

FOR THE ESCONDIDO HUMANE SOCIETY – Happy Story Profile

Filed in Gracie's behalf by John and Susan Wolf

Name: Gracie Wolf

Type of Animal: Terrier-Cocker Mix

Gracie came to us as a shell-shocked little girl. We changed her name from Courtney, which had no meaning for us. We felt that she had survived by the good graces of all that had helped her. She immediately bonded with our other pooch, Copper. They both think alike, act alike and get along famously. I don't believe Gracie was raised indoors. For a five year old dog she had no social graces. She was not house-broken. We patiently cleaned up her "mistakes" and spent a lot of time in the garden pointing out where her business was to be conducted. She spent the first few days under a bed downstairs and came out for food and an occasional rub behind the ears. She has always been very friendly toward the family and guests that come over to gawk at her wounded back, which healed well.

Gracie had to learn to climb stairs. Everyday indoors was an adventure, but right away, she realized it was a good place to be. She stared at the ceiling light, floor lamps, tables and chairs. But she avoided being outside and was usually found in a lap in great appreciation for having a family. At first her little tongue would just barely come out to lick the hand that fed her. Then, over time, she learned to give a full lick like a lizard in heat. Now she runs the household. Our male dog has a healthy respect for those times that priorities are set. When rawhide bones are concerned, she wants to control the situation. She growls, takes the bone away and beelines to the backyard to bury same. It is the only thing she insists on, so rawhide has been banned from the house. Copper is rather disappointed, since it was his favorite thing to sling around the room and hide under rugs. Everything else, they share without a problem.

There is a third dog in our lives that belongs to our daughter. The first meeting went badly. Gracie didn't like him and he didn't like her. Later we had them in our house with a barrier fence between rooms to separate them, but allow them to smell each other. After a couple of days we put them together and had the hose ready to break up the brawl, but nothing happened. Gracie growls when she needs to and the other male wimps out and goes along with it. Now they all go around in a big herd, happy as clams.

At first we thought that the burden of dealing with this large unknown and wandered if she would ever learn to live in the house without ruining it was tedious, but she is part of the family now and we love her very much. She has a good home and has learned to conquer all her fears. She climbs stairs like a pro, she poses for pictures like Madonna and she goes with the flow.

I would like to thanks the Vet that fixed Gracie's hip for her. It functions flawlessly. She pays no attention to it being slightly off-center. It doesn't impede her performance as a walker, runner or jumper. She doesn't seem to notice her tail being missing. All in all she has adapted like a trooper. I don't think I would have faired as well myself, under similar circumstances.

