

**Submission
No 538**

INQUIRY INTO GREYHOUND RACING IN NSW

Name: Ms Georgina Ord

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I cannot say that I am much of a writer, nor have I ever been involved in any sort of parliamentary inquiry. I am the owner of a four year old male greyhound that I adopted six months ago. His name is Jack and I am writing this for him.

I know the facts. I know that approximately 20 000 greyhounds are born every year. I know that many of those don't even make it to the race track, and those that do are subject to possible injuries such as paralysis, head trauma and seizures among other things. I know that many of these dogs will be doped with cocaine, testosterone and even Viagra to push them to win. I know that of the 20 000 born each year, only 5% of those will be rehomed, and the rest await a grim fate of euthanasia. I know all of this, and chances are so do you. But you don't know Jack.

Jack came from Greyhound Rescue NSW. He was fostered before we adopted him as he was so timid and scared when he first came into their care. His rich black coat was littered with deep cuts and grazes, some old and some only just scabbing over. He avoided eye contact at whatever cost and

would cower when someone reached out to pat his head. His first night at home Jack slept in a corner of our bedroom and kept well away from our hyper and brawny French bulldog puppy. He could not go up or down the stairs in our townhouse without much encouragement and would develop a limp after walking for more than 10 minutes, something our vet says is due to an old racing injury. For the first few weeks it was as though a ghost was living in our house. He would slink from room to room, hoping to go unnoticed.

It took a few weeks before Jack started to come out of his shell and become a part of the family. We knew he had well and truly cemented his place when he climbed up onto our bed to curl up and cuddle one cold morning. Now, I could not imagine life without him. While my other dog, Poppy, is the fun and exuberant puppy that we knew we were getting, Jack has become the unexpected rock of the family. In many ways it is as though he was always with us, but the old scars on his back and tail remind us of where he came from.

Despite adversity this dog has become the most affectionate, gentle and sweet animal I have ever encountered. He walks around the house with a huge grin on his face each day and has no qualms about climbing up onto our bed for a cuddle. And its not just Jack. Since the adoption we have met many other people who have greyhounds in their lives and each of these dogs is as placid and lovely as the next. As a breed they are the perfect companions. My partner often tells people how greyhounds used to be reserved only for nobility. How these majestic creatures have fallen from grace.

If there's one thing I can impress on you today, it is that my dog Jack has become the centre of my families world, and each of these beautiful dogs deserves the same happy ending.

