

## Sugar's Story

*My name is Sugar - I was about four or five years old when something wonderful happened to me.*

I was "discovered" by some really kind humans who rescued me from a pretty bad situation. You see the people who bought me originally didn't know (or care) much about dogs. They left little me outside, unattended. Because I was outside, flies would bite me. When they did I would chase my tail and try to bite back



because, trust me, a fly bite is painful and annoying (Just ask any cow!) When I was discovered by those wonderful rescue people they immediately knew I was special and would need special care.

These awesome people gave me badly needed veterinary care, amazing nutrition (I was skin and bones in those days) and much-needed grooming. They fed me, loved me, and got me ready for a permanent relationship. Now I really don't know too much about this part of the story because I was so young and little. I do, however, know that after I was rescued, I never had to want for food, shelter, or a nice cozy

place to sleep. I had toys (BALLS and other toys) and a nice bed and blanket, and always had fresh water to drink. I thought I was in Doggy Heaven! In fact my Aunties and the volunteers who cared for me had other furbabies who also needed their help. Although we were in wonderful foster homes (and My Mommy Michelle was amazing!) I needed to find my Forever Home. I had many friends at Bichon FurKids. They thought I was really cute (and I am). Lots of humans say that about me and I'm glad because it made it easier to find a home. Although lots of people really thought I was adorable, I needed someone who had lots of experience with dogs, puppies, and in fact, Bichons. I needed someone with patience and lots of love to give as I had a few 'left over issues' to work on.

## Phyllis's Story

*That's where I came in. I have owned and loved Bichons since 1985.*

After dog-sitting for friends, I fell in love with the breed. My first little doll, was Buffy. I had to go to Ft. Riley, Kansas to pick her up. It took nine months to find her--kind of like the way other people wait for babies. She was adorable and loved to play with tennis balls! We used to call her the tennis ball queen. We

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### Fosters Needed

To get a Foster Application, please go to the BFK website at:  
<http://www.bichonfurkids.org/volunteer>

### Donate to BFK

Shop at [Amazon.com](http://Amazon.com), and a portion of your purchase will be automatically donated to BFK.



Use [GoodSearch.com](http://GoodSearch.com), powered by Yahoo! whenever you search the Internet, and a portion of your purchase will be automatically donated to BFK. Make sure to specify BFK as your Cause!



Bichon FurKids Rescue  
 Phone: 858-408-1937  
 Fax: 760-966-1702  
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 Marti Colwell, President



## Sugar and Phyllis (continued from page one)



actually played a lot on the tennis courts and had an astounding number of tennis balls she collected. Buffy could catch tennis balls either in the air or after one bounce 10/10 times. She also enjoyed retrieving golf balls and bringing them back for putting practice - (pretty handy). Buffy wanted a playmate, so I found Angel and travelled to Overland Park, Kansas to get Angel. She was a purebred from the President

of the American Society for The Bichon Frise at that time. We had loads of fun - nice walks, lots of playtime, toys, and a great life. I then bought litter mates, Rosie and Buttons. They were both so sweet and precious and lived long healthy lives. Rosie was twice as big as Buttons and was her protector. I was able to get them at 5 weeks and 6 days old because their owners were leaving town and the 4 little males kept trying to put little Buttons' head in their mouths!

When Buttons went to Rainbow Bridge (a really great place at the end of a pet's life where pets go to wait for their beloved owners to cross over the bridge and be with them once more), I decided not to get another dog. I was going to travel, have more freedom, and yes, save a lot of \$\$\$. I wrote a list of the pros of non-dog-ownership, then ended my list saying "none of it matters anyway because it is so quiet and lonely without a great little buddy around to love and play with."

*That is where Sugar came in.*

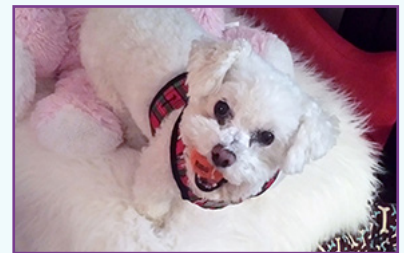
After determining that I wanted to rescue I went on line. I think I started on Petfinders then, somehow, ended up on the web site for Bichon FurKids Rescue of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA. Now, that's a little bit of a 'drive' because I live in OKLAHOMA! Never mind, I fell in love with Sugar and first corresponded with Judy, the website liaison, on April 12th of last year. I completed an application and then did not hit "send" because I wanted to make sure I was ready for a dog. Since I had just lost Buttons on March 10th, just a few weeks before, I thought it might be good to wait a year. But, somehow I knew Sugar was mine -- and if I did not try hard to get her I was going to have to live the rest of my life knowing someone else had my dog. I completed another application and sent it in late April.



Little by little after I jumped through a few hoops, had my home and yard safety check, telephone interviews, etc. and got approved. I was able to speak with Hugh, then Cindy, and finally Marti. The more I learned about Sugar, the more I knew she was for me. You see, I do not have any children or grandchildren and I have been divorced for almost 10 years. And I have lots of time and love to give to a precious furbaby.

Once I was approved I made arrangements to fly to Southern California to meet Sugar and (hopefully) take her home. Foster Mom Michelle brought her to me on May 16th, about an hour after I arrived. Sugar

had some high anxiety for a couple of hours, but we played ball, had fun--and she let me hold her. (Since I had come in on a red-eye the night before and ended up spending the night (unplanned) in Denver, I decided to give Sugar a "bonding" massage. She went full-submissive pose on her back a couple of times. She laid her ball down and we took a nice nap. Taking her outside after our nap, she looked at me and let me know she was mine. She began kissing and loving me and even laid her head on my shoulder. I was so happy and we were quickly bonded! I knew she missed Michelle, Casper, Noah a little bit, probably not Finn (according to Michelle), but she was a trooper.

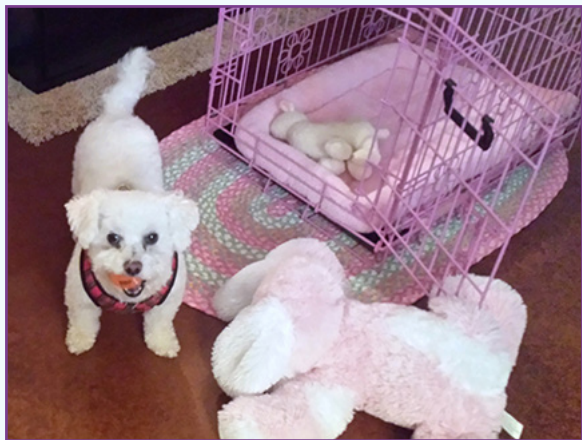


At the Bash the next day, although she was playing and had many volunteers to catch up with (Sugar had lots of friends), she kept seeking me out, perhaps every 10-15 minutes. I was walking around, looking at all the vendors and meeting many wonderful people, but Sugar would land at my feet and just start panting (it was hot and she had

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## Sugar and Phyllis (continued from page two)



been running around enjoying herself). She absolutely KNEW she was mine and she was going HOME with me. I received great advice from many of the volunteers - including Cindy who got me hooked up with the talented seamstress, Lynn Bodine, who makes those awesome fabric harnesses. They are so easy on these furbabies. Foster Mom Michelle, who is also a trainer, had lots of great advice to give.

I was able to book a direct flight home so that Sugar and I would not have a layover. Another awesome volunteer, Marilyn Arline, was willing to shuttle us to LAX to make our flight. She was very helpful and got us to LAX on time for our flight. She kept me focused and helped me get it together since I had not had much sleep. We enjoyed each other's company and I learned a lot about Bichon FurKids on the way to the airport.

## Sugar Update

*I am so happy! I LOVE my mommy Phyllis.*

She plays with me, takes me for great walks twice a day. She buys me lots of balls (and other toys too). She customized my "indoor" room - it is all pink and I feel like such a princess! (Wait 'til you see it! Keep reading.)

She buys me pretty harnesses and I get so excited I start wiggling wildly to get them on! We LOVE to shop together. She gets as excited as I do when we get new toys and clothes. Mom and I got several NEW items together to donate at Christmas time. My vet, Dr. Strong (we call her Rosemary because she is one of Mommy's friends), volunteers at a women's prison in another town about 45 miles from where we live. She and some volunteers are training some women prisoners to train dogs to become Therapy Dogs. They needed some harnesses and leads, and also some nice toys and warm blankets. After my good fortune, I wanted to give to other dogs who are in training to become very special dogs.



*Did I tell you I LOVE my relatives?*

I tell you what, that is one DOG-LOVING family! They all fell in love with me as soon as they met me! My Aunt Tea (Terrie) picked me and Mommy up from the airport so that she could be the first one to meet me!!! I loved her right away. She said something about melting, and I knew it was pretty hot too. She mentioned again something about



melting her heart, but like I said, it really was hot in Oklahoma (compared to where I came from. )

I got to my Forever Home and I was so excited. We were pretty tired, but eventually my Auntie left and Mommy and I slept in her BIG bed together. I spent the next few days checking out my digs, meeting relatives, doggie cousins, etc. I love my "Gampaw" and I will sit in his lap for hours just enjoying all of the attention, petting, and loving he gives. I like to play with

my cousin Ruby (a Jack Russell) across the street. We are having the best fun and Mommy takes me in the car with her all the time. She says I am a major part of her life. She loves me and kisses on me and lets me have so

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## Sugar and Phyllis (continued from page three)

much fun, but she keeps firm control of me and keeps me from being a little toot and hurting myself. I remember being called a "little toot" in the past - think that must have been from Mommy Michelle. Mommy calls me Sugar, Sugar Baby, and Sugar Bear.

*I am SOOOOO happy that Bichon FurKids rescued me, saved me from sickness and starvation, and helped me find my Foster Home, and then my FOREVER HOME!!!*

*P.S. I love Mommy!*

## Mommy-Phyllis Update

We are very happy and get along well (as long as I don't try to run the vacuum cleaner, get ice out of the ice maker, tear off foil, or try to use the shredder!). She has done loads of quite funny things and keeps me entertained all the time! On Christmas Day dinner Sugar sat in my lap (of course after eating her own meal) and when I momentarily leaned in, I turned around and Sugar had a small Turkey leg in her mouth! (Not to worry -she never gets bones). She had an earlier experience with turkey and discovered she loved it. But seriously, Sugar is SO smart and adorable. She can be just drippy, sugary, sweet, and she does LOVE to give KISSES.

*That is why I could never change her name, because she was already appropriately named: S U G A R !*



Here it is! My very own room! Can you believe it! Am I the luckiest dog ever?  
-- Sugar



# Beware of the BOTFLY

**Editor's Note:** *When you read Sugar's story and she talks about being attacked by flies, what she failed to say is that she was attacked so often that she was covered with fly bites and scabs. She was also so tired of fighting the flies that Sugar started to give up — and stopped eating. It is easy to think that flies are just a nuisance. To a FurKid, though, they can be life-threatening in a number of ways. The article below is a wake up call to the problems posed by botflies.*



When Vickie Halstead, a nurse from Minnesota, found her dog, a bichon named "Quiche," collapsed and bleeding at the bottom of the stairs of her deck, she feared the worst. Quiche was almost unconscious, bleeding from her right nostril, and drooling saliva from her mouth. Little did Vickie know that what almost killed her little dog was nothing more than a common fly.

Vickie rushed her dog to the emergency vet clinic. Quiche was close to death. The vet staff took emergency measures, but Quiche was not reactive

and was not moving. After ruling out a seizure that might then have caused the fall down the stairs, the vet kept Quiche overnight in ICU. However, her condition persisted. She did not recognize Vickie, she was blind in her right eye, and she was possibly deaf. She could not stand. Euthanasia became a consideration.

The next day Quiche was given an MRI. Then came the shocker: *The image showed a tract (tunnel) through her brain from the frontal lobe (forehead area) to the brainstem (back of the brain).* The veterinary neurologist made a diagnosis of cuterebriasis — infestation of the larva of the **cuterebra fly**, scientific name for the **botfly**. The theory is that Quiche sniffed a botfly egg into her nose that hatched into a larva, evidenced by the bleeding from her right nostril and inflammation shown on the scan. The larva burrowed through the roof of her mouth and tunneled through her brain. Quiche spent five days in ICU, where she slowly made progress. After nearly three tense months of care and uncertainty, she made an almost complete recovery. Read more about this heartbreaking and frightening story at: [http://seattletimes.com/html/pets/2025045798\\_flydogxml.html](http://seattletimes.com/html/pets/2025045798_flydogxml.html).



## How you can prevent this from happening to your pet

The botfly exists in North and South America and is a large bee-like fly. It lays eggs in late summer primarily in grass near rodent or rabbit burrows and sometimes in rocks. The common hosts are rabbits, rodents, cows, deer, horses; less common dogs and cats; and rarely humans. The eggs enter the hosts through body orifices such as nose, mouth, eyes or skin wounds. The larvae, also called warbles, migrate through the host to an area under the skin where they break through the skin to form breathing holes. They live in the skin lesions for one to two months and drop off in the early stage of a fly. Veterinarians usually find the larvae in lesions on the skin of a dog or cat.

Dogs and cats are at risk if they have access to areas with numerous rodents, rabbits and rodent burrows. The pets at highest risk are low to the ground (cats and short-legged dogs) and terrier breeds that go to the ground to kill rodents in burrows. To prevent a botfly infestation from happening to your pet, follow these guidelines:

1. **When walking on a leash, keep your dog close to you and avoid areas of rodent burrows.**
2. **Keep your cats in the house.**
3. **Prevent your dogs from hunting rodents.**
4. **Deter flies by daily picking up stool in dog runs.**
5. **Frequently wash rocks in dog runs in case cuterebra eggs were deposited there.**
6. **Watch for bleeding or irritation in the nose that might indicate presence of the eggs or larvae.**
7. **Inspect the skin of your dogs or cats for cuterebra lesions. If found, see your veterinarian.**
8. **Use high caution outdoors if your pet has any skin wounds or sores where the cuterebra eggs can enter the body.**

# Wet, Wild and Wonderful Day at Chico's

As the Albert Hammond song goes, "Seems it never rains in Southern California..." and that was the guiding thought when we scheduled our Chico's adoption event for January 11th. The meteorologists later said that there was a 40% chance of rain — and the day before was sunny and bright.

Fast forward to Sunday and our event, and it seems we had forgotten the rest of the words to that song: "...but girl don't they warn ya, it pours, man it pours."

Pour it did! And we all KNOW how bichons love rain (right?)

Despite the weather, and with the help of some amazing volunteers, we put up canopies, huddled under them, held happy bichons on our laps and adopted FIVE somewhat damp bichons to their forever homes. Among them were Floyd and Willie.

We proved that where bichons congregate good things happen! Thanks, adopters, for weathering the storm and coming to Carlsbad. And thanks Fabulous Fosters and volunteers for your help in making this such a great event!





## Mark your (Bichon FurKids) calendars!



Every year the Bichon Frise Club of San Diego hosts its Annual Specialty at the Del Mar Fairgrounds. This year the Specialty will take place on Friday, February 20th.

This is a wonderful opportunity for all of us Bichon lovers to see these beautiful bichons compete for recognition. This year there is also a puppy competition - and what could be cuter than a bichon puppy?

As in the past, there is a Parade of Rescues as part of the Specialty. Rescued FurKids get a chance to walk in the ring, strut their stuff and bring home an engraved rosette ribbon. It's a delightful way to spend the day with your FurKid and gain a better understanding of our amazing breed.

Click on the link below to learn more about the Specialty and to sign up for the Parade of Rescues. We hope to see you there.

[bichonfriseclubofsandiego.com/2015specialty](http://bichonfriseclubofsandiego.com/2015specialty)

## Wanted: Home Safety Checkers

As part of our adoption process, we need to check the homes and yards of prospective adopters - and we need volunteers who can help us determine how safe they are for our little furkids. We look for things like poisonous plants, fence slats a furkid can squeeze through, gates he or she can get under, etc. We have a checklist for you to use, and home visits are always scheduled at your convenience.

The home safety checks take about 20-30 minutes and are a great way to meet new people who will hopefully become new furkid moms and dads. If you would like to help, please contact [Jennifer@bichonfurkids.org](mailto:Jennifer@bichonfurkids.org) and she will be in touch.

## Wanted: Drivers for FurKids

Want to make a difference for a FurKid but can't foster? We need your help!

Every week FurKids need to be transported to groomers, vets and foster homes. We rely on our volunteer drivers to get them there, and we DO need more people who can transport our fluffs primarily throughout San Diego or Orange County (and not for great distances usually, either.)



Sometimes we have days in which to plan; other times it is more immediate, like when we find a FurKid that needs to be moved 'right away' due to a medical situation or to be exited from a shelter. If you have time and a love for bichons, we NEED you. And if you love to organize transports, we need help with that too!

Please email [info@bichonfurkids.org](mailto:info@bichonfurkids.org) and say "I'd like to drive a furkid" - and we'll be in touch.