

Augustus



This would be more of an adoption story than a foster story, but it started with fostering, so I thought it may apply.

I fostered Augustus last September for a week and fell in love with him. I really did not want to own a dog at that time (which is why I was fostering), but he was so good that I was wrestling with the decision to keep him. The night before I was going to have to bring him back, I was up in the air about what to do. The next morning my question was answered.

I woke up and looked in his kennel. He was laying there with something next to him. I have to preface this next part of the story by saying I am a huge Oklahoma Sooner football fan. I have a Sooner room in my house that is full of many Sooner items. At some point during the night, he had gotten up, gone into the Sooner room and grabbed a small stuffed OU toy and put it in his kennel. When I saw that, there was no way I was going to bring him back. I decided right there that I needed to adopt him. It was one of the best decisions I have made, as he and I have become best buddies. The funny thing is he still has that stuffed toy and never chews it up despite loving to tear apart all of the other stuffed toys I bring home for him. It is very odd.

Thank you,
Barry