

## **Meet Megg.**

**She's a sassy, stubborn little lioness — 12 years old and our oldest sanctuary dog. Her known story starts in 2019, when a local police department brought her to a neighboring rescue. Then they estimated her at about five, but the paperwork was full of gaps and questions that still sting. We'll never know all of what happened to her before those kennel doors closed behind her; only Megg and the place she came from hold those answers.**

**From the moment she arrived, Megg made herself impossible to ignore. She was blunt and bossy in the best way — the kind of dog who tells you exactly how it is and doesn't suffer nonsense. Staff quietly adopted her into their daily lives: a favorite bed, people who learned her little routines, treats on cue, the gentle predictability that softens a bruised animal. And yet days became weeks, weeks became months, and months became years. While other dogs cycled through new homes, Megg stayed. She became one of the longest-term residents, and you could feel the time on her body and in her eyes.**

**Long-term kennel life changes a dog. Trauma surfaces in waves, and Megg carries hers like armor. To strangers she can seem aloof, cold, even "difficult." She gives very clear, clipped cues: what she likes, what she won't tolerate. When people mistake that for aggression, it breaks our hearts — because what they're seeing is reactivity: a frightened, defensive way she has learned to communicate. She's protecting herself the only way she knows how.**

**When we agreed to bring Megg here, it felt like the right kind of rescue — not a stopgap, but a promise. We wanted her golden years to be quiet, safe, and full of dignity. The first time we took her off leash in our fenced yard was unforgettable. She stood frozen the first time the collar came off, ears up, body small and uncertain — like a girl who's been waiting for permission her whole life. That hesitation gutted everyone watching. You could see the question in her: "Is this allowed? Can I be a dog?"**

**We sat with her. We walked slow. We reminded her, with touch and voice and routine, that this space belonged to her now. When we tried again, something shifted. She launched forward — hesitant at first, then freer, faster, until she was zooming across the grass with an almost comical, triumphant joy. The sight of her running, tail high and ridiculous, felt like watching someone reclaim a lost piece of themselves. The shelter fell silent in that moment; we all cried.**

**Megg's circle here is special — many of her pals at Paw Paw are old friends she's known for years, and since arriving she's also made a few new ones who respect her boundaries and share her quiet confidence. unmistakable to everyone else. She is not a project to be fixed — she is a whole, complex being who survived and still has so much love to give on her terms.**

**Here, Megg will never have to wonder if she's safe. She will always have a bed that's hers, people who read her cues, and the freedom to zoom across a yard when she feels like it. She is family now, and that truth has healed her in ways we can't fully explain — but we see it, every time she chooses to lean into a hand or stand guard over her spot in the sun.**

**If Megg's story teaches anything, it's to look beyond "bad behavior" and meet a dog where she is: scared, brave, stubborn, and deserving of patience. She deserves the rest of her life filled with predictable kindness — and we're honored to give it to her.**

