



## George Curts

March 24, 2024

I first met George when volunteering through work at the Animal Protection League in Anderson in 2012.

My “assignment” was as a dog walker. While I enjoyed meeting and walking with many of the dogs, one in particular caught my eye. Kept in the lobby, away from the other dogs, was a cute tri-color beagle. He was friendly and affable, but kept his head under a blanket-perhaps to shield himself from the noise of the other dogs barking or just unsure of his circumstances. I found out his name was George, he was two and had been surrendered by his owner due to “poor behavior”. That owner’s mistake was my good fortune. We immediately struck up a friendship, walked numerous times and had fun playing. I left that day thinking they I might be able to give George a good home.

I waited a couple weeks and checked to see if George was still available. He was, and thus started an amazing journey filled with laughs, some angst (in his younger days, George served as an escape artist and a chewer) and a lot of love.

George became part of my pet family and eventually, its senior citizen. He would howl in the morning for his breakfast treat and bark in the evening to let me know it was time for his dinner. He enjoyed the good life and slowed down

considerably but never lost his spunk. When an opossum wandered into the backyard a couple summers ago, my young Golden Retriever was curious but cautious. Not George- he picked up the creature and swung it around like a rag doll.

RIP Georgie C....you were an original and faithful companion.