



March 8, 2011 8, 2011

Dear Future Owner,

Hi my name is Spike. I'm in the Lockup Pound. I didn't expect to be here. I was chewing on a shoe. Next thing I knew I fell asleep. When I woke up I was in a cage. My old owner Mike wouldn't let me do anything. He wouldn't let me sleep, run, or jog. Now my drive to the pound was terrible. I was sad, and scared, and afraid.

I need out of here! I miss having a family to feed me meat and to love me. It's cold here. I need soft, warm bed. I would like a small bone to bury in your backyard.

If you need help getting your paper I will be there. I will play with you when you are lonely. Please come soon.

Love,
Spike

p.s. I'm in cage 13.





March 8, 2011

Dear Future Owner,

Hi! My name is Grace. I'm in the Lock Up Pound. I've been here for the last two months. One day I wandered off, fell asleep, and the next thing I knew, I was in the pound.

I cry for food, but they don't give me any. I feel lonely. I really want a good home with kids. I want love, care, a bed, and a woods to run around in. I'm a really good dog. My paws need stretched. I need to run... be free.

I can PLAY with you. Do you get lonely? I can be by your side. I can chase mice and fetch the news paper for you. I hope you come get me soon.

I love,
Grace.

