I had just finished running my two dogs in the local ball field when I spied a little white head behind the trash can in the dugout. A very young pit bull mix puppy stumbled out from behind the can, cold, scared, and with a bad cut on his back leg. I scooped him up in one hand and carried him back to the car. The next day it snowed.

Aside from the infected cut on his leg, Dugi (named for the structure where he was found) was pronounced healthy by the vet. My dogs took him into the pack without a fuss, although my husky-malamute mix, Kodi, was a little standoffish at first; he wasn’t completely convinced that he needed a little brother. I started training and socializing Dugi right away, walking him on the river trail in town and introducing him to everyone. Nearly four years later, he’s a beefy 70 pounds, one of the sweetest and most intelligent dogs you’ll ever meet. My sister’s children adore him.

Somebody threw this boy away like a piece of trash, and by some miracle I came along to pick him up before he was caught in the snowstorm. Every time I look at Dugi, I feel grateful that I took the dogs to the ball field that day.

— Lynne Benkis, Franklin, North Carolina