



Chance

Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina USA



Chance was found by..you guessed it, chance. Driving home from the store I spotted him dodging traffic on a six lane surface street in Tucson, AZ where I lived at the time with my then wife. We stopped, I gingerly approached, he was scared obviously but quickly warmed to me and leaped into my arms once I was close enough. I held that dog close to my heart for the next 16 years. We didn't always see eye to eye and when I would arrive home to the latest destruction I was not always the nicest person. I did all I could however to make the life I had taken responsible for as good as I could. He traveled where I was able to take him. He swam in multiple oceans and rivers. His first experience with swimming was cute. I crossed a river near an apartment we were living in Austin, TX. Now single and just him and me, he was dumbstruck as to how to follow me. Eventually through some encouraging words he took the leap into the river. That began a life long obsession with water. I don't recall a single hike we went on after that where he didn't find water to get himself into.

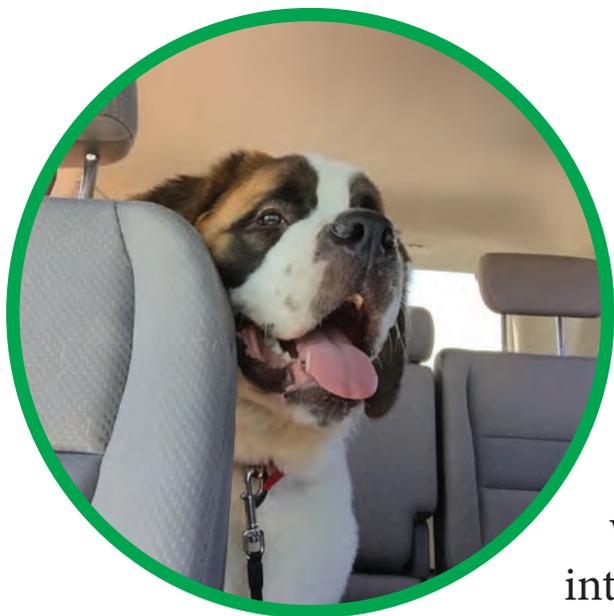
Through it all he was a better dog then I deserved. He treated me better then I could ever hope to live up to and he loved me with an abandon and truth I have yet to find elsewhere. He brought out everything about myself that is good. I miss him even now, several years after an unknown illness took him. He was my dog, my companion, my friend. I thank you for this opportunity to have his memory live on in this way.



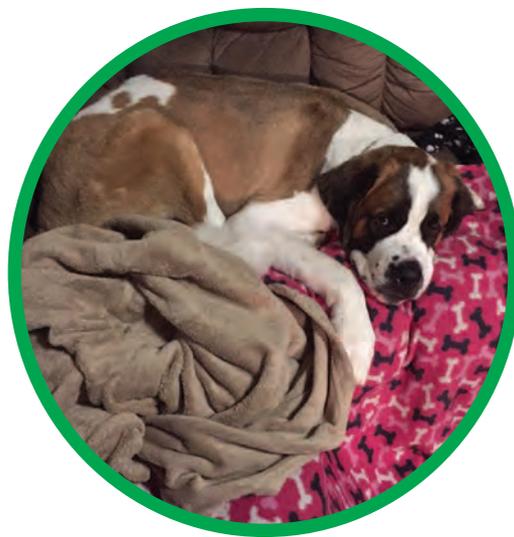
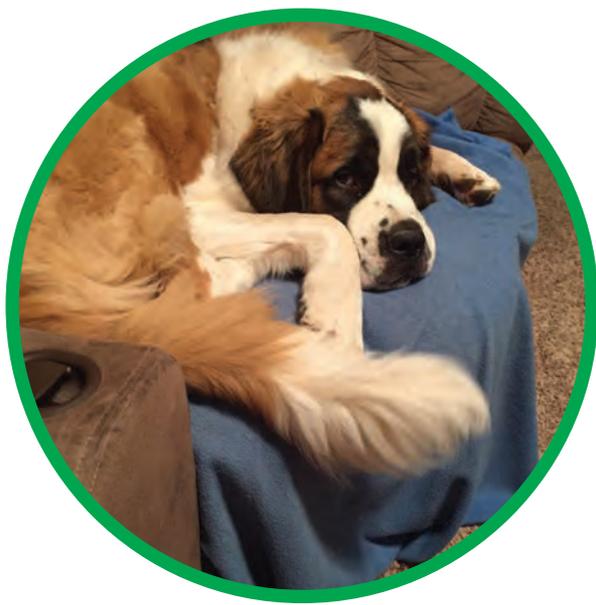


Bear

Rogers, Arkansas USA



Bear is our family's first Saint Bernard. He is one year old and he is such a happy boy. While he does love his treats, he loves attention most. He has always responded best to love and praise when training and he is growing into a super sweet, loving dog. We couldn't be more happy with him and are thrilled to have his name be a part of this game. I mean, c'mon, dogs + board game...what's not to enjoy!!





Jebu

Turku, Varsinais-Suomi Finland



Jebu was our dear Welsh springer spaniel. Not very spanielish in his calmness and wisdom - as many know, hassle is one thing spaniels are famous for. Jebu was not like that. Had he been a human, he would probably have been the kind of guy who writes poetry and keeps it in his bedroom locker. Jebu adored three things: me, his sister, and fresh meatloaf. His name originates from the siSwati or Zulu expression “yebo”: yebo yes - I agree! We lost Jebu to cancer just before Christmas 2015.



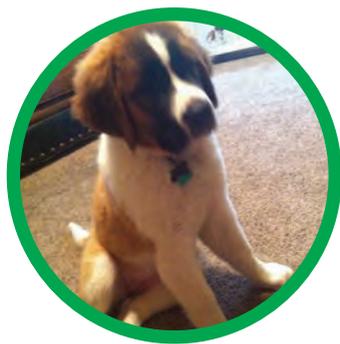


Parker

Centerville, Utah USA



Parker is from Centerville, Utah and was born on July 4, 2011, She was given the name of Big Mama at her birth home since she was the biggest puppy born. We liked the name Parker better - no need to start body shaming early on. When we met her, she was the perfect dog. Quiet, shy and perfect in her markings. We think Parker is the smartest and friendliest dog around. She knocks on the door to go in and out instead of barking, she gives petite kisses to avoid getting too much slobber all over you and she loves to play games like hide and seek, but most of all, she loves being with her #1 pal, Riley. Parker is Riley's dog, but Riley left us for 2 years to serve a mission leaving the rest of the family with the privilege to be with Parker and learn to love her as much as Riley does. but no matter what we did, how much time we spent, Parker slept at the front door every night waiting for Riley to come home. She loved her true human owner and she knew one day he would come back home to her. When it finally happened, Parker was to the moon happy. She jumped on him, licked him and literally hugged him. She slept downstairs right next to his bed. Things were back to normal, almost as if the past two years didn't happen. We love Parker.





Timber

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania USA



Timber was abused as a young dog. She was bred and also malnourished. She was one day from being killed at a shelter when my niece bought her for \$25, even after being told she was “vicious.” Timber is in fact the most sweet, loving, beautiful German Shepherd I’ve ever met and has enhanced our home for years, snuggling and playing with us and our other dogs. All thanks to our niece, Mary Jane, who knows how to spot a great dog.





Aggie

Fort Wayne, Indiana USA



Aggie was a shelter dog who came home with us when she was about two years old. Angel, who had come from the same shelter, didn't care much for Aggie at first, but they soon became an inseparable pair. With little Angel's brains and big Aggie's brawn, the two of them patrolled the backyard, keeping the vicious squirrels in line and chasing away the nefarious rabbits. I shudder to think of the potential disasters that were narrowly avoided only by their vigilance and dedication to backyard rodent intimidation! Aggie never did catch a squirrel, but she captured our hearts.

We love you and miss you, Aggie!





Remi

Lack Stevens, Washington USA



Remi can be a goofball. He's a rescue from the Alternative Humane Society of Whatcom County and our treasure. He is a Border collie/English Springer Spaniel mix, but he acts mostly Border Collie. Here he is in our garden with our cat Artemis a few years ago.





Cool

Burbank, California USA



Cool was a feral puppy. Some friends of mine rescued him, his mom, and his 3 sibling puppies when they were about 2 months old. They adopted one (Grrrr-rover), their parents adopted one (Sammie), and I adopted Cool.

Cool was always a little wild, right from the start, and he would play so fast and furiously that he would run out of breath and start panting, thus earning him the name Cool Doggy Dogg. His favorite toy at the time was Mr Hankey, the Christmas Poo.

When he grew old enough to become an indoor outdoor dog, Cool took to the outdoors right from the start. He was born outdoors and still shows a reluctance to come inside for any long period of time. In the winter, his coat becomes much thicker and he looks almost Maine Coonish (if that were a dog breed), but clearly his markings identify him as a border collie.

Cool was diagnosed with diabetes in 2016, so he's had to slow down a little and is living a comfortable life retired from his dog days. Now he's a simple house cat who enjoys board games and looking back on his life as a dog.





Spyro

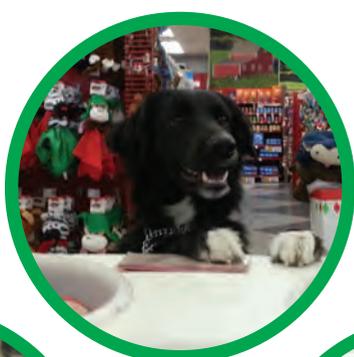
Altadena, California USA



This is Spyro, and “yes” he is named after the little purple dragon from the Skylanders video games (we’re such geeks). He is our almost 6 year old border collie mix. We got him from the Ventura Humane Society in Ojai, Ca when he was only 8-9 months old. He is by far the smartest dog we’ve ever had. As a matter of fact, we never taught him the command to “leave it...” he just quickly picked it up, probably from his sister. He also, was able to perform much of an agility course before he took any agility classes. He is in training right now to become a therapy dog, so we can take him into local hospitals and such in order for him to brighten other people’s days much in the same way that he brightens ours.

He is unbelievably loyal and loving. At the dog park, he is never too far from us, and actually tends to prefer the company of humans over that of other dogs. However, he is really good with other dogs, he tends to like them and play with them after he’s done hanging out with us. When his sister died, we got a puppy to keep him company. We knew that he would enjoy this, as he loves playing and spending time with other dogs during his pack walks in the mountains. The puppy loves to play with him, possibly a little too much, and he will reciprocate, even if he is possibly annoyed with her constant badgering to play.

People have mentioned how smart border collies are, but I never realized how smart they are until we got Spyro. He is one of the best dogs we’ve ever had, and not a day goes by that we don’t feel blessed to have him in our lives. He just might be our guardian angel.





Hunter Spindleshanks

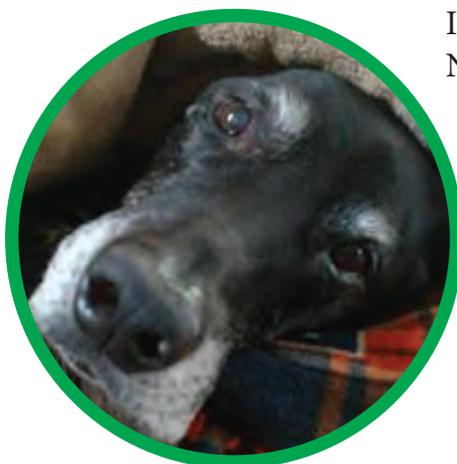
Dubuque, Iowa USA



I begged for a dog. I dropped more than the appropriate amount of hints, or whatever you call them when they're about a block past subtle. Upon wearing Scott down, we picked him from a bunch of squirmy puppies we later learned had to have been weaned too early and he was mouthy and full of shark teeth. He was hell on four spindly legs for just about 2 years. We'd named him Hunter after Hunter S. Thompson* having no clue the many ways he would emulate the reckless and brilliant life and mind of his namesake. The first year probably aged us more than the subsequent 13 aged him. You could never be fast enough or careful enough; it was better to follow in the wake with a towel, a broom, a vacuum and a handful of apologies than to presume you could get in front of the disaster.

One fall day, that all changed, when Maya came home in an unexpected decision. In just a few moments, he became the leader, the wise man- the occasional disciplinarian of this new dog. We had to not only change words, but when he learned those, invent new words. And when he learned those, we went to looks, gestures or sometimes so esoteric it became ridiculous and nothing got past him. Nothing got past this dog and he worked ever so hard to train us properly.

He was a champion Frisbee player, snout boxer, competitive eater, he played favorites and you know who you are if you were one. He was a Gurman, he overthought and considered everything and worried about things that no human or dog could ever control. He pushed himself too hard, set high standards for everyone around him and expected, nay, demanded comforts in his leisure time. He was well dressed when he wanted to be with his holiday bow tie and has a top-notch collection of hats from all over the world. He preferred a carefully straightened blanket to a rumpled one and he enjoyed very much being on top of a two stack of beds in front of a fireplace or at the end of a couch.



I wish I had captured him on video singing. Scott would call him a Nerd and he would begin by crying but it would turn to somewhat of a yelping lament. To watch him run like a maniac in the grass or the snow will be one of the best things I can remember about him, second only to him replying 'mmm' when I kissed his head. I hope we gave him all the joy he brought us. As for Hunter Spindleshanks Gurman, he will go down as a dog of legend in my book. May he always rest in at least two beds and a velvety blanket of peace.

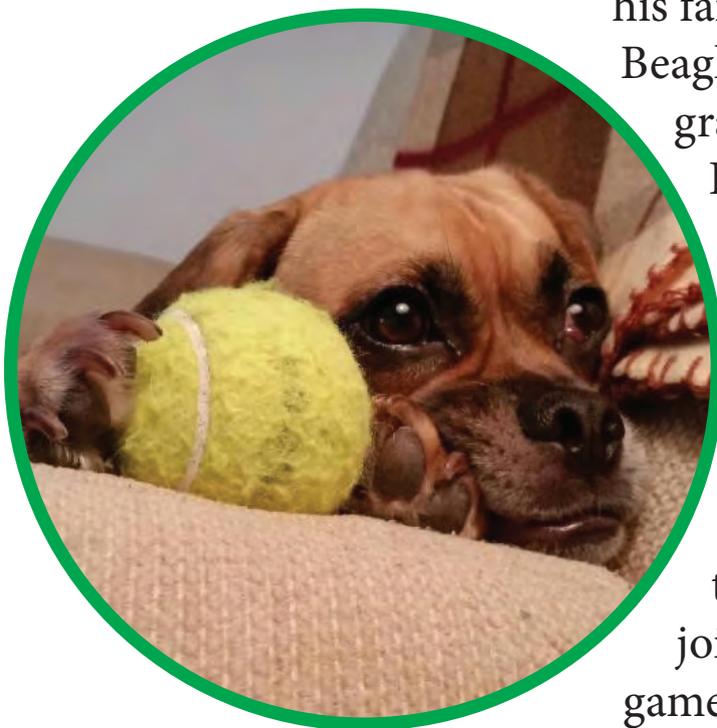


*Also known as: Big Man, BM, Bump, Bumpus, Grumpus, Crankus, Nerd



Otis

Salt Lake City, Utah USA



First things, first: Otis isn't a Labrador, but his far away best friend is (and all of the Beagle slots were taken before we could grab one), so this is for his friend too.

He's a Puggle, who currently lives in Salt Lake City. He acts like a lot of labs though, he likes to walk and run, daily. He's a big fan of the snow, and usually can't contain his excitement when it comes to hiking and the mountains. In spirit of Dogs, the game itself, Otis is a big fan of joining groups at the table when we play games, carefully selecting someone to hop up on and be a part of the game itself.



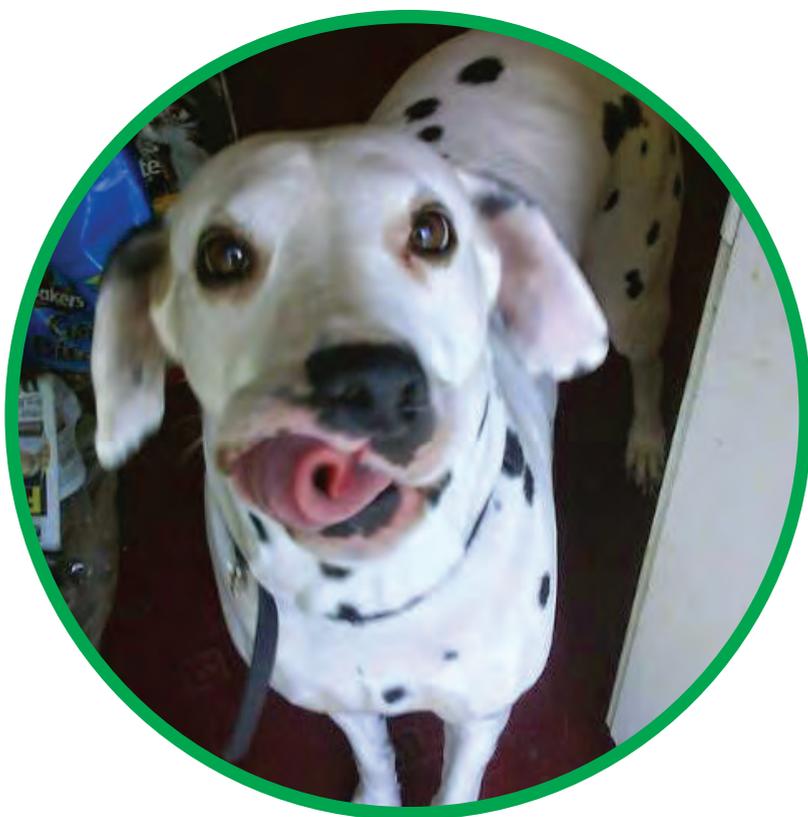


Sophie

West Sussex, United Kingdom



Sophie didn't have a great start to her life. She had three homes before my family got her. Sophie loved living by the sea but did not like going into the sea. She was and still is my best friend and will never be forgotten. Sadly she past in 2014 and I felt like my heart had been removed and crushed but she had the best possible life any dog could have wanted





Sirius

Morehead, Kentucky USA



Sirius is a rescue dog. He was born in November, 2004. Mom was a purebred Dalmatian. Dad was a travelling salesman.

Sirius was one of 11 puppies. Unfortunately, the puppies were not purebred and the owner didn't want them because he couldn't sell them. His plan was to wait until they got older and then release them in a field for target practice. Would he really have done that? I don't know, but having worked with some rescues since then I have seen some terrible things.

When my wife (then girlfriend) found out, she and some of her friends worked hard to find homes for all of the puppies. Between them they took three of the puppies, found homes for a few more, and finally got in touch with a rescue group who took the remaining puppies.

Like purebred Dalmatians, all of the puppies were born white and developed their spots later. Of the few puppies we stayed in touch with afterwards, all were normal Dalmatian size. Sirius on the other hand must have got more of dad's genes (and evidently dad was a big guy). At one point he reached 90 pounds. Although at the time my mother-in-law was staying with us and unknown to us, any time she had something to eat, she slipped him a few bites.

That first winter was rough on the little guy. Or at least he did his best to make us think it was. We would try to take him on walks and he would just stand and shiver. At the time he was small enough that I could tuck him into my coat and zip it up around him. He was quite content to do that. If I started unzipping the jacket, he would shiver again. I'm still not sure if he was really cold or just playing me.

As a younger dog, he loved going with us on hikes around the lake. Sadly he was much more active than his people. We never could keep up with him. Most of his time is either spent inside or outside on his run. He has been known to chase cars when he gets loose ... and even catch them sometimes! For a while there he was an aspiring escape artist, but we finally managed to secure the run so he couldn't get loose.

Fortunately, there is a doggy daycare nearby. When it feels like he's getting too much pent up energy we take him there. He has a girlfriend there. Roxy, a younger Doberman. She is there almost every day. We can always tell when he has had a play day with her. He comes home and collapses on the couch. Sometimes he doesn't move all night. I keep warning him about those younger women, but he is always anxious to go back.

Now that he is nearing 13 years old, he isn't quite as active. His favorite activities are sleeping with his head on mommy or daddy's thigh and begging for peanut butter. But if he thinks he is going to get to go see Roxy, he really perks up.

I would like to think he has had a good life. It has certainly been better than his initial prospects. He currently lives in Morehead, KY with his people (Johnda & Larry) who he loves, and four cats which he tolerates ... mostly.





Puncho

Oerlinghausen, North Rhine-Westphalia
Germany



Hi, my Name is Puncho.

I am 8 years old and male. Me, my mother Ginga and my brother Taifun enjoy the country life. Here are many horses to bark at. Our playground is our large garden. My biggest horror is it to get wet paws. That's why I never go out when it rains. My greatest pleasure is it to play with green balls. I hate balls of any other colour.





ICHI

Sao Paulo, Sao Paulo Brazil

Shortly after we started living together, we decided to have a dog. When we first met Ichi, we identified with him and could not even wait to look at other dogs. As he also liked and bonded with us, on the same day, we took him home!

Since we were on vacation from work we managed to get organized so we could always be close to him in the first months of adapting to the new home.

Ichi was only 5 months old and from a very young age was very observant, curious and, mainly, loving with the owners.

We chose to teach him at home instead of a formal training and he quickly learned to do his needs in the right place and answer our voice, which surprised us. Besides, he's very organized, likes to pack up his bed and his little things and knows each of his toys by the name we gave them.

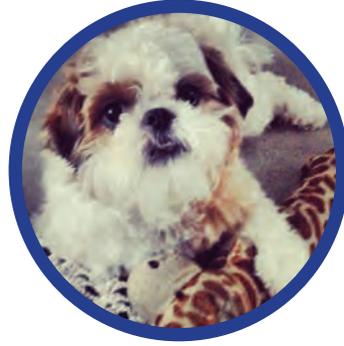
As he became integrating our family and we got to know him better, we noticed that he is an extremely affectionate and considerate dog. He loves his owners above all else and follows them through the house, in parks and even when with other dogs. At the same time, he is also an incredibly independent dog, who remains quiet, calm and very well even when the owners are not at home and he is alone.

He is a very well behaved dog. If you are willing to play, behold, he will follow you through the house; If you want to be quiet, concentrating on something else, he will be quiet and peaceful at your side.

He loves to walk, but his short legs do not tolerate big walks and soon he gets tired and packs, lying in the street making the owners go ashamed until he is carried on his lap back home.

She loves fruit, even steals many of our baby Alice's hand, which is now 1 year and 6 months old. She has had a very affectionate relationship with Alice since she was born. He always called us in the bedroom to go see her when she cried in the crib. He never picked up any toys from her although they were all very attractive to him with all the bright colors and furs. However, he always let her pick up all his toys.

For all that was said, we love Ichi very much and consider him as our first child. He taught us and teaches us not only how to be better parents but also better people!





Sandy Hsu

Amarillo, Texas USA



Sandy is our beloved 2 year old Maltese who loves her toys. Her favorite is a stuffed miniature version of herself that she carries around everywhere and snuggles up to. She loves her mini-me so much that she's chewed off its' nose, but otherwise it really looks just like her. She also loves socks and will steal them any chance she gets, then playfully coax you to chase her and fake growl when you try to snatch the sock back. With my younger daughter Sienna, to her dismay, she tries to grab her sock right off her feet! Big sis Kinsey has no problem there and just enjoys playing with and carrying her

beloved "Sandy bear". At night she loves to curl up with me and my wife and watch TV, barking at any dogs she sees. We love our Sandy!





Quito

Victoria, British Columbia Canada



During our trip to Ecuador, a man drew us a map on a napkin to navigate the way after the main road was washed out in a storm.

Along the way, a dirty, shaggy, matted white dog with creepy white eyes started following us. Although we'd been wary of many dogs here, we gave this one a chance. He seemed keen on adventure apparently!



What followed was an epic day. This alternate road was a journey up and down and up canyons mostly covered in sand too deep to bike on. Since we were going on what should have been a short ride, we didn't have much food for the poor guy for a while.

We finally made it to the famous Quilotoa Crater where we bought him a sausage he ate in one bite. The next day, we weren't surprised to find our new friend ready to hike with us. This time, we planned ahead and packed food for three.

The following day was time to say goodbye since we were going to take the highway for a bit. Our friend stayed in our mind for the rest of the journey.

Weeks later, I rented a car and drove four hours back to Quilotoa. It was a long shot but I had to see if he was there. Fate had it that I found that same little white dog with light blue eyes in a village nearby.

He jumped in the car, off to a groomer. The result was the cutest little thing I have ever seen. Soon we were on our way to Victoria, Canada, the new home he has loved since then!



FROM EQUADOR TO VICTORIA, BC



Meg

Mt. Dandenong, Victoria Australia



Meg is a 2.5 year old Miniature Poodle. For a chocolate poodle we got her from a breeder in Queensland and our first sight was when Dad picked her up at Melbourne Airport when she was flown down to us. She started a dark chocolate and gradually become a much lighter latte colour. A very healthy and active girl, she regularly travels on bus and train to work with us and enjoys seeing other dogs and people. She loves to socialise and can spend hours walking and exploring. She is our life and the best girl we could have asked for, and she has certainly changed our lives.





Sir Barxalot III

Watervliet, New York USA



Name: Sir Barxalot III

Breed: Yorkshire Terrier

Born: 3/28/2014

Birthplace: Yappy Yorkie Acres, Yorkshire England

Sire: Sir Barxtumuch I

Dame: Lady Shaexalot

Likes: Filet Mignon, lobster, Gus's hot dogs, convertibles and being carried on long walks along the Hudson River Bike trail.

Dislikes: Cats, vets, mailmen, paperboys and bath time.

Hobbies: Collecting Squeakers and piddling on expensive oriental rugs.

Sir Barxalot III was a Christmas gift from beloved Aunt Whitney in 2014 to her favorite niece, Samantha. In the Summer of 2015, Sir Barkalot and his new mommy traveled to America to visit Samantha's cousin in Saratoga Springs New York for Travers Weekend at the Saratoga Raceway. It was there that Samantha met Thomas, who she married in the spring of 2016. It was a beautiful ceremony in Saratoga State Park in front of the Island Spouter. Sir Barxalot was the ring bearer. The happy new family settled in Watervliet NY.

Thomas and Sir Barxalot didn't hit it off at first, much to Samantha's dismay. That all changed the night Thomas brought home dinner from Gus's Hot Dogs and offered Sir Barxalot a taste of their famous mini dogs. The two became fast friends after that and it soon became a Saturday ritual for Samantha and Thomas to walk to Gus's for dinner, with Sir Barxalot leading the way.

Unfortunately, Sir Barxalot's taste for Gus's Dogs resulted in several instances of him sneaking past his owners and making a bee line for Gus's. Usually Thomas or Samantha would find him begging for handouts from Gus's regulars but that was not the case with that latest escape. Samantha and Thomas are frantically searching for him and fear he may have had a run in with the local feral cats.





Alfie Opie

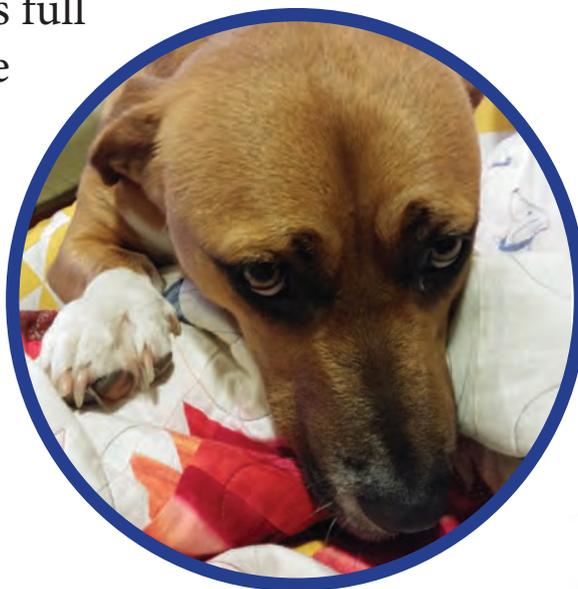
West Wodonga, Victoria Australia



This is Alfie. He is approximately 2 years old. We don't know for sure because he is a rescue. He was abandoned from an abusive owner and was on death row at the pound until a local dog rescue group took him in. It took a long time until he was no longer afraid of people, but he has never gotten over his separation anxiety.



He's a basset hound cross a staffy. Weird in every way but so full of love and such a gentle, uncoordinated soul. He loves to fetch ball and play with his full British staffy friend Bridy. He enjoys any attention, walks, food and fetching his twin rubber balls.



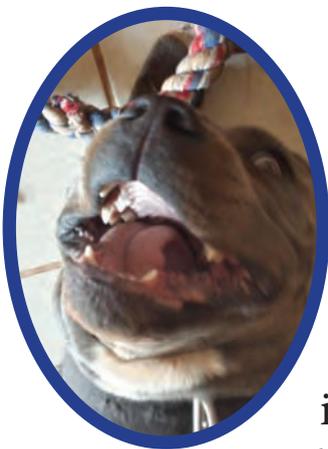
He had a rough start but makes up for it now.





Tinnie

El Paso, Texas USA



Tinnie was a Bandogg who inherited all the best qualities of a Mastiff and Pitbull. She was the sweetest and most loyal dog a family could hope to have. When we brought Tinnie and her brother Tor home they were inseparable from the very beginning and it was great having those gentle giants weighing in at over 130lbs. each. She was the kind of dog you just couldn't



stay mad at even after you'd find what piece of property she had destroyed that day. She was incredibly smart, athletic and inquisitive. Unfortunately, she was taken from us last year before her third birthday due to a heart defect. We are forever grateful for the happiness experienced as a result of having Tinnie in our lives as our loving and affectionate pup.

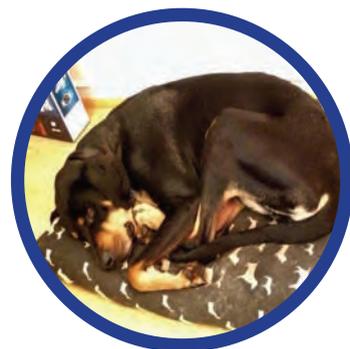




Buckshot

Orlando, Florida USA

Buckshot is actually a 6 year old coonhound from Texas, but currently lives in Orlando. He is a friendly puppy who loves chasing and barking at squirrels, eating table scraps and napping in the sunshine. Buckshot enjoys going on runs with his mom because there are so many smells to smell along the way. He also loves hanging out with all his doggie friends and frequently forgets that he is giant compared to everyone else. Receiving as many pets as possible from anyone available is also another favorite pastime. Buckshot has a favorite toy named squeaky sheep that he absolutely loves and takes every opportunity to show his squeaky sheep to anyone around.





Tongdee

Bangkok Thailand



Tongdee means “good as gold” in Thai. When I was 7 years old, he is the brave dog who sacrificed himself to save my family from house robbers. He passed away due to that tragedy event.

Unfortunately it was 25 years ago. My parents didn't love Tongdee too much like me. They thought it just an ugly dog so I have no any photo but memories about him.

Thank you for give me a chance to name my Tongdee. It meant to me so much to make him appear in the awesome boardgame. My parents would be grateful to know that.





Bobo

Brooklyn, New York USA



About 10 yrs ago I was looking through a website called Freecycle where people give away things that are still useful but they don't need anymore. I saw an ad for someone giving away a dog. It turns out that the owners had abandoned him at a dog sitter. I told my wife I wanted to go and see the dog. She was completely against it but went with me and the 2 kids.

When we got there, we found an overweight, 9 yr old dog. The kids immediately fell in love with him. While I talked with the dog sitter, my wife sat there watching the kids. When it was time to go, I said we would let them know if we were going to adopt him within the next few days. To my shock, my wife said "No, we will pick him up on Saturday"!

We picked him up, got him groomed and he became part of the family. The kids adored him and played with him constantly. Even though he was about 30 lbs overweight, he always wanted to go for walks and to play in the backyard. He ended up living to the ripe old age of 13. The last few months were tough. I had to carry him up and down four flights of stairs twice a day to walk him, but we did it. He passed quietly laying with us while we watched a movie



When he passed 6 years ago, the kids were devastated. To this day, my son brings him up one or twice a month. I'm so glad that I had the chance to memorialize him in your game and I thank you for that. I have not told them that I backed the game and can't wait to get the copy so I can show them!





Seymour

Old New York City, Earth



Seymour Asses (1996 - 2012) was Fry's dog, who was loyal and faithful. Fry found the hungry dog circa 1997 on the streets of Old New York. His breed is thought to be based off the border terrier. Fry decided to befriend him and feed him some of the pizza from the delivery he was currently on, which was another prank call. Giving the hungry dog the first slice of pizza, Fry mentions that if anyone should ask that he should claim to be the delivery recipient "Seymour Asses". Fry eventually taught him to bark/sing Walking on Sunshine. He was noted for having wet dog smell, even when he was dry. When Fry later fell into a cryogenics tube where he remained for nearly 1000 years, he led members of Fry's family to the cryogenics laboratory but failed to convince them to examine the tube and they dragged him away.

His petrified remains were found by Fry in the 31st century at a museum exhibit of Panucci's Pizza. Professor Farnsworth had the technology to extract DNA from the remains and create a clone of Seymour, complete with memories, but Fry declined, reasoning that since the readings indicated Seymour had lived to the age of 15, 12 years after Fry was frozen (Dec. 31st 1999/Jan. 1st 2000), Seymour must have formed new memories and eventually forgotten about Fry. The truth was, however, that Seymour had waited outside Panucci's Pizza for Fry's return every day since he was frozen, obeying his master's last command, never leaving the spot and never giving up hope.

However, a time clone Fry created through the use of the paradox-free time travel machine (Bender's Big Score) decides to stay 12 Years in the past until he eventually becomes Lars Fillmore through a failed assassination attempt by Bender – and returns to the future. In total Fry and Seymour enjoy 15 years together starting in 1997 until Bender's failed assassination attempt in 2012, during which Seymour becomes petrified in dolomite, sparing the noble dog from the cruel fate he was originally dealt.

In The Simpsons crossover episode "Simpsonorama", Seymour is shown asleep in front of Panucci's Pizza (both somehow in Springfield). Homer Simpson, Bender, Fry and Leela finish crossing the street in front of the pizzeria as Seymour temporarily awakens, seemingly missing a glimpse of Fry before returning to sleep.





Kero

Hemiksem, Antwerp Belgium



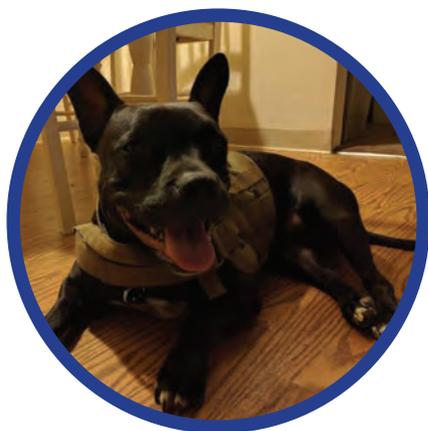
Our dog Kero was born in June 2002 as the most quiet one of his litter. Although most of his brothers and sisters quickly found a new home, he – together with one of his brothers – was left behind with our godmother, who could sadly only keep one puppy herself. Since my sister and me kept begging my parents for one of the puppies, my parents decided to surprise us with what would turn out to be the greatest Christmas gift of all time. A role he still likes to play every Christmas until this day (see picture 1). Although it took some adapting on both sides during the first couple of days, our whole family quickly fell in love with Kero's cute face and wagging tail. He has really become an integral part of our family and we take him with us as much as possible anywhere we go. Not only has he swum in the Garda Lake, but he has also seen parts of France, Germany, the Netherlands, and even cheered on our Belgian riders in the Tour of Switzerland. Everywhere our Kero goes, you can also spot his Blue Friend Forever (BFF) called "Bieke". Luckily, we have a couple of replacements. Ssst, don't tell him they're not all the same one (picture 2 shows one of the Bieke's who sadly did not survive the many mending done by our mom that was needed because of Kero's chewy love). He also performed a recurring summer job as a life guard during our holidays, always making sure from the side of the pool that none of us was drowning, which meant he always jumped in without hesitation when he thought we needed help. If you don't immediately find him, you can bet on it that he has found a sweet spot out in the sun (not always a simple feat in Belgium), but this doesn't mean you cannot wake him for some soccer. Although in the meantime his hearing isn't what it used to be and his footing is perhaps a little less steady, even at 15, he's always in for a little game (picture 3). For these reasons and many, many more, to us, Kero is the number one dog in the world (picture 4).





Glitch

Casa Grande, Arizona USA



Glitch was found as a stray dog in Coolidge, AZ. She was 3 months old, filthy, and riddled with ticks. She also had the saddest eyes that spoke a million sad things, but she never whimpered or cried. I had to take her home, there was no question about it, and I nursed her back to health where she grew up with many different people and animals in our lives. She loves people (children especially), cats, other dogs, lizards, rats, and has even spent time with a cuddly snake. She dresses up for every occasion and put up with whatever is put in front of her. She never gets aggressive and has the sweetest personality. She has just turned two (3/2/17) and has some pretty funny quirks about her. We are happy to share her story with people everywhere!

