

# Lilys Ambassadors

## The Four Paws Memoirs



Lily & Sima Amis

## **Who is Lily Amis?**

Lily Amis lives in Switzerland and speaks Farsi, German, Swiss-German, and English. Despite the obstacles of refugee law that she and her mother Sima faced as war refugees for decades in the heart of Europe, she managed to get degrees in Web Design, Public Relations, and Marketing and has worked in web publishing, artist management, and product placement and sponsoring for a national TV station.

Today she is an independent children and young adult author, blogger, illustrator, and publisher and the author of "Destination Freedom", also available as "The Stolen Years In Zurich" and many more books. With her honest memoir, Lily Amis has enjoyed strong media exposure and public interest during the refugee crises in summer 2015. Placements included features with the newspaper, the Daily Mirror, as well as interviews with popular British lifestyle websites. In 2018, she was invited to the Italian book fair in Rome where she presented her translated memoir and spoke about her personal experiences and fights against injustice, prejudice, bureaucracy, discrimination, and social isolation for almost three decades to become who she is today.

Lily Amis also shares her experiences as a war refugee in her song lyrics «80 Million People!» and "Blood is always red!"

[\*\*www.LilyAmis.com\*\*](http://www.LilyAmis.com)

# **THE AMBASSADORS**

**LUCKY**

**LOVELY**

**LUCIE**

**LEMON**

**LEONARDO**

**LAILA**

**LUDWIG**

**LOUISE**

**LENNON**

## Who are Lily's Ambassadors?

**Lucky's** story is one of an unhappy and nameless dog stuck in a smelly and unfriendly animal shelter in Ireland. Just when you think there is absolutely no hope for a better and meaningful future, life surprises you. Lucky shares his incredible and exciting life story and how he became a hero from zero.

**Lovely** is a little spoiled and snobbish Chihuahua living in the heart of Paris close to Musée du Louvre. She is sharing a lovely apartment with her owner. Lovely's life is perfect until Josephine decides to move permanently to London for love and work. Lovely is devastated and heartbroken. She is desperately unhappy about the upcoming changes. A new country means a new language and a new culture. On her train drive from Paris to London Lovely's worries vanish unexpectedly. Instead of ending up in London with Josephine and her fiancé, James, the little Chihuahua ends up in a refugee camp in Calais.

**Lucie** shares her life story while she is stuck in a rescue boat crossing the ocean from the Middle East to Europe after she has lost everything back home because war has destroyed her life overnight.

**Lemon** is a cute little dog living in a refugee house in Zurich city. His owner has taken care of asylum seekers in Switzerland for many years. Almost weekly new families arrive and Lemon is there to welcome the humans. He is also there to cheer everyone up in a difficult time with his cuteness, love, and tenderness. Lemon is used to seeing families come and go, but the story of Mansour, a little boy,

and his heartbreaking destiny changes Lemon's life forever. Lemons story is inspired by a true and tragic story.

**Leonardo** is a young and hopeless dog with a difficult life journey full of emotional and physical obstacles. After leaving an animal shelter he ends up in an orphanage in the heart of Florence. But the manager and the children treat him so badly that he runs away in the darkness of the night in hope of finding love and kindness. After a stressful journey filled with struggles, he ends up in the capital city of Italy, in Rome, and has only one goal. He wants to meet Pope Francis.

**Laila** is a young orphan dalmatian living in a refugee camp in Greece. She often feels like an outsider even though she loves being surrounded by humans and playing with children. Laila isolates herself from everyone because of the color of her white fur marked with black and brown-colored spots. She is heartbroken when other dogs and children make fun of her fur color and call her names such as 'the spotted dog' or 'the plum pudding dog'! But everything changes when a foreign lady opens an art workshop for the refugee children. That's the beginning of a joyful life for little Laila and all the refugees at the camp. All of a sudden their gray and hopeless lives find some color of happiness and life-changing events are around the corner...

**Ludwig**, a little German dachshund lives with his family in Bavaria, in the small village of Hohenschwangau near Füssen, close to the world-famous Castle of Neuschwanstein above the hills. Because of his short, curved legs and floppy ears, little Ludwig has been underestimated and laughed at all his life. His owner, Peter, is a proud Bavarian businessman and Ludwig is the mascot of his successful souvenir shop and sightseeing bus company. But Ludwig wants to be more than just an adorable mascot for

international tourists. Inspired by King Ludwig II, the dachshund wants to be immortal for eternity and beyond. But no one pays attention to his unrealistic wishes. After all, he is just a tiny dog. Until the Covid-19 pandemic hits the world and changes everything in the small touristic village.

**Louise** lives like Ludwig in Bavaria. The smell of snow and Christmas is in the air, and it is the busiest time of year for the exclusive Bavarian bakery and pastry shop in the heart of the village. Everyone is as excited as little Louise, the bakery and pastries dog. Visitors from all over the world come to experience the beauty of the Neuschwanstein Castle in snowy winter, but also to meet the famous bakers and bestselling book authors, Louisa, Suri, and Dunia.

**Lennon** is a little empathetic dog living in an orphanage in Bavaria, Germany. His owner, Claudia, is a lovely lady in her fifties and has been taking good care of children of all ages for years. In summer 2015 a large number of refugee children, who have lost everything in war, join the already overcrowded house and this brings some difficulties and challenges! Different cultures and languages make living and communication under one roof much harder. Claudia's best friend, Christina, has a brilliant idea for Christmas which unites the local and refugee children and brings back some peace and harmony.



# Lucky

From Zero To Hero



Lily & Sima Amis

# **LUCKY FROM ZERO TO HERO**

## **DEDICATION**

This story is primarily dedicated to all dog lovers around the world. But it is also dedicated to the hopeless and helpless refugees worldwide, who dream of a free and independent life in dignity. I hear you. I feel you. This is my voice for the voiceless!



## THE STORY

Lucky! Yes, this is my name. But I wasn't always lucky. Actually there was a time when I was one of the unluckiest and unhappiest dogs in the world. I didn't even have a name. I was nothing to humans. I was an outcast, rejected, and unwanted dog like my friends in a shabby animal shelter in Dublin, the capital city of Ireland.

Humans treated us very badly and made us feel useless. Love and kindness were nothing but unrealistic and wishful thinking for us. I don't have any memory of why, how and when I ended up in the animal shelter, that my fellow friends and I call the refugee shelter. I must have been very young and little, probably just a few weeks old, when some not so animal-friendly humans decided my destiny.

My friends and I didn't meet many friendly humans because only the low-paid shelter cleaning staff visited us daily to give us tasteless food and water. Mostly leftovers from cheap, smelly, and spicy fast-food takeaways in the neighborhood. What bothered us the most was the hot dog leftovers. What an insult!

Until one day a beautiful lady and a handsome man visited our humble and smelly home. My friends and I always got super excited when we saw a new friendly face. Seeing a smiling face meant the world to us and gave us hope for a different and maybe better future. We couldn't hold back our joy. We jumped around and showed our happiness and appreciation by wagging our tails and barking. In my imagination, though, I was singing and begging from the bottom of my heart: "Please take me. Please love me.

Please cuddle me. Pleeeeee shower me with all your love and attention. Pleeeeee rescue me from my misery.”

We all hoped that one of these friendly and lovely-smelling humans would take notice of us, free us from our misery and give us a loving, comfortable, and smell-free home. All we wanted was to be free and away from this hell. All we wished for was to be loved and cherished.

We were stuck in our little cages all year round. Our deepest desire was to run and experience the feeling of freedom in nature. Smelling flowers in spring. Laze in the grass while feeling the light of the sun on our faces and swimming in the sea in the hot summer. Feeling raindrops falling on our fur in fall and lying in the glittering snow in cold winter. And not to mention, being able to make new friends. We hated being lonely and isolated, like innocent prisoners in jail and war refugees in refugee camps. Freedom was our dream. Home and safety was our goal. Love was our hope.

Anyway as I was saying, this blonde lady and the tall gentleman walked around and looked at us one by one and had the following conversation.

“So, George what do you think?” asked the blonde lady.

“I’m not sure Lucy. They all look clever. So it’s not easy to decide which one is the right one!”

“Me! Me! Take me! I’m the right one... for whatever you need me for. Pleeeeee? I’m loveable. I’m clever and not to mention I’m super cute and gorgeous,” I barked.

“I have three favorites, George. What about you? Do you have any preferences regarding size or race?” asked Lucy, the blonde lady.

“No, not at all,” responded George.

“I think the best way to find out which one of these cuties is the right one for our team, is to take them out of their cage and test their abilities,” said Lucy.

“I agree. It’s not as easy as I thought. Show me your three favorites.”

“I like the little brown one here. The black and white one and the white one.”

“Woohoo! The lady pointed at me. I’m the brown one. She wants me. She loves me. She is going to cuddle me and shower me with all her love. Yes!” That’s what I thought when she took me out of my cage.

“Once we are done with our test we have to decide whether we want a girl or a boy to join our team,” said George.

“I think we need a boy!” said Lucy, the lovely lady.

“We do?” wondered George.

“Yes, we have enough girls. We definitely need a boy!”

“Well, it’s settled. I’m your man, Lucy. I’m a boy. Take me. Love me. Thank God the other two are girls. Very lovely and sweet girls, but surely not as cute as me.” That’s what I tried to make Lucy understand in my own language, while I also felt a bit sorry for my fellow female friends. I was also excited to find out that this couple had more dogs at home. I was going to make new friends very soon in my new home. I wondered if they had any children.

“Lucy, forget the test. There is only one boy here. You have just found your new dog,” George explained.

“Ok perfect. Lucky boy! I guess we will name you ‘Lucky’. No dog has ever joined us without a test. But you look clever and you are a boy. That’s all we need to know. Lucky, welcome to our team!”

“Team? She keeps saying team and not family!” I wondered. Whatever, I was just happy to leave the refugee shelter. I wasn’t going to complain now. My life could only get better. I was going to move to a new home, meet new people and make new friends. Also, I was no longer a name- and numberless nobody. I finally had an identity. I was a dog with a name. With a beautiful and meaningful name. Lucky. I loved it. I was over the moon.

Lucy was holding me tight and making sure that I felt comfortable in her black leather handbag. I waved goodbye to my friends and wished them luck for the future. In my heart though, I knew that the chances of the girls getting away from this misery were low. Not often did people come to choose us for their family. It only happened a few times a year. Only God knows what happened to the ones who had left us in previous months. Out of sight, out of mind. I guess that’s life.

Now I was wondering about the neighborhood of this couple. I hoped they lived in a peaceful family and animal friendly area. I also hoped that their children were dog friendly. I was excited to play with them outside and wondering how many toys and balls the family would give me to play with. You see, I’d never had a toy. I’d also never had a ball. I can’t even remember if and when I played outside last. I actually think never. I was always stuck in my tiny shelter cell.

Before I realized it, my first car drive was over. George was driving the car, while Lucy was still holding me in her handbag in the front seat next to her husband. I couldn’t

see where we were going, because I was too small to look out the car windows. But the smell of freedom was in the air and it was wonderful.

When we arrived at our destination and left the car, I realized that I was about to enter a huge building. It didn't look like a private family house. That was very strange and confusing. "Where was I? Where were these two taking me?" I asked myself. We entered a huge hall, where a few well-dressed men and women welcomed me with excitement. They were wearing the same clothing. As I know today, they don't call it clothing but uniform. It took me a while to realize where I was. I was in a school building. I assumed that either George or Lucy were teachers and had made a stop at their workplace to introduce me to their colleagues before they took me to their loving and cozy family home. Boy, I couldn't have been more wrong! I soon realized that George and Lucy were actually not a married couple. They were working partners at Dublin Airport. And the school was an education and training center, especially for the airport police and security team. The question now was, what was I doing in a school? Why had these two made the effort to visit my smelly animal shelter and bring me here? So many questions and absolutely no answers yet!

A few hours later, I was still clueless, confused but also excited about my new life. Lucy and George handed me over to an older man. His name was Bruce. He looked very animal friendly, so that was a relief. I knew that he wasn't going to hurt me. Actually I felt that we would become BFF's immediately. So when Lucy and George left me there all by myself, I was okay. I wasn't panicking because I felt safe and somehow at home. Even though my expectations were different, I was open to whatever my new life chapter would bring.

In the following weeks, I didn't do anything, but smell, play, and run around at my school. Bruce spoiled me with delicious snacks and squeaky toys after I found different kinds of plants, cigarettes, and money. Strange things which he kept hiding from me in different sizes of handbags, small and large suitcases, boxes, and cars. Admittedly I wondered why he was playing the same game over and over again, day by day, week by week. But hey, as long as he was happy, I was happy. Because Bruce was treating me with so much love, kindness, and appreciation. He kept complimenting me by saying: "Good boy. Good job. Lucky, you are fabulous. Lucy and George did an excellent job by choosing you for our team."

It was great to be appreciated. I no longer felt useless. I didn't really understand what I was doing and why he was so happy to have me on his team, but it felt good to be useful. So I had absolutely no reason to complain. Also, I really enjoyed playing with my toys, especially with my favorite toy, a yellow tennis ball that Bruce threw for me, whenever I found one of his hidden items.

In the upcoming weeks, I spent all of my time with my new best friend, Bruce. During the days I was never alone. But in the late afternoon, Bruce went home to his wife and children and let me have my well-deserved rest until the next morning. I didn't like to be alone, but at least I wasn't stuck in a cell like back in the days of the smelly refugee shelter. Also, I was so exhausted that I immediately fell into a deep and restful sleep. In my school building, I had an entire room for myself and I was treated very well. Bruce and his team made sure that I always had enough tasty food and cold water.

All these weeks Lucy and George only stopped by a few times to look after me. And they were always very friendly



and loving when they visited us and observed me, while Bruce and I were playing and smelling hide and seek. The two seemed to be satisfied with my skills. Until one day, about three months later, Lucy said the following to Bruce: "I think Lucky is ready! George and I will take him to his workplace. Thank you for your great training as usual. We now have a qualified and professional police dog!"

"What? What did Lucy say? A police dog? Did she really say police? That was jawdropping information!" I kept barking to myself. I remember how excited I was and how I was shaking. My heart was beating faster and faster. I was sweating and in total shock. I couldn't believe what they were saying about me. So all the smelling, playing, and running around and finding hidden stuff was my training and preparation to become a professional police dog? I was speechless or better said barkless. I honestly couldn't believe my luck. I was truly a blessed and lucky dog.

In all these weeks I had been seriously worried that Bruce was giving me plants to smell because he wanted me to become a vegetarian. But now it looked as if everything that he had done actually had a deeper meaning. Boy was I relieved because every time Bruce gave me something veggie or vegan to smell, I kept barking to him: "Bruce, I won't become a vegetarian. I won't become a vegan. I love meat. I love chicken wings. I love a juicy steak." Now the daily veggie vegan games and the hide and seek smellings finally made sense. But what did this mean? Where were they taking me? Where was I going to work as a police dog? So many unanswered questions. But hey, anything was good enough for me. I was going to have a job, play around, smell around, and do something meaningful.

As I found out later in my job at Dublin Airport, dogs have the ability to smell a million times stronger than humans.