

Bentley the Broken Dog

Bentley was a beautiful, gentle and extremely intelligent German Shepherd dog. He had been terribly abused by his owners. In fact, his human ‘so-called parents’ abused their human children as well and lost custody of them. When they moved out of their home, they simply left Bentley tethered by a chain to a tree in the backyard. Neighborhood children taunted him and threw rocks and bottles at him. He was defenseless and exposed to the snow, rain and ice. He had no food or water other than what neighbors were kind enough to bring him when they remembered he was there.

Finally, some very kind neighbors could not bear to see this animal suffer and took pity on this poor young boy. They contacted me, told me of his plight and begged me to adopt him. They told me he was beautiful and very well mannered and that he was young (about 2-3 year old) – far too young to have endured so much suffering. I discussed this the possibility of adopting him with my husband and told the couple to bring him over.

I was introduced to Bentley on a cold, damp and frigid March afternoon. He was tall and emaciated. You could see each of his ribs. His face was long and gaunt. But his eyes were beautiful and alert. One of his ears was upright, the other flopped down. He was mostly black – very different in coloration from the other Shepherds I’d known. He was so pitiful, and he dutifully gave me his paw and obeyed all of the commands I gave him – to sit, sit-stay, down down-stay, heel, come, etc. He was so accommodating and refined. I fell in love with him immediately.

We kept him on a leash and brought each of the other dogs individually out on a leash to introduce them. Bentley was submissive and obviously not deemed a threat or challenge by any of my other dogs. Once they had all been introduced on the street in front of my house, we took him in our backyard and repeated the process, reintroducing Bentley to each one by one and then in small groups. He seemed to be comfortable with the others and they with him. He spent three or four hours meeting and playing with my dogs, and I knew he would be happy in our home and with our family.

We told the couple that we would adopt him, and from that moment on, he was “our beloved Bentley.” There was a rainbow in the sky, as the couple drove away and Bentley played happily with his new brothers and sisters.