

My Velvet Elvis

I rescued him . . .
and THEN he rescued me.

AND SO IT WAS...

Ruth L Kirk

MY VELVET ELVIS

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My daughter and I arrived at the animal shelter to see a dog up for adoption named Wolfgang Puck, which I thought was an adorable name. He was a cute, mixed-breed Jack Russell terrier.

The shelter wasn't open yet, so we found a place to eat lunch. I wasn't sure I was ready for another dog at this time in my life. In fact, I purposely did not even bring a collar, lead or carrier in which to take a dog

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home. I just wanted to look—and look only. Commitment might come later, if at all. I had lost my Shih Tzu a year earlier, and, more recently, a one-of-a-kind German shepherd named All That Jazz. We loved Jazz, and when she died, my husband said no more dogs—especially not another German shepherd—as none could equal our Jazz. He was right about that. We'd had German shepherds in our lives for over fifty years, and we loved each and every one of them. But Jazz was special.

We returned to the shelter to find Wolfgang was out for a walk with one of the volunteers. My daughter suggested we look in the puppy room.

As we entered, the dog in the first cage was frantic, barking excessively, dumping his food and water, and tearing up the