



Misha Smith

September 7, 2018

Everyone loved Misha and her glorious coat. It's more accurate to say she was an all-breed instead of a mixed breed. She could herd, guard, catch, fetch, and play soccer. She could get food (or whatever she wanted) by laying her head in your lap and gazing at you with her big beautiful dark topaz eyes. She was intelligent, fearless, and protective of her pack. For almost 14 years she loved and cared for us better than a person ever could. Upon bringing her home, she immediately displayed her personality and 'stubborn-ocity'. She refused to be contained by gates. She climbed on top of the kitchen table to be able to look out the windows until she was tall enough to do it on her own. Her intelligence and fearlessness was nearly her undoing once. We were on the porch and she wanted to come outside and be with us. Within a few moments, she went to an upstairs window, knocked out the screen, and jumped off the roof. She was smart enough to find a way outside, and fearless enough to go for it. For most of her life, she was 'the dog who never slept'. We would wake in the middle of the night to see her staring out the window, on watch, for evil doers and trespassers on her land. The only thing she liked more than a walk, was another walk. On those walks, there were so many times she would hold her business until we reached the most conspicuous spot. Usually this was on a corner by a streetlight, or directly under a mailbox.

We needed her more than she needed us. From the very beginning, she was fated to take care of us. When we picked her up from the dog pound in 2004, she had already been dumped there twice. We love her and will miss our little wolf in pretty princess packaging every day for the rest of our lives. The 14 years we had her and her pack mate were the best 14 years of our lives. The world is a lonelier place without her soul.

Comments



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