



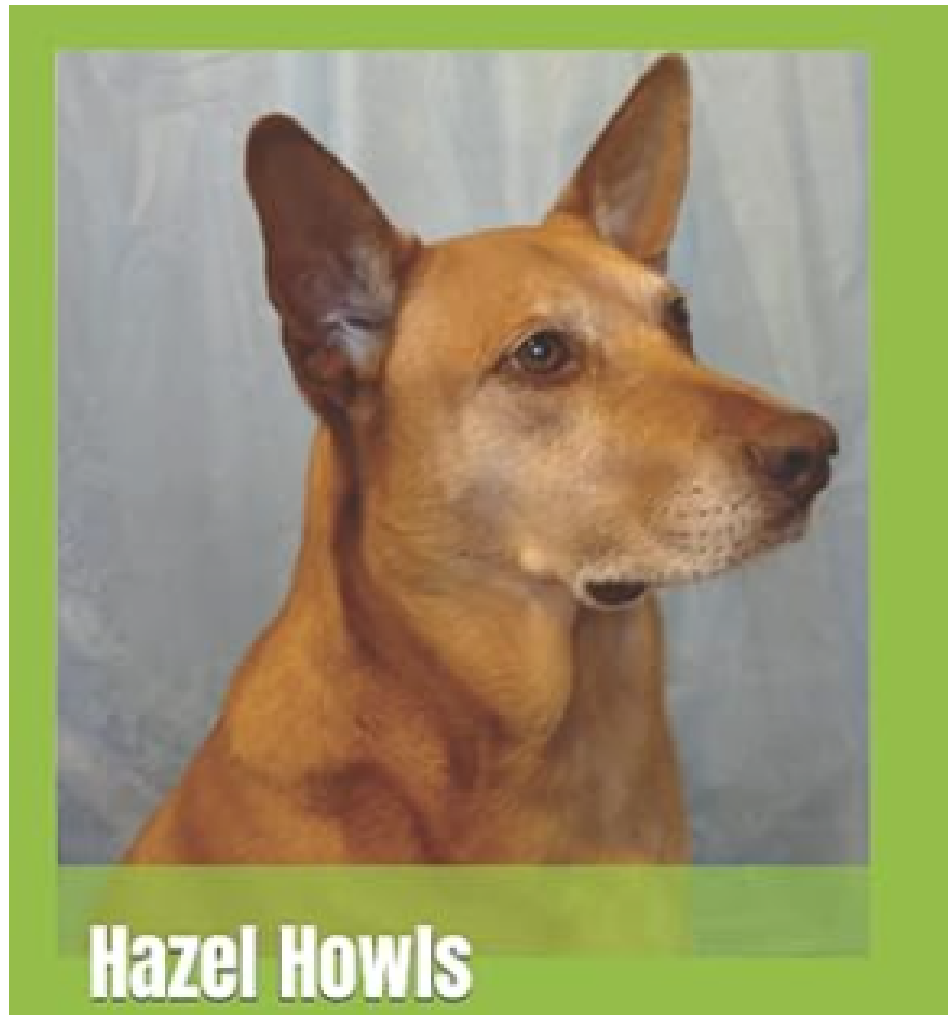
**Prescott**  **Dog**  
magazine

**Flagstaff-Sedona**  **Dog**  
magazine

# HAZEL'S HOME DAY!

**How one very lucky dog went from  
Starving Puppy to Spokes Dog**

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Please enjoy this excerpt from Hazel Howls as your reward for joining our pack! At the conclusion of Hazel's story there is a list of ways you can help save lives.

Prescott Dog and Flagstaff Sedona Dog are committed to giving voice to the voiceless and supporting the rescue agencies that do their best to save as many as they can.

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STARVING PUPPY TO SPOKES DOG

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# STARVING PUPPY TO SPOKES-DOG



Hello Everyone! Hazel here! Gosh, we have come a long way in the past months, as the “two-leggeds” that I am charged with caring for have taken on the manifold tasks that produce the Prescott Dog Magazine and its associated events, WOOFstock and DOGtoberfest.

My name is Hazel Bazel the Rocket Dog. I was born on the Navajo reservation, north of Lupton. I have to confess; I had a rocky start. Being with my four-legged Mom and my litter mates was OK for a short time, but very soon after, one by one my brothers and sisters began disappearing until it was just me, Mom, and my brother.

One cold morning before dawn, my brother and I were scooped up while still asleep next to Mom’s warmth and thrown into the back, (the very back), of a pick-up truck. The sound of the engine and the rush of the cold wind frightened both of us. We were both relieved when all the noise and wind stopped. We were scooped up again and tossed on the ground and the engine noise roared and faded away with the truck. Not knowing what to do, my brother and I started looking for Mom’s scent.

We circled and circled with no luck. We tried all day to get a familiar scent and by twilight we were so hungry we began to eat grass just to get some kind of comfort. My brother caught a couple beetles and we shared them as night fell. Somehow, still hungry, we fell asleep next to each other.

Several days went by, and beetles and grasses were all we found. At night we would hear the wild four-leggeds searching for prey. Their yips and howls woke us and sent cold fear down our backs. The memory of our tender Mom seemed so very far away.

One morning, before dawn, as the birds began stirring and we began our endless hunt for food, we caught the faint smell of two-legged food way off in the distance. We followed the scent, heading south. We found a set of buildings and the largest one was putting out an endless scent of food. We tried to rush past two-leggeds feet into the building, but we kept getting chased away from the door. Cars came and went, and two-leggeds kept going in and out of the “food-building”.

One very slow walking, gray-haired, two-legged, came out and held a piece of her Navajo Breakfast Taco low over the ground as she walked. She was walking toward her car, but I was too suspicious of these roaming engine noise “boxes” to approach. My brother let the scent in her hand overcome his suspicion and followed her hand. He jumped back startled when she opened the door, but couldn’t resist as the hand came back to his level. Then, quick as lightning, he was scooped up and wrapped in the two-legged’s skirt.

The door closed, and the car drove away. I never felt so alone, or so hungry. Maybe the gray-hair knew where our Mom lived. Maybe the gray-haired will come back and get me too I thought.

Just then, a massive roar came into the parking lot and a very big truck swung around the spot where I sat. It stopped, then backed up to a small shed by the big “food-building”. When the engine sputtered to silence, I got excited and started running circles underneath it. Maybe the person driving it knows where my brother went.

A big man got out and walked to the back of the truck and unfolded panels of metal. The big panels moved up and down with a strange whirring noise and for no particular reason I can think of, I ran circles under them as they moved up and down. Other two-leggeds had come out of the big building to take boxes and pallets off those panels.

The big guy seemed to be getting impatient with my running around under him and asked a Navajo man, “Whose puppy is that?” On my next high-speed pass between them, the Navajo man deftly scooped me off the ground in mid-stride and put me in the big guy’s hands and dryly replied, “Yours.”

The big guy’s hands immediately flipped me on my back as he checked my ears, teeth, belly...but when he ran his hand over my protruding ribs...something changed for both of us. He walked to the door of the truck and carefully placed me on the seat inside. The sun coming through the windows had warmed the inside of the cab, and it felt so good not to be cold.

There was more whirring and thuds coming from the back of the truck for a bit then the door open again and the big guy lifted me off his seat and set me on a backpack beside him. Since there were no food scents inside the cab, I decided to curl up and just enjoy the warmth.

The truck fired up its engine and the driver swung the truck onto what I now know as I-40, (oh boy, did I get to know I-40). He put a piece of plastic on his ear and started talking to himself. I maneuvered off the backpack and squeezed in next to him. I liked his voice. He was saying things like, “Do you love me...Really love me...she’s red...she looks like she’s starving...just a pack of peanut butter crackers...”.



The truck pulled off the highway at the Jack Rabbit exit and stopped on a large dirt lot. I got scooped up again and set on the ground. "Oh no, here we go again," I thought. The next thing I knew, the man was holding one of the most delicious, (and mysterious foods I will ever know), in front of my nose. No second thoughts on my part. I don't get them very often, but I swear peanut butter crackers are pure "ambrosia of the gods". The second one tasted even better. The third one I had to work for.

The man didn't have a leash and was using the cracker to keep me close. When I realized I had "business" to do, the man watched, and when he saw my "leavings" he said quietly, "you poor girl". He talked again to the plastic box, "...just beetle shells and grass." I got my third cracker while getting into the truck.

With food on my stomach, I feel asleep instantly to the vibration of the truck as we got rolling. When the truck fell silent, sometime later, I was scooped up again and carried through a door where I was taken in hand by the woman who would become my permanent pack-mom. She took me straight to the kitchen sink where I got my first bath. So much red dust rinsed out of my fur that they both thought I might actually be a white dog, (no worries, still red through and through to this day).

I can't really express how much life changed for me. I became the co-pilot of the big guy's adventures on the road. I also became a full-fledged member of a new pack, (with a bulldog sister to boot)! I am valued and cared for. So many things have happened that I couldn't have dreamed of. And now...I can be a part of helping other four-legged's that have had a rough start, or even a rough middle.

I'm looking forward to being a spokes-dog for Red Dog Publishing's Prescott Dog Magazine. I've got all kinds of ideas. Beef flavored pages, rawhide covers, a biscuit tied to each issue. I think I'll bring that up at the next board meeting.

So, I have to say farewell for now.  
In the days ahead I hope you enjoy good family, good food, and lots and lots of love.

Hazel Bazel the Rocket Dog



Me on my home day. Mom made sure I was squeaky clean.

**P R E S C O T T D O G . C O M**  
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# THE TRUTH



Hazel and her brother's story ended happily, with both seemingly finding their fur-ever homes. Our deepest gratitude to the gray-haired lady with the long skirt. We hope that your pup has blessed you as much as Hazel has blessed us.

Currently there are thousands of dogs roaming free on the reservations! The animals are left to find for themselves, without the aid of humans. This means no regular food source, no medical care, constant danger from wildlife and vehicles,. These dogs are pack animals, trained to be our companions after thousands of years of domestication; and there are few stepping forward to rescue and take care of them. The wild domestic dogs on the reservation are neglected, abused and worse.

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# GET INVOLVED!!!

## These are but a few of the organizations making a difference in our communities

### AARF ANIMAL RESCUE

6639 S. Country Rd., Mayer  
aarfanimalrescue@gmail.com  
928-925-7219, aarfrescue.net

### TUBA CITY HUMANE SOCIETY

928-793-2364,  
tubacityhumanesociety.org

### BLACKHAT HUMANE SOCIETY

Native American Reservation Animals  
928-899-3942  
blackhathumane@gmail.com

### UNITED ANIMAL FRIENDS

Prescott, 928-778-2924  
unitedanimalfriends.org

### COCONINO HUMANE ASSOCIATION

3501 E Butler Ave, Flagstaff  
928-526-1076, coconinohumane.org

### YAVAPAI HUMANE SOCIETY

1625 Sundog Ranch Rd, Prescott  
928-445-2666  
yavapaihumane.org

### HIGH COUNTRY HUMANE

11665 N, US-89, Flagstaff  
928-526-0742  
highcountryhumane.org

### YAVAPAI HUMANE TRAPPERS ANIMAL RESCUE

Chino Valley  
yavapaihumanetrappers.org



Hazel Howls

by David W. Dreves

To read more of Hazel Howls - Go to Amazon.com  
Net proceeds 'fuel' a gas fund for Reservation Transfers



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