



*Susan's
Story*

Hello, I'm Susan.
This is my story.
It's a true story.

I live in Fiji,
an island in the Pacific
Ocean, a long way away.

Something special
happened to me.
Let me tell you about it!



I was a lonely dog. Nobody cared for me.
I had to find something to eat in the rubbish.
People were always trying to chase me away.

One day I decided
that the safest
place was to live
under a little old
house where no
one lived.



That was when my adventure began.

One dark night two people arrived to live in the house. I heard them talking.
It was a man and a woman.
They had come from Australia.
I heard their names: Bill and Gisela.

Everything was quiet,
but in the middle of the
night I heard the man
say, “What’s that noise?
It sounds like there are
birds in the roof”



The next morning
I heard them talking again:
“What’s that noise?
Now it sounds like
little animals in the roof”

Later in the day
I heard them say again:
“What’s that noise?
It’s not in the roof.
It’s under the house!”



That's when we first met. They came outside.
I looked at them and wagged my tail to say,
"Hello." I like being friendly.
They were friendly, too.

Then they bent
down and looked
under the house
but did not see
anything.



It was too dark under there.

Did I have a surprise for them next day.
When they said, “Hello” to me, it wasn’t just me. There in front of them were some of my puppies, some of my babies.
That was the real reason why I wanted a safe place. I wanted to have my puppies where they would be safe, but now some of them were old enough to open their eyes and begin to walk.



Now they could see: I had puppies.
Here I am with my puppies:



Can you see
me?



I was so happy for them to meet my puppies, especially when more of them came outside.



“Now we know what the squealing was in the middle of the night. The puppies were waking up and wanting a feed.”

That’s what they said.

They counted 8 puppies and I have 8 udders, so every puppy had a feeding place.

That is what they thought. I smiled.



These new friends living in the house,
Bill and Gisela,
told others who living nearby
and lots of children came around to see.



I made new friends with some of the children and let them pick up my puppies.



Then I had to say goodbye to Bill and Gisela,
because they were going home.

I heard them talking.

They wanted to visit their grandchildren,
Philip and Sofia. They were their grandad
and grandma.

But there were
two more
surprises,
one for me,
and one
for them



The first surprise was a surprise for me. By telling others about me they found people who said that they would love to have one of my puppies to care for and take home.

They also made sure that someone would come and find a new place for me and the rest of the puppies to live where we would no longer be hungry and lonely.



The second surprise was that when they counted all my puppies, there were not 8, but 12 of them.



That was the real reason why there was so much squealing when they wanted a feed, because there were 12 of them and room for only 8 of them feeding from me.



Now I hope Bill and
Gisela will tell my
story.
I liked them and
I know they liked me.
We made friends
together
and we will always
remember. - Susan.



This is, indeed, a true story, which I have sought to tell from the dog's perspective. It occurred while I was doing 2 weeks of teaching at Pacific Theological College, Suva, Fiji, October, 2012, when we stayed in the visiting lecturer's house in the compound of the college, where dogs were strictly forbidden. Susan, a stray and just skin and bone, had found her way in and commandeered the underneath of the house to have her litter of puppies. Unusually for a dog with pups she not aggressively protective, but friendly and in her own way welcoming to her family. The RSPCA took her after we left – hopefully finding a place for her and her puppies to be cared for.

Bill Loader