The 2012 Run For The Animals is dedicated in memory of Jellibean

Jellibean, A Girl's Best Friend
The Best Dog Ever

Jellibean (Jelli) was a red Doberman Rottweiler mix breed large dog, 115 pounds. I affectionately called her my “Rotten-Dobbie” — spoiled rotten dobbie! Her favorite meal was king crab legs with chardonnay. She would put her chin on my knee and drool. I always kept a napkin on my knee for her. She also liked squeaky toys and slobbery tennis balls! She always smiled a lot when we played our "footie game."

Jelli came into my life when she was only 8oz and 48 hours old. I was working at the North County Humane Society in Jupiter, Florida, a no-kill rescue organization. One night a man and his son came in with a very sick red Doberman, who had recently given birth to a litter of Rottweiler crossed puppies. She was so sick that we needed to hospitalize her and unfortunately during this time she was too sick to nurse her pups. The man said that he was “just gonna go out back and shoot them.” His son's eyes welled up and they left. Several hours later the boy his returned with the pups for us to take. Then the boy walked out a man that day.

As the puppies were only 48 hours old, they would require around the clock care. The director asked who would be willing to take one home? I hollered I would take one and then being a smart girl, I said give me two. I went home and put them in a box beside my bed with a heating pad in it. I had to get up every few hours to bottle feed them. At that age, they cannot even pee. Normally, the mother dog would lick them to help them. I would hold them over the sink and rub them with a warm wet paper towel to get them to void. The next day everyone was exhausted and really did not want to take them for another sleepless night, let alone for the next two months! I had fared better because I had taken two and they had each other for company.

After that first night I took the rest of the litter except for one that a co-worker was still willing to care for as she wanted to raise it for her very own. So that left me with five. A few days later her pup died and it was autopsied. They determined that it had aspirated on the milk. As she still wanted one, I had to give her another one, so I now had four to raise. I would bring them to work every day and we would let them nurse briefly from the mother while she was recuperating from her surgery. As she had stitches and IV fluids running, we couldn't let the pups scratch her incision or dislodge the IV. Eventually she was well enough to go home.

Everyday when I brought the pups to work with me I kept them in a big box behind the front counter. They were all males except for one female. Often people would come in to see them. They were all spoken for. I kept the girl, whom I named Jellibean.

Now to everyone who says that they have the smartest dog, I really must set the record straight once and for all: Jelli was the smartest dog! She was very smart; the smartest dog that ever lived! She learned so many words that it was impossible to talk about things in front of her, as good words were met with much enthusiasm. Words like swim, beach, ride, pool, piggy, and pizza. Jelli liked pizza very much. One day I found a piece of pizza in my bed that she had buried for later. She would even recognize pizza commercials on TV. She would bounce up and down and whine when one came on. I had to spell things so that she would not know what I was saying. Then she learned how to spell! She also could tell time. Jelli knew when it was piggy time, as she always got a pig ear before bed time at 11pm.