

## I Was a Bait Dog

By Maggi Hall, March 2019



**A** bait dog is one tossed into a dog fighting ring to “liven” up the bloodletting. It’s popular and illegal but that doesn’t stop the viciousness in people’s hearts. Somehow, I escaped death but my face sure took the hit. Yet through those scars shone a constant smile.

We don’t know anything else about my history except my salvation. It started with a carpenter working on a house. He heard a soft whimpering coming from the abandoned building next door. That was me. After a few hours he got curious – thank the Lord – and wandered over. There I was, weak, exhausted, and without food and water. Of course, I was chained to a tree with no protection from the elements. He gathered me up and drove to FloridaWild. The staff named me Scruffy because I was - not my fault though. My face may have been scared but I radiated a spirit of survival! Maggi decided I needed a name to honor my survival and spirit. I became Sir Galahad!!

When Maggi came to see me to get information and advertise me for adoption, she fell in love with me. She saw past the scars to a pure heart. Said she’d take me home but she had five dogs and if there was one thing I hated – it was a dog – any size, shape, or breed – thanks to dog fighting. Here I was, a little tyke and I’d try to tear up any dog I saw!

FloridaWild got me strong again, figured I was about eight. I put on weight and was advertised for adoption. I sat in my kennel, wandered the play area, went for walks with the staff. I was without a home other than FloridaWild for eight long months. No one wanted a scar face. It broke everyone’s hearts, especially mine.

Evidently prayers were rendered upward and answered because finally in walked a couple to the Funky Mutt Market asking to see what dogs FloridaWild had. Judy, the receptionist said, “Only one but we all love him. He’s truly a sweetheart – just no dogs or cats!”

When she brought me out to them and sat me on the floor my little legs sprawled out in all directions – naturally – I resided in a kennel except during play times. I needed long walks, lots of hugs, massages, and adoration.

Linde and Pete took one look at me and grinned – just like I always do. Pete had scars on his face from Viet Nam and Linde had a scar from a lip operation. Pete said, “He’ll fit right in with his scars,” then gathered me up and off we went. That’s when my life of pleasure and respect began.

They named me “Snert” because my mom loved a cartoon about a dog named Snert. Hagar’s dog, Snert, was supposed to be a bird hunting dog but the reader of the cartoon always got the impression that most of the time Hagar’s Snert just didn’t feel like working. He understood everything Hagar told him, but generally he usually refused to do what he was told. Ha ha! The name fit me though I really did obey my parents more often than not.

I was spoiled rotten, walked all over the neighborhood, even got used to dogs passing me. My dad sawed the legs off a large chair so I could easily jump up and watch TV beside their chairs. I was served the best foods, had lots of soft blankets – and oh the love. **I’d waited all my life for this, dreamed of having this kind of home – and finally I got it.**

After a year or so I began having health issues but FloridaWild’s vets were able to keep me going without pain. I was able to be with my amazing parents for almost three remarkable years. I didn’t want to leave them but my pain grew worse. Maggi came to kiss me God speed on my journey to the Rainbow Bridge and tell me her Angels were waiting. She promised I’d be healthy again.

Then my parents came and took me in their arms....

