



## Isla

Foster Mama Brenda ~ I wanted to share the story of one of my best foster experiences. I am an animal control officer for a large county. I received a call about a Pit Bull running at large in a huge conservation area. I tried to find her but never even saw her. Three days later the conservation agent called again and said that he had spotted the dog again. He directed me to a long gravel road through a remote area. The conservation agent met me halfway and said that he spotted the dog in the woods and that she appeared to be injured and was no longer moving.

I rushed to the area and began to hike into the woods. I did not have to go to far before the buzzing of a large swarm of flies got my attention. I saw the body of a large dog laying among the dead leaves and fallen limbs. The body was so covered with flies that it was hard to tell the dog's color. I cursed my bad luck and was trying to figure out how I was going to haul the large body out of the woods, to the

road and into my van. I was turning to go back for a garbage bag when the big dog lifted her head. I nearly screamed!

The sweet eyes of a Bull Mastiff stared at me and then she dropped her head to the forest floor again. I talked softly and crawled toward her. She very gently took a treat from my hand. I slipped a leash over her head. I saw the deep wounds on her chest and legs that flies were crawling in and out of the whole time. Her front paw pads had deep slashes that cut through the pad and nearly to the bone. She looked as if she had battled a barbed wire fence and lost.

I asked her if she could please walk for me since I was not sure I could carry her out. The big girl stood up and began to limp slowly along behind me. The huge swarm of flies followed. Nearly a half hour later we made it the short distance to my van. The big dog was exhausted and I lifted her into my van and placed her on a blanket. She had pieces of muscle sticking out of her wounds and the swarm of flies followed her into my van. I called the vet and drove like hell to get back to town.

I kept crying, swatting flies and praying that she would make it the 40 minutes it would take. When we arrived, I carried her inside and screamed at the vet techs to get me a vet. The rest of the staff grabbed magazines and began killing the swarm of flies that came into the clinic with the dog. I left her with the vet and promised to come back after my shift was over. I returned later and was told by the vet that she had such massive infections that it was unlikely that she would live. I was told that she could not even lift her head.

I sat on the floor of the vet's office and the big dog lifted her head and dropped it in my lap. I began bawling like a baby and told our vet that if she saved her I would foster her. I called my daughter that night and she told me that I must name the dog right away because having a name would ground her to this life. The dog was found on a remote road called Island Road. I named her Isla.

I called the vet and made them put a name on her card so that she would not die without a name. She had a microchip that came back to a breeder, but they never claimed her. A week later, Isla came home

with me. She spent months recovering and had a few setbacks as infection would set in time after time.

Seven months later, Isla and I found her forever home. I was so picky that I passed up adopter after adopter. I debated over keeping her myself time after time. But I knew she would want me to be able to help others. So I let Isla go...not without many tears. Her new mom and dad are awesome and they send me updates all the time. I miss this big face, but I know she is safe and happy!

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