



I adopted Bella in the fall of 2001 when she was 6 weeks old. She has always been a super happy dog and is able to brighten anyone's day. She has always been the only dog, but I have fostered many dogs over the years, cats, and kittens too (I was a foster for FOCAS for 6 years, I had to stop when I got a divorce because now I'm only renting and not doing great financially). She sleeps in bed with me and she follows me around the house just to check out what I'm up to. Bella loves her walks, dog beach, the Carlsbad lagoon, and Bataquitos trail. She used to be my running partner up until she was 11. But, she still has plenty of energy. This past week it's been heartbreaking when I put my shoes on or get my keys she gets so excited to leave the house and doesn't understand why her legs aren't working as they should. Regardless, she's still in great spirits and is such a trooper. The decision to adopt Bella has proven to be the best decision of my life. She absolutely deserves to be taken care of, she's one of the best souls on earth.

Her health is the same right now, not really getting better, but definitely not worse. She goes outside to go potty with me holding her sling that supports her back end. She has a huge appetite but I think it's extra big from the Prednisone they have her on. But I drop her off at 8 on Friday for her MRI (had to wait until then, unfortunately it's my next paycheck) and the neurosurgeon would like to go from the MRI straight into surgery so she only has to be brought in and out of anesthesia once plus it reduces overall costs for me. So Friday the 13th will hopefully be a very lucky day for my Bella! I will email you on Friday after her MRI, please pray for her and thank you again! Bella is a trooper, I think she's going to do great :)

~Bella's mom