



Confessions of a Renegade

Hi, my names Alfie (an alias due to my rescue status) Mum says it's good for my ongoing therapy to confess about my problems (me? problems?) so here goes. My past is rather hazy-probably just as well but they say I was a bit of a delinquent, bolshie & not to be messed with or you'd be on the receiving end of a Cairns strong bite! As there is some suspicion that I may have been harshly handled I maintain that it was self-defence. Anyway, what's wrong with me thinking I'm No1, top dog, whatever?

As a result I ended up in Cairn Rescue & boy was that a culture shock?! No longer No1 I was surrounded by around 20 Cairns of all ages. Eek! I know when I'm outnumbered & anyway someone in my past had arranged or should I say re-arranged my tackle so I'm no fighter albeit I'm not keen on having my nether regions touched! Blooming cheek!

I thought I'd settled into kennel life o.k. but the kennel owner said I barked a lot, was food possessive & impossible to catch or handle & would attack if pushed. Can you believe it? I think she made it all up!

As I was deemed unreliable & potentially dangerous it was thought that I could not be rehomed & I found myself on DEATH ROW! Thankfully the kennel owner (who's a bit of a softy) never made the one-way trip to the vet.

I'd been in kennels about 10 months & whilst my behaviour didn't improve no one had the heart to get rid of me. Thank goodness! Then Mum who helps out at the kennels (a.k.a the dog whisperer) made me her project for rehabilitation.

I went on walks with her two Bull Terriers-well I wasn't going to argue with them -I'm no fool! I figured if I wanted to get out of jail I needed to clean up my act & was improving but just when I may have been rehomed with an experienced person I got rather excited one day & bit a visitor to the kennels! Oops! Well that was me back in the slammer.Doh! Mum couldn't take me as she had an old male Westie at the time but lucky me he died of old age & a vacancy occured.Thanks Roger.

My new home beckoned & I can't believe I was so naughty. I'd snap at people in the street & in the park. Chase & attack anything with wheels & even take on fireworks & thunder! I was possessive of food & toys & barked at anything. I was a blooming pest & I know Mum had some initial regrets homing a nutcase. The shame of it!

Well you'd hardly know me now. I can go anywhere off the lead, am obedient & only bark when I'm guarding the house or garden. I've got loads of friends both doggie & human including small children & life is good. Mum says I'm a spoilt brat & I probably am. Tee Hee and if you think I'm some soft pussy cat-NO WAY! I'm clever enough to con people but believe me the renegade is still within me!!

Cheers Alfie x