

ABBY'S STORY

October 9, 2006 – October 25, 2006



Abby is an almost-3-year-old Vizsla female who had been returned to her breeder. At that time, Abby weighed 76 lbs. and was definitely in need of diet management! The breeder was unable to keep her and tearfully passed her on to CWVRG for placement.

I met Abby through a phone call and pictures from Rita and her CWVRG foster parent, Jerry. I had lost my 16 yr old Vizsla in the spring and thought I wanted an older Vizsla to blend in with my retirement status and Sandy, my remaining 14-year-old male V. She was younger than I was looking for; however, I agreed to take her.

I live in the Four Corners region of Colorado and to shorten my drive the Jerry offered to meet me in La Veta with Abby. I was surprised when I saw Abby! I had been living with totally gray Vs for years and had forgotten how gorgeous a young dark red V can be. Plus, she had lost 20 lbs. in 5 months! Abby was all wiggles and kisses and energy

(I groaned a bit). She obviously adored her foster Dad, but like a trooper, she hopped up into the crate in the back of my car, slept the whole way home, bounded into the house and announced, "I'm home!" And she was.

Abby had other surprises for me: she is crate-trained, housebroken, uses the dog door, knows commands and has NO PHOBIAS OR FEARS! Despite being given up by two families, she was obviously well-cared for. I can't believe how fortunate I am. She and Sandy bonded right away. She learned that the couch belongs to them and that's where we do our cuddling. She has already adapted to our quieter, slower lifestyle and only flies around the house first thing in the morning! She follows me everywhere, but is feeling secure enough now to allow me to go into another room as long as she can still see me! She's a hunter and loves flushing the birds from my trees, but is frustrated that I don't shoot them! She loves walks, but with the off-leash hunting background, she needs a little more leash training, e.g.; our first walk in the park, she slipped her collar and flushed 50 sleeping geese! Finally, she has lost another 3 lbs. in the three weeks here and is down to an almost svelte 53 lbs.

Took both dogs for a walk in the park. Last time Abby paid no attention to the ducks and geese, lulled me into a false sense of security. D & Gs were fine, but the crows were another matter. They strut around like they own the place and don't fly off until you're practically on top of them. She spotted a couple, went into a perfect point (awesome!), they flew and she took off after them. The leash broke off from her collar and all I saw was a red streak on green grass. I thought, "That's it! I've lost her". She was way down the road when I recovered enough to yell her name. I only yelled twice. She stopped, turned around and came back running at me full bore! I was too stunned to move, but she skidded to a stop at my feet tearing up a yard of grass. Whew! Good girl, Abby.

There is nowhere I can let her run off leash, so she is suffering a bit. However, Abby came up with the greatest solution to that problem? Chain link fence separates my yard from the neighbors, who have a little yappy dog. Abby and the little dog chase each other up and down that fence going 100 mph! It is an obstacle course, too. There's a big elm tree right next to the fence with just enough room for Miss Abby to slip by, which she does at full speed. Hasn't hit it yet!

Abby will be well loved and cared for with us, but it's a lopsided arrangement. She has already brought more love and energy into our "old people's" household than we can ever repay. Sandy and I have more spring in our arthritic legs keeping up with her and who can be "retired from life" in the face of that wiggly rear end and her "attack of the kisses"! She's made us young again!

Thank you, CWVRG. - Jane and Sandy

