

Dean

(aka Houdini)



Six years ago I adopted the adorable and freakishly athletic Pixie from Dalmatian Rescue of Colorado, and since then I have kept up with their news and tried to help the organization when I can. For some reason I was looking at the available dogs page, even though we did not need another dog, and saw one who had been in a shelter for several months. I was worried about his chances of getting adopted after - 1. being in a shelter so long; 2. having been labeled a stray and 3. having the unfortunate name Houdini. My husband grudgingly allowed me to foster him. A wonderful volunteer brought him up to me from Pueblo to Lafayette.

Pixie, who no less playful and energetic at 7 than she was at 1, liked him right away. So did I. He is as cute as they come. They stayed up late playing and slept next to each other in their crates all night, and I didn't hear a peep out of Houdini (now Dean). In fact, they sometimes nap together in the same crate since the

crate doors are left open. They look like bookends with their matching short tails and spots, and I call them Thing One and Thing Two.

Dean was maybe ten months old at the most when he first arrived, but as mellow, sweet and gentle a puppy as I have ever met. He was also housebroken, so I don't think he spent much of his life on the streets. He quickly learned to wait for a command from my toddler before he could eat the supper set in front of him, and is learning other important skills as well.

After six months of referring to him as "our foster puppy Dean," my husband suddenly told me we could just keep him forever. We couldn't split up the team of Pixie, Dean and us!

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