

Oklahoma Westie Rescue



HAPPY ENDINGS - RENNY NOW BEANIE

Hello! Folks used to call me Renny, but I never was comfortable with that name. My true name was Beanie (like Beanie Baby) and I remembered it very quickly when I came home. I always come when I am called, except when I am busy doing something important, of course. I came from Okla-

**We Never Met A Westie
We Didn't Like**



homa Westie Rescue in March of 2010, and a lot has happened since then. Mom says it is hard to get a good picture of me because I am either moving or sleeping, but this is me in my new home (summer hair-cut). Mom thinks the vets were mistaken on my age, probably because of my hard start in life, since I have grown over an inch taller at the shoulders since I came home. Here is my update.

My Mom says I learned everything very quickly, in just a few weeks. I can 'sit', 'stay' (for a very little while) and 'lay down'; I 'get up', 'get down', and 'wait' before going out. Mom says I "stand like a trooper" for bathes, brushing, and having my harness put on. I also let Mom brush my teeth, and trim my toe-nails by herself and 'single handed'. She says she never had a terrier before who would let her do that, so that means I am a very good dog and very special. I use the doggy door and love sleeping in my round doggy beds, which I move around myself if I want to sleep somewhere in particular. I let people put any kind of coat or sweater on me, but don't need them because I am a tough and mighty terrier.

One thing I will not learn is to NOT chase large trucks like dump-trucks and trash trucks; (Well, why should I? They're loud, noisy and dangerous and I could get rid of them if someone would let me). Since I came home, Mom has always said I don't know the meaning of "fear" (which I don't - so I don't worry about it). Anyhow, because of the stupid trucks, I never get to go "out on the town" without my harness. (Sigh.) I had some other "stray issues" when I came home, but I have mostly forgotten all of those. I still don't like some men, especially ones wearing hats and/or carrying "things", but I try to be good. I love for little kids to stop and pet my belly when we go on walks.

The climate of Oklahoma did not agree with me, so I spend most of my time in Colorado now, with Grandma and Grandpa, and my geriatric dog friend Tippy, who was also a

Continued on page 2

Oklahoma Westie Rescue



**We Never Met A Westie
We Didn't Like**

HAPPY ENDINGS - RENNY NOW BEANIE

rescued terrier a long time ago. I miss my Mom and going for long walks (1-2 miles is nothing to me!), but on the good side, when Mom is home she makes me "do things" (like the bath, brush, sit, stay stuff), while Grandma and Grandpa never make me do anything at all! Mom says I used to be a 'Good Dog', but now I am becoming a "Worthless Animal". She laughs when she says it, though, so I pay no attention. And I still behave well most of the time - I just can't help myself other times.

I love my little doggie quilt from Oklahoma Westie Rescue; it is just the right size for a little dog and I sleep on it often, though there are so many laps and stomachs to sleep on where I live now I don't use it as much as before. (One of my favorite sports is to sit on top of Grandpa when he naps to protect him by barking loudly every few minutes.) Once in a great while my Mom gives me a stuffed toy - I love them so very much - I can tear them open and shake all the fluffy white stuffing out in just a few minutes! - though the empty sack is not too much fun and the stuffing never seems to come back, which I don't understand. I have balls and ropes too which are kind fun even though they don't have stuffing.

Grandpa said he was tired of Tippy and me climbing into the same window to bark at things, stepping on each other, and getting into fights, so he built a special platform just for dogs - so we could each have our own window. (Whatever). It is really great, though, because now there are Two windows in the house where we can both climb up at the exact same time to bark at things, step on each other, and get into fights. Grandma had us help in the garden nearly every day in summer. Tippy's job is to find, pick, and eat all the vegetables before Grandma can get them, and my job is to dig random holes and trenches. I am very good at this.



My true job is to patrol the yard and chase anything that moves, keeping all safe from dangerous things like birds and squirrels. One time, a very interesting thing came into the yard, but I was drug back into the house (against my will) and was not allowed to chase the thing no matter how much I barked and tried to get out. I was very hurt and insulted that they would not let me chase the thing - they called it "A Bear" - and sulked all evening; I mean, Come on, folks! Do you realize how much fluffy white stuffing would have come out of that Bear thing if I could have just gotten hold of it and given it a good hard shake?

Continued on page 3

Oklahoma Westie Rescue



HAPPY ENDINGS - RENNY NOW BEANIE

The moral of my story: "happy endings are good". What could be better than seeing a lost confused little stray dog from the dangerous and dirty streets get rescued by Oklahoma Westie Rescue to become a spoiled rotten little dog in "dog heaven". And my advice to you: adopt a Rescue Dog. Your life will Not be easier, but it will be a whole lot more interesting and fun.

Sincerely,

Beanie (formerly Renny)

**We Never Met A Westie
We Didn't Like**