

This is me...!

*Never again was my mantra, my call,
Donating my dog beds n leads- Take them all!
'Never say never!' the rescue replied,
'No! It hurt far too much when my little Pip died!
My heart snapped in two; I broke to when I lost her,
'I know how it hurts, but have you thought of foster?'
'Foster a dog?, but I can't walk that far,
I'm penniless and I no more drive a car,
I can't afford vet bills insurance or food'
'No problem' she said 'You have misunderst-o-o-o-(d)!*

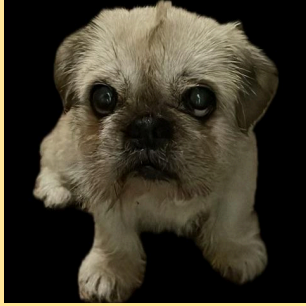


*'Have you heard of Lulu's, a brilliant rescue?'
'They'd come-get to know you...they'd chat and VET you!
'But my legs won't do walking , my purse won't do bills,
I sleep all the time and my head's full of pills,
It wouldn't be fair on a spritely young pup,
To amble around in my garden, cooped up,
Pups aren't the only things Lulu's friends rescue,
In fact end of life foster is what i'd suggest 't'you'
And so that is me, how MY journey began,
With Lulu's friend's 'specials', so now-meet the clan...*

Big Bad Bello

*All foster-dogs must be vetted by Bello,
To see if they fit and get on, if they gel-oh,
She isn't my dog, but she may as well be,
She's here all day long, well at least 9-3,
Unfortunately Bello is barky and loud!
And teaches her skills to the foster pup crowd,
So all house guests follow her lead to fit in,
Which often results in a raucous-dog-din!!
But when they nest up on a wet afternoon,
All snuggled together away from the gloom,
The tangle of fur, feet n paws in a muddle,
Results in wonderful soggy-dog-cuddle,
No words, wealth or wisdom can measure it's worth,
Which dog lovers know is the best thing on earth,
So Big Bello heads up my new Muttley Crew,
Leading the pack to adventures anew!*





Little Bug Pug becomes Biscuit the Brave

Little Bug Pug was my first Lulu's friend,
Covered with growths on both front and back ends,
A huge tumor nearly the size of her head,
This little old girl, she was nearly half dead,
Lu-lu's dogmother did her magic stuff,
'Bug' soon recovered(IF still a bit RUFF)



She can't climb the stairs, nor get up and down steps,
And she MIGHT pee outside if it isn't too wet!
With 'pugstrops' galore and explosive 'snotrockets'
She 'schnarts when she sneezes' (hope that didn't shock). It,
is just that our 'Biscuit's our pug pocket clown,
Guaranteed to flip everyone's frown upside down,
So now Bello and biscuit became the pup pack,
But sometimes a screwball gets thrown in the sack,
Emergencies often need somewhere to go,
They bounce in and out, so cue bouncy Bruno!

We don't talk about Bruno (No no no)

Bruno arrived, with his springs fully loaded,
And eagerly shared what his bits down below did!!!
His amorous antics were hard to ignore,
As he dry humped the sofa, the cushion, the door,
This lover boy loon, eyes fixed firmly on belle,
Then pounced with great gusto on Biscuit as well,
This loony toons eyes point in different directions
When he chases the girls to express his affections
This lover boy loony bounced in and then out
(Thank Dog) finally time to give Pickle a shout



Ickle Pickle

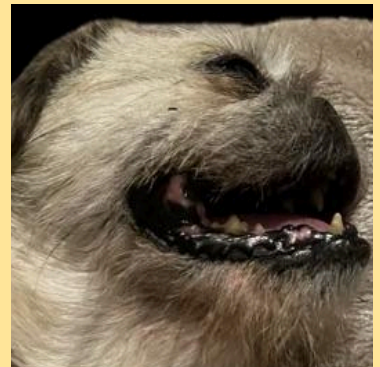
In my long, long, long life(well I am 54),
A more petrified dog, I have not seen before,
I couldn't get near her to give her a hug,
Nor Bello, nor Biscuit the snotrocket pug,
By day no2 the bad smell was so strong
We realised that something was pongingly wrong!
I took up the gauntlet, there's no other way,
But first had to stop her from running away,





We're just trying to help you! she trembled in fear
As I held on quite tightly to inspect her rear,
The mats had connected to form a tight bung,
To create a 'cr*p flap', her poor little bum!
But this task was more than a job for one man
So I called the 'dogmother', who came up with a plan,
I'll hold the bitey end (said with no fear!)
Whilst you try to remove the sh*t stuck to her rear!
The bitey end snapped as I snipped and I teased,
At the mats on her anus, avoiding the fleas,
The pressure released as she shot to the floor,
This whole thing in silence, off hiding once more,

She shook and she trembled, the fear could be seen,
What trauma this little dogs life must have been,
But we needed to shave her to remove the matt(S)
So then on to the Dogmothers helper she shat,
She shat on her towel, on her car and her lap!
The stench so offensive, but who gives a cr*p,
The Dogmothers groomer worked wonders that day,
The trembles re-assembled, BUT they're going away,
With patience and love she is finding her voice,
And sh*tting's no longer her weapon of choice,



Sadly though ALL of her teeth were decayed,
As well as her gum so a new one was made,
So poor Ickle Pickle can no longer bite,
And were working on her sense of fear, fight or flight,
And although she's an expert at hiding and running,
She no longer bites, she just gives a good gumming,

So sweet Ickle Pickle is starting to see,
After six months of love, that she's safe here with me,
She now loves a cuddle and's learning to trust,
That we're not ALL evil, she has to, she must-
see that people can treat her with kindness and love,
And with my Muttley crew she fits in like a glove,

So,

The comfort and love that these dogs bring for free,
Means a foster mum's life is the best life for me!

