

A little over 20 years ago, we had a big red/brown female, Doberman, named Tasha. One night, I heard her barking viciously, like she was really mad at something. This was unusual for two reasons. One, she wasn't a dog that barked very often. And two, if she did bark, it was because something or someone was where they shouldn't be, and they were within reach. I opened my kitchen door to see my neighbor running toward me crying. She was saying someone was waiting for her in the dark, he turned out to be a serial rapist, and my dog jumped my fence and went after him. I called the police, and when Tasha came home, her chest and muzzle/snout were covered in blood. They caught him when he turned up in the ER, at the hospital. Tasha literally bit chunks out of his backside. My neighbor brought Tasha treats every few days. She was so grateful.