

July 1, 2009



Dearest Angels:

Ooh! Ooh! Ooh! I got's the greatest news in da world ... are you ready? Are you sure you are ready? I gots me a home!!!! A real home of my very own and I gots me my own little boy!!! (Dats him in da picture with my brand new hu-mom!) I luv's dem and they luv's me!



I gets to sleep wit Sammy (my new little boy) every night and he even gave me his stuffed dog so I wouldn't get a-scared at night. I know my real job is to make sure da demons under da bed don't come out at night ... but Sammy tinks I sleep wit him so I won't get a-scared. I know da picture is not too goods, but you can see me, my boy, and the stuffed dog, all sawing logs!



I still don't walks too far, so Sammy only walks me to da corner and back twice a day ... but I' getting better's and soon we might be able to turn da corner (don't tell Sammy, but my hu-mom watches us from da window to make sure nothin' goes wrong!)

By da way angels ... what's dis In-dependence Day dat is coming up? I gots told dis morning dat we was gonna be in a pee-raid for In-dependence Day. First, why would anyone want to celebrate independence? My new family should be celebrating der Dependence on me for giving dem love and protecting Sammy from da demons under da bed. Now dats worth celebrating (along wit me getting a new home)!



More perplexing, dough, is dis pee-raid thing. Why would anyone want to raid pee I don't know. Heck I gets in trouble for peeing in da house ... now dey wants to go out and raid it and capture it? Not only dat, I don't know how much help I could be on da raid since my hu-mom said dey were going to be pulling me in a red wag-gone. WAIT!!! Does that mean my wag is gonna be gone after it's all over? I don't get it - if dis cute little brown dog goes and raids pee, I'z gonna loose my wag?? Call da cops ... ain't no way I'm gonna lose my wag!

Before's I lose my wag, my wonderful angels, I wanted to let you know how much I luv's you for helping me get the surgery I needed. You have made a little boy so very happy -- not to mention a certain short, fat brown dog who wags his tail every morning in honor of you ... at least until my wag is gone after da pee-raid!

Thank you for caring,
Leroy Brown (not the baddest
dog in the whole darn town
- just the happiest!)