



CHERRY

THE LEGENDARY

PART 1:

The Dog

with no Name

Cherry the Legendary
Written and Illustrated by Jennifer DiDonato
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CHAPTER 1

The Orchard

It all began with a dog who had no name.

He had always lived in a little cherry orchard beneath a canopy of trees, surrounded by thick clouds. That was his favorite hiding spot and really the only thing to do: just stay hidden. This was easy, as the dog was no bigger than a basketball.

He made a tinker sound when he walked from his big, long toenails and also had black markings on his face as if he were wearing a mask, just like a hero. But the dog with no name would never consider himself a hero. Heroes never get scared, and never are hidden. Or so he thought.

He wasn't completely alone. With him was always a tiny cherry seed, which he called Pit. He had Pit by his side since he picked his very first cherry in the orchard.

The orchard was small, though the dog with no name never knew it. He had never been anywhere else. By day, he curled beneath the tree branches. But at night, when everything grew still, he crept out to explore. To the dog with no name, the world always felt safer in the dark.

Until one day, when the orchard looked... different.

It began with the trees. Sap ran down their trunks, as if the trees were crying. The branches blackened and twisted like giant spider legs stretching across the orchard. Then the cherries shriveled, turned green, and gave off a smell so rotten, it made the dog's nose twitch.

Next came the leaves. They turned brown, curled at the edges, and dropped to the ground. Within days, every leaf had fallen, and the dog with no name could barely see his own paws beneath them. A strange shadow had taken over his home.

“How am I supposed to stay hidden when there’s no trees left to hide me?” he asked Pit.

Sometimes, he pretended Pit would answer back. But deep down, he wondered if he was the kind of dog others would ever want as a friend, or if he was simply too good at hiding.

That afternoon, he searched for one last good cherry to eat, when a loud CRACK! echoed through the orchard.

The dog with no name spun around in a panic, turning in circles searching for the sound, as if he were chasing his tail. Then—whoosh! A tree branch came crashing down beside him. He jumped away just in time.

As the dust settled, he noticed something bright red caught in the fallen branches.

“Ah, there’s a juicy cherry,” he thought.

He crept closer and instead saw a nest tangled in the tree limbs. Twisting around the twigs and sticks of the nest was... a shiny red collar.



He sniffed it cautiously as he held it in his paws.

CRACK!

Another branch began to fall. He grabbed the collar in his teeth and dove into a tree trunk for cover.

That night, the dog with no name couldn't sleep. He tried to think of every possible way to stay in the orchard. Every plan he came up with led to one truth: he had to leave. The orchard was sick, and no longer safe for hiding.

He curled tight, licking at his long toenails the way

he always did when he was nervous.

But even that comfort couldn't quiet his fears about the quest waiting for him in the morning.



Hero Reflection:

The dog with no name licked his long toenails to help himself feel better. What's something you do that helps you feel better when you're scared?"



Hero Tip:

Did you know your body can hold on to feelings? Taking slow, deep breaths helps your body and mind calm down.

Practice three deep breaths before doing something hard or scary—or even before bed! Being kind to yourself is just as important as being kind to others.



CHAPTER 2

The Collar

As the sun peeked through a small hole in the tree, the dog packed his last few cherries into a backpack and gently tucked Pit into the bag. Then he picked up the red collar and buckled it around his neck.

Zzzzzoom!

Suddenly, the collar began to spin like a wheel—faster and faster—until a strange vision appeared before his eyes...

He could see his little cherry orchard. But it looked like a tiny speck of dust. In fact, that tiny speck was surrounded by what looked like a whole world beyond the orchard carved on a map. On the map,



he also saw something strange. There winding in and through was a red path that looked similar to the red collar. But, there at the end of the path was a gold medallion. It shined and sparkled and turned three times on the map. And as fast as the vision came, it disappeared.

“What was that?” he whispered.

The dog with no name couldn’t believe what he saw. So he poked his head a little out of the tree. And

there he saw it just like the vision. The puffy clouds that had always covered the skies were gone. And he discovered the orchard was on top of a mountain! And there, winding down the mountain was the red path and the world beyond.

Before he could think more, the ground shook beneath him. Not like the clunk of falling branches—this was much louder. The tree he was hiding in was being pulled from its roots, and the dog with no name felt himself being lifted into the sky!

The dog with no name yelped and dashed back and forth inside the trunk, searching for a way out.

Suddenly, the tree lurched, and tumbled to the ground with a loud thud! Then, with another jolt, the tree began to roll, tossing the dog about inside.

Down.

Down.

Down.

He tumbled inside, crashing against the walls, Pit bouncing beside him. It felt like they were rolling for a whole day.

Finally—slam! The tree hit the bottom of the mountain, leaving the dog dizzy and with a bump on his head bigger than the size of Pit.

Everything was still.

He curled up in a ball, his heart pounding. This wasn't the orchard. This wasn't home.

“This all must be a dream,” he thought. “Maybe if I stay really quiet and just hide like what I do best, I'll wake up in my safe little orchard of cherry trees.”

So the dog with no name curled up tighter in a ball. But, he noticed, there wasn't much silence coming from inside the tree.

Something rustled inside his bag.

“Get me out!” came a squeaky voice.

The dog gasped. His eyes bulged. He swiped the bag to the other side of the trunk with his tail.

“Ow! That hurt!” the voice shouted. “Let me out!”

He crept toward the bag, unstrapped the flap, opened it wide... and darted back.

Out popped a small, round head—red like a cherry.

“Whew! That was quite a tumble!” the little figure said. “You okay?”

The dog stared. “Did you just... talk?”

“Of course!” the cherry-shaped figure said proudly. “It's me, your friend—Pit!”

“Pit?” the dog whispered. “You're... real?”

“I've always been real and with you every day in the orchard! You putting on that red collar—it must have opened your eyes to see me!”

The dog licked his toenail nervously. “This is too weird.”

“No time to figure it out!” Pit shouted. “We need to get out of this tree before we get carried back up into the sky!”

The dog hesitated. “But... It's scary out there. And

I'm just not made for adventures.”

Pit put her tiny twig-like hands on the dog's cheeks.

“What about the path? I think we're supposed to follow it. Maybe it will lead us to a new home?”

CRACK!

They heard another tree being pulled from its roots behind them.

“Run!” Pit yelled.

They waited for just the right timing for there to be a break in the flying trees, then burst out from the trunk and onto the winding path. The two adventurers weaved and dodged and ducked like they were running through an obstacle course.



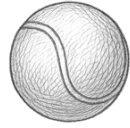
Hero Reflection:

Have you ever had to go somewhere new or try something that felt unknown? What helped you keep going?”



Hero Tip:

Making new friends can feel a little scary, just like the dog felt when leaving the orchard. Start small: smile, say hi, offer a kind word, or ask about something you both enjoy. Sometimes, friendship begins with just a little courage.



CHAPTER 3

A First in the Valley

Finally, everything quieted as they made their way into a valley following the red path and towards a big hole that was filled with giant, yellow rocks.

“The path winds right through these rocks. Let’s jump!” yelled Pit.

The dog with no name felt like he had plenty of adventure for one day. But as he thought of his orchard, he realized there was no home to go back to—only forward.

He reached out his long toenail and gently placed it on the rock. “Squeak!”

“Wait, did that sound just come from the... Or Pit, was that you?”

“No, that certainly was not me jesting a squeak. That was the rock!”

As the dog looked closer, he noticed these were not ordinary rocks. He proceeded to step all four paws on top of it, when, SQUEAK! There it was again!

Pit followed. She jumped onto a rock and squeak! Pit’s round head fell back laughing with joy. She bounced onto another and, squeak!

“These aren’t rocks,” laughed Pit, “they’re squeaky balls!”

The dog with no name followed, bouncing from ball to ball, making little squeaky noises like funny hiccups as they both made their way across the valley.

“Hey! This is actually fun!” And the dog with no name played for the first time in his life.

Almost to the other side, the squeaking made a sudden stop.

“Quiet!” said Pit.

In front of them, a small bird with bright green feathers flapped and struggled to fly. Behind it, a rattlesnake slithered swiftly up, over, and around the rocks, its scales flashing in the sunlight. Its sharp fangs glinted as it gained speed toward the helpless bird.

“Help!” cried the bird. “Help me!”

The dog froze.

“Who me?” he thought. “I’m not brave and certainly no hero.”

But then the collar started to turn around his neck. The vision from the collar zoomed in closely on the bird’s wing. It was hurt. Then the dog saw the snake’s tail rattling like a toy, just like the fun squeaky balls.

The dog’s ears perked up.

He barked. “Bark! Bark! Bark!” This quite surprised him, because the dog had never barked before in his life. Again another first.



The snake turned with a grin. “A two-course meal,” it said, hissing as its tongue flicked in and out.

But the dog didn’t stop. He ran almost hypnotized towards the snake, eager to catch the silly rattling tail. Distracting the snake, he bobbed and weaved, until victory! He grabbed the tail in his teeth, and shook hard!

The snake spun and flew through the air—far, far across the valley of squeaky balls.

The bird sighed in relief.

“Thank you,” it said breathlessly. “You saved me! I

would have been the most delectable appetizer to that slithering scallywag if it weren't for you!"

"Really?"

"Quite REALLY!" said the bird.

Pit also stood clapping with her little stick hands. "My name's Pit!"

"The name is Gersnikit. Now tell me—what would be my hero's name?"

"Uh, uh, oh, I don't have a name."

"Well, dog with no name, where are you off to? My wing is quite detained and I could use some help. Who knows what other snakes might be looking for a sensational meal... if I do say so myself. May I hitch a ride on your back across this squeaky valley?"

The dog hesitated. He had never had a real companion before—let alone two. But he nodded.

"Ok. Only for a little," he said.

And so they walked on—three travelers now—deeper into the strange, wide world.



Hero Reflection:

The dog with no name didn't think he had courage, but he still helped the bird when it was in trouble. Having courage doesn't mean you're never scared. It means you care enough to try anyway. Can you think of a time when you tried something challenging, even when you felt unsure or afraid?



Mission Challenge:

Create an adoption flag featuring a real shelter pet. Add their name or draw their face, and attach it to your backpack, jacket, or notebook. When someone asks about your flag, tell them the pet's story. Keep your flag up until the animal finds their forever home—you'll be sharing hope every day!

Make sure to submit this mission on our website at Mission Headquarters to receive a badge!



CHAPTER 4

The Pools

As the dog walked, Pit and Gersnikit were both snoring in such a way that their snores turned into a strange song, keeping him quite entertained.

Before long, he reached a wide, rushing river that blocked the way ahead.

Stepping up to the river's edge, the dog noticed it wasn't flowing in one direction. The water looked like it was bound in circles, and in each one the water was swirling like a whirlpool. The red path stopped at the water, but the dog could see it on the other side.

The two sleepy companions woke to the rustling of water and noticed the strange swirling motion. Pit

walked over to the edge of the river, plucked a leaf from her cherry stem and threw it into the pools. The leaf swirled down in circles, until it disappeared under the strong current of the water and out of sight.

“How do we get across?” Pit scratched her round head.

Then the dog's collar began to turn. He saw dozens of twigs one by one appearing across the swirling pools.

The dog started gathering branches and sticks, as Pit and Gersnikit followed. As Pit picked up a huge branch two times her size and lifted it over her head, she suddenly shrieked and tumbled over.

“Look!”

There, blinking up with twitchy whiskers, was a young rabbit peeking from a tiny hole, his nose wiggling like it was sniffing out secrets. He was curled up in a ball, which was quite a familiar position the dog knew.

“He must have been left behind! Let's bring him

with us,” said Pit as she ran towards the rabbit.

The rabbit jerked back and hid, if possible, even deeper into the hole, shielding his face from the strangers.

The dog understood. He placed his sticks down and slowly walked backwards towards the rabbit hole so he wouldn't scare him, and sat down at a safe distance. He kept his gaze away from the rabbit and breathed deep and slow. The water crept closer with every splash, but still he waited—still as a statue.

Pit and Gersnikit tried to copy the quiet ritual, twisting into silly poses and freezing like statues.

After a few minutes, the dog then slowly opened his knapsack and pulled out his last two cherries. He placed one right outside the hole. Then he waited.

As they waited by the hole, the pools of water started to spill over, rushing closer to the adventurers. Pit was alarmed.

She wobbled in her statue pose and whispered under her breath, “We have to go, or we'll be stuck



here and never find the path again!”

But the dog knew. Just a few more moments.

And then it happened. The little rabbit stuck its head out of the hole, looked around, and grabbed the cherry! He ducked back in the hole.

The bird's head spun in a complete circle, impressed. “Would you look at that!”

The dog sat again determined. This time he took the second cherry and put it in his paw and set it down in front of the hole.

Then he waited.

It didn't take more than a few seconds and there the rabbit appeared, crawled up to the dog's paw, took the cherry, and said, "Thank y-y-you."

"What's your name?" said the dog.

A-a-aloway. I found myself s-s-stuck here when my family was washed away by the p-p-pools. What's your n-n-name?

I don't have a name. But I do have a plan to cross the pools.

"Would you like to cross with us?" said Pit.

"You can join the others on my back and we'll walk across together," said the dog.

Just at that moment, the water poured onto the shore and into the rabbit hole. The rabbit quickly hopped up and onto the dog's back.

The two others climbed on and quickly started walking across the stick bridge, making it to the other side and stepping back onto the red path.

The path looked as though it was leading them to

another mountain that stretched so high it was beyond the clouds.

"Oh, maybe it has an orchard, just like my old home," thought the dog with no name.

But it was no mountain.

Something far stranger loomed ahead. The adventurers stretched their necks up at the towering form, gathering all the courage they could muster for what was to come.



Hero Tip:

Always ask a grown up if you can pet or touch an animal first.

If you meet a shy dog, don't rush to touch them. Sit down slowly and quietly, and avoid staring. You can offer a treat and let them come to you—or even walk backward toward them. This helps the dog feel safe instead of challenged.

Sometimes, being patient is the kindest, bravest thing you can do.



CHERRY

THE LEGENDARY

PART 2:

The Legend Awakes

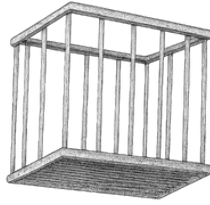
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CHAPTER 5

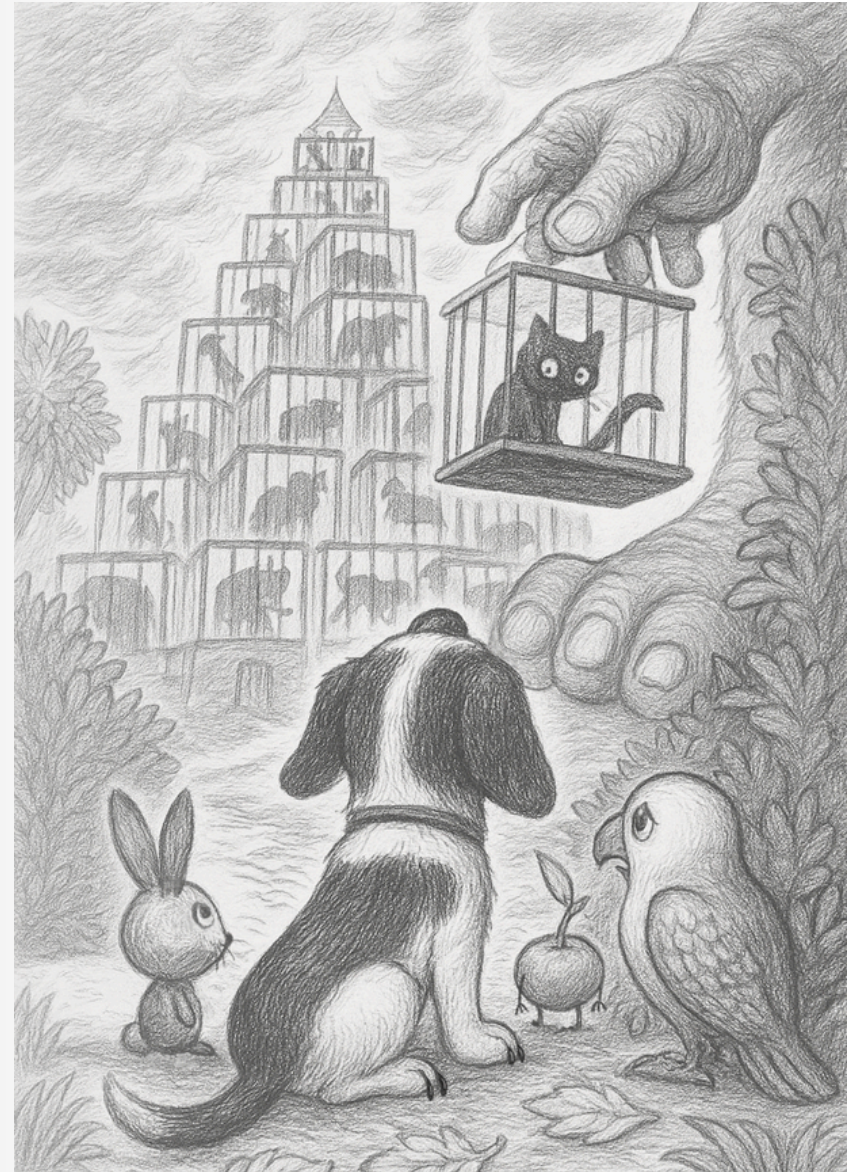
A Little Wisdom

The adventurers crept closer to the towering shape, watching it grow bigger and bigger until they stood right beneath its shadow.

It certainly was not a mountain, but more like a castle. But the castle wasn't made of stone, or bricks. To the adventurers' shock, the castle was built out of giant cages stacked up to the sky, and each cage housed an animal of all different shapes and sizes. The dog had never seen so many animals at once.

At that moment, the red path disappeared. Suddenly, they heard a thunderous roar of laughter, followed by a giant foot with three

enormous toes crashing down from the sky and landing right in front of them. From beyond the clouds came a hairy hand, lowering a cage with a frightened cat covering inside.



The dog trembled, licking at his long toenails for comfort. But even his silly habit couldn't calm him now. His fear was telling him to turn around, but his collar was pulling him towards the captors. With a gulp, he crawled forward.

“Have you gone to the cuckoo's nest?! Where do you think you're going?!” cried Gersnikit.

“C'mon! We've got to help them!” whispered Pit.

The dog thought to himself, “But how can I help? All I know how to do is hide?”

The four companions kept going, shaking as they reached the cage which housed the frightened cat.

“Hello there. What's your name?” asked Pit.

“My name is Brunard. But who needs a name where we're all going. What are your names?” asked the cat.

“Well, this is Gersnikit, I'm Pit, and this here's Aloway.” Everyone looked at the dog.

“Oh, I don't have a name. But I would like to know,

where ARE you going?”

“This is Captor's Castle. The giant ogres steal animals from their homes and sell them for their own gain. They've spread a terrible shadow across the trees of this land to harvest wood and build these harsh, uncomfortable cages. I once had such a lovely home, with a soft, fluffy bed, mountains of bacon-wrapped treats, and a companion who gave the best ear scratches.”

The cat pressed its head against the bars, rubbing to soothe an itch. A small bald spot showed where the fur had worn away. Most likely, this cat had been captive for quite some time, each patch of bare skin silently counting the days.

The dog finally knew what had happened to his beloved orchard.

At that moment, the dog's collar began to turn.

There he saw a vision of the castle of cages, but hidden in the middle was something familiar. The vision zoomed closer and closer until the dog could see... himself!

He saw himself standing on top of a cage, looking straight back at him. The dog in the vision lifted its paw and reached it out, showing its long, black toenail. Slowly, the dog faded into the tower of cages, leaving the real dog with a clever idea that just needed some courage to make it work.

The dog took three deep breaths, reached his paw to the lock, wiggled his curly toenail like a secret key, and—click—the cage swung open!

Pit, Gersnickit, and Aloway pulled the door open to a shocked cat.

“You’re free! Best get going before that big foot comes and tramples us all!” warned Pit.

The cat slowly crawled out, not sure if it was a dream or reality. He took a breath, basking in his freedom, and darted away from the cage.

The dog looked up at the castle. Then he started to climb. One by one, he hid from the ogres while he sneaked around, unlocking every cage with the help of his long, curly toenail.

There were elephants, guinea pigs, zebras, cows,

sloths, and other animals the dog could never have even imagined himself.

After he finished, there he saw the red path, leading him away from the other side of the castle.

“Jolly dog, you did it!” cried Gersnikit.

The dog couldn’t believe his raggedy little toenail had some good use after all.



Hero Reflection:

The dog used his special nail to help others. What’s something unique about you?



Hero Tip:

Think about what makes you you — maybe you’re a great listener, a creative thinker, a builder, someone with a unique look, ability, or way of moving through the world, or someone who makes others laugh. Draw or write one of your strengths, then choose one way to use them this week to help a friend or family member.



CHAPTER 6

The Cave

The group continued down the red path, until they came to a cave that was covered by a roof made of old wooden planks. Carved into the top of the cave was a shield with a collar around it. The red path led right into the dark void of the cave.

“Do you think the path led us to the right place?” asked Pit.

“Maybe it’s a g-g-giant rabbit hole?” whispered Aloway.

“I must admit, I don’t fare well in dark spaces!” cried Gersnikit.

But the dog with no name was great in dark spaces. “Let’s all go together.”

The adventurers stepped slowly into the cave. As they walked deeper, the dog noticed the red collar around his neck begin to spin — faster and faster — until it lifted them all into the air and carried them through a long, winding tunnel!

At the end of the cave, they slowly floated back to the ground. To their shock, they saw a wall made entirely of gold. Though it was dark, the gold wall lit up the cave and sparkled like there were thousands of fireflies inside.

The dog walked closer to the gold wall and gave it a sniff. The gold suddenly started to melt like honey, until it reshaped into glowing words across the wall. It read:

Here stands:

Courage in the face of fear.

The gold wall melted to form a picture of the dog chasing the snake.

Energy to take on the day.

The gold formed into a picture of the dog and his companions resting on his back.

Care when pain is near.

The gold formed into a picture of the dog sitting quietly with the frightened rabbit.

And wisdom to know the way.

The gold formed into a picture of the dog unlocking the cage with his long toenail.

*A Legend you are,
And forever will be.
To rescue the lost,
And restore dignity.*

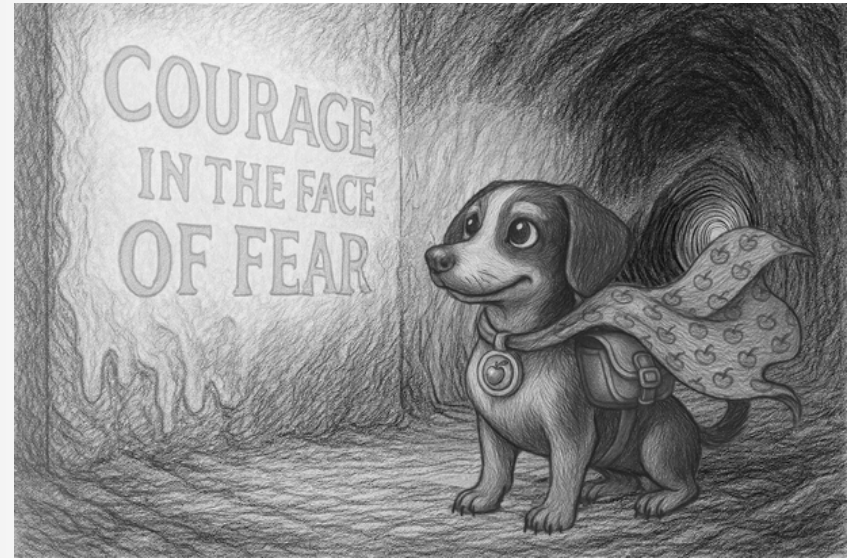
The gold melted one final time into one tight small sphere that looked like... a medallion.

The medallion floated there shining before the dog with no name.

Magically carved into the gold medallion appeared

a golden cherry.

The dog with no name without thinking (and almost like he knew he was meant to) reached out and took the medallion in his paws. He clipped it to the red collar.



Suddenly, the collar twisted and unraveled into a long red cape with cherries all over. The cape hovered for a moment and then fell over the dog, covering him like a big hug—his very first hug.



Hero Reflection:

The dog's actions of courage, energy, care, and wisdom made him a Legend — which of these would you like to grow more?



Did you know?

Dignity means treating every human and animal with care and respect. It's about remembering that everyone has value, including you — no matter what they look like, where they come from, or what they've been through.



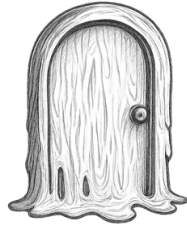
Hero Tip:

Being a Legend doesn't mean you're perfect—it means you keep trying to make a difference. Find a mirror, look at yourself, and say the Rescue Legend Motto:

I have...

Courage in the face of fear,
Energy to take on the day.
Care when pain is near,
And wisdom to know the way.

A Legend I am,
And forever will be.
To rescue the lost,
And restore dignity.



CHAPTER 7

The Golden Escape

The adventurers stood in awe of the shining dog.

“What a cool trick!” said Gersnikit, grinning.

Then they heard pounding—deep, echoing thuds from the tunnel behind them. It wasn’t just one thing; it sounded like many.

“Oh no, we’re trapped!”

As the sound grew louder, the medallion on the dog’s chest began to glow. The golden wall shimmered and melted once more, pouring down the cave wall like a waterfall.

From the darkness came the animals the dog had freed from the cages, racing toward them in panic.

“The ogre is chasing us!” cried a leopard.

Suddenly, a massive ogre’s hand reached into the tunnel, grasping for anyone it could catch.

“Aaargh!”

“Please, help us!” the animals cried.

Pit leapt forward. “We’ve got to help them escape!” she shouted, diving beneath the golden waterfall.

The dog watched as liquid light poured over her, coating her cherry-red body until it hardened into a gleaming suit of armor.

Seeing her bravery, Gersnikit and Aloway dove beneath the falling gold as well. They then emerged shining beside her—Gersnikit in a sleek suit of gold feathers, and Aloway in a tiny suit of armor that glittered around her paws and ears.

Looking at his friends, the dog had a vision. His medallion flared brighter than ever. Guided by its

glow, he lifted his long toenail and carved a shape into the wall, revealing a great golden doorway.

“Come on!” he barked. “This way!”

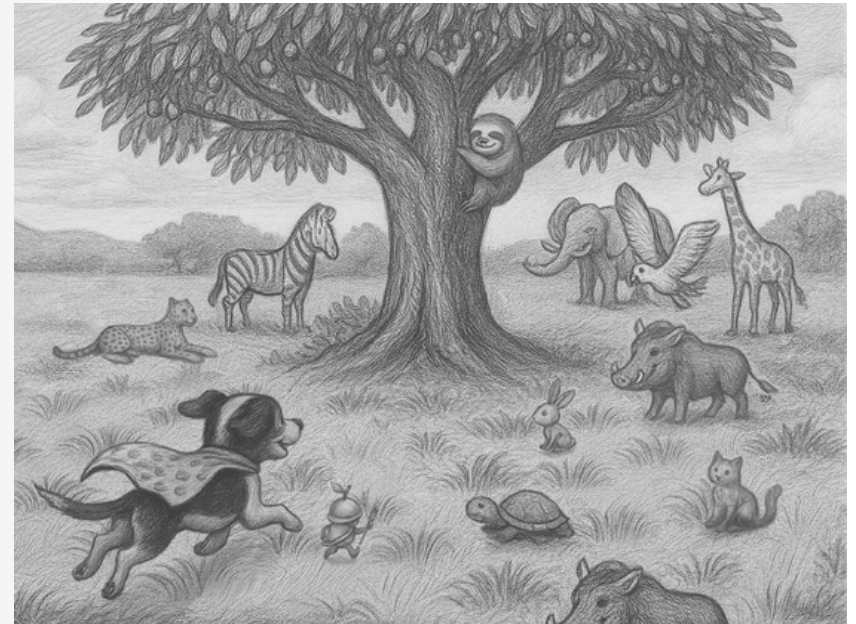
The dog led the animals through the doorway as the three armored friends distracted the ogre’s hand—poking, tugging, and pulling at the long hairs on its knuckles.

When every one of them was through, the door shut, and magically disappeared back into a golden wall.

On the other side of the doorway, there stood the dog, adventurers, and all the animals, just safe from the ogre’s grasp. As they looked around, they found themselves in the middle of a beautiful field, with fresh green grass, a watering hole and—right in the middle—one giant cherry tree.

And there on the ground, was the end of the red path.

“Just one more step, and we’re home,” Pit whispered to the dog.



One by one, the adventurers and animals each took one last step to freedom.

As the dog’s paw stepped onto the fresh grass, his collar began to turn with a fresh vision.

He then began walking around the animals, giving every one of them a name, as each joyfully scampered around the orchard in their new home.

As the dog gave one last name to a small turtle, it looked up at him, puzzled.

“But sir, you have given all of us names. But, what

is your name?”

The dog turned over his medallion and saw three golden words carved on the back.

He looked back at the turtle and said, “You can call me Cherry. Cherry the Legendary.”

The adventurers looked at Cherry and grinned.

And Cherry, knowing he was home and out of hiding with his new friends, grabbed a cherry from the tree, and smiled for the first time in his life.

— THE END —



Hero Reflection:

Think about what makes you one of a kind — your courage, your energy, your care, or maybe your wisdom. If you could choose your Legend name, what would it be?



Mission Challenge:

Cherry the Legendary found his forever home. Now it's your turn to help others do the same!

Visit Mission Headquarters on our website to start a mission that helps animals find homes of their own.

The Real Cherry

A True Rescue Story

The real dog Cherry also had quite a rescue adventure to find freedom and his forever family!

Cherry's life began in a very unusual place... an apartment in New York City filled with 113 dogs!

This is called *hoarding*—when someone collects more animals than they can care for. The person who owned the dogs realized they couldn't give them the life they deserved, so they called for help.

At about six years old, Cherry was rescued and went outside for the very first time in his life.

Did you know?

Hoarding happens when someone keeps more animals than they can care for. Dogs in these homes often don't get walks, playtime, or grooming.

Cherry is a mix of several different dog breeds—but mainly Dachshund, Yorkie, and Chihuahua! At his rescue, he was overall healthy and had been fed a diet of chicken and rice (still his favorite!) But he had never learned how to play, meet other dogs, or go on walks. His fur and ears were dirty, his teeth needed professional cleaning from never being brushed, and his long black nails curled like daggers. Just like in his adventure story, the real Cherry also likes to lick his long toenails!



Fun Fact:

Cherry got his name from the rescue. They named all the dogs they saved from the hoard after different foods—like Maple, Peach, and Apple! Rescues usually give names to the dogs they save, and adopters can choose to keep the name or pick a new one.

At first, Cherry's world was very small. He liked to hide under beds, in corners, or inside his crate. He felt safest exploring at night and hiding during the day. But every day brought small victories. One day he peeked out a little longer. Another day he sniffed a new toy—even if he didn't know how to play with it yet. Slowly, season by season, Cherry began to heal.

Did you know?

Hoarding dogs like Cherry sometimes feel safer at night. That's called being nocturnal!

With love, patience, and lots of time, Cherry learned to:

- 🐾 Play with a snuffle ball full of treats
- 🐾 Ask for belly rubs and pets
- 🐾 Take a bath without fear
- 🐾 Run joyful zoomies around the room



Moment of Courage:

After spending the first part of his life indoors, Cherry's very first full walk around the block was a huge step in his journey. Click [HERE](#) to unlock a secret video of this moment of courage!

It wasn't easy. Cherry was shy, and for a long time he only trusted a small handful of people to touch him. But with the patience and help of caring foster families, dog walkers, and rescue groups, Cherry began to believe the world could be safe—and that receiving pets and love could feel wonderful.



At last, Cherry found his forever family—people who understand him, celebrate his bravery, and know how to “speak Cherry.” With their care, Cherry now enjoys gentle pets from people, can bravely sit outside in the backyard, and never misses a chance for his night zoomies!

Today, he is loved for exactly who he is: a gentle, courageous little dog who proved that even the smallest steps can lead to the biggest victories. Cherry became the very first Rescue Legend, inspiring others to help those in need and bring kindness and dignity to every rescue.

Click [HERE](#) to watch a video about Cherry's rescue!



More adventure awaits you, Hero!

Want to keep playing, earn more badges, or meet new Legends?

Visit RescueLegends.com to get more cards, stories, and missions—and keep the journey going. Let's rescue!