

The Story of Scruffy of Smithfield, Virginia



by Curtis A. Roberts

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Special Thanks:

Special thanks: go to my daughter, April.

It was through her creative and honest accounts of Scruffy's story, and his special relationship with the town of Smithfield, that formed the foundation of this telling of Scruffy's story.

Thanks also to you Scruffy. I knew from the first time I saw you that you were a good boy. I'll always remember the friendship that I grew with you all those times we spent together in my front yard. You looked so pitiful sometimes when you'd come by after a rainstorm. You have endured a lot. I'm glad it all worked out for you! Good Boy!

The Story of Scruffy of Smithfield, Virginia



This is the story about a stray dog named Scruffy who once roamed the streets of our charming little town of Smithfield. No

one ever knew who Scruffy's owner was or where he came from. Scruffy did not have a home.

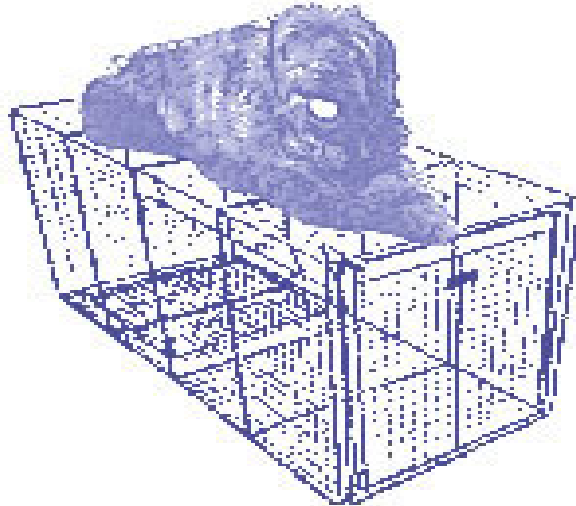
Many people in Smithfield came to know and love Scruffy and he became a regular visitor to the townspeople who lived downtown. Scruffy was simply the "dog of Smithfield". He was seen all around town. Many people fed him and got a smile when they spotted him.



Adults and children alike enjoyed getting near him but no one was able to pet him for he would run away if anyone got too close! So Scruffy slept alone, outside, for he did not have a home.

Everyone wanted Scruffy to have a home of his own. One man in particular was given the job of catching Scruffy and find him a home. This man's name was Mr. Taylor. Mr. Taylor tried many times to catch Scruffy but Scruffy was very scared and he was

determined not to be caught. He was too fast and far too smart and always outwitted Mr. Taylor. One time Mr. Taylor set a big box trap to catch Scruffy but that didn't work either. For Scruffy didn't go in the trap at all. He got on top of the trap to lie down and take a rest.



Scruffy had nothing else to do but to take in the warm sunshine and day dream of one day having a home.

Scruffy became so well-known that he was featured on the front page of the town newspaper, The Smithfield Times.



Later, his puppies were also pictured in the newspaper. Scruffy was very famous now and everyone knew him! A lot of people tried to catch Scruffy but no one could. Not even Mr. Taylor could catch Scruffy no matter what he tried. So Scruffy continued to sleep wherever he could find a place to lie down for he did not have a home.

Many months passed by and Scruffy continued to come around and make friendly visits to the townspeople. His hair had grown long and matted from all the times he had gotten wet and dirty in the rain and mud. Scruffy began to wonder if he would ever have a home of his own to live in. He became very tired and wandered into a big shed to take a nap. All of the sudden the door slammed shut behind him! He couldn't get out. He was trapped in the big shed. Soon the door opened and Mr. Taylor walked in. He picked up the tired dog and carried him out of the shed.



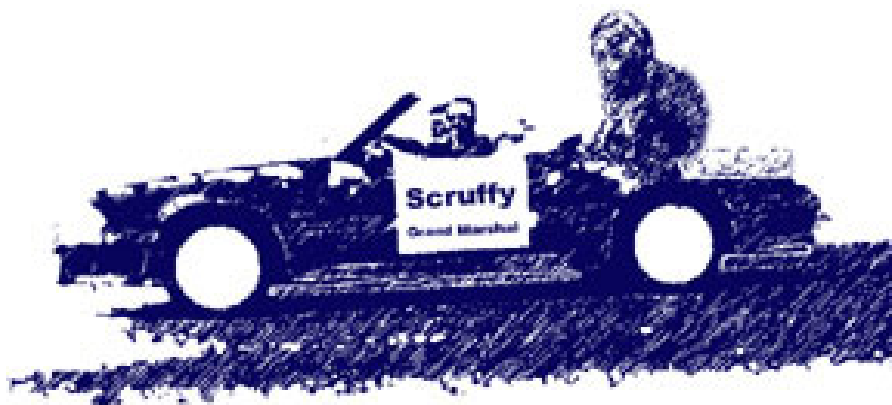
What would happen to Scruffy now?

Scruffy was taken to the dog pound where they kept all the other stray dogs and cats. So many people loved Scruffy that in no time at all a big, big crowd gathered at the dog pound to see him! At the pound Scruffy got a much needed bath and haircut.



Scruffy was given a clean bill of health too. Mr. Taylor began the job of sorting through all the many people who wanted to adopt Scruffy and take him home.

Mr. Taylor worked hard until he found just the right home for Scruffy to live. There was a nice soft bed for Scruffy to sleep in and a big yard for him to run and play. There was lots of food for him to eat and he was always kept dry and warm in his new home. Although the townspeople missed seeing Scruffy around the town he was still seen occasionally as the Grand Marshall of parades through downtown. And as Scruffy passed by along the parade route he brought a smile to each and every face as everyone took joy in knowing that Scruffy finally had a home of his own.



Scruffy Facts:

Breed: Terrier Mix

Weight: 25 lbs.

Birthdate: Unknown, approx.. 1998

Elapsed time to apprehend: 18 months



Many thanks to Mr. Traylor for his determination in “apprehending” Scruffy, a very elusive and very smart dog to say the least. As a result of his persistence and direction of all efforts Scruffy was eventually taken to the Isle of Wight Animal control where the facility was quickly overwhelmed by the sheer number of the visitors to see Scruffy. Still Mr. Traylor had to methodically process all claims of ownership (all of which were discounted) and carefully sort through all of the many applicants who wanted to adopt Scruffy to find the one that would be best for Scruffy. Again thank you Mr. Traylor for all your efforts. It has all finally paid off!

Scruffy Now:

The former vagabond of Smithfield lives with Linda Reagan and her husband, Mike.

By Tony Germanotta, The Virginian-Pilot
March 7, 2005

Carrolton, Va. — He was legend – the little black escape artist who wandered the streets of Smithfield always one paw ahead of the law.

Animal control officer Waverly Traylor spent more than a year trying to outwit and gradually coming to admire the animal he named Scruffy . The dog seemed to trifle with him, sitting on top of humane traps, waiting coyly for Traylor to get close, only to

vanish once again.

On June 7, 2003 , Scruffy made his first mistake, slipping into a garage not knowing the getaway hole he expected to find out back had been recently repaired. Scruffy was captured, bathed, inoculated and, gasp, neutered, before being placed in the loving care of Linda and Mike Reagan .

That was in July, 2003 .

Pundits thought it wouldn't last, that he would soon be on the lam, strutting his stuff at all his old haunts.



The pundits were wrong.

These days, Scruffy is content with a much smaller domain. He patrols an acre of fenced yard and settles easily into the Reagans' overstuffed chairs. At night, he sleeps on the master bed between the Reagans' feet. He even has a ski jacket, complete with hood, for those cold or snowy days.

The Reagans still call him Scruffy, but he's far from it now. His once matted coat is closely cropped in what resembles a schnauzer cut. The face, though, is unrepentant vagabond.

"Scruffy has had no problems adapting," Linda Reagan said, as the dog nestled beside her, eyes closed.

Once he had a flashback, taking off through an open car window, but they let out their other dog, a female mix of golden retriever and border collie named Niki, and soon the canine buddies were walking back together as if nothing had happened.

Every Saturday, Mike Reagan takes the two dogs out for cheeseburger treats at the local drive-throughs.

Scruffy also loves Utz pretzels and Milk Bones.

Occasionally they clip on the leash (he doesn't resist, she insists) and they head back to downtown Smithfield for a reunion tour.

“Everybody remembers him and is happy to see him,” Linda Reagan said.

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...The End