

Chelsea



I adopted this sweet border collie/lab, just before Thanksgiving 2010. At that time her name was Taylor Swift. I had no idea why that name was chosen since she isn't even a blonde!! Well, when I saw the real Taylor Swift on one of the awards shows- and saw that she's all arms and legs.... my question was answered!! This dog has the longest legs I've ever seen!

Well, the name didn't work for me, so I thought that, in keeping with the singer theme, I would call her Lady Gaga. But then I realized my neighbors would have thought I'd totally lost it if they heard me in the backyard yelling, "Gaga.. Gaga!" So I chose Chelsea. I have no idea where that name came from, but there it is.

Chelsea has been a life saver. I had been very depressed since July when I had to put down my beautiful schipperke. I had adopted Pepper in Colorado

13 years before and, since it had always been just him and me, I was lost without him. My plan was to wait until after the first of the year to look for a new companion since I had been unable to travel in Pepper's last few years, but that day I was in San Antonio visiting my aunt and just had the urge to go to the shelter.

We cruised through the cat and large dog areas and tried out a few of the smaller dogs. None of them seemed to have the connection I was looking for.

As we were getting ready to leave, I told my aunt I wanted to go back to look again. I went directly to the enclosure where Taylor Swift was and told the volunteer that I wanted to take her out. She was so cute and playful- and even came to me when I called her. I knew then that I had to take her home, even though I was going to have to put her in a kennel for the week of Thanksgiving!!

She showed her personality immediately! I put her in the back-seat for the drive to my aunt's place. She was still for a while but then she put her paws on the back of our seats. I scolded her and told her to get down, which she did. She put her paws up again and again I scolded her. But this time, instead of getting down, she moved over to my aunt's seat and draped her paw over my aunt's shoulder!! We couldn't stop laughing!!

I had no idea what to expect the next day when I went to work. I gave her the run of the house, but was a little concerned about the 2 dozen musical teddy bears in my living room- and the possibility of "accidents!" But she was an angel!! And she continues to be a sweet, affectionate girl, with only a few issues. She would prefer to be an outside dog, and I would like her to be an inside companion. When she's inside with me, she'll sit right by my leg so I can pet her or sit on the sofa next to me. However, she doesn't like me to spend time on the computer when she's inside. She will get one Kleenex out of the trash can and tear it up where I can see. Only one! And, if I don't get off the computer and pay attention to her right away, she gets under the desk and comes up in front of my chair, blocking my view of the screen. She has even begun pushing my chair back and leaning against my right arm to get my hand off the mouse!! Needless to say, she keeps me in stitches!! Especially when she plays with her rawhide bone and jumps at it like she expects it to jump back at her! If I didn't have her birth date, I would swear that she's a puppy- not 3 years old!!

I did know at the time I adopted her that she was a "digger," and she has already

escaped from our yard once. Unfortunately for her, she escaped into another fenced yard and was caught trying to burrow out of that one. So, until I can make some type of escape-proof yard, she needs to be on a 40 ft leash when I'm not outside with her. I usually leave the back door open- yes- even when it's 25 degrees- and I check on her constantly. I never leave her on the leash if I'm leaving the house or going to be somewhere that I can't be checking on her. When we spend time outside together after I get home from work, she loves to play "chase!" She runs around the yard, in and out of the shrubs, as I pretend to try to "catch" her. When she gets tired, which sometimes isn't soon enough for me, she collapses and wants her tummy rubbed.

I don't think I need to say that I'm glad I went to the shelter that day.

As I said, she is my second adopted companion and I got really lucky with both. If I ever decide to get a companion for her, I'll be going to the shelter again.

Thank you, thank you, thank you!!

Vicki Santa Ana

