

Ontario Coalition Against BSL

From the Street Life to the Sweet Life ...Penelope's Story, told through her eyes...

It's February 12, 2014, I am 8 months old and I am covered in scars and cuts and found alone, cold and abandoned on a golf course in Toronto. They wanted me to fight but I didn't want to, so they let other dogs practice on me. I am a "bait dog"; I have no name. A nice lady calls a bunch of rescue people and a nice young lady answers a phone so very far away. Seems like I am a pitbull and I am special. I think I am just a dog that is lost and scared. That night I sleep in a strange house and the next day, I have to go for a really long trip to see the nice young lady on the phone. I learn that the nice young lady is named Ashley Calderwood and she calls me "Destiny" and now I live in Timmins. Ashley shows me love.

Ashley tries hard to find me a home and people who seem nice come and take me away from Ashley. I am 1 year old. I am scared but I will go. I still don't know why everyone keeps saying "pitbull" and "banned"; what does this mean? I am scared when they leave me alone and I don't want them to hurt me.

The people that seemed nice are not really that nice, and they sell me to a mean man. He hurts me. I show him my belly because I am really a good girl and I just want to be loved and he doesn't understand or care. I don't want to be alone. He hurts me more, he kicked me in my face, he ties me outside to a pole. I am so alone and afraid.

Timmins Humane Society finds me. I am 2 1/2 years old and they bring me to a place where there are so many dogs and cats. They call me "Gypsy" and I hear those words "pitbull" and "banned" again. I am scared, I cry, I just want love. I want to go home but nobody wants me. Where is home?

The people here are nice but they tell me that I have to go, again. I'm scared, I'm alone and I'm getting tired of being hurt and feeling alone. I don't know my name anymore. I'm a good dog that just wants love.

Bullies In Need in Ottawa, and ladies named Veronica, Amélie, Kelly, and Kelly's daughter Jemma, all take me in and I start to feel love. I am almost 3 years old. They call me "Penelope." I get belly rubs. Nobody hurts me.

I spend 8 months with Kelly and Jemma. It's August 2016. They are still saying "pitbull" and "banned", what does this mean? I am just a dog that wants love and a place to call home. One day the phone rings! A man and lady saw pictures of me and they want me!

It's time! Heidi takes me in her car. I am going on another trip. Hopefully this time no one will hurt me, maybe I will get belly rubs! We arrive in Gatineau, QC and I see her, the lady cries when she sees my scars and she promises that she will protect me. I am nervous, many people made promises to me and I don't know if I should trust her. But, nobody is saying "pitbull" or "banned", where am I...

It's October 2020 and I'm 7 years old. It's been over 4 years since the lady cried when she saw me and now she's my Mummy. I have a Daddy and a Sister too and a fur brother named Jack. My human sister has epilepsy and I like to stay close to her when she doesn't feel good. Nobody hurts me and I still have the same name, "Penelope". I get belly rubs and kisses, good food and lots of warm beds, and most importantly I am loved and finally home, and safe.

They still don't say "pitbull" or "banned" here, this must be magic! Looks like this "Gypsy" has finally found her "Destiny" as "Penelope" the rescued Pitbull.

