



Text Version of Audio Story: Lola

Coordinates: Approximately one and a half hours due west of New York City and one hour north of Philadelphia. Five a.m. on a cold rainy spring morning in the year 2004. Dateline — Northampton, Pennsylvania, far from the New Jersey state line.

A well-dressed older lady is walking a dog. It's not her dog. It's her daughter's dog. Her daughter is a grown woman away this week, out of state on a sales call. She sells advertising for a well-respected magazine. When she's out of town, her mother, the nice older lady, looks after the dog and takes it for a morning, afternoon and evening walk. From the dog's point of view, this is its grandma. The nice older lady has no grandchildren.

As I said, the lady is well-dressed as they walk in the early morning hours. Later this morning, when the walk is over, the dog will go back to Grandma's house, and Grandma will make her way to the local elementary school, where she works with children who have developmental disabilities. As they walk in the predawn hours, the dog prances with a happy, curious demeanor. She's very friendly, loves people, loves when people stop to pet her. She's wearing a 150-dollar Burberry collar, a yellow doggie raincoat so as to protect her from the nasty cold rain. This dog is spoiled rotten. From this description, one might be picturing a little lap dog, a show dog, a Lhasa Apso. Maybe, a French poodle, perhaps. No, this is the story of a lovable, friendly pit bull named Lola.

Lola's life started out far different from the comfortable pampered life she now enjoys. Lola was found by a university chemistry professor and her husband, all alone and running stray in the parking lot of a Home Depot store in Long Island, New York. The dog appeared to be about six months old, malnourished. The bottom of her paws were severely burned by the 200-degree blacktop in the ferocious summer sun. The professor, as she was exiting the store, saw the dog darting between cars in the parking lot; realizing the puppy would soon be hit by a car, she called to it. And it came bounding with enthusiasm, anxious to meet a friendly person.

How did the dog get there? Did she escape from a master engaged in the highly illegal blood sport of dog fighting? These individuals devoid of a conscience raise such dogs only to see them fight to the death, ripping each other apart in a pit. Lola is not aggressive enough to be a fighter. So dogs like her are used for bait, shredded to death as practice for the fighting dogs. She bears a deep, healed cut on her ear. Not knowing her early history, one can only speculate how she got it.

The professor opened the backdoor of her car, there in the Home Depot parking lot, and the friendly canine jumped in, wagging its tail and looking as if to say, "*Can I go home with you?*" The professor already had two dogs of her own. So she engaged the services of Mighty Mutts, a New York City-based operation dedicated to rescuing abandoned animals.

It was through Mighty Mutts that Lola would find her new home with the magazine advertising lady. Lola eats the best, most expensive dog food money can buy. She receives top-notch medical care. She has doggie toys in every room of the house. She has her own sofa for watching television. She has a big backyard out in the country.

They say every dog has its day. For Lola, a dog whose life started out poorly and could have turned out even worse, it's every day.

Visit us online at the americanstoryteller.com to see a photo of Lola, the pampered pit bull.

From somewhere behind the radio with the music of Johnny X, I'm the American Storyteller.