

New Home

I was enjoying my morning run in my backyard. Caramel and Benjie were my pals and we loved chasing each other through the grass and around the picnic table. We've been pals since I came to live with a white haired lady that humans call Mabel. Our neighbors were happy to bring their dogs over to play since they didn't have a yard near their apartment.

After our morning romp, I bound through the kitchen door to look for my breakfast. As soon as Mabel opened the door I knew there was something wrong. Two big burly guys were carrying huge boxes toward the front door. And my bed and my toys were missing! I tried furiously barking at them, but they didn't pay any attention to me. One of the guy's shoes was almost as big as my whole body! I kept my distance.

Being a Havenese has its disadvantages. I'm not very big, but I come from a long line of regal dogs from Cuba. How I ended up with Mabel in Portland, Oregon I'll never know. On top of that she named me Fluffy. I would have liked Diego, Juan, or Basilio. Any of these would have been more regal but these humans don't give you a choice. She brought me home when I was a little tyke. I had to get used to the place and she had to get used to me. I was a cute little fuzz ball, but hadn't learned my manners yet. She cleaned up plenty of messes, but she didn't give up on me. She got a soft furry bed and some squeaky toys for me. I had to get used to the slinky, sneaky cat named Baby. I quickly learned that she didn't like to play. I had several scratches on my nose to prove it.. We eventually became cautious friends.

Next thing I knew Mabel, Baby and I were riding in the car. We stopped at this little house that had a tiny fenced in yard and lots of flowers blooming. It had a water fountain and I thought it was great. I could have a drink anytime I wanted, but I didn't account for the big black crow that splashed around in it. We learned to take turns. Mabel layed out my bed, toys, and food dish. I got the feeling we were here to stay. She let me out the back door into that nice fenced yard. The fence was flimsy, but I didn't try to escape since I didn't want to get too far from my food dish.

Suddenly a huge drooling German shepherd came bounding over to the fence with his pointy teeth bared. It scared me half to death!. Luckily the fence held and his owner came running to grab him by the collar and drag him home. Whew ! That was close. I could have been his afternoon snack!

It took me a while to get used to the new place. Mabel took me for morning walks down by the school yard. I met other dogs with names like Frida, Pono, Willy and Max. While the humans talked, talked, talked we had a good time running around . All the dogs are about my size except Frida. She was shorter than the rest of us, but she always kept up as we raced around. Occasionally I heard the word food and my ears pricked up. Once in a while one of them brought snacks for us , but mostly they just fussed over us. I like it best when someone scratches me behind my ears.

Although I miss my old friends, I think this place will be just fine as long as that big German shepherd stays home.

Linda Burk