



Starsky Yeager

June 28, 2019

My name is Starsky Yeager. Pretty cool name, huh'. And a big NO, my brother IS NOT Hutch! (Admit it, that's what you were thinking, right?) My Greyhound racing name was Smooth

Starsky. Now, I believe with my big brown eyes I was "Smooth" with all the "Bitches", that is my story and I'm sticking to it. So, when my human parents shortened it to just Starsky, I was a bit miffed, but I got used to it because they said it with love. I was born on July 11, 2006. My racing record is NADA. I absolutely love to run, on MY terms.

Certainly not around a stupid oval track, chasing a stupid wooden rabbit, in stupid crappy weather, and

then back into the stupid crate. Ridiculous! I was entirely too "Smooth" for those shenanigans. I'm not

playing nice and that is the end of it! I retired and went to live in Roo Valley with the good folks from Nittany Greyhounds. They provide us

homeless pups' safe harbor. My friends Toni and Ellen took a special interest in me because there was a

very gray area in a previous adoption and I pleaded innocent. I was on death row. That's when a

wonderful couple, Kim and Mike, became my foster parents and whisked me out of harms way and kept

me safe and loved. I never forgot them. After all, they were part of the plan that saved me and I looked

so forward to the Nittany Reunion Picnic so I could “lean” on them for pets and hugs. Then along came my forever human parents and I knew right away we needed each other. Now how awesome is that! With my new Mom and Dad and Grammy spoiling me I thought I was “King”! I know, right? Until a couple weeks later and the arrival of my step-sister “Queen” Maybelline. No! What? I didn’t need a “Queen”; I was just fine “King” on my own. At first I had to tolerate her, but then I got to know her, and then before I knew it, I got to love her. Maybelline was a spoiled brat full of energy and I had to keep an eye on her at all times. If she moved from the Hearth Room to the Bedroom, I most certainly had to follow her to make sure she wasn’t getting any special hugs from Mom or Dad. Then, I would just doze to sleep and up she would go again. Off to the Kitchen this time for a juicy treat and, of course, I followed her so I could get my juicy treat too. Then downstairs to ask to go outside. “Oh puppy poo” I thought, “Won’t she ever stop and sleep?” Didn’t she understand we are known to be “40 mile an hour couch potatoes?” So off we would go to the yard together. We were inseparable. Almost every morning after Dad went to work my “morning constitution” was our daily ROO. I loved to put my nose in the air and howl. Maybelline would join the fun. If you have never heard a ROO, you are missing out. What the heck could be that odd sound? “King” Starsky, that’s who it is! I loved my Mom and Dad and had the best life any pup could ever dream of. Dad called me Handsome! I had a comfy bed in every room and a big safe back yard for me and my sister Maybelline to play and run. But I hate the heat and after a few laps around the yard, I was spent and

ready to go back inside,
get a big sloppy drink of water and snuggle down and sleep. After all, I'm
retired.....I'm supposed to
relax, right? We couldn't wait for the evenings when Dad would lay on the floor
between me and Maybelline and
cuddle with us. I loved to spoon with Dad. Ahhhh! Contentment! Mom said I
snore. What? Seriously?
Well she snores too, so there! I loved our road trips. Mom and Dad took us to
so many exciting places. We went to Greyhound fund
raisers, to out of town weddings, to the lake, to the beach, to the mountains,
picnics and lots of other cool
places. We went to Canine Fun Days in Ohio and for kicks; Dad entered us in
a lure coursing event. I
came in 3rd place, trophy and ribbon and all. As I said, I love to run whenever
I darn well feel like it, no
more, no less. I wanted to show up Maybelline and I did.....mission
accomplished. Mom and Dad were
so proud of me. Traveling took forever though because people would stop us
and ask us what kind of pups we were and
comment on how soft our fur was. My fur color is called "Red" but it is really
more tan than red. I got so
tired of the women squealing, "Oh, he looks just like a deer!" Well I'm not, I'm
a Greyhound! Get it
straight! Then one day, Maybelline wasn't there and I missed her so much.
Mom said she is with Grammy and I'll
see her again. I sure hope so. When I was diagnosed with an immune
disorder and stomach issues, I never gave it a serious thought.
My energy slowed down but I could still eat like a "Champ". Mom made me
special needs cooked
dinners and they were delicious. But one day, I was just too sick to move. The

medicine wasn't working.

Mom and Dad took me to the best Vet for internal medicine. I heard the intensive care doctor say

something about tumors and cancer. Mom and Dad stayed with me and pet my face and looked into my

sad brown eyes until the sickness was no more and when I woke up I saw

Grammy and Maybelline and

St. Francis.

Tribute Wall



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