



Foster Mama Susan ~ Gumbo & Creole - We were chained to the porch. Our family said they had to leave. They said they would be back as soon as they could. Creole and I waited. Then the storm came. We were so scared. I tried to be brave for Creole but it was the worst storm – it even had a name, Katrina. The water started rising. We couldn't get free from our chains. I tried to chew threw them. I tried really hard. I broke my teeth trying. But the chains were strong and I couldn't free us. The water kept getting higher. Where were our people? Why didn't they take us too?

Finally, the storm passed, but the water still kept coming. We couldn't get away...the chains held us there. Days passed. We were hungry and thirsty, but we didn't want to drink the bad water that surrounded us. We were getting weak from hunger, very weak and tired. The water began to go down. We saw some people, but they were not our family. I watched and waited with Creole.

Nobody helped until the Angels came. The people called them "Rescuers"

but Creole and I know they were Angels. They cut our chains. They helped us. They gave us food & clean water. They took us to a shelter. It was dry. We looked for our people every time someone would walk by, but they never came. Then they took Creole away! She was so scared. I tried to go too, but they shut the cage door. I was frantic! It seemed like she was gone a long time, but then I saw her! They were bringing her back! She was all cleaned up and smelled good too! Next, they took me to get my bath. Then I had to go see someone for a health evaluation.

Every time someone looked at me, they would shake their heads and say "poor little thing". Finally, I got to go back with Creole. Lots of people walked by. Some lady named Amy took our pictures and said she was going to send them to someone who may be able to help us. Creole and I waited. Then another Angel came. They called her a "transporter". Her real name was Terri. She took us and 3 other dogs home with her. She made lots of phone calls. She fed us and loved on us. I really like her. But soon we found out that we would be moving again, to a place called Houston.

Another "transporter" came. Sheri drove all the way from Houston just to pick up the 5 of us. Boy, it was a long way. That night we got to stay at Sheri's house with our new friends Ben – Bourbon Street, Eddie (Étouffée) and NoLa puppy named for New Orleans, LA. The next morning we were loaded up again by another "transporter". His name was Barton. He took us to the vet. Why do people look at me and Creole and shake their heads? They don't do that with Ben, Eddie and NoLa Puppy. What does that mean? Barton met another man at the vet; they called him "foster". For some reason, we liked him right away.

The vets looked me and Creole over real good. They said we were heartworm positive. They said we were severely emaciated. Because our hair was thin and falling out we also had to have our skin scraped. They say because we were exposed to the bad water for so long we have a viral problem that is making our hair fall out. They want to talk to "foster". They didn't think we could hear them, but I could. They said that "foster" needed to make a decision about Creole and I, something about euthanasia. I don't know what that means, but it didn't sound good. "Foster" looked at Creole and me. I wagged my tail and looked up at

"foster". Creole hid behind me, but I was brave. "Foster" made a phone call.

Then they took Creole and me in behind the doors again. This time they gave us shots, tags, and worming medication. They gave us a special shampoo for our skin and coats. They gave "foster" all kinds of pill bottles and schedules. They told him that we will have to be quarantined for 10 days. We have to be on a special bland diet and be fed at least four times a day. Sounds great to me! Foster looks at us and just smiles...he doesn't shake his head like the others. I didn't know it then, but he was going to be our new "Foster Dad".

We get loaded into what Foster Dad calls the "Dog Mobile". We follow Barton with Ben, Eddie and NoLa Puppy to a place called Sea Dog Inn. Ben and Eddie are going to stay here for awhile until they can find foster homes too. NoLa Puppy is going to a place just for puppies.

We go home with Foster Dad. We had never been let inside a house before we were rescued. I want to check it all out, but I have no energy left. It's been a long day. Creole and I are beat. Foster Dad feeds us and gives us water. He tries to put us each in our own crate with our own bed, but Creole won't have that. Every time Foster Dad tries, she wiggles by him. He gives up and we take a nice long nap - together.

That evening, we meet our foster mom. She and Foster Dad bring in a HUGE crate. Foster Mom put a thick and comfy temperpedic memory foam (whatever that is) pad in there. She says it's to help our little bones. All I know is that it is real soft and squishy. She changes our water bowl out for a bowl of Puppy Pedialite. She says it will help us get better faster. Foster Dad brings us boiled hamburger and rice for dinner (I know he hid some pills in there, but I don't care). There is some discussion about another bath but Foster Mom thinks we have been through enough for one day. We have to go outside to do our business but we really like our crate and want to come back in right way. We wonder will we have to be "transported" again tomorrow? Right now we don't have the energy to care. We sleep like babies all night through.

In the morning, we get scrambled eggs and some special food. I know the pills are in there, but I eat them anyway. Foster Mom and Dad say that we are going to stay with them until we are all well. Foster mom promises that me and Creole will stay together. She says we deserve a home of our own that will love us. Creole must believe her because for the first time she came out on her own and let Foster Mom pet her. Then Creole gave Foster Mom a big ol' kiss. For some reason that made Foster Mom cry, but I think they were happy tears.

Thank you to all the people that broke the chains and helped us to a better place. Gumbo (and Creole)

Creole and Gumbo were adopted – together. They are healthy and happy and their new parents adore them.



### **Here's an email....**

Just had to write a quick note to you today as it is the 2 yr anniversary of Hurricane Katrina. I look at Gumbo and Creole and think about how frightened they both must have been that day, not to mention the days that followed with no way to get free. I am so thankful that they were rescued and more thankful that they ended up in the care of you both. I thank God every night for bringing them into my life and making my life so much happier. As I type this note, there is thunder and some rain, but they don't even seem to notice while they lay on their beds happy, content and safe.

Gumbo is doing great and his coughing has stopped almost completely! Creole is amazing since she came out of her shell. She is the one who gets into the most mischief while Gumbo just lazes about. They are still our snuggle-bunnies. We are getting a KING size bed this weekend and I am sure they will be thrilled... heehee! Again, thanks for everything you both did for them. Hugs from us all, Vivi, JB, Gumbo and Creole

♥xo...Volunteer, Foster, Donate, Adopt...xo♥