

A Dog's Tale of a Walk in a Snow Shower as Told to Donna Bishop

By Donna Bishop

Let me tell you about myself before I go into the details of my early morning walk. I'm known by the name Awesomer. Now I don't want to seem prideful but with a name like Awesomer but you could probably expect some pretty awesome behavior from me. Everyone says I have a beautiful face with tan cheeks and black circles around my eyes and a perfect black strip down my long nose. My original home was Australia where Kelpies are bred as working dogs to herd sheep. Sometimes I hop across an open field just to keep in practice. My owners thought maybe I was mimicking a kangaroo but deep in my DNA is the instinct to jump across the backs of a herd of sheep in order to reach the other side to help control the movement of the herd. So you see I'm really very clever. Do remember that as I continue with my story of the walk in the snow shower.

I live in the mountains with a great deal of freedom to visit my dog friends in the neighborhood and explore the nearby fields. However, for reasons I'm not aware of I have been left at grandmother's apartment. Mind you I do love to visit her and we are good pals but staying at her apartment has some serious drawbacks for a gal like me. First there is not too much action around grandma's place. Grandma doesn't have a nifty truck and she does drive very slowly. I'm used to a bit more speed and a lot rougher roads. The worst part of my current situation is that I cannot leave the apartment without being attached to grandma! I hate that! Early this morning the snow was coming down almost like a rain shower. The shower was soft and steady but not too cold. We enjoyed a lovely walk after I took care of my urgent business. Speaking of which, how embarrassing do you think it is to handle my private affairs on the end of rope held by a human?

As we returned home a rabbit darted from under a tree in front of me. I reacted like any normal dog. Wham! That gentle grandma jerked me around. I was stunned but unfortunately I was too much in pursuit to remember that I had been told to be a good girl for granny. My body in motion pulled the leash loose and I was free. I rounded the building only to realize the bunny was long gone. How embarrassing. Luckily I remembered once I had chased a rabbit up a downspout near grandmother's apartment, I raced there at top speed. Shortly she came to retrieve me. Maybe I fooled her but knowing grandma probably not!