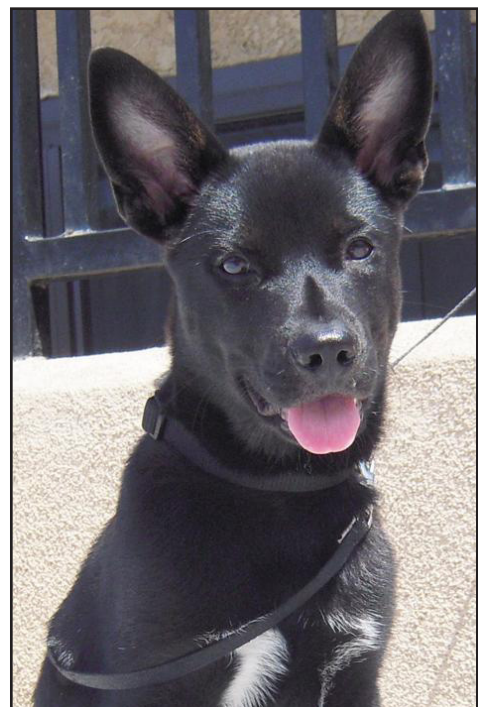


Pets Without Partners



Oso



Paris



Sophie

Stanley



Add to your memories of a perfect summer when you adopt a "pet without a partner."

Paris is our "All American Girl." We are guessing she may be a mix of Corgi, Basenji, Dachshund and Chihuahua. Left in a box on a doorstep of a residence home in San Pedro, our guess is she was born around June 10, 2009. Paris is just a sweet, playful no-issue puppy with a tail that's always wagging. Because of her size and safety issues, we are going to ask that your children be over the age of 12. Paris is current on her vaccinations, has been de-wormed, microchipped and will be spayed when of age.

Stanley is a sweet little Chihuahua mix weighing 12 pounds, and is eight to 11 months old. He was found near a Costco store and his owners were never located. He is bit cautious with new people, but within the day he is ready to be your new best friend and share kisses with you. Stanley has an endearing prance in his step when he goes out for a walk. We don't think he has been around that many children, so kids over nine years of age, please. Stanley is current on his vaccinations, de-wormed, microchipped and neutered.

Oso is a handsome Shepherd mix puppy. Sadly, he is yet another left-in-a-box on a doorstep story. Our best guess is he is three to four months old and will probably grow to be a medium-sized dog. Oso is a very happy and healthy no-issue pup looking for his forever home. Oso is current on his vaccinations, de-wormed, microchipped, and will be neutered when of age.



Sophie is a wonderful dog who was owner-surrendered because her family had to move. She is a very unique-looking dog with her Saint Bernard body and American Bulldog head. She is a great all-around dog who has had basic obedience training and can sit and lay down on command. She walks like a champ on leash, is 100 percent crate-trained and housebroken as well. Sophie is playful, social and has a lot of energy. She is a true companion dog, loves everyone she meets, and you will just adore her when you meet her. She is three years old and weighs 75 pounds. Unfortunately, Sophie is not cat-safe. She loves to go for walks or for a ride in the car. She is a very joyful dog, always wagging her tail. Please give Sophie another chance to love a family of her own. Sophie is current on her vaccinations, spayed and microchipped.

To learn more about these and other wonderful dogs, visit our website at www.animalsrule.org. Or come to our Saturday adoption events from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m. at 305 North Harbor Blvd., San Pedro (look for the big red brick building just past the corner of O'Farrell). Our website is always current. If the dog's picture is on this website, it is still available.

E-mail is the best way to communicate with us: info@animalsrule.org. We are always in need of donations for veterinarian bills and for our senior dogs. Donations can be made through our website or by sending a check payable to: Animals Rule Placement Foundation at 305 North Harbor Blvd., San Pedro, CA 90731. All donations are tax-deductible; we are a registered 501 (c) 3 non-profit organization.

Saving one animal won't change the world, but the world will surely change for that animal.

Bianco Meets King



By Karen Russo

Let me start out by saying, maybe apologizing, that we are not dog people. We have never had a dog. Hardly American, is it? I am sure if our kids had ever really begged for a dog, we would have given in, but I swear they did not. Maybe we weren't listening. They both sure have them now. Tricia's family has a gentle female Golden Retriever. Scott's family has a 140-pound male Golden Retriever and an almost equally big Burmese Mountain Dog. Scott must be really making up for a deprived past, even if I don't remember it that way.

But believe it or not, at this age, John and I have actually thought about a dog. But we live on a walk street, in a normal-sized house, not a mansion, with no yard. And we travel a lot. One more thing. I am not too keen on the idea of spending the rest of my life with a pooper scooper. Diapers come to an end. Have you ever heard of a kid who didn't become potty-trained eventually? Not so with a dog. On the other hand, everyone I know seems to like their dog better than they like just about anyone else. And certainly, they believe their dog likes them better than anyone else does.

This is all by way of leading up to telling about our houseguests of the last week, in our walk street house, with no yard--just a patio. Staying with us was Bianco, a six-pound white Maltese, and King, a 10-month-old, male, 118-pound (soon to be 160-pound...) Great Dane.

Without knowing much about dogs, our job, above all else, was to keep Bianco, the beloved pet of good friends, safe until they returned from a cruise. Then my brother and sister-in-law, whose visit we were eagerly anticipating, asked if they could please bring King. Much to John's chagrin, my immediate response to all quests is always, "Yes. It will work," whatever it is.

We had taken care of Bianco before when our friends traveled, and he had won our hearts. Particularly John's. Bianco sits at John's feet, under his desk for hours, and then follows him about the house wherever he goes. If John goes out, Bianco sits at the door mourning until he finally decides to make do with me, seeming equally content, until John comes back. Then he leaps for joy. Let that be a lesson. John is the one who has been resistant to the idea of a dog. But just love him enough, and well, you see. How could one resist that cocked head that looks quizzically as if you had all the wisdom of the world? And the unbounded welcome when you return after being away.

The men in our neighborhood waste not a moment to poke fun at John when he walks Bianco. "Get a real dog," they say. "A man's dog." If you ask Bianco, he is a real dog and he loves John. I was almost thinking of surprising John with a matching Bianco.



Bianco



King and Bianco

Then I met King. Not only was I hooked by that beautifully sculpted body, but how could I resist a giant puppy who could terrorize a place, if he wished, but remains calm and gentle? A kind, gangly creature with feet almost as big as his head, and silky but loose skin waiting to be puffed out with a little body fat. He is so sweet and loving. He won my heart. Of course when he stands on his hind legs to give me a hug, he stands taller than I do. If not expecting his advances, I would topple over. How will it be with another 40 pounds?

They say yappy little dogs taunt big ones. Not Bianco. No fool is he. Our friend Tom, who was caring for Bianco until King left, brought him over just to see, ever so cautiously, if they might be friends. Upon meeting King, Bianco kept his distance until a little trust won him over. While King desperately longed to play, he minded his manners and made not one aggressive move.

I've long heard that if you want to meet people, get a dog. It's true. People who would never stop to speak to you if you were alone don't hesitate a second to stop and talk to your dog. In fact, John says, if I ever throw him over, he'll get a dog. The women will flock. But never is that more true than if you are walking a Great Dane. But is that always a good thing? I rather like walking alone at times. It clears my head for an occasional creative thought. No chance of that if walking with a Great Dane. "Get a saddle," you hear. "No horses allowed on The Strand." How clever. You smile appreciatively at such wit. But after 10 times in one block, every block? Do you really want to attract such stimulating company? Or, "What's his name?" you hear from a young woman calling from a small group of friends she is walking with a half block away. Tell me, am I missing something? Why would she care what his name is?

So here I am again, tempted to get a dog. Not just any dog, but one of the two I know...a Maltese or a Great Dane. But here's the glitch. I used to feel guilty if we went out on a school night leaving the kids as teenagers home alone to do school work. Mothers are like that. John didn't have much trouble with that one. So it seemed I was always torn between pleasing him (I doubt he remembers it that way) and doing what I thought was the right thing by the kids. When I think of a dog, I think of being right back in that predicament again. What do ya think?

Karen Russo can be reached at kk Russo@aol.com

