

Agatha Beasley

Agatha was a lovely little stray Maltese-mix who had been wandering around our apartment complex when we lived in West Hollywood many years ago. I used to jog and saw her in front of the main door of our huge complex many times. She weighed about 12 pounds and was extremely friendly and welcomed a friendly pat on the head. I assumed she belonged to someone in the building or to a visitor of one of the residents. She was a tad on the scruffy side, but not dirty, debilitated, emaciated or frightened as other stray dogs I had encountered.

When I subsequently saw her alone at the side and rear entrances of our building, I began to worry about her. I went up to her to pet her and see if she had any id tags. She didn't. I spoke to her in a friendly voice and she began to follow me as I jogged. I decided to turn back home. I went up to our apartment and found some treats to give her and came back downstairs. She was exactly in the spot where I had left her. She gobbled the treats down, and I began to suspect that she had not had a decent meal in awhile and had either been lost or abandoned.

I put the word out and distributed flyers through the neighborhood as well as local vets and newspapers that we had found this little dog with no name and no home. No one replied to our posters and photos. We kept Agatha in our two-bedroom apartment with our Yorkshire Terriers, Jasper and Reggie. Aggie was a great dog, high-spirited and friendly. She charmed our two males. She was very affectionate and loved to sit in my lap.

After spending several weeks of trying to find her owners, we finally decided to keep Aggie. We'd had her groomed, and she was very white and very "frou-frou." Had it not been for her impish, mischievous, daredevil nature, she would have been quite elegant.

Not long after we found Aggie, we moved to our first house in Sherman Oaks, CA up in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley. We had a lot of wildlife in the hills – deer, coyotes, etc. and Agatha turned out to be quite the huntress. I can't remember when she wasn't actively chasing one critter or another.

Aggie loved her siblings and her life with us. We, in turn, loved our Agatha and enjoyed the many years we spent together in California.