



*Above: Annie, the wallaby, able to stand on her own two legs following her final treatment by me and my chiropractor colleague. Right: Annie resting in her Mom's lap (see Chapter 4).*



*Golden Retriever Buddha and I talk about him getting tangled up in the white stool near the Jacuzzi (see Chapter 5).*



*Chloe, the goat, receives lots of TLC from her Mom, my chiropractor colleague and me, after her treatment (see Chapter 4).*



*Terry, the African Grey, and Rhett, the Macaw, in the pet store after their human committed suicide. They both went on to find loving, new homes (see Chapter 7).*



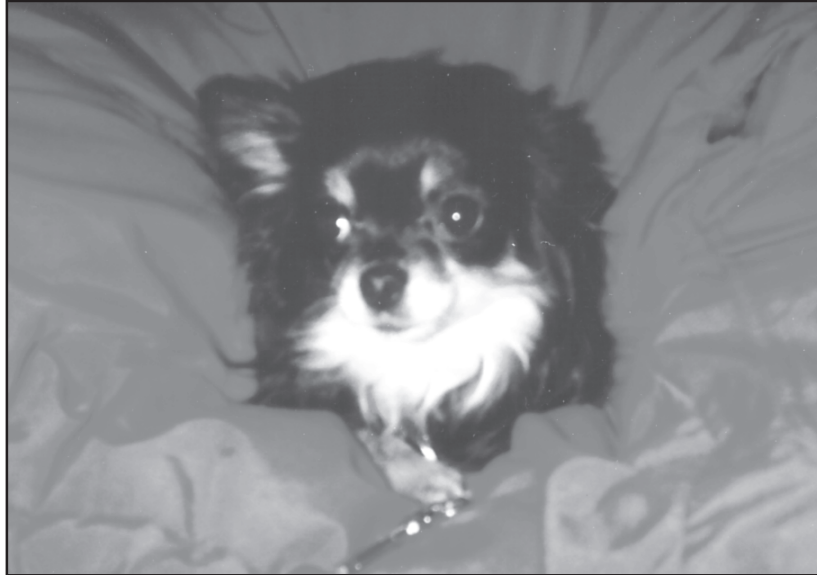
*Kody, the Siberian Husky,, who refused to jump into the car and just lay down in the snow on the trip to Alaska (see Chapter 6).*



*Zach, who demanded that his home and meals be “just so” (see Chapter 6).*



*Jessica, the 9-year-old Lab/Shepherd mix, who showed symptoms of “canine autism” (see Chapter 8).*



*Denver, the 4-year-old Chihuahua, who became his Daddy's favorite because "He needs me right now" (see Chapter 9).*



*Wolfie, the 15-year-old Golden Retriever, who was sad when his Mom died, and went to live with his "Granny" (see Chapter 13).*



*Dachshunds Fritz and his sister Puggy (top row and lower left). After crossing over, Puggy told Mom that she would soon reincarnate along with a new friend (lower right) (see Chapter 14.)*



*Sarahorsie, the magnificent 16-hand mahogany bay and Pamela, who discovered that they're soul mates (see Chapter15).*



*Cyndi and her German Shepherd Gunner, who lived each day for her ... until the pain became too great (see Chapter 2).*



*Gwynne, the Welsh Border Collie, who missed his homeland so much that he became very depressed (see Chapter 8).*



*Left: Chance, the blind kitty; right: Froda, the new arrival in the home, about whom Chance complained. Froda was anemic and her body emitted an ammonia-like smell, which made Chance pull his fur out (see Chapter 12).*



*Troy, the deaf and almost blind Sheltie whose tail always drooped. Once he knew his humans saw him as an intelligent dog with disabilities, he improved and held his tail high (see Chapter 6).*



*Rosco, the 2-year-old miniature Dachshund and observant pet detective. Left: the wood chip pile where his friend Dakota sleeps; right: catching some well-deserved sleep (see Chapter 11).*



*Casey, who taught his mom so much about life, especially in his last few months, loved his afternoon “walks” in his stroller (see Chapter 18).*



*Cover photograph of me with my canine family (left to right) Chop-chop, a 14-year-old Shih-Tzu; Princess, a 12½-year-old Shih-Tzu and the love of his life; and my two 6-month-old Cocker Spaniel grandpuppies, Clyde and Bonnie.*