

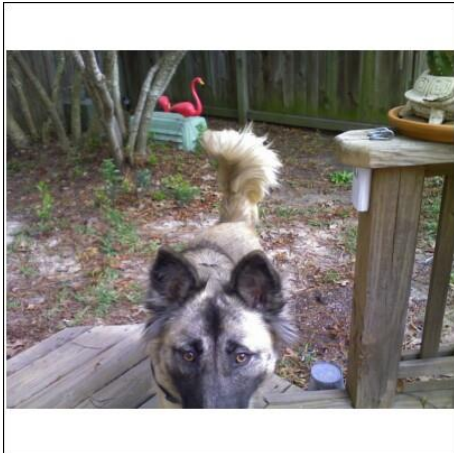
Molly's Story

Hi, you might remember me as Ola, but now I answer to Molly (well, when I feel like it, anyway). As you may recall, I was the one who was scared of everything and even tried to run away on the way to my first attempted adoption up near Dallas.

Well, I've come to love my new family (especially my schnauzer brother Collin!), but it was a rocky road.

Here is my story:

The first night they brought me home, I was so upset I didn't know what to do. Luckily, my new dad set up a crate for me in the living room. I hid there for almost two days, only coming out to go out in the backyard and to drink water. Can you believe the worried look on my face?



Slowly but surely, I got a little more confident. I started exploring my new house, and was especially happy about my new backyard. As you can see, I started exploring and even came pretty close to my new parents in the process.

Eventually, I showed my new mom and dad just how big my appetite could be. I went through a 10-pound bag of food in just under two weeks. Luckily, I have been able to keep my girlish figure!

Then there was the vet. Since it was a new place I'd never been before, I was fearless. That is until Collin started shaking and whining. That made me nervous and I drooled all over the place. They gave me shots and checked me out.

It turns out that Mom is right, you should *not* drink water from strange places like puddles, and you really *should* keep your distance from other dog's poop, as it leads to worms. It was at this time that my new parents discovered I did not like taking pills. Now that I feel better, I forgive them for pushing those pills down my throat.



Pretty soon spring came, along with many new experiences. I got to pose for pictures in a blue bonnet field and go to this cool place called the dog park. If you've never been there, I highly recommend it!

Here are some pictures from my trip that day:



Gosh I love playing with Collin!



The park has SO many smells to sniff!



(I love running!)

My new favorite thing to do is taking walks with Dad. Mom calls it father-daughter bonding time.

Most recently, I tested my parent's love and my ability to find my way home. Mom says I'm just filled with something called "teen angst" and needed a little adventure to remind me just how good my new life is!

I got out at my grandparent's house and took off down the road. My grandma hopped in the car and tried to find me, but I ran into the woods and would not come out. Mom, Dad and Collin searched all night, but no matter what they did, I kept my distance (I did make a brief appearance at 1am, but I would not come close to them – I was too busy!!).

Mom put out water and kept the garage door at our house cracked with my crate and food inside just in case I decided to go all the way home. She's awesome like that!

Well, Mom and Collin got up early the next morning to search a bit. They walked all over grandma & grandpa's neighborhood calling my name, but I stayed hidden (they didn't know it, but I was right there and I just wanted to make them sweat). Well, just when they were about to give up, out I popped! I'd been hiding in between Mom's car and some bushes all morning. I gave them both a good sniff, and I could tell Mom was happy to see me because she didn't even get mad. I'm done with adventures for a while now.

All in all, I'm enjoying life. I still encounter some scary things that make me run away, but I always come back. I'm getting braver each and every day.

I no longer stay in my crate all the time and I have even been toying with the idea of *sleeping* outside the crate because as you can see, turning upside down is not too comfy and I sure do love to sleep upside down!



So, I just wanted to update you on how I'm doing and say thanks for picking these people for me and taking good care of me until they came along!



The End

(for now)