

Wriggley the Dog!

Contributed by
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A call from the Appalachian Trail Conservatory in Harpers Ferry ended several hours later with a new resident at CFP. When employees came to work on a Monday, they spotted a frightened, somewhat snippy pup hiding out behind the air conditioning units.

Who knows how long he had been there.

My day off was spent trying not to frighten him further but rescue him before animal control was called. After the initial meeting I knew it would take more than kind words to get him to trust me. I came back to the shelter and picked up Fergie, our always friendly Beagle, and took her with me. When he saw her, he ran out to her but as soon as he spotted me, back behind the air conditioners he ran. Cowering and showing his teeth.

Two hours of tossing food, talking and moving closer, I was finally able to get a leash on him and walk him to the car.

Two hours more at the shelter he was in my lap, kissing my face. Wriggle, wriggle, wriggle. Happy as could be. Stuck, to my side. I even took him with me while cleaning some litter boxes.

Another beginning we'll never know about but another happy ending.

Oh, I forgot to mention. His name is Wriggley.