

**Sent:** May-01-13 1:56 PM  
**To:**  
**Cc:** 'shelly'; Amandacleve@hotmail.com  
**Subject:** Dear John

Please pass this along, and table to Law Amendments who are meeting this evening at 5:00 pm.

I would appreciate if every member could have a minute to read this document; as only THEY have the ability at this point to address this issue of LEGAL abuse in our province.

Regards,

Scott W Saunders,  
People For Dogs

**Dear John MacDonell :**

Twelve years ago this heavy chain became the world I knew

Rapidly the dust replaced the space where grass once grew.

At first I cried from loneliness I haven't cried in years

I gave that up to hopelessness they never see my tears.

When winter comes I dream of spring as I shiver through the night

My water freezes into ice while my entire world turns white.

When summer comes I long for fall the sun is unforgiving

As my water quickly disappears as does my thirst for living.

This circle of dirt beneath my feet has seen a million paces

As I have watched pass by me at least a thousand faces.

All of them too busy to stop and be a friend

I'd pull and tug and wag my tail the chain would always end.

Twelve years ago this rusty chain became the world I know

A world of isolation, a world where grass won't grow.

A world of bitter coldness, a world of searing heat

A world where no one comforts you when your heart beats its last beat.

**Signed,**

**Chained Dog**

