

CinderBella

A RESCUE PUP'S
UNFORGETTABLE TAIL



Jordyn Radin

CinderBelle

A Rescue Pup's
Unforgettable Tail

By Jordyn Radin

Unleashed

Creating the next generation of
Powerful Women



Open Door Publications, LLC

CinderBelle,
A Rescue Pup's Unforgettable Tail

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Introduction

Hi I'm Belle. I am almost a year old. I want to tell you the story of when I was a young puppy and how I ended up where I am today. But I want to let you know before I start that there are millions of dogs that have to go through the same thing I did. That might be hard to believe but, believe me. It's true...

Chapter 1

“We’ll be back soon, Belle,” Jill said, walking inside the convenience store with John and Erica. They strapped my leash around a post by the door and I sat down to enjoy the sunshine as I waited for them. It was a warm, sunny day in South Carolina where I lived with my family. I loved them so much. I could never imagine life without them. Jill was my mom. She had dark brown hair that fell to her shoulders. Her skin was as pale as the color of beach sand. She adopted me at the pet shelter when I was just

a newborn puppy. I am 5 months old now. My siblings were John and Erica. John was in third grade. He had brown hair too. He always was ready to play with me, even when he should have been doing homework. Erica was four years old. I spent all day and all night with her. Jill, John and Erica always made time for me no matter what was going on in their lives. Whenever I was with them my tail was always wagging.



“Dude look, a dog,” some guy said pointing at me. He looked young, and wore a torn black muscle shirt and cut-off jeans with holes in them. The friend he was talking to was dressed similarly, except he also had a big, heavy chain hanging from the pocket of his jeans. They both looked scary.

“Let’s get it,” the second guy said. I was frightened and I pawed at the door of the store, yelping for my family. I could sense these two were trouble and I wanted desperately for Jill to come outside before they moved any closer. As they started to walk slowly toward me, hands stretched out to grab me, I barked even louder at them and

chewed on my leash, hoping to escape them or even to attract attention from someone who could help. Sadly, no one seemed to notice that I was in danger. I wished I wasn't attached to a post so that I could run away from these two frightening men.

“Got it!” one of the men said, grabbing me. I growled and bit at his hand, but that didn't stop him. He unhooked my leash, put me in a big cloth tote bag and began to run. Even though the man was the one running, and I was just bouncing around inside the bag, my heart was beating so fast I thought those mean men could hear it! I could tell by the way the bag swung around that we had turned a corner. I managed to stick my head out of the bag just in time to see us all jump into a pickup truck. The motor roared as the man who had carried me dumped the bag containing me on the seat next to him and drove away.

Where was I being taken?



While Belle was having her frightening experience, Jill, Erica, and John were just finishing a conversation in the convenience

store.

“Oh, can we get something for Belle?” Erica said to her mother, as they passed a rack of pet toys.

“Yes. I think that she would love a new toy. How about you pick one out for her?” Jill answered.

“Okay! I think that she would like... hmm. This one!” she said taking a stuffed pig off the rack. She squeaked it. SQUEAKKK. It made a loud noise and everyone in the aisle store turned to look at her.

“Oops,” she said, and hung her head, suddenly feeling shy and embarrassed.

“Sweetie, hand it to me so I can pay for it.” Jill said.

Erica handed her mother the toy and the clerk rang up their purchases. “Let’s go.”

The family headed out the door of the shop, John running ahead to get Belle from the post where they had left her.

“WHERE IS SHE!?” John screamed, turning around frantically as he looked everywhere for their beloved dog. Jill and Erica quickly caught up with him.

“What’s wrong?” Jill asked?

“Belle! She’s missing!”

“Oh no! Where could she have gone?”

“Look! Her leash is still there,” Erica said.

“Do you think someone stole her, Mommy?” John said.

“I don’t know, Sweetie. We can put up signs and try to find her and I’ll call everyone I know. I promise we’ll do everything we can to find her.”

“I hope so.” Erica and John said hopelessly.

Chapter 2

Once in the truck, one of the men stuffed my head into a small bag. It was pitch black and hot inside. I was scared and I couldn't move an inch. Where was I? Who was taking me? Would I ever see my mom again? I whimpered. I felt so helpless. I wished that I could speak to these men, because I had to tell them they were making a huge mistake by breaking the law and stealing me from my family! Finally, the bag was removed and I was able to look around. The pickup truck was old, dirty and smelled horribly. Garbage was everywhere, on the seats, filling the bottom of the floor. The

seat covers were ripped; it looked as if they might originally have been a light orange, but years of dirt had turned them to a dark, tree bark brown. Both the men had tattoos on their arms and legs and black, thick mustaches under their noses. Upon a closer look, the men appeared even scarier than I had originally thought. I growled to remind them that I was there, and let them know I wasn't happy about what they had done.

"Shut up!" the driver said. He had a deep, thick Southern accent just like all the other people I knew, although this man was very different than the humans I had ever met before.

"We're almost there." the other man said.

We're almost where? Gosh, I wished I could talk. I barked again. I stretched myself so I could reach the driver and bit down as hard as I could.

"OW! YOU STUPID DOG!" he yelled. "Get it back in the bag," he added to the other man.

As his friend reached to get me, I lunged again, this time nipping the second man in the arm.

"OW!" the second man yelled, just like the first. "We can't do anything with this

one. Nobody will ever buy a biter.”

“Well, we should just get rid of her. I know a great place,” the driver replied. He shook his arm where I had bitten him. “Yeah, you’re right. She is worth a lot more money if she just stayed still and looked pretty.” He turned to me “Well dog, for biting me you deserve what you are getting!”

What was I getting? I could not even imagine what could be worse than being kidnapped. I never liked surprises anyway but this was killing me! I really wanted to know what was going to happen. It is my life and I deserve to know, I thought. Looking out the window I could see that we were travelling over a bridge in a part of town that was unfamiliar to me. The river below the bridge looked at least ten feet deep; the water was murky and cloudy, the color of mud.

The passenger made another grab for me, and I tried to bite him again, but missed. He grabbed me around my belly. I whimpered. He squeezed so hard that it hurt badly. I have a scar there from when I was a small puppy and was attacked in the shelter. The man rolled down the window of the truck. The fresh air felt good and it made the

truck smell much better.

“This is for biting me,” the guy said, grinning at me in a dastardly way.

Within seconds, I was flying out the open window. My body twisted in the air as if I was flying. I managed to catch a glimpse of the truck disappearing, leaving only a cloud of dust in its place. I arched my back to avoid landing in the water, too stunned to bark or whimper. My body hit the bank, just missing the lake, landing paws first. Too stunned to move, I lay quietly with my eyes closed for a short time.

Suddenly, reality struck and I was filled with fear! “What was going to happen to me?”