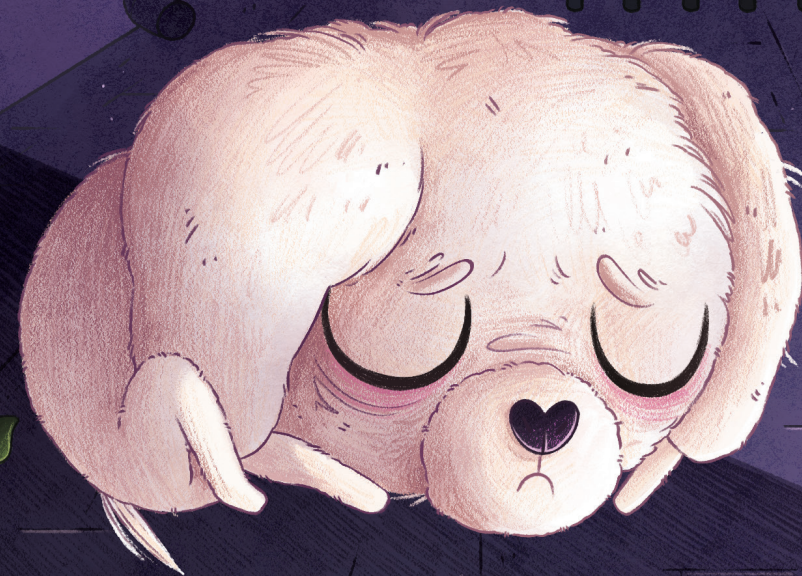


My name is Gracie.

Once long ago, I wandered the city streets.



When darkness fell, I curled up into a tiny ball and lay amongst the branches and dead wet leaves. I tried to keep warm but I had no fur.



Night time was scary.
My tummy rumbled and my mouth was dry.



Who was going to feed me?
Where could I find water?





One morning I was plucked from the lonely streets and taken to an animal shelter.

There I felt safer than on the cold streets where I was all alone.

However the shelter was not a home.



I could not stay there forever.

I feared I would again finish back where I had come from.