

I want to start off by letting everyone know that I am a hard working volunteer, I just can't foster dogs. To give a bit of history, I have a rescue dog named Molly who just doesn't like other dogs and she really doesn't like cats at all. I love dogs and cats, but I really love dogs, especially large breed dogs and most of all pit bulls. That's what Molly is. I found her when she was just a baby. We couldn't find her owners and she came to live with me. Now, 10 years later she is my spoiled baby and I have probably caused a bit of the other dog issue because she has been an only child. Then it happened, Tootie arrived and everything changed.

Late one Thursday night, we received a message from one of our volunteers that there was a small puppy being sold on Facebook. She only weighed 1.5 pounds. Our dog committee stepped in and contacted the individual selling her and long story short, she was surrendered to the Humane Society. She was taken to Northridge Veterinary Hospital and it was determined she was less than 5 weeks old. That's where I came in. Yep, I got a phone call about fostering her for just a few days. I said, "I can't foster a dog, Molly will eat her." Then they sent me a picture and I was lost. I figured it's just a few days, they told me she would sleep in her crate and use puppy pads and I thought I can do this. I can keep Molly and "Tootie" separated for a few days.

I picked up Tootie and brought her home and was feeling pretty anxious. Our first night at home, me, Molly and Tootie. Well, Tootie didn't want to sleep in the crate so I risked Molly's wrath and put her in the bed. The unthinkable happened, Molly didn't try to eat Tootie she fell in love with her. Tootie slept in my neck each night and Molly on the other side. They bonded! I was so excited. I didn't just keep her for a few days, I kept her for a couple weeks, until she was spayed, up to date on her vaccines and was ready to be adopted. That didn't take long. Pretty soon the team called me and said Tootie is going to her forever home, that hurt I had fallen in love with the little bugger but I knew she was going to a wonderful home where she has older furbaby siblings, including ducks, chickens, dogs and cats.

I was just miserable after she left and Molly was even acting depressed. We figured out that small dogs worked well in my home and what did I do, I said get me another one quick and they did.

Libby and Molly