

It was the night before Christmas and the dogs in the west wing of the Newcastle Animal Shelter were preparing for a long night. The night was cold and snowy but the dogs knew that this was the night that they had to make their move.

One of the dogs in the shelter, Gizmo, was brought to the shelter 7 days before Christmas. Gizmo was a black and tan Dachshund who was found wandering around behind a shopping mall and taken to the local shelter. The other dogs in the west wing immediately took a liking to him and comforted him each night when he was crying because he missed his family.

This is the tale of that cold Christmas Eve.

The west wing holds twelve dogs in medium size cages. It's a cozy wing and all of the dogs in the west wing are very close to each other. All the dogs in the wing except Gizmo have been there for several months and knew that something had to be done to get Gizmo back to his family. From what Gizmo has told them, his home is not too far from the shelter. He tells the dogs that, while in the doggy playground, he can hear and smell the park that's next to his house. "It must be close, I can hear some of my friends playing tag", he said.

With this new found knowledge, the dogs of the west wing decide to hatch a plan to break out of the shelter, get Gizmo to his home in time for Christmas, and get back to the shelter for their Christmas morning meal.

The sun's gone down and it's time for the rescue mission. Tiki, a small, Teacup Chihuahua is in a bottom cage and has small enough paws to reach through the cage door and open the door. Once Tiki has opened the cage he dashes across the room to open the cage of Max, a black full size Poodle. Max proceeds to help open the higher cages and rounds up the dogs at the door of the west wing.

One special pooch in lockup is Sparky. He is a very smart and agile German Shepard whose specialty is escaping captivity. He has mastered opening door handles and immediately goes to work on the door to the wing. The door flies open and the twelve dogs run to the side fence that has a broken door. The door just needs a little nudge to get open. Twelve dogs pushing in unison did the trick and they are on their way to Gizmos house.

Gizmo and his new friends rush through front yards and in and out of alleys, but run into some trouble two blocks away from his home. A gang of street cats has caught wind of the dogs and blocked off an alley. The west wing dogs were not going to let a few stray cats get in their way of getting Gizmo home for Christmas. The scene was something out of an old Roman battle. Dogs and cats running towards each other screaming, and fighting paw to paw. The twelve dogs overpowered the gang of cats and the cats retreated to their hideouts along the side of the alley.

After an hour from their escape from the shelter, the dogs arrived at Gizmo's home and it was time to say their goodbyes. It was tough, even though the dogs had only known each other for a week. The dogs had made a bond and were willing to do anything in their power to reunite one dog with his best friends, his family.

The eleven dogs made it back to the shelter unharmed and ready for a good nights sleep. Gizmo pawed, scratched, and whimpered at the door on his home. After a few minutes, his family came to the door. They couldn't believe Gizmo was at the door greeting them with a smile and a wagging tail. This was the best [Christmas present](#) they could have received. They never found out that it was the twelve dogs of Christmas that made it all possible.