

Save Us!

We Know...

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Inmate 7811, "Red"

It's a cold winter's day outside, snowing, wet and frigid. Inside the Tulsa Animal Welfare Shelter there's an eerie silence.

The quiet is very strange considering the kennels are at 90% capacity. We know, you know. We know that eight in ten of us will not survive much longer. It is a mixed blessing, this shelter. It's so wonderful to come in out of the cold, to receive some food to eat, to be treated with a measure of respect. Yet it quickly becomes apparent that most of the inmates here have lost all hope. Thus, we sit, we stare, some sleep ... we are numbed by the brutal reality we face.

I'm known as inmate number 7811 but I used to be called "Red." An animal control officer picked me up last night during a sleet storm. My humans moved but left me behind, alone in the backyard. I hadn't eaten in several days. I lay next to the foundation of the house for shelter. The cold was brutal. I was very afraid. When the officer approached me, I was so weak I didn't offer the slightest resistance. I felt hope when I heard his voice.

The kennel right next door to mine contains inmate numbers 7672 and 7673. These guys are Dachshund mix pups. Their three litter mates found homes. They are said to have been quite cute as tiny puppies but now that they are a few months old, their family didn't think them cute enough to keep ... they brought them here. At least they have each other to offer a bit of comfort. The air hangs heavy with the prospect of euthanasia.

The kennel next to them has inmate 4305. He's a black, white and tan mix breed dog. Probably has some Jack Russell terrier in his background. He's a small dog but very smart. He learns tricks easy. He's one of the few that hasn't completely lost hope. He greets visitors that approach his pen. His eyes are sad but he's trying very hard to maintain the Shelter-inmate morale.

Inmate 3511 on the end contains a beautiful Bull-Mastiff mix female. She is wearing a red nylon collar (which is usually a good sign that she has a human) but she has no tags. She's very thin. She just sits there in the corner. She will not look at visitors, she always looks away. I think she's completely resigned herself to being among the many who take the long walk to the injection room. She's just waiting.

The other inmates here at the Shelter

