

## Don't Forget the Rawhide!

Our sons decided to give us an anniversary present and provided an address to drive to. Getting closer to the Quebec Street address, I looked into the back seat. "I know where we are going, don't I?" The boys looked at each other but would not look me in the eye. Their father still didn't have a clue.

Walking through the Dumb Friends League looking for "our anniversary gift," we found two dogs to meet. First was a cocker spaniel, but he didn't seem to be a fit. They then brought in a black little gal who we were told was a cockapoo – maybe. The guys were squatting on the floor and I was sitting on the bench. She bypassed the guys and hopped up on the bench with an "I know who I have to impress to get taken home" attitude! Soon the five of us were on our way home with "our gift."

Agreement was immediate that this black girl with some white markings would be called Pepper. One white marking was the tip of her tail. She enjoyed grabbing hold of the tip of her tail and walking in circles. One night I noticed her looking like she had something in her mouth. Upon investigation, we saw that she no longer had a white tip on her tail because it was now leaving her mouth.

We had an older sheltie named Dolly who had cataracts and was losing her hearing. When the dogs were in the back yard, Pepper would "buzz by" Dolly as they played. We were of the opinion that Pepper coming into the family added a few years to Dolly's life.

We were told by the DFL staff not to give her rawhide because it would encourage her to chew on other things. This seemed strange, but we obeyed. She was a model dog all weekend while we were home. We went to work and school on Monday morning and then came home to discover she had balanced on the sofa and scratched some of the grass cloth wall covering right down the seam. Fortunately, I had a wall hanging that was just the right size to cover the problem and we avoided having to re-paper the entire family room. She also liked the taste of the wooden lap desk where I stored note cards and a few pairs of shoes. If I said she had to go back if things didn't get better, I was certain it wasn't going to be Pepper who was voted to leave! On her follow-up visit to the vet, I conveyed our instructions from the DFL. He said, "Stop on your way home and buy a package of rawhide!"

We had a dog sitter while out-of-town. She came to let Pepper out of the laundry room, but didn't see the rawhide was taken out and dropped it in the kitchen. Pepper went back into the laundry room but not the rawhide. When we came home the next day, there were scratches on the back of the door and pieces of the linoleum had been removed from the floor, but she couldn't get out to get her rawhide. We certainly made it known that in the future if Pepper was closed in the laundry room, so was the rawhide!!