

A dog called Micky, who won the lottery

Written by Andy Owen



This is a story about a dog called Micky.

He is, we believe, a possible Whippet/ Lurcher cross, although we might be wrong.

It matters little.

He was dealt a very bad hand. He was born in China.

A country that has zero respect for animals. I should say more, but I'll stop at that.

Micky's Chinese name was *Kaixin* (pronounced Hi Sin), which, translated, means, "*To rejoice, to have a great time, enjoy life to the full*", etc.

A misnomer doesn't come close.

From the moment he was born, Micky has enjoyed no rejoicing, no love of life and no fun.

Quite the opposite, in fact - as thousands, probably hundreds of thousands - of dogs over there - have to endure a truly horrendous life.

To be more precise - a short, very cruel, horrific life.

The scar on his head and the other visual reminders on his legs and tummy, show how badly so-called human beings have treated him - and they are a constant reminder of what he had to go through, to survive from one day to the next.

I can't even think about it - as it makes me so angry.

But, one morning - a few months ago - for the first time in his life - he was finally dealt a few good cards.

Micky, with the help of some astonishingly committed and wonderful animal lovers, was given a chance of life.

He was on the way to the meat market along with a lorry load of other beautiful dogs - mainly hounds - and the complete load was purchased from the person driving the truck - and they ended back in friendly kennels.

*(Yes, you read that right. The **meat** market. The Chinese like to eat dogs. They don't have enough roaming unloved and homeless on the streets to meet demand, so they also import them in from abroad.*

Including the UK. And nothing is done to stop this. Unbelievable, but unfortunately, true).

Anyway, because of these aforementioned marvellous people, Micky and his lucky friends, were soon being offered to people around the world, who could give them the life that they deserved.

We agreed to take Micky, as we had a hole in our hearts after tragically losing our beautiful greyhound Barney in August last year.

You may remember me sharing that huge loss with some of you. You can see Barney's picture on the Home Page of this site, running on Gwithian beach.

We flew Micky from China to Milan, then, following a few days' rest, he was flown to kennels near Heathrow. Again, after a short rest, he was driven down to us in Cornwall, to begin his new life.

He is now surrounded by love. He has never known that in his life before.

He is clearly starting to enjoy it – and the real Micky is starting to emerge.

His new sister – Demi – our Whippet, who lost her big brother Barney and missed him terribly - now has a new brother and she adores him.

Micky is now well into his new life.

He has, in effect, won the lottery.

So have we...

He now enjoys a garden of $\frac{3}{4}$ acre, in an idyllic and quiet village in Cornwall. He charges around it at a scary speed - just like a puppy.

Which, of course, is what he is, despite him being over 2 years old. He never had the chance to grow up naturally.

He had to be old before his time. His instinct was just to survive. Now, he has other less traumatic pressures.

Like trying to make sure that Demi doesn't get more of the treats than he does. Or ensuring that he occupies the space next to Dad on the sofa.

Extremely important.

He's trying to figure out what a beach is and why it is so big. And what is that thing that humans call "the sea"? You can see him trying to work it all out. It scares him a bit at the moment.

"I'm not sure about it. I can't understand it. But, with my lovely new family around me, I will. Just give me time".

You have the rest of your life, my beautiful boy

Below, you will find a short pictorial history of his progress so far. He's doing very well and we are now starting to see his true personality.

As I am writing this in June 2022, if anyone would like an update in the future, I would be delighted to share it with you. Just email me.

THE LAST CAGE I WILL EVER SEE.



MUCH BETTER THAN COLD & DIRTY CHINESE CONCRETE.



DUCKY IS THE FIRST PAL I'VE EVER HAD. I LOVE HIM.



MY BEAUTIFUL NEW SISTER, DEMELZA.



I LOVE IT WHEN DADDY HOLDS MY HAND.



I'VE NEVER SUNBATHED BEFORE. BUT I'LL FIGURE IT OUT.



I'M A BIT SCARED ON THE BEACH. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. BUT I WILL...



I THINK I'M GOING TO ENJOY IT HERE.



MY OWN PERSONAL MEADOW.

