

Hi,  
I am Lucy,  
also known as "Ever hopeful".  
This is me and my Story!



I was born on September the 5<sup>th</sup> 1998 at Mike and Mandy Ansell,  
which rescued my Mummy.  
Then one day in January 1999, I think it was the 18<sup>th</sup>, Peter & Sabine  
came to visit. They looked at my brother and me and took us for a  
walk with Mike. We had a great time, my brother did his own thing  
and I picked up sticks and licked Sabine's hand.  
Once we got back from the walk they went inside, I was stood very  
sad by the gate because I had to stay outside with my brother.  
I saw that Mike took Pedro to Sabine and Pete and was wondering  
why.  
A little later they came outside and I greeted them at the gate.  
Everything after that went very quick, they put a lead on me and I  
left my Puppy run with Peter and Sabine.  
We got to their car and I got to sit in the big boot of their Estate.  
As we all sat in the car Sabine told me that I am going home with  
them and that they are now my new Mum and Dad.  
This was all so exciting that I ended up being sick in the car about 3  
times, but they did not seem to mind. They just gave me a big hug  
and said that it is ok.  
That night I slept very deep on my new bed in my Mum and Dads  
bedroom.  
The next day they took me to see a man that gave me an injection. I  
was a little scared, but it did not hurt.

Then we went to something they called a Pet-shop and bought lots of goodies and a brand new lead and collar.  
Since then we always went to a nice place called Queens Park Golf Course where I made lots of new friends.



We also went to the beach and to the New Forrest for nice long walks and to meetings with other Otterhounds.



(Debby, Zeke, Homer, Dad and me)

Once I went back on holiday to Mike and Mandy because Mum and Dad had to go to a Country called Germany to visit Family. I could not go with them because of the quarantine at the time.

A few years later Mum and Dad got very busy packing everything into Boxes. That was in July 2000.

A couple of month later I went to stay with Debbie Briars and Homer for a couple of days. On the third day I said farewell to them and we went on a very long drive, we even went on a train through a long tunnel. I slept most of the time and as I woke up a 1000 new smells appeared.

I got to meet my Nana in a place called Wulfen and we stayed with them for a while. Than we moved into our new home with a nice garden all for myself.



The people all spoke a strange language and I learned later that we have moved to this country called Germany.

As I was 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  years old I had to have an operation on my elbow. It was hurting bad and they said I have Arthritis in it. It is much better now though.

Here I also made some good friends. One of them is my boyfriend Ceycho, he is an Irish Wolfhound and we have had a lot of fun together.





(Cool Ceycho)

Then on January the 12<sup>th</sup> 2003 we went to the Airport to pick up Pete Smith, he is a dear friend of ours and I always get to share the bed with him when he visits. I don't think he minds that I just climb all over him in the night.

He brought over a strange Box with two creatures in it. At home Mum and Dad let them out and to my surprise it was 2 Otterhound Puppies. One was called Nutshell and the other was her brother Nudger who got picked up by his new Mum and Dad the next day.



(Nutshell & Nudger)

I was wondering when Nutshell would get picked up, but nobody turned up for her.

One thing I can tell you is that she was a pain at times. She chewed on my ears until they bleed, and sometimes I did have to put her in

her place. Now I knew what it meant to be a Mummy. I got used to her being around and we are now good friends, even though I think I have bullied her a bit too much at times, but hey, suddenly I had to share!!



Well, since then we have moved to a place called Uedem where we live in the country on a Farm and can run over the fields. Unfortunately last year August I run across the field with Mum and have torn a ligament in the knee, which needed an operation. Its ok now, but I cannot go on such long walks anymore. Now as always I spend a lot of time sleeping and enjoy cuddles with Mum and walking through the fields. Now then, this is my story. I hope you enjoyed it, it is rather long, but than I am 8 years old this September and have seen a lot.

Lots of slobbery kisses  
Lucy

Maybe you would like to look at my Web Site,  
<http://www.houndville.de/lucy/>