

Shania

Shania, her mother and brother were beautiful young Alaskan Malamutes traveling together until they were captured by Animal Control. I found out about them from Rescue and visited the shelter to identify them as Malamutes. The mother was black and white and had been named “Shanook.” The year old male we named Kali and we named his gorgeous sister, Shania. They were the mellowest “strays” I have encountered. Even in the shelter’s stressful environment, they were calm and very friendly. My friend, Lou, and I pulled them from the shelter, had them vetted, spayed/neutered and then placed them in a wonderful boarding facility near my home. The three were kept in separate adjoining climate-controlled indoor-outdoor kennels, and were able to share outdoor playtime with one another.

We managed to find a home for the mother almost immediately. Shanook was a wonderful addition to a family that had children and another dog, a Miniature Pinscher. The adoptive family adored her. We were hoping someone would adopt Kali as he was exquisite and both fun and goofy. I really wanted to adopt him myself, but was concerned he would not get along with my other large male dogs. He was almost adopted on several occasions, but for various reasons (insufficient space or limited time and interaction on the part of the potential owner, we did not feel comfortable giving Kali up.

I decided to adopt Shania – as she was seemingly a “perfect” dog. She was not only beautiful, but was also very well-behaved, socialized and intelligent. She could practically “read my mind.”

Upon bringing her home, she adapted well – for several weeks she was beautifully behaved and seemed to get along with the other dogs in her group. But it was not long before, she began to assert her dominance – as though she knew she was more beautiful, stronger and more intelligent than all the others. There were several violent episodes wherein she attacked two of my male dogs viciously. Poor Tallon and Innoko were physically injured as well as victimized by and became terrified of her. She was very strong and powerful and she hurt the dogs seriously. We had to take them to the vet on several occasions. Fearing that the situation could only become worse, I was forced to try to find a new home for Shania.

She had so many wonderful qualities; I was deeply saddened to give her back to Rescue and a foster “Mom.” But that is precisely what I did. Shania also had violent confrontations with the foster Mom’s other dogs. It was evident that she needed to be an “only” dog.

Not long after I returned Shania to Rescue, we adopted her brother Kali, who was everything we had hoped Shania would be – charming, friendly, engaging, happy-go-

lucky and very lovable and affectionate. I felt terrible that we had “given up” on Shania, but I could not risk the care and well-being of my other dogs.

Eventually – perhaps around six or seven months of living with her foster “Mom”, Shania was faced in a “forever” home with a wonderful woman who was a nurse and had no other pets. Shania was and is deeply loved and well cared for by her.

As for Kali, he is the love of my life. Goofy but sensitive, playful and protective, loving and powerful – he brings us laughter and joy. He is a clown by nature, and hugs and kisses everyone he meets.