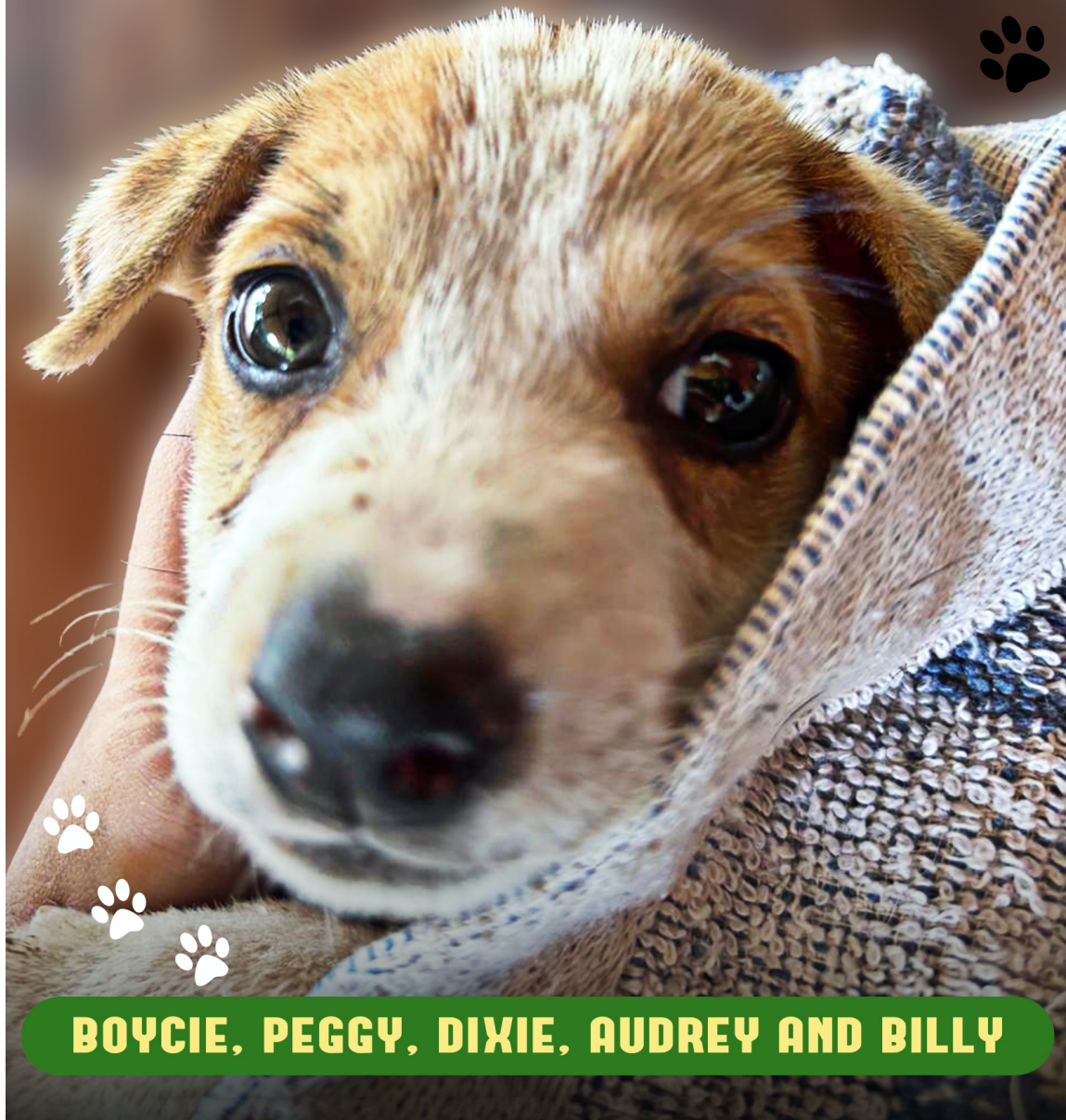


TALES ABOUT TAILS

True Stories of Street Dog Rescue: No.4



BOYCIE, PEGGY, DIXIE, AUDREY AND BILLY

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A short Introduction to “Tales About Tales” Issue No. 4

Welcome!

It’s funny how they find us.

We never go looking for these dogs. Not really. But they just keep turning up — hungry, lost, sick, scared — like they’ve heard through the coconut wireless that there’s a safe place up the road where the food bowls are always full, there’s space to stretch out, and no one raises their hand in anger.

Welcome to Issue No. 4 of *Tales About Tails*. Five more stories, and five more reasons why we keep doing what we do.

Let’s start with **Boycie**. We didn’t plan on getting another dog that day, but he didn’t care. He had other plans. He just showed up one morning, stared at us with that funny, wonky face of his, and stayed. Just like that. He’s a bit of a character, always warm and friendly, always trying to fit in, and sometimes barking at the wind just to let us know he’s still got something to say. We love him to bits.

Peggy was completely different.; found lost and all alone by a basketball court and taken home for love and care. Another guest who made herself at home, very fast. She’s clever, so loving, and somehow always in the middle of whatever’s going on. She’s got the kind of cheeky look on her face that says, “*What? I didn’t do it!*” even when she definitely did. Peggy is another of the bosses around here — we just *pretend* we’re in charge.

Then there’s **Dixie**. Ruth saw her in the middle of a busy road — poor thing just standing there, waiting for a break in traffic that was never going to come. No one else stopped. But Ruth did. Picked her up, brought her to me, and of course we kept her. She was thin, dirty, and had sad red eyes. But when we brought her home, she acted like she already knew the place. Walked up the stairs, looked around, and made herself at comfortable Maybe she’d been here before in another life. Who knows? All I know is, she’s safe now — safe and happy.

And finally, we’ve got **Audrey and Billy** — a mother and her pup. Audrey lived in a storage warehouse down the road from our house. We used to feed her and three other dogs there, even though the workers stared in disbelief at us ‘wasting’ food on a dog. That was before the place shut down and everyone left — Yes. The place just closed and all the workers left leaving the dogs behind them. Audrey was the only one who stayed; the other dogs went their own ways. What we didn’t know was that Audrey had had pups. She must have really hid them away, as we never had the slightest clue. Then one day she just walked up our path and joined us like it was the most normal thing in the world. We were delighted to see her and welcomed her like a long-lost daughter. But every morning she used to disappear for an hour or two, off out down the road, returning later; we thought nothing of it, as long as she was safe. And then, about two weeks later, she brought her baby — a tiny black thing that we later named Billy. Covered in fleas, nervous as anything, but alive. Still is. He’s been here nine months now, and he’s still shy — maybe something happened to him before. But he’s safe now. And he’s got his mum. And he’s got us too.

These dogs aren't just animals to us. They're family. Every single one has a story, a past, and a reason to be here. They don't ask for much — a meal, a pat on the head, a kiss and a cuddle at bedtime, and someone to watch their back. In return, they give you everything.

So that's this issue. Five stories, five reminders that love doesn't need big organizations, elaborate speeches or fancy premises. Sometimes it just needs a bowl of meat and rice, a dry corner to stay and sleep, a bit of care, and a bit of patience.

I would like to point out one thing; the first four issues of Tales About Tails will focus entirely on the fifteen dogs who currently live with us in our home, as part of one big loving family. We will cover their story in detail, such as their rescue, where we found them, their condition, and their life now. After that, after the update and summary in Issue No.5 (an update because the number of dogs who come to join us in our house seems to increase week by week - so who knows how many will be with us by the time I get round to writing Issue No. 5) we will delve into the missions and attempts of rescue, some successful and some not, of all the other dogs that we helped.

Thanks for reading. And if you've got a dog sitting next to you while you read this, give them a belly tickle and a scratch behind the ear from us.

Bonus – Wait until you get to the end of these five stories. There is a bonus story that will shock then please! I won't spoil it – Read it yourself and see what you think.

Steve and Ruth

Boycie: Now One of the Family.



It's not often that a dog adopts *you*—especially not when he already has a perfectly good home of his own. But that's exactly how we came to know Boycie. He wasn't rescued from the street or saved from danger. There was no dramatic moment of crisis. He simply arrived one day, decided he liked it, and never really left.

Back when we were still in the process of building our new house—situated well away from the city, with plenty of open space and quiet surroundings—we started to notice this cheeky little pup turning up outside our home whilst it was in the early stages of being built. Just a baby at the time, all energy and tiny legs, he was clearly well-fed, clean, and healthy. He wasn't a stray, wasn't injured and wasn't hungry. We soon found out that he belonged to a family who lived just down the dirt track road from us, barely one hundred yards away.

At first, we thought he was just curious. Puppies are like that—nosey, eager, always poking around where they shouldn't. But it didn't take long to realize that this little fella was doing more than just passing through. Every day he'd come sniffing around about mid-morning, then spend a bit of time playing with our dogs, especially Marlene, who was only a few months old herself, at that time. The two of them hit it off instantly, like they'd known each other all their lives. Two young pups, roughly the same age, and getting along like dear old pals.

He didn't bark or whine or cause any trouble. He just... joined in. One moment he was the neighbor's pup, the next he was part of the ever-growing pack. It was as natural as anything.



We started calling him Boycie—not just because he looked like a proper little character, but because of his bond with Marlene. If you've ever watched *Only Fools and Horses*, on TV, you'll know exactly who I'm talking about. Marlene and Boycie, the classic married couple—him with the booming laugh and ridiculous sense of self-importance, her with the eye rolls and the patience

of a saint. It was a perfect fit. Our Marlene already had that name, and this pup's arrival sealed the deal. Boycie, he became, and Boycie he's stayed.

Over time, his visits became more frequent and for much longer. He started joining the others for lunch. Then he began hanging around for his evening dinner. Before long, we'd find him curled up on the balcony at night, (we have a big, wood-built, sheltered ground floor balcony) snoozing peacefully, or squeezed into a spot under the table with the rest of them, his tail gently thudding against the floor in a dream.

And the thing is—his original owners didn't seem to mind. Maybe they saw the way he was drawn to us, maybe they figured he had more fun at ours. We never had any complaints or awkward conversations. No shouting, no trying to drag him back home. In fact, even now—five years later—Boycie still trots down the road every now and then to visit his old place. He'll pop in, say hello, maybe sniff around the garden for a few minutes. Then, just as easily, he turns around and heads back to ours, always in time for his evening meal with us. It's as if he's made his own peace with it: one home for history, one for real life.

He chose us. And we were more than happy to be chosen.



Boycie settled in beautifully. He was—and still is—one of the fittest, healthiest dogs we've ever had; a little bit overweight these days, but thankfully no injuries, no illnesses, no drama. A real clean slate. But don't let that fool you into thinking he's boring. Boycie is sharp as a tack. He's not one for mischief like some of the others, but he's got this clever, calculating little mind. You can almost see the gears turning in his head. He watches everything—the comings and goings, the routines, the patterns. He knows when it's mealtime. He knows when the gate's about to open. He knows which cupboard the treats are kept in, and when it's time to go out of our land for a walk up the road to catch up on the neighbors. Oh, but he *hates* the car. Always refusing to come out for

a joyride, preferring to stay home and play with his toys, or running around on the grassy area with the others.

Every time the car keys jingle, Boycie's ears prick up. He's first at the gate, pacing back and forth, eyes locked on me like he's trying to speak to me the words "Don't ask, as I ain't going nowhere". But it's strange because he used to love rides in the car, especially going to one of our favorite spots called Baywalk.

We used to take him to Baywalk with some of the others, when we had some spare time because it's about an hour's drive away, and he always loved it. Baywalk is a lovely open stretch by the sea, with cafes and restaurants to one side, and a good open space overlooking the sea on the other side. He really loved it; running in and out of the open-air food places, sniffing around, and eventually most of the owners got to know him and would throw him a slice of fish or meat. He was stocky yet fast back then. Sometimes, when our others were still bumbling along exploring and sniffing at bins and lampposts, Boycie would already be halfway down the walkway, on the lookout for more dogs to play with, or more tasty snacks to enjoy. But as said, funny thing now is that he's changed and quite happy to stay home, maybe old age creeping up on him – But he's only five!

And then there's Marlene. The bond between them has never wavered. They're a proper little pair. Not in a soppy way—they don't cuddle or lick each other constantly—but there's a quiet loyalty there. They're often seen lying near each other, chasing the same smells, or walking side by side around our land. If one barks, the other pricks up their ears. If one of them is missing from the group for a while, the other notices and goes out looking.

We never forced that connection. It just happened. Maybe they see something in each other that reminds them of the past when they were just two playful little pups. Yes, that must be it. Maybe it's the shared memories of being pups together. Whatever it is, it works.

Boycie is one of those dogs who seems to instinctively understand the rules of the house. He doesn't test boundaries like some of the others; like using the indoor hallway as a doggy toilet, like some I could mention. He knows what's allowed and what isn't. But don't get me wrong—he's no angel. He can be stubborn. He's got this habit of coming round in front of you and standing dead still when he doesn't want to do something; planting all four paws like tree roots and just refusing to budge. Try to move him and he'll look at you with those wide, innocent eyes, as if to say, "Who, me? Move? Not likely, mate. You move!"

But that's just Boycie. Cheeky. Strong-willed. Unapologetically himself.

He's also incredibly affectionate—in his own way. He's not a lap dog, not one to jump all over you or lick your face for hours. But he'll sit close. He'll nudge your hand for a scratch. He'll rest his chin on your leg when he's had enough excitement for one day. And every once in a while, he'll let out this low, contented sigh—the kind of sound that makes you feel like everything's right with the world. Sometimes I look at him and think about how easy it would've been for his life to turn out differently. Not worse, necessarily—his original family clearly weren't cruel or neglectful. But different. He might never have met Marlene. Might never have discovered Baywalk or the joys of

a backseat ride. Might never have stretched out on our bed, fast asleep with his paws twitching in some dream he has about chasing cats or mice or birds.

But instead, he found us. Or maybe we found each other. Doesn't really matter which way round it is. All I know is, if he's been out visiting and the sun starts to set and I hear the sound of barking at the main gate, I smile. Because I know who it'll be. Like clockwork. Right on time. Our Boycie—coming home for his dinner

And he always does:)

Peggy: Born to Belong



Some dogs seem destined to meet you before you even know they exist. That was Peggy.

It was an ordinary night, about a year and a half ago, during one of our regular feeding runs to the local council offices and yard, the Barangay, as it is called here. There were always three dogs there—scruffy regulars who knew our routine as well as we did. They'd be waiting by the main gate, tails wagging, eyes lit up with that hungry look and chasing our car as it slowed down to stop just inside the gates. We'd feed them every night on the way back from the regular 'Meals-on-Wheels' run, offer a bit of fuss, and check they were alright before heading home.

That night, while dishing out food under the dim light, a man I vaguely recognized from around the area passed by and paused.

"You feed them all the time, yeah?" he said.

"Try to," I replied.

“Well. There’s a tiny pup over by the basketball court. Looks bad. Just sitting there by herself.”

That was all he said, and then he walked off into the dark. I remember the quiet moment that followed, the kind where you hear everything more clearly—wind in the trees, plastic wrappers skittering across the tarmac, the occasional bark from the far side of the yard. But what he had just said needed looking into.

I finished putting the food down for the usual three and headed for the court. And there she was. A tiny little bundle, almost hidden by the shadows. She wasn’t crying or moving, just sitting there motionless, like she didn’t know what to do, almost like she’d given up. Her skin was raw and patchy, red with irritation and covered in scabs. You could see the fleas crawling on her. A skeletal thing, barely clinging on. She must have been no more than eight weeks old. Such a sad sight. I crouched nearby, not wanting to startle her, but she didn’t flinch. Didn’t move at all. That stillness, in a pup that young, said everything. She had no fight left.

I went back to the car, fetched one of the towels that we always kept for similar emergencies, and gently wrapped it around her. She didn’t resist. Just nestled into the cloth, as if it was the first warm thing she’d known in days. Ruth was waiting in the front seat.

“Found her,” I said, lifting the small shape and putting it carefully into Ruth’s lap. She looked down and sighed. “Oh, you poor thing... what have they done to you?”

We didn’t even discuss it. The decision had already been made. We took her home. That first night, we placed her gently in the back laundry room; the usual isolation room where the other dogs can’t get in and fuss her. She had to be put into isolation as whatever disease she’d got, we didn’t want the rest of our dogs to come up close and catch it. We always keep the back room clean and empty for situations just like this. We added a bit of bedding, a bowl of clean water, and some soft food. She didn’t eat much, but she drank. That was enough for now.

We named her Peggy, another character’s name from the British TV series called Eastenders, Peggy Mitchel.



The next morning, we were at the vet's as soon as the doors opened. One look and he knew: mange. Even so he tested her just to make double sure. Dr. Dan, the vet, is a good friend of ours now, after so many visits over so many years he would be, wouldn't he? But even so, even as a friend, he does an excellent job. In this case it was a bad case of mange, but treatable.

"Two baths a week, no more, with the special shampoo he always advises. And use these—twice a day, one tablet and one medicine," he said, handing over the medication. "Keep her isolated for at least a couple of weeks and then bring her back to test again. But right now, don't let her mix in with your other dogs as she's contagious." It sounded like the usual format for mange and skin problems, but we didn't worry too much. We'd had worse.

Back home, we started the treatment right away. The baths weren't easy—Peggy was so small and fragile that we had to hold her gently like a baby. But here's the thing: she never struggled. Not once. Most dogs, especially rescues with trauma, will fight you when it's bath time or medicine time. But not Peggy. She just looked up at you with those big, trusting eyes and let you do what needed to be done. It was as if she knew we were trying to help; as if she'd already made the decision to trust us, completely.

Day after day, with every bath, every dose of medicine, every clean blanket—we watched her grow stronger. Little by little, her skin began to heal. The redness faded. The scabs dropped off. Fleas disappeared, and tiny patches of fur began to return. But as well as the treatment that the vet had prescribed, we also decided to add our own touch; Hydrogen Peroxide, which I discuss in more detail in another book that I wrote about Natural Healing called "Natural Healing: Unusual Methods that I've Used-On Myself and My Dogs"



And then came the appetite. She started wolfing down her food like a dog possessed, wagging her tail furiously when we came near. She ate everything that we put in front of her, and then seemed like she wanted second helpings.

After about four weeks, we returned to Dr. Dan and he gave us the all-clear: safe to let her mix with the others. Great News! We took her back home, opened the car doors and let her jump down to the crowd of dogs who always come to greet our home-comings, and looked on as they all made a big fuss of her; already one of the crowd! A couple of the dogs sniffed her. A few curious tails wagged. But there was no fuss, no growls, no hostility. It was as if they'd been waiting for her to come out the back room and join the gang. Within days, it was like she'd always been there.

Peggy quickly found her place in the pack, and oddly enough, it was right in the center. You'd think a dog with her history—weak, sick, and so nearly gone—might end up on the edges. But no. Peggy had spark. Not loud or bossy, but strong. She made friends easily, played gently, and learned fast. Within eight weeks, she was not just healed—she was thriving. The mange was completely gone, the fur was back, and she had filled out into a healthy, happy little soul. And, like so many before her, she ended up on the bed, daytimes when she wasn't out playing, and at nights too. Not just on the edge of the bed, mind you. No, Peggy claimed a spot right in the middle, squeezing herself in between the two of us; Ruth and me. And right in the way of you stretching out during the night.

She became a sort of security around the house. Always nearby, always watching. She developed a bark that didn't match her size—a deep, strong warning bark, especially when someone approached the gate. You'd think she was twice her size just by sound alone. But the biggest surprise of all was how content she was to simply stay home.

Most dogs that we rescue from the streets are wanderers at heart, especially those who grew up in the center. You open the gate to take the car out, and they're off—sniffing, exploring, always

curious. But Peggy? She never showed the slightest interest in going out. Even if the gate was left open for deliveries or cleaning, she'd wander close, look out, and then turn around and trot right back into the yard. The house was her world. Her fortress. She'd seen what was out there—and she wanted no part of it. She chose peace and quiet, and the safety of her new home.

And in her quiet way, Peggy became one of the best watchdogs we've got. No drama. No chasing cars or bikes that were passing by outside the fence, and no chasing those big white birds that regularly fly down on to the land surrounding our house. But the second someone appears near the gate, she lets us know. And once we've checked it's safe? She gets a 'thank you' pat on her head and goes right back to her favorite spot on the balcony step, content that she has done her job.



There's something very special about Peggy. Something calm and self-contained. She doesn't beg for attention like some of the others do. But if you sit down on the porch or the edge of the bed, you'll feel a soft nudge from a cold nose against your leg—and there she is, pressing her head in close, eyes half-closed, content just to be near you.

Sometimes I look at her and try to remember that little pup sitting alone by the basketball court. That skeleton wrapped in skin and sadness. It's hard to believe it's the same dog. What would have happened to her if that guy hadn't told us about her? I dread to think....

But that's the thing about rescue work. Every once in a while, you meet a dog like Peggy—so broken, so lost and lonely, so fragile looking, that you wonder if you're too late - And then, given time, given treatment, given care and much love, they bloom into something beautiful. God's Miracle at work.

Dixie: Waiting to Be Found



It was one of those ordinary days when, somehow or other, something extraordinary happened. We weren't looking to rescue another dog. Not that day. Not at that moment. But life, and the dogs it places in our path, seems to have a way of rewriting the script.

I was down at Baywalk with four of our regular crew — can't recall exactly who, probably Lunar, Marlene, Winnie and Betty. Just giving them some air, letting them feel the sea breeze and sniff everything that moved. Meanwhile, Ruth had taken the car and was in town doing some errands, as she often does. She called me out of the blue; there was urgency in her voice.

She'd spotted a dog in the middle of the road. Not by the side of the pavement or hiding behind a tricycle — no, right in the center of the chaos. A young female dog just standing there, tense, unsure, trying to cross. She wasn't darting, wasn't panicking — just waiting, as if hoping the traffic would somehow pause and make room for her. But no one stopped. They never do, do they? People just drive on, oblivious or uncaring, swerving round the little souls who are stranded amongst all the traffic. Ruth was driving in a flow of traffic, but clearly saw what was happening, and stopped, right in the middle of the road.

She didn't hesitate. She got out the car and stepped into the road, raising her hand to slow the traffic down. A few cars swerved, one even came far too close for comfort — a moment away from taking out both her and the dog. But she managed to scoop her up in her arms, collar and all, and carried her back to the car.

By the time she came to where I was sitting in our regular open-air resto-bar on Baywalk, I could see the look in her eyes even before she even had time to speak. “Can we keep her?” she asked straightaway, even before saying Hello.

Now, when Ruth says that, it’s never really a question. It’s more of a positive statement, like a command that has to be obeyed. I already knew the answer. I took one look at the dog in her arms and said, “Of course.”

She didn’t look too bad at first glance, not a scruffy thing covered in disease or fleas; she looked quite well. But then, at a closer look, she was skinny, probably from lack of regular food, and with red eyes drooping and watering. The collar told a story too — or tried to. Someone had once claimed her, but obviously they hadn’t cared much, not judging by the state she was in. A collar on a neglected dog is no badge of honor — it’s a sign that someone failed. It’s often more heartbreaking than a stray with no history at all.

So, we brought her home.



Standard procedure — a little time in isolation, a good bath, and a full belly of home-cooked food; something that, by the way she pounced on it, was probably the first time in her short life that she had eaten a full meal, instead of surviving on scraps thrown from the table. The vet checked her the next day. Nothing major — no parasites, no distemper, no broken bones. Just the eyes — irritated and sore that needing daily drops. But otherwise, she was clean. A good sign. It meant she could join the others sooner.

But here’s where the story takes a strange turn.

The moment we let her into the main house and the land and garden; it was as if... she already knew it. There was no hesitation, no fear. She walked upstairs, then down again. Poked her nose into each room. Circled the kitchen, inspecting the corners, checked the water bowls, then trotted onto the outside balcony as if she was checking everything was still there; still where she'd left it. It was eerie, strange. Like she'd been here in this place before.

Now, I don't expect everyone to understand, but I am Spiritual and I've always believed in reincarnation — especially when it comes to dogs. The soul of a dog is pure, loyal, loving. Why wouldn't such a soul be given another chance? And if they came back, why wouldn't they find their way home again?

Ruth and I looked at each other and both said the same thing without needing to say a word: *She's been here before. It was amazing how she just settled in.*

We don't know who she might have been — maybe one of our old gang who passed during the earlier years. Maybe the little one who never made it through her illness. Maybe the one who ran off and never came back. But Dixie — that's what we named her — had a presence that felt familiar. And not just familiar. *Comforting.*

From the very first night, she made herself part of the rhythm of the household. She didn't push herself forward or demand attention. She just fitted in. Like a missing piece of a puzzle finally snapped into place.



She followed the other dogs but never clashed with them. Found her own sleeping spot under the dining table at first — then slowly inched her way closer to the rest, choosing her moment to curl up next to whichever dog looked least likely to grumble. Smart girl. Within a week, it was as if she'd always been there.

But Dixie wasn't just well-behaved. She was affectionate in a very special way — not loud or bouncy, but quietly devoted. She'd jump up and rest her chin on your leg and look up at you as if checking in. Just letting you know she was there. Grateful. And she was energetic too — bursting with life, chasing butterflies that we have flying in the garden, charging around the land in great loops, teasing the younger ones into games of tick-chase, then collapsing and rolling over onto her back in the grassy areas, in the shade, as if to say, *I'm done now, wake me for dinner.*

One of her favorite pastimes, funny enough, is sitting on the steps to the balcony and watching everything going on in the land, amongst the trees, and all around her; like a little queen on her balcony. Eyes alert, tail wagging slightly whenever she sees movement. When someone comes to the gate, like a delivery driver or something, she is one of the first to announce it with her excited high-pitched barking — but never aggressively. Just in a polite sort of heads-up, like, *Excuse me, we have guests.*

Twelve months have passed now since that day when Ruth stopped the traffic to save her. Her eyes are clear now. No more redness. Her coat is thick and shiny. She's strong, quick, and has a lovely way of playfulness about her. Her trust in us is absolute — and our trust in her is the same. You know you've earned a dog's love when they jump up, look you in the eyes and lean in, just gently, as if to say, *Thank you.*

But it's not just about being rescued. Like all the others before her, Dixie rescued us in her own quiet way, too. It's a sense of mutual benefit, for both sides, the dogs and us. Sometimes it's easy, for us to feel overwhelmed by the sheer number of dogs we now have at home, and so many more poor souls in the streets in need. You look around and you see hunger, cruelty, ignorance, and start to wonder if anything you do makes a difference. But then along comes a little soul like Dixie — and reminds you that *yes, it does.*

Because for her, it made all the difference.



And every now and then, late at night when the house is quiet, I catch a glimpse of her lying on the wooden floor of the balcony, near the sofa, perfectly still, staring into the darkness as if she's remembering a past life. And I can't help but wonder... was this her home before? Did she come back to find us again? Did she wait, patiently, for the day Ruth would bravely walk out into traffic and reach out her hand?

I don't know for sure. All I know is that she's home now. Where she belongs. With us. And we are better for it.

Audrey and Billy: Through the Fence to Safety



You get used to the strays after a while. Not in a cold way — never that — but you come to recognize the rhythm of their lives. The quiet, or terrified ones who keep their distance even when you put food down for them. The scavengers who've learned not to trust anything or anyone. The hopeful ones who wait in the same spot every night, hoping you haven't forgotten them. And then, every so often, you meet a dog who surprises you. Not with noise or drama, but with quiet persistence. Audrey was one of those.

She'd been living down the road at a warehouse — a big place, just a few minutes from our house. There were four dogs, including her, that used to hang about there. We don't know if they belonged to the staff or were just tolerated, but they were there every day, curled up under the lorries, scavenging from the rubbish bins, hiding from the heat and hard rain.

Even back then, before we knew her properly, we always stopped to feed her and all of them. As soon as our car pulled up, a quick honk of the horn, a whistle, and they'd trot over — cautious but hopeful; the warehouse staff looking on in disbelief that we would go to such trouble for what? For a *dog*? We never missed a day if we could help it.

Then the warehouse closed. Doors shuttered. Staff gone. And the dogs? They were just left behind. No one came back for them. Not even once. Just abandoned like old garbage. We kept feeding them, of course. Pulling over by the side of the road and leaving bowls near the fence for them. But slowly, one by one, the dogs disappeared. Maybe they wandered off looking for food. Maybe someone took them in. Or maybe... well, we try not to think too hard about the other possibilities. But Audrey stayed.

She was a slim little thing, a Filipino Aspin with a brindle type of stripey coat, big eyes and an alertness that never left her face. She didn't beg, didn't bark, but always came up close; never shy like some. Always waiting at the same spot at the same time. Always watching out for us as she heard the noise of the car engine as we came along the road. She was always waiting and wanting — not just waiting for the food but also a bit of fuss and kindness.

We didn't know that she was pregnant. She didn't look it. And she kept her secret so well that even if we'd suspected, there wasn't much we could've done. Weeks passed. Then, out of the blue, something strange happened.

We were sitting on the balcony at home one morning — just one of those quiet mornings when you are enjoying a coffee and a well-earned rest, and when the dogs are lounging around and amusing themselves somehow. And then we saw her. Audrey. Walking calmly up the path.



She'd come in through a hole in the bamboo fence at the far end of the land. Trotted right up and climbed one step at a time onto the balcony like she'd been invited.

No fear. No hesitation. Just... *here I am.*

We looked at each other, a bit amused, a bit shocked and very much surprised. But we didn't have to think twice, didn't even need to discuss it. She was welcome. Always had been, and from that day on, Audrey became part of the household.

But still, something was odd about her behavior and her movements.



Every morning, without fail, she would leave, going back through the hole in the bamboo fence at the end of the land; this would be every day. Then sometime mid-morning or after lunch, she'd reappear. Not tired. Not frantic. Just quietly coming home.

And then one day — maybe two weeks or so later — she came back with a pup.

A tiny black pup; couldn't have been more than a few weeks old. Wobbly legs, head too big for his body. His skin in a terrible state and covered in fleas. And that's when everything made sense. All those little disappearances. All the time spent away. She'd had pups — at least two, we reckon. And she'd been hiding them somewhere close, keeping them safe. Maybe the others didn't make it. We'll never know. But this one — this one she brought home to us as if she knew it was time for him to be cared for.

We named him Billy (ok, yes, you guessed it, after another TV soap opera character, this time from Coronation St)



He was fragile, poor little thing. Flea-bitten and scratching himself constantly, and twitching in a nervous kind of way. I used diatomaceous earth on him straight away — brilliant stuff, does the job naturally; kills all ticks and blood suckers, but not so good with the tiny mites and fleas. And the next day we took him to the vet. Dr. Dan gave us his verdict after a thorough testing. All clear, apart from some skin irritation. A bit of treatment, some baths, and he'd be fine.

As soon as I could, I went back to the old deserted warehouse and the overgrown scrub nearby, searching for signs of any other pups. I combed through the grass, called softly, even left food in a few hidden spots. But nothing. Not a sound. Not a sniff. Just silence.

So now it was the two of them. Audrey and Billy. Mother and son.

And you could tell straight away how strong their bond was. Audrey kept a close watch on him. Nudged him gently when he hesitated. Lay beside him at night, wrapping herself around him like a blanket. She was still milk-feeding him, but didn't smother him — she let him explore — but always with an eye on where he was.

And Billy? Well... he's one of the shyest little souls we've ever had. Nine months on, and he's still unsure of everything around him, preferring to be a bit of a loner, rather than join in with the fun. He doesn't come charging up for a cuddle like the others when we enter the room, or come back home. Doesn't jump at the gate or bark at passers-by outside. He watches from a distance. Observes. Takes everything in. And flinches if anyone comes close or moves too fast.

It breaks your heart, really. Makes you wonder what happened in those early weeks before Audrey brought him to us. Sometimes kids can be so cruel with animals, thinking they are just a game to play with. So can adults. Maybe he was scared. Maybe he was hurt. Maybe he just learned to hide.

But here's the thing — he's trying now. Every day, getting a little better and less nervous; I'm sure that in time he will be fine, as positive signs are there to be seen. He doesn't run from us anymore. Not always, anyway. He'll take food from the hand if you're gentle. He watches the other dogs play and sometimes takes a cautious step forward them, sometimes joining in, sometimes just watching.

And when it's quiet — late evening, or early morning — he comes alive in his own quiet way. He'll chase a shadow across the floor. Tug gently at a bit of rope or chew on a floor towel. And then, if you're lucky, he'll look at you and let his tail wag just a little; but that's rare.

We never push him. That's the key with dogs like Billy. You don't rush. You don't force them against their will. You just *be there* for them when they are ready. And always be there for them again, and again and again, until the fear starts to fade and the trust begins to grow.

As for Audrey — she's lovely and she's thriving. Her coat is glossy, and it's a lovely bridle design of different colors, like a true Aspin. She is still calm and watchful, but very playful, especially when dinner is being served out early evenings. But we have definitely seen the change in her; there's a lightness to her these days. A kind of happiness. As if she's finally learned how to let Billy do his own thing now, and relax.



Sometimes, when she thinks no one's looking, she'll play like a pup herself — rolling on her back in the grass, teasing the others with little nips and dashes, and she loves to especially play and chase across the land with Dixie and Emily, sometimes even with Billy joining in now. It's a beautiful thing to sit and watch them like that, beats watching television every time!

You know, out of all the stories we've gathered over the years, this one might be the gentlest. No dramatic rescue. No broken bones or bloody trauma. Just a mother who refused to leave her

responsibilities behind. A dog who held on. A dog who came looking for help when everyone she knew, meaning her previous owners from the warehouse, had turned their back on her and had just gone their own way without a single thought for her safety. And a very special Mother who brought her last surviving pup to the only place she trusted.

And maybe that's what makes her story so powerful.

Because Audrey didn't *ask* us for help. She *told* us. Struggling through a hole in the fence, walking right up the path, her puppy held between her teeth, and almost pleading '*Can we stay?*' And Billy... well, he's staying too. However long it takes. However slowly he learns. We'll be here. Because sometimes it's not the loudest bark that needs hearing. Sometimes it's the quiet ones — the shy ones — the ones who've been through more than they can say, who need help the most. Sometimes they are the ones who need us most of all.

And he will get better and better, louder and stronger, until he is as big a nuisance as the rest of them. Hahahaha!

Bonus Story: Snatched, Saved, and Smuggled Away



It was crazy! During the short time it took to write this eBook, two more dogs joined us at home to make the gang numbers up to 17!

We didn't plan on adding two more dogs to the home during the few days it took in writing this eBook, Issue No. 4, but rescue work has a way of throwing surprises at you — and you've got to move accordingly when the moment comes. And sometimes move fast! No time to plan it. No time to think too hard about it. You just have to move.

It had started with a quiet word from one of the security guards at the shopping mall — one of the good ones; one of the few guards who likes dogs. He'd told us about the new management complaining about dogs hanging around and the mess they made with their food; he'd actually told us a week or two before, but this time he told us something that stopped us in our tracks: this was serious! Very serious!

The reason? The new management team who had taken over the mall had now decided that they wanted all dogs out! They thought that shoppers might be put off by having a few dogs laying around. New guys in charge, new rules to be followed. That was it. Nothing personal. Just wanted all dogs out of sight, out of mind. That was their ruling and no argument about it.

We'd been feeding those two dogs every single day for more than twelve months. Unlike other dogs who just passed through, staying at the mall for a few days before moving on, these two dogs had made the mall their home. They lived near the far side, tucked out of the way near a delivery bay where it was quiet. They were never any trouble. Just two strays trying to survive — sleeping side by side, moving around the car park quietly and causing no trouble to no one. We named them Denzil and Corinne, after the married couple from the TV comedy show *Only Fools and Horses*. It suited them. They were always together — walking, eating, sleeping, even stretching in sync sometimes like they'd rehearsed it.

They knew us well. They knew the sound of the car engine as we pulled up and then got the smell of the food in the back before we had even parked. As soon as they saw us they'd come running. Wagging their tails and jumping up to us. They'd eat, have a drink, get a bit of fuss and affection, and then wander back to their spot like it was just part of the daily routine.

Yes. Before the change of management things had been fairly ok for us and also for the dogs but as soon as the new guys were in charge that's when things started to change as they introduced new rules of theirs. First, we were told not to leave food on the ground. Fair enough. So, we started using bowls. Then the bowls began to go missing. Sometimes we found them smashed and stamped on, or they were just missing. It wasn't subtle. Someone clearly didn't want them there. And then came the warning from our friendly guard; he looked stressed and worried as he told us. This was the warning we couldn't ignore — The dogs were going to be taken away in the morning. So, we acted fast; we had no choice. the two dogs who'd been living there for over a year were very soon to be taken away. Not to a shelter, not to a farm somewhere. To the dog pound. And the orders were clear — once they got there, they were to be put down. No questions. No second chances. It was a case of euthanasia and no escape!

It was him, the same guard who now helped Ruth catch them, late at night when she was out after one of her Zumba nights, and I was at home dog-sitting. He knew their habits and where they would be and helped her approach them. No panic, no force. Ruth got them into the car gently, one by one, and drove straight home. I'd had the telephone call and was waiting when she arrived. We carried them into the back room, the same isolation room that we always use for new rescues to let them get used to their new surroundings and also to isolate them from our other dogs, in case of any problems. A quiet space. Safe. No pressure. Just food, water, and a soft spot to lie down.

We kept them in there for two days, for two reasons. First of all, we didn't want to risk them bolting back to the mall like Ken did when we first rescued him from the same place a while ago. He'd slipped away overnight and somehow made the long journey back — but we found him the next day and brought him home again. Lesson learned. This time, we waited. And the second reason, as mentioned, is that we wanted to keep them in isolation for a few days just to let them settle. When we finally let Denzil and Corinne out, we held our breath. Would they panic? Would they try to run away? Would the others accept them? Would there be a fight?

But none of that happened.

Our dogs — bless them — were curious, sure, but calm. They sniffed around, a few gentle growls here and there just to set the pecking order, and then — that was it. They were in.

At the time of writing this, it's been two weeks now, and you'd think they'd been here for years. They eat with the others, sleep where they like, and follow us around like shadows. Denzil's a bit of a cuddler — always looking for a pat or a scratch behind the ear. Corinne's even more open with her affection; jumping up, wagging her tail, following us around, and watching everything we do so that she doesn't miss a trick. We've even seen her wag her tail in her sleep. That's a good sign.

They've settled in so well it's almost strange. Like they always knew they'd end up here. Like they were just waiting for the right time.

So that's seventeen dogs in the house now. Seventeen! And we started with one — Stinker, all those years ago, never thinking we'd end up like this, housing all these beautiful creatures. But that's life, right? It sounds mad when you say it out loud. Seventeen. But every one of them has a story, a reason, a place. And we don't regret a single one.

Denzil and Corinne were nearly lost. Nearly gone without a chance. But now they're part of the gang — safe, fed, loved and cared for, for the rest of their lives.

Final Thoughts – One More Bowl, One More Life

With Boycie, Peggy, Dixie, Audrey, Billy — and yes, Denzil and Corinne too — Issue 4 comes to a close.

Each of these dogs arrived with nothing. No home, no food, no safety net. Just a will to survive and a glimmer of hope that maybe, just maybe, someone might care enough to stop, bend down, and say, "Come on then, you're safe now." And that's what we did. Not because we're saints or heroes — far from it, we're just an average couple — but because once you see a dog in need, it's very hard to look away. Especially when they look back at you with pleading eyes.

Boycie brought laughter with his crooked little smile and stubborn charm. Dixie strolled in like she owned the place, had been there before, and settled in and never looked back. Peggy reminded

us that even the most vulnerable dogs can find their strength again. Audrey and Billy showed us what family looks like — even when the family bond comes from a terrible start to life. And then there was that final surprise — Denzil and Corinne, just hours from being lost forever, who now sit comfortably side by side, safe and warm, with full bellies and soft beds.

Each story in this issue was different, but all shared the same token and gift of love — often unspoken, but always felt.

As we mentioned before, these first four issues focus on the fifteen, sorry, seventeen, dogs who currently live with us - Yes - seventeen now! They're not numbers. They're not projects. They're not problems to be solved. They are family. They wake us up in the morning, follow us through the day, and lie curled up at our feet at night. They trust us. And in return, we give them everything we've got.

But this isn't where the story ends. Not even close. Starting in Issue No. 5, we'll share happy, and sad, memories of the dogs who were with us before; dogs who died of old age, dogs who sadly could not be saved from illness, and dogs who preferred life on the streets and just walked away. Some of those tales will be hard to tell. Others will make you smile. All of them will be true. And through it all, we hope you'll stay with us. Because if there's one thing we've learned, it's this: every time you save one dog, the world doesn't change. But *their world does*. And that's more than enough.

Please follow us on YouTube to see our '*Tales About Tails*' series of videos, and please check below for more books that are completely yours for free.

Thank you for reading. Thank you for your support and thank you for caring.

Steve and Ruth

P.S. Please forgive any typos or rough edges. I'm just guy doing his best to tell true stories from the heart — not a polished writer, just a bloke with a pen and a pack of dogs.

-FREE-

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Please be sure to check back regularly as more true stories of Street Dog Rescue are always on the way – Thank You

Support Our Mission

If you’ve enjoyed this book and want to help us feed, care for, and rescue more street dogs here in Palawan, you can support us via Ko-fi.

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Thank you for supporting the work we do — and for helping more dogs to finally live happy, healthy lives!

Please Read My Disclaimer

I am not a veterinarian, or qualified in any medical way, and the information I give in this book is based purely on my own experiences gained from caring for rescue dogs here in the Philippines. Everything shared in my books — from natural remedies to feeding methods — has worked for my own dogs, but every dog is different, and I always urge you to test carefully before jumping right in to any new healing method. What worked for me and my dogs may not necessarily work for you or your dogs.

Always use your own judgement and, if you're unsure, consult a qualified vet before trying anything new. These natural methods are meant to support your dog's health, not always to replace professional care.

The aim of this book is simple: To help people care for their dogs safely, naturally, and affordably — especially when a trip to the vet isn't always possible or affordable.