

The Dog (“God “spelled backwards) of Mischief, Kali

Kali is pure mischief, one of three stray young Malamutes my friend, Lou, and I “rescued.” from a local shelter. I had to spontaneously name two of them in order to provide them with their vaccinations and establish their medical records so that they could be taken from the shelter and safely boarded until they were ready to be deemed healthy, could be spayed/neutered and then ultimately adopted. The vet needed a name – any name- for their medical records. Out of the air, I pulled the names Shania and Kali on the spot. Their mother already had a name- Shanook. However, the names stuck and remained unchanged and our Kali Mali is forever Kali (at least in this lifetime!) Kali is impish, fun-loving carefree, fearless, and full of joy, life and love and is, somehow, always involved in some kind of trouble or risky endeavor. He is a scoundrel, a scamp and a rogue but such a loving, lovable one!

He is also definitely a lady’s man. As a matter of fact, he looks like a doggie version of George Clooney or Cary Grant. Every femal human or canine)e he’s ever met has fallen in love with him and wants to take him home with her. There is also an endearing timidity to him. He will back off from strangers, enter into the “play bow” pose, and then sing his rendition of the “woo wooing song” in the tradition of all great Alaskan Malamutes. He loves everyone he meets, and they, in turn, are mesmerized by his physical beauty, charm and charisma. He is truly one in a million!

We found Kali, his mother Shanook and sister Shania at a local Animal Shelter. They had been strays together and were all-together in a large kennel when I came to see them determine if they were, indeed, truly Alaskan Malamutes. They were beautiful, gentle and remarkably mellow and well-adjusted for having been homeless and brought to a shelter. It was thought that the mother was two years old and that the siblings were about one year old. Each was gorgeous, but Kali was THE most gorgeous!

My colleagues and I believed that the three may have been the beloved animals of someone in severe financial distress that could no longer afford to care for these beautiful dogs. It was obvious that the dogs had been loved and well cared for. They had been well fed and socialized and all had outgoing, friendly, spirited personalities. They were so lovely – I wish I could have adopted all of them. But it was not possible, and so Lou and I found homes for the mother and, eventually, the sister.

From the moment we brought him home, Kali got along well with the other dogs in his group. He is very sensitive and refined. He intuitively grasps the concept of submission. He has never strived to be “top dog.” He is perfectly content being a dapper, engaging and charming friend and companion to his siblings and us.