

Hi, my name is Daffy and this is my story.

I was born in March of 2001 in a small town in Georgia. I don't know what we did, but my family



and I were put in a box and left on the side of the road when I was only a few weeks old. Some people picked us up and took us home. They took care of us as best they could, but they soon realized they couldn't take care of all of us. People came and one by one took away my brothers and sisters. Sadly, no one wanted me.

I was small and had a nervous problem around people. (Maybe that was because of the mean kid that threw rocks at me.) I think I stayed with that family for about three months; I'm not very good with time. I had to sleep outside under a car. It wasn't very comfortable and I was very lonely. Pretty soon, there wasn't

much food for me anymore. I roamed from house to house trying to find something to eat. One day, I saw a man working on a house in my neighborhood. I saw him eating lunch every day. Eventually, I had to go say, "Hi."

From that day on I got free lunch and didn't even have to work that hard! All I did was bark at the occasional person walking by. My job helping that man lasted about a week and then the house was finished. As the man was cleaning and packing up to go home it started raining really hard, so I ran and hid under my car. Then, all of a sudden, the man ran from the house and got in his truck to leave. I didn't know what to do. Should I stay? Should I run out to say "goodbye"? Then I saw the man drive away. I was sad and depressed. All of a sudden, the truck stopped. The door opened, and the man whistled for ME to get in the truck! I guess he needed my help on another job!

I did such a good job for him that I get to do my job from home now. My pay for working hard is free food, a nice home, and a great medical plan. (Medical is important since I am now a diabetic.) That man must really love me because medicine is expensive! I think about my brothers and sisters...are they diabetic too? Did they get a good home? Are they as happy as I am? Can they afford food and medical? I would hate to think they had to be given up because no one had the money to take care of them. How sad it must be not to have a family. Or worse yet, to have a family and then *lose* it.

I started "Daffy's" with my dad, Tom Wargo, to help any other animal, *even a cat*, if they are in the same situation I was in. We're helping families afford to stay together. It just took ONE person to make a difference in my life. Maybe *you* can be that one person for someone else. Help a new family get together. Help an old family stay together. And if you see a dog, especially one that looks like me, help him out or bring him by. He may be related to me.

Daffy's Pet Soup Kitchen

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"Working To Keep Families & Their Pets Together"