

The **FENCE
AUTHORITY**

OUTDOOR LIVING EXPERTS™

A **FENCE**
for **FIDO**



**THE TALE OF HOW ONE STRAY DOG FOUND
A HOME, HAPPINESS, AND A FENCE**





🐾 **Well, hi there!** 🐾

MY NAME IS FIDO. IT'S NICE TO MEET YOU!

Some of my favorite hobbies are sniffing anything and everything, barking at cars, and running around in the park. I just love to sniff and run and bark!!

You may be wondering what kind of dog I am. I'm a thoroughbred mutt, born and raised on the streets. It's the only life I've known, and I'm pretty happy with my care-free, wandering lifestyle.

For as long as I can remember, I've always had things my way. When I want one of those tasty hotdogs from the vendor in the park? I get it! A quick snack from the dumpster of that good Italian place? All mine! When I DON'T want something, there's no problem there either. Take for instance the trip to the shelter that the dog catcher keeps trying to make me take. All I have to do is take a few of my secret shortcuts and use my quick feet to outrun them every time—without breaking a pant.

Sometimes I hear you humans talk about school and work and bills. Sometimes I hear people complaining or yelling. But for me, I've got the easy life. I don't even know what a bill is!



Even though I'm what some would call a loner, I have tons of dog friends. They all have human families, though, and they all act like humans are something awesome. No offense, but I don't think they know what they're barking about. Supposedly, humans rule because they pet you and play with you. As far as I'm concerned, humans drool. They're only good for one thing: food scraps. I get all the pizza crusts I could ever want from the dumpster in the alley. You don't buy the human when you can get the pizza crusts for free. That's what I always say. I don't need a human. Pizza and my dog pals are all I need.

As you can tell, my philosophy on humans is pretty simple: I don't need them and they don't need me.

Since we're being honest here, I should admit there is this one guy I've seen around town who doesn't seem that bad. I come across him sometimes while I'm making my neighborhood rounds. I'll see him parked out front of one of my dog friend's yards playing with a big long measuring tape (a game I just don't understand), down by the pizza shop, or sometimes at the local hardware store.

I guess you could say I took this guy on as a pet project and think I have him pretty well trained. When he sees me, he'll stop what he's doing and try to talk to me. I'll give him my patented stink eye that says "Go away, human!" Then he'll crouch down and reach into his pocket, pull out some kind of tasty treat, and toss it over to me. Score! Works every time.



Enough about humans, though.

THIS IS MY STORY, AFTER ALL!

One of my favorite things to do is round up all my pals—if they can outsmart the fences their humans put them in. After my pals escape, we run through the neighborhood, chasing after cars, teasing squirrels, and seeing which trash cans have the best stuff. It's a dog's life, and we make sure we live every minute of it!

Lately, though, I've been noticing that my pack and I have been spending less time together. I'm starting to wonder if I did something wrong. There was that time last summer when I mistook a skunk for soccer ball and after a little kerfuffle, no one would come near me, but that I understood. This is different. I am PAWsitive I don't smell! My pals just aren't coming out to play anymore.

It's time I do some sniffing around to find out what's gotten into them. You can come along for the journey, if you like. But first, just in case, I'm going to splash around in that puddle over there.

I'LL MEET YOU BACK HERE IN A FEW MINUTES.





The first house on my route is Fifi's. She's so small that she might as well be a cat. I suppose it's not fair to make fun of her size when it's the very thing that lets her escape her yard. She can always slip through the gap where a post is missing in her fence.

Walking up to Fifi's house, which is as neatly manicured as her coat, I immediately see the reason why I haven't been seeing much of Fifi. The space where a fence board was missing...is missing! And it's not the only thing that's different. It looks like her humans replaced the entire fence!

I can still see into her yard through the slits in the fence, so I get up close to the wood panels to get a good look, and just as I'm about to howl her name, I spot her, wearing a—

A sweater?

"Fifi, hey Fifi! Over here."

"Hey, Fido! How do you like my sweater?"

She sticks her snout up and poses like a model. Is she being fur real? Why in this dog gone world would a dog wear a sweater? I might roll around in weird stuff I find in the park, but sweaters are where I draw the line. It's just undignified. Another example of the humiliating consequences of living with humans.

"Um, yeah, it's great. Why don't you come out and play!"

"I can't, Fido. Haven't you noticed the shiny new fence? I'm stuck here unless one of my humans gets my leopard print leash."

"Well, you can jump, right? Just hop on over."



I stand up on my hind legs and put my front paws on the top of the fence. It's only about 3 feet tall and my paws fit nicely between the pickets. I give it a little push (it's sturdy, no breaking a board free) and as I'm about to coax her more—

"Fido, you know I'm pup-conscious of my little legs. After that embarrassing incident trying to jump up on the park bench...

And anyway, I kind of feel bad about all the times I left before. I didn't realize how sad it made my humans when I was gone. They told me this new fence was for me, to keep me safe. You know I love gifts! It would just be rude of me to leave now."

"Fine, Fifi, you're not cool enough to hang out with me anyway."

By the time I utter the last word, I'm halfway down the block, running away from Fifi and towards my next stop. I hear her bark something about not inviting me over for pupcakes at her next birthday party, but who cares?

I clearly recall that park bench incident, and I did feel bad that she couldn't jump high enough to get a good seat, but she could have hopped that fence if she wanted to. If she wanted to be my friend, that is.

She clearly made her choice. If Fifi cares more about a nice home and humans, then she can have them.

Another one bites the dust.



I try to forget about Fifi's rejection, and trot down a couple more blocks towards Rusty's house. From a distance I see a truck pull up to the nearest stop sign, and I freeze in my tracks. It's my, I mean, the Human. He's in one of those trucks with all the tools in the back, and I can see a sign on the side of the door that says "The Fence Authority."

So he works for them, huh? I've seen that sign on one too many fences around the neighborhood. HE'S the one behind all the new fence-prisons going up in yards all over. This is just too much. I shake him from my thoughts as I duck into the thick bushes that line Rusty's yard.

Rusty is a big dog, and he's just as happy-go-lucky as I am. We love to go roaming the streets at night, chasing cats and sniffing everything we can find. His owner installed one of those horrible electric fences a while back, but when Rusty wants to come out with me, I just walk into his yard (who's laughing now, electric fence!) and help him wiggle out of his collar so he can leave the yard without getting a jolt.

When I'm almost through the bushes and about to make my way into the yard, my head knocks into something solid. I slowly look up, being careful not to bump my bruised noggin again, and my eyes go wide. He's got a FENCE. A big, imposing line of wooden slats is right in front of my nose, and it stretches all along the border of his yard.



"R-Rusty?" I call out hesitantly.

"Hey, Fido, my dog! What's happening?" I can't see Rusty, but I imagine his big black nose is right on the other side of the fence from mine.

"Are you....okay? Where did this thing come from?!"

"Oh, the new fence. It's a bummer alright. My human said I'd had one too many midnight prowls and he decided to go with a new fence from folks from The Fence Authority."

"The Fence Authority!!"

I knew it, of course I knew it. That guy is bad news, even if he does toss me a treat every now and then. I give Rusty's fence a halfhearted tap with my paw, but I know it's hopeless.

"Any chance they left a hole, or somewhere for you to climb so you can jump over? It's been so long since we've had any fun!"

"I don't think so, buddy." Rusty definitely feels bad. "Wanna go to the good dumpster and snag me some leftover pepperoni? They've got me on a doggie diet, too, and I'm craving human food."

"I'll keep an eye out for you. Maybe I can round up some of the other gang and we can have a digging party to bust you out soon."

"That would be GREAT! I'm dying for something besides this kibble. Say hi to Fifi for me? Tell her I'll see her at the dog park on Saturday."

"Oh, yeah....sure...."



I back out from the bushes and walk off, barely mumbling a goodbye. I can't believe that rotten guy from The Fence Authority has imprisoned another one of my friends. I start thinking about ways I can get back at him. Maybe he'll leave his keys lying out and I can toss them in the pond....

I figure there can't possibly be any more bad news, considering how awful it's already been with Fifi and Rusty. I make my way towards Angel and Cosmo's place on the corner.

While Cosmo is a big dog, Angel is a little dog like Fifi, but what she lacks in height, she makes up for in cleverness. Plus, she is not nearly as prissy as Fifi (I honestly don't know what Rusty sees in her!).

Even if that fence human gave them a new fence, it wouldn't stop them. You see, my little dynamic duo never had to climb or jump their fence. They would just walk right through the side gate. All it would take is a little nuzzle, the gate latch would come loose, then FREEDOM!

Standing across the street from their house, I have a very bad feeling about things. I'm looking right at another brand new fence—and brand new gate! This has to be some sort of joke! Don't humans have better things to do? Like throw uneaten food in dumpsters?

"Hey guys! You up for some fun? Let's go to the park!"

"Heeey Fido!" Angel yells.

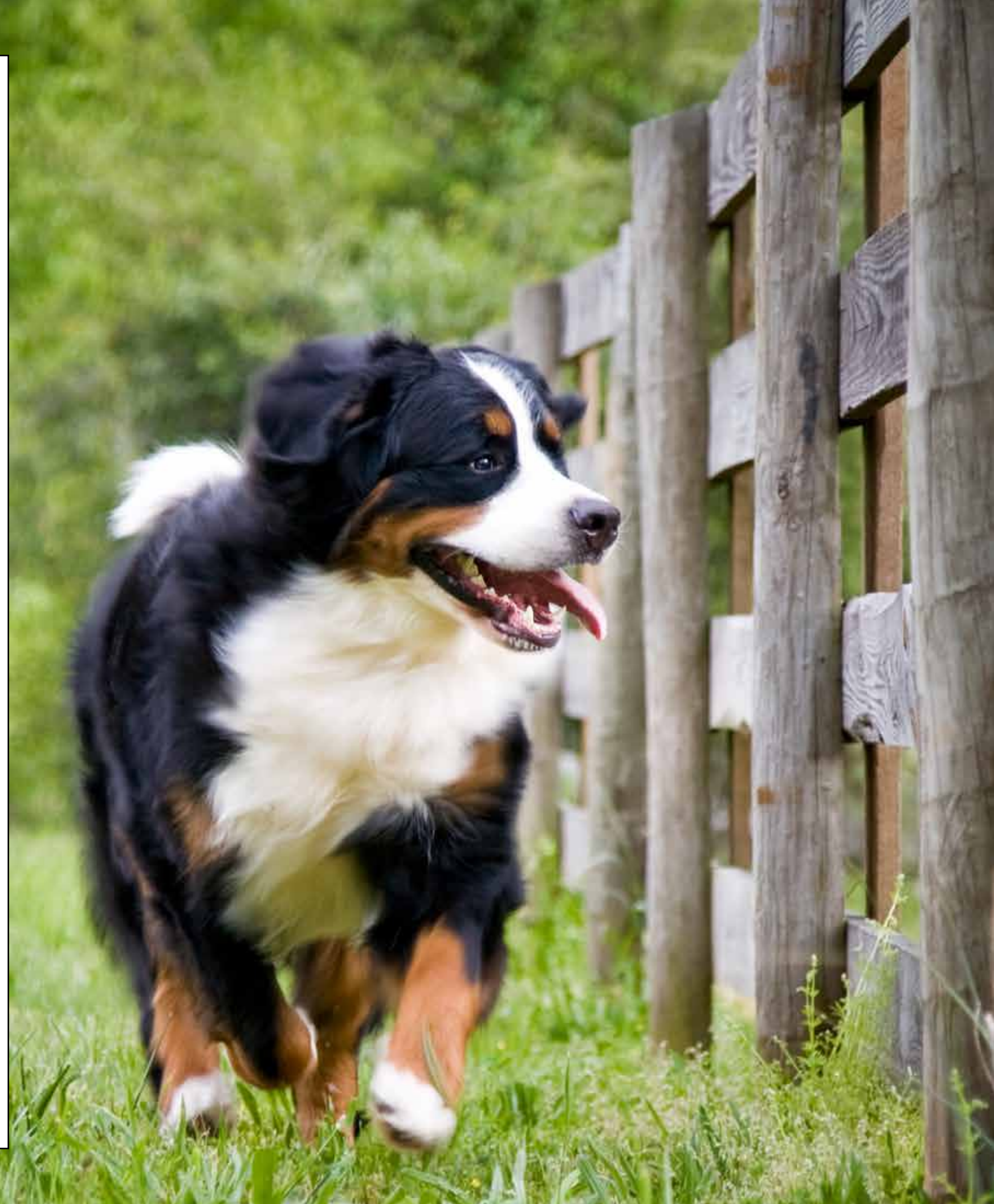
"Fido's here? Where?! Lemme see!"

I watch Cosmo's big shape and Angel's little shape running towards the fence where I'm standing. I can see them pretty well through the picket fence. The space between the white panels is larger than Fifi's, but not large enough for them to wriggle through. I silently wish for The Fence Authority human to step in a pile of something smelly... Maybe I'll start giving him some treats of my own!

Angel and Cosmo keep pushing each other over, trying to get the best spot to give me a hello-sniff through the fence.

"We can't get out!!" Cosmo says, barking in frustration. "Our human family got this new fence, and the gate has a super duper self-closing latch. We've been trying everything but we can't figure it out."

"YOU can't figure it out," Angel says to Cosmo. "I almost had it, but then the little human came out and scooped me up to take me inside and put another one of those stupid tutus on me."



"Throw me a bone here! I really thought I could count on you guys. I'm starting to get pretty worried about the status of our gang. No one can get out of their yards to play!"

"We're sorry! We would play with you if we could. We'll keep working on an escape plan, I promise! They can't keep us in here forever. Come back in a few days and we may have some progress."

I growl low in frustration. I'm just about to turn around when Cosmo gets my attention again.

"Pssst, Fido. You think I can pass you some of those tutus next time you come around so you can make them disappear?"

"Sure, Cosmo. Anything for you..."

I know there isn't much heart in my promise, but what more could any pup expect? My gang is dropping like flies, and I'm starting to feel these weird pangs of sadness in my heart that I've never felt before.

Is this what loneliness feels like?

I slink away with my snout down and my tail between my legs. My friends are really letting me down. But I guess I can't entirely blame them. It's really that guy from The Fence Authority who is ruining everything. He's the reason I am feeling lonely. I'm a free spirit! I don't need things like loneliness bumming me out and ruining my great life.





I stop at the entrance to the park and decide on a good tree to sniff. It smells like squirrels and just a little bit like Rusty, so it makes me feel a bit better, and I lay down under it with my head on my paws, thinking...

No, Fifi, no Rusty, no Dynamic Duo... Who is this human, really? I thought I had the upper paw with this guy, but it turns out he was the one calling the shots all along. I should find him and steal his lunch. Then I'll take a quick swim in the creek and run up to him and give a good shake to get him all wet.

The sound of a truck coming down the road breaks me out of my daze. Oooh, this sounds like a fun truck to chase. I've chased plenty of trucks on my own. This is exactly what I need to get me out of this awful mood.

As the truck nears and I gear up to sprint into action, my paws freeze. It's that truck again—the one that has "The Fence Authority" written on the side. IT'S HIM! I bark in excitement at the chance to initiate some of my imagined revenge. My legs loosen up just as the truck slips out of sight around the corner, and I take off at a sprint, startling a few birds in the tree I had been lying beneath.



I only make it halfway down the block when I come to Bentley's house. He must have smelled me coming because he's barking my name. I'm not sure if I should stop. The truck is now out of sight but I know I could catch up. On the other paw, maybe Bentley can come out and play with me. Surely, he can dig his way out from under his fence like he always has.

I finally get close enough to understand what he's saying between all his loud, yippie barking, and my heart sinks at what he says.

"Fido! You're never going to believe this. I can't dig under the fence anymore!"

"What?! Just dig. It's what you do!"

"I can't! When my humans got this new fence they did some landscaping, too. I thought it was going to be great when I saw all the dirt they were bringing in, but turns out they put stone all around the fence."

"That's PAWful!"

"Yeah. All that awesome dirt was used for something called a veggie garden. And guess what! They put a fence around that, too! I can't get into that garden, but man, Fido, when I figure out how to break into it, I'm going to have the most fun ever!"



It's obvious Bentley's attention is more focused on getting into that garden rather than coming out to play with me. Maybe it's for the best right now. I'm having a really ruff day.

Every dog I know is being penned in for good, one by one, behind those stupid fences. Not a one of my pals really tried to bust out. Maybe they don't want to play with me badly enough. I'm at the end of my leash, and don't even HAVE a leash!

Maybe I should just head to the alley and drown my sorrows in pizza crust. Who knows? I could get lucky and find a half-eaten Stromboli.

As I take the first step in the direction of the alley, I hear a familiar sound that makes my ears perk up. It's the truck! It's him! It's The Fence Authority guy! The truck is coming back down the street. I'm not giving up this time! I'm going to chase that truck and tell that human exactly what I think of him!

I tear off after the truck. It makes a left turn, and I expertly turn the corner, too. It makes another left, and I'm right on its tail. My hind legs are beginning to feel the burn just when the truck starts to slow. My reaction to the slowing down is a little delayed, and while I try to dig my heels in and stop, my momentum propels me forward past the driveway.

The truck pulls into the garage of a house I haven't paid much attention to before. I duck behind a shrub and watch as he enters his house. This is it! I've found him! Now that I know where he lives, he better watch out for more than just his lunch and truck keys.



The pounding in my chest starts to subside and, I take a good look at the surroundings. Front door, garage, fence. Of course he has a fence. I walk up to the monstrosity with (mildly) bad ideas coming to mind, when I see a little black furball poke its nose poke through the fence and start sniffing in my direction.

“Hey! Hey! Hey! My name is Remy! I haven’t smelled you before! What’s your name? Do you live around here?”

I take a quick step back and see a little black Cairn Terrier on the other side of the fence. He’s not fully grown yet, and his dark little shape is a blur as he runs back and forth, still barking questions at me and not being able to keep his puppy excitement in check.

“Hey there, little dude, slow down! I’m Fido. I was just chasing the human in The Fence Authority truck. Is he YOUR human? How can you bear to live with him then?”

“Oh yeah!” Remy starts doing a little dance, moving all four of his tiny paws at the mention of my arch nemesis. “That’s John! He’s GREAT!! I moved in a few weeks ago and I have this awesome yard to run around in. I get to chase the squirrels that live in our trees every day!! Wanna come chase them too?!”



"No way! Are you nuts? That human—you called him John—is making his way to each of my friends' houses and helping their humans build fence prisons to keep them from getting out to see me!"

"Oh no, that's just awful." Remy lets out a little squeak that I guess is supposed to be a bark of sympathy. "Just come in and play with me instead! John loves dogs. I'm sure he'd love another pup here to lick his face and cuddle on the couch with him!"

"How can you be so happy living here, trapped behind the fence? Those squirrels you're chasing won't be around forever. They'll catch on soon enough and find a new tree. Trust me. Why would you want to live this kind of boring life? And if you think I can get in, then you can probably get out!!"



"Before John brought me here, my mom, brothers, and sisters, and I got kicked out on the street. My brother almost got hit by a car while we were trying to find somewhere safe to sleep! But then John picked us up in his cool truck and found homes for all of us. I think he liked me the best though cause he brought me to his house to stay. I get to play in the yard and know that I'm safe from cars and those mean old alley cats we would run into."

"You're crazy—the streets are a dog paradise! You know, doing what you want all the time, and not having to come when some human calls you! That's the life! Plus, getting out of the yard doesn't have to mean you are wandering the streets. If you are afraid of cars, I know a great spot where there are NO cars! It's a place with big tall trees to sniff and a creek that runs through it. We could run around and scare birds and tip over trash cans."

I see Remy's ears perk up. Looks like I've gotten his attention! Hey, I might have a new friend to play with! I think this kid could keep up, too. He's got that puppy energy that could go really well with my carefree spirit.

This fence is just as sturdy as all the others I've come across today.

No immediate escape plans come to mind, but then, just like a bolt of lightning, it hits me—.



Dear Reader, please forgive me as I omit Remy's breakout scene from my story.

No laws were broken, all property was left intact, and no pup was harmed. It's not that I don't like you (I like you just as much as the next human), but if I revealed this trick, you might go and tell other humans then no dog will have a chance of pulling it off ever again. I will tell you this though, if you leave your garage door open, make sure the side door to the backyard is closed.



Remy and I take off running to the park, careful to stay off the streets because I don't want to scare my new friend. Right now, I'm pretty sure he's the only one I've got!

"Hey Remy, watch this!"

I run into the park and right up to a tall tree and start barking like crazy. A huge flock of birds start squawking and they all fly away.

"Cool! I want to try!"

The kid picks a great tree full of birds and runs right up to it. His energy is impressive. His bark is not. Instead of making them fly away, he just makes a nearby rabbit giggle. I can see his confidence is shot, so we take a nice sniff around to cheer him up.

I show him all of the awesome things I've found here in the past: sticks to chew on, flowers to sniff, tracks from other animals, and the leaves that fly up from under our paws as we run. Remy's little legs have a hard time keeping up with mine, so I slow it down for him. I'm starting to really like this kid, maybe even more than Rusty and the rest of the gang.





"Hey, Fido."

"Yeah, buddy?"

"I want to see that creek you were telling me about"

"Okay, we're pretty close now. You're going to LOVE it! It moves fast and shines bright when the sun hits it! You can take a drink from it if you want. You can do anything when you're not behind a fence."

"Really? I've never had a drink from a creek."

"Yeah, you just need to be careful because of how fast the water moves. But it's the best tasting water ever!"

We get to the bank of the creek, and I take a sip first to show the kid what to do. Remy puts his head down to take a sip from the river just like I did. Unlike what I did, his little puppy body topples over his head, and he tumbles into the creek. The fast-moving water has him yards away from me in no time.

"Fido! Help me!"

I run down the river, trying to keep up with the swift moving water. My friend is in trouble, and I can't figure out how to help him! I'm a street dog, man, not a rescue dog.

"Kick your feet, kid!"

"I am! It's not doing anything! Help me!"



Remy is scared, and so am I. I didn't mean to put him in danger. Instinct kicks in and I know what I have to do. I jump into the cold water and doggy paddle my way to him. I reach Remy and grab him behind the head with my teeth. I get a good hold on him and paddle back to the land at the edge of the creek.

"You all right, buddy?"

"Yeah. I just want to go home to John and my fenced in yard."

"Okay, I'll take you back."

Little Remy is so scared his little legs are still shaking. I decide it's best if I just carry him home.

Walking back to Remy's house, I realize I'm about to see his human, John, for the first time up close since I found out he is the awful fence guy taking my friends away. Part of me wants to tell him what I think of him. The other part of me is just so sad that I put my only little friend in danger.

I walk up the driveway with Remy in my mouth. The Fence Authority truck is still there. He's still home. I walk up the front steps and scratch at the front door.

I hear footsteps and then the door opens. John kneels down in front of us.

"Remy! I've been looking everywhere for you! What happened to you?"

John is scratching Remy behind his ears, and Remy is burying his little face into John's chest. I figure now is a good time to run away before I get yelled at.



Before I take a step backwards, Remy turns to face me and gives me a little lick on my nose. Man, this kid is cute. Next, John reaches out to me and starts scratching behind my ears. Man, that feels good!

"Thanks for finding Remy and bringing him back to me."

Oh, the guilt! With my tail between my legs and my head down low, I don't know what to do.

"Do you have a home, fella? I've seen you around but never with a human."

I had a home, it was the streets! But I don't have a house, and I think that's what he is really asking me.

"Why don't you come in and I'll get you cleaned up and dried off?"

"Oooh, c'mon Fido!!! John is letting you in! Come see what you've been missing! Come in and we can play."

I'm really torn when a familiar smell hits my nose.

I raise my head to get a better whiff.

John must realize what I'm smelling, because he turns around and goes back inside. When he comes toward me again, he is holding a beautiful, delicious smelling, gooey, cheese covered piece of pizza. After the long, traumatic day I've had, it is the best thing I've laid eyes on.

"You look pretty hungry. Do you want some pizza?"

At the sound of that magical word, pizza, my tongue betrays me. It hangs out of my mouth and before I can stop it, a big blob of drool falls out of my mouth. Before I know what I'm doing, I sink my teeth into that delicious pizza. It's gone in three bites, crust and all.

John stands up and I follow him into the house like it's the natural thing to do.

We go out to the back yard, fenced in though it is, it is beautiful. John comes over with a ball, and I figure I can start thinking about escape routes later. John tosses the ball across the yard, and Remy zooms after it, barking for me to follow. I'm already here, why not?

After ball, Remy brings over his favorite rope, and we had a blast pulling back and forth, growling and teasing each other. By the time we're done playing, the sun is gone and the street lights are on. If I were out on the street, I'd be hunting around for some soft, safe patch of grass or a cold, dirty hole under someone's front porch to settle down for the night.

"I've got an extra bed inside, Fido! Wanna have a sleepover?"

John is standing by the back door, gesturing for us to both come inside. He has a big smile on his face. Looking at him, I don't see him as the giant menace keeping me and my friends apart. It's more like he's this nice guy bringing me and Remy together. And maybe, bringing a whole family together.

I don't smell any danger, and it's pretty chilly already, so I decided to follow Remy into our—I mean John's—house.



So, that was quite a story, huh?

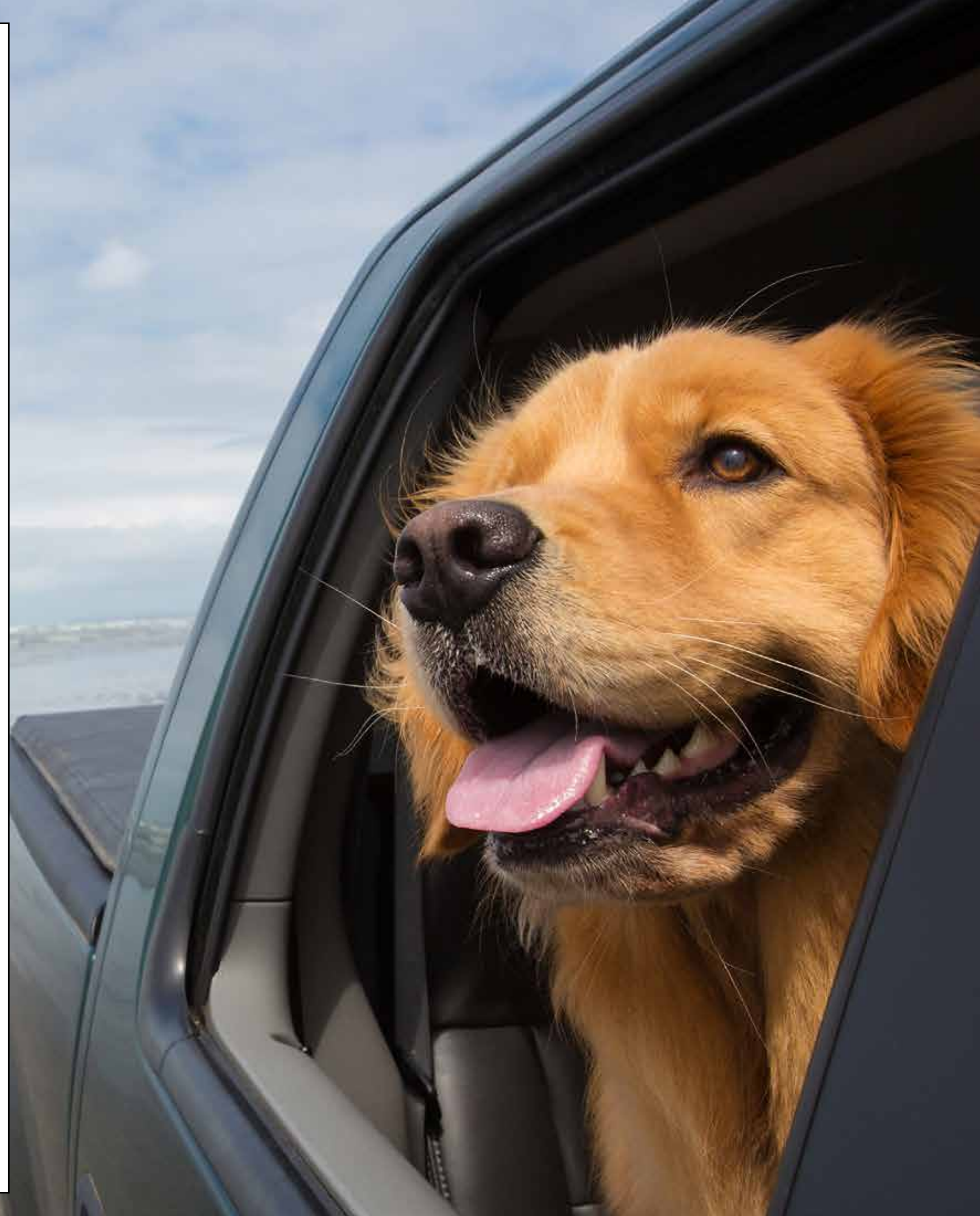
For as much as I went on and on about being a free spirited dog, the domestic life really isn't all that bad. I get 3 square meals a day, plus treats (and the occasional piece of pizza), I have a cozy bed, it's warm in the winter and cool in the summer, and whenever I feel lonely, I've got my brother Remy and my best friend John to romp around with.

Sometimes, John even takes me to work with him in that big truck I used to hate so much. I sit in the passenger seat next to him while he goes to each job. Remy is still a little too...rambunctious, John says, but when he gets a little older he'll come, too.

We drive down the streets I used to roam, but now I get to stick my head out the window and let my tongue and my ears flap in the breeze. It's one of my new favorite things!

Each time we go to a house with a dog, I get to make another friend and share my story of how I became John's right hand dog. Sometimes the dogs are really angry because their humans are getting John to patch up the holes and escape routes they've been using to get out of their yard. In those cases, I'm the best dog for the job, because I can tell them I know exactly where they're coming from, and they know I'm a dog who knows what he's talking about. I tell them about all the bad parts of roaming the streets—no treats, no chew toys, and no scratches behind the ears. And they listen.

John and I even have a secret code. If there is a dog that I really like at one of his jobs, I will nuzzle his hand. He knows what this means, and he will invite their owner to the park.



John takes me and Remy every Saturday and lets us do our thing for an hour or two (don't worry, Remy and I stay away from the creek) while he settles under a tree with some boring book. Every week, I get to see the old gang! I tell the new dogs John and I meet about my pack, and we all get together to play a big game of chase and let loose a little bit.

I know now that what John does, building fences and making it next to impossible for the dog of the house to escape, really isn't a bad thing. Those fences protect us and help us feel safe. Inside those fences are our homes and a place we can sniff and call our own. For the dogs that need more than that, like the ones that just can't stop themselves from digging holes or chewing on everything in sight, the yards inside those fences can be easily transformed into a doggie paradise.

If I ever get a hankering for a taste of my old life, I remind myself of all the dangers that John and Remy saved me from. Animal Control could pick me up. A car could come down the road too fast and not see me. I could get lost and never see Remy or John again. Now I know that it's for the best that I can't hop, climb, dig under, or tear apart the fence in our yard. For the first time in a long time, I know there is one human and one dog who really love me. I never thought I'd become so soft, but the domestic life is actually pretty comfy.

I'm finally truly happy!





Need a fence for your dog?

EVERY DOG DESERVES A HOME...AND A GOOD FENCE.

As I've learned from my adventure and living with John, The Fence Authority has every kind of fence imaginable—paneled privacy fences, picket fences, split rail fences, you name it! They also have a variety of materials from various woods to composite materials.

CHECK OUT THE FENCE AUTHORITY'S SELECTION!

If they don't have it, they can custom build it!

Need to talk to an expert human?

[Contact The Fence Authority](#) or visit [their blog](#) today!





Need a dog for your fence?

There is no shortage of dogs that need homes—not just puppies, but also awesome, loveable dogs like me in need of their happy endings!

If you live somewhere else, check out

THE ASPCA'S FIND A SHELTER

<http://www.asPCA.org/adopt/shelters>

In my area, you can check out the

CHESTER COUNTY SPCA

<http://www.ccspca.org>

(and then make a play date with me!)





A PUBLICATION BY



THE FENCE AUTHORITY



www.fenceauthority.com