" and she is definitely THAT. And sweet and bossy, besides! She is officially adopted and sleeps on our bed now, a Berner-shaped mound of immovable cement!

*Miss Jago and Mandy play their favorite game*