

In February 2001, I was heading home on a busy street. While sitting at a stoplight I noticed a strange shape on the centerline of the road in front of me. That strange shape moved and then stood up – it was a puppy! As the light turned green, my mind started racing... what was I going to do? How was I going to get this puppy out of the road? As I pulled into the intersection, I saw a large Dooley truck hit the puppy with its driver's side tire. The puppy hit the ground and rolled over, but amazingly got up. The truck had paused, but started moving again. Dazed and confused, the puppy just stood there. Before I could get out of my car, he was hit with the passenger's side tire. Again, the puppy hit the pavement, rolled over, and got up. This time, he didn't stick around. He scampered off into someone's yard. The driver in the truck didn't bother to stop to see if the puppy was okay; he just drove off.



I turned into the neighborhood where the puppy had gone, and with the help of a resident (who told me that the dog was a stray and had been stealing his dog's food) was able to coax the scared (but walking!) puppy into my car. As I rushed him to the vet, the puppy crawled from the back seat into my lap and just looked up at me. He was so small. I was able to carry him in one arm as I entered the vet's office. The vet checked him out and proclaimed him to be one lucky dog. She said that if we could get him to urinate, then we'd know he'd be okay.

I took him home. I had no intentions of keeping him because I already had one dog and was fostering another. I was leaving for a trip later that evening and was trying to decide what I was going to do about this little fellow. He followed me around the house... I took him outside to try to get him to 'go' so that I'd know everything was okay. He wouldn't, which worried me. Just as I had decided that I was going to board him for the duration of my trip and would find him a home when I got back, I walked out of my room and was greeted by him. There he was looking up at me... standing over a giant wet spot on the carpet. I couldn't fight it anymore. I was in love with him. He was going to be the newest addition to my family.

I decided to name him 'Rocky' because he was down, but he certainly wasn't out. He's a fighter. I still get teary-eyed when I relive the events of that day. Today Rocky is healthy and happy, and likes to think he's a lap dog (even though he weighs over 100 pounds!). I am so incredibly thankful that Rocky was okay, and that he is a permanent and immensely loved part of my family.