

Two Socks

One of the greatest accomplishments of my life was to rescue and adopt “Two Socks”, the most beautiful, pure of heart, vulnerable, gentle and lovely creature I have ever known. Never have I ever spent time with a more loving, forgiving, grateful, graceful, gracious and kindly spirit. Two Socks was a severely abused and irreparably injured and damaged two-year-old Alaskan Malamute who had survived physical and emotional atrocities no creature should ever have to endure.

I learned of Two Socks through Texas Alaskan Malamute Rescue. He had suffered mercilessly and endured the unfathomable. He had in some way belonged to a “family” that kept him tethered to their mobile home. Throughout the seasons – through rain, sleet, snow, ferocious winds and relentless heat and sun, this poor dog had been left outside chained and unable to fend for himself. Unable to shield himself from the elements, he also suffered from hunger and thirst. He was seldom given food or water. There was virtually no interaction between him and his family members or any other human beings. His family ultimately moved away and left him all alone to fend for himself in their front yard. He managed to escape and became essentially feral – terrified of people and

completely dependent upon his own limited resources. He wandered the countryside in search of food, water and shelter. What water he managed to find was contaminated with urine and bacteria. What food he found was foul and laden with bacteria and parasites. Through his innate cleverness and resourcefulness, he managed to survive on his own. Eventually, a kind-hearted woman noticed him and began to feed him whenever he came nearby. Eventually, he was captured by Animal Control. He suffered from Leptospirosis, Lyme Disease, heartworm disease and had lost almost all of his kidney function.

He was so very weak and emaciated when he was discovered by Animal Control. Although his normal, healthy weight would have been in the sixties, he weighed forty-two pounds. He was terrified by people – just about everyone. We were advised that his case was hopeless and that there was very little likelihood he would ever recover – physically or emotionally

Upon seeing Two Sock's pitiful photos on the Internet, I knew immediately that we could provide him with help, hope and a home – and rehabilitation. Despite warnings by animal and rescue experts that we would not be able to help him, we decided to take on this “project” dog. We would not give up on him. We would give him love, let him know joy and provide him with shelter and the food and water he so deserved and had longed for his entire life]. My friend, Lou, picked him up from the Shelter and brought him home to us.

When we adopted him, our vet gave him at best six months to live. He was malnourished and dehydrated. Two Socks had very little chance of surviving. Nonetheless, we were determined to give him the best quality of life we possibly could for whatever amount of time he had left. We wanted him to know and experience being truly loved, respected, appreciated and cared for... He was terrified of people, but trusted and loved me. He would wag his tail happily and roll over if I simply spoke his name aloud. I nurtured him as much as possible. He also loved his canine brothers and sisters – Emily, in particular, who seemed to enjoy the additional attention. She always showed off for her new friend. The other dogs accepted Two Socks immediately. He slept with us in our bedroom. Step by tiny step, Two Socks came around. He became familiar with his human friends, family members and environment. For months I walked him on a leash for fear he would run away. Finally he learned that he was safe from danger. His health improved, although he was on a special diet and medications for the reduced kidney function for the rest of his life. It was a joyous time for us to observe and spend time with him as he learned to trust others and us. His eyes shone constantly with gratitude. As we got to better know Two Socks and treat his various health issues, we grew to love him more and more. No dog could have expressed more contentment or gratitude for the life he had newly acquired. We worked hard to rehabilitate Two Socks, but the rewards of seeing him loved, happy, healthy and playful were immeasurable...