



Abigail Littlefield

April 27, 2022 - December 28, 2024

Abigail was born in April 27, 2022. She was one of five pups. All of them died except for her and one brother. The mother was not producing enough milk. Her and her brother were put with another dog that had just had puppies. She was tiny when I got her and her head was bigger than the rest of her, but she was a little fighter. My husband started calling her Nubbin' because she was so small. She slept in a crate in my bed for the first few weeks she was home. When she would get restless, I would put my fingers inside the grate and she would lay down beside them and go back to sleep. She slept with a Lamb Chops plush dog toy, and a squeaky dog. Nubbin' grew into a normal size French Bulldog. She was very happy and hyper!! She loved everybody. She never met a stranger. She would even try to get to know the squirrels in the yard. When she wanted your attention, she would nudge you with her nose. She loved to run and that was the last thing she was doing before she passed. She was running around in the rain on a December night, and it was 72 degrees. We believe she had a heat stroke. I find comfort in knowing she was doing what she loved. I believe she served her purpose on this Earth in her 2 1/2 short years. I believe she taught me a lot about loving unconditionally. I choose to believe I will see her again. Love you Sweet Nubbin.

Tribute Wall

RL

“ Abigail was born in April 27, 2022. She was one of five pups. All of them died except for her and one brother. The mother was not producing enough milk. Her and her brother were put with another dog that had just had puppies. She was tiny when I got her and her head was bigger than the rest of her, but she was a little fighter. My husband started calling her Nubbin' because she was so small. She slept in a crate in my bed for the first few weeks she was home. When she would get restless, I would put my fingers inside the grate and she would lay down beside them and go back to sleep. She slept with a Lamb Chops plush dog toy, and a squeaky dog. Nubbin' grew into a normal size French Bulldog. She was very happy and hyper!! She loved everybody. She never met a stranger. She would even try to get to know the squirrels in the yard. When she wanted your attention, she would nudge you with her nose. She loved to run and that was the last thing she was doing before she passed. She was running around in the rain on a December night, and it was 72 degrees. We believe she had a heat stroke. I find comfort in knowing she was doing what she loved. I believe she served her purpose on this Earth in her 2 1/2 short years. I believe she taught me a lot about loving unconditionally. I choose to believe I will see her again. Love you Sweet Nubbin. ❤️



Robin Littlefield - March 10, 2025 at 10:58 PM