

A hero's true story

06/03/2009 First record ever on paper states that I am 2 and a half years old. Months prior to this a kind elderly lady by the name of Gala Payne had seen me several times living on the streets of Portage, Indiana and tried several times to bring me into her home however I continued to travel the area. Gala's friend and animal control officer finally found me living in a display shed at a local hardware superstore in the city. Gala then took me in and showed me love. Due to my rough up bringing I was a little more than Gaya could handle. When most people would have dropped me off at a local shelter and shut me away, Gaya researched and found a program that would change my life forever and on June 3rd 2009 Gala and I said goodbye and I became a project dog in LaPorte, Indiana in a group called Mixed Up Mutts/ Prison Tails. It was there that I met my first trainer. He was a large black man and an inmate in Westville Prison but had all the tools that it would take to help mold me into what I would later become.

After training daily with my new trainer I began to show great potential however due to my street smarts and strong headed will it was advised by the over seeing board that I was still to much to go to a everyday family and home. Still at the prison and working daily I watched several dogs come and go to homes yet I am still here. It is then that God called on me for my biggest and toughest challenge that only a dog like myself could handle. One of the prison guards who just happened to work with canines but even more so knew of a man that would mold me into Gods plan. Bob Lewis hears of me and how Im just a little to much for a family to handle and takes me into his K-9 program Cups Kennels. Its here that I learn new tasks using my nose and telling him when I found what he is looking for. As well he teaches me not only how to bite but when to bite and how to put it on like a master lock. To me this is the perfect job. Every time I do something great he gives me a ball and or pets me and tells me how great I am. Yet at the same time he demands perfection in all the jobs that I do.

February 11th 2010. Bob Lewis meets a young deputy out of Starke County Indiana who claims that he needs help starting a canine unit although the county that the young man works for does not have any funding to assist in this challenge. Bob brings me into our training room one day and there stands this tall dark young man looking back at me. Judging by the look on this young officer's face I can tell he has never before had a bite sleeve on let alone taken a bite like my chain saw mouth can put on. I was about to change that forever. With a command from Bob I cleared the ground and leaped after his arm and brought him to his knees faster than he could blink. Over the next few months this officer and I became good friends and we began our God blessed journey like a tornado. I could tell that he was brand new at all of this but the two things this kid had that I couldn't say no to was my ball and love like no one had ever shown me. It was for this that I awaited while he learned step by step how to make me come alive on command. Not long after I moved in with my new friend James and his family down in Knox, Indiana and called that my home. After getting better and working several hours a day both myself and my new friend James we felt we were ready for the big time and just like that we went down to Owensboro, Ky to the American Police Canine Association Nationals and after five long days of trials we made it.

September 30th 2010 we were a certified canine unit. Over the next two years I have worked very close to James catching several suspects as well as finding drugs from pills to Marijuana and meth. But my