

Casper's 24 Hours

By Sophy Churches

I wake up when my mistress wakes up. I like to pretend that I am still asleep a little longer and so does she. Sometimes we laze together like that for even more than half an hour and sometimes her hands reach me and stroke the bottom of my ears but her eyes are still closed. She does not fool me because I know that she is awake. These are perhaps my happiest times of the day.

I was picked up by her two years ago at the shelter. She almost missed me as she was leaving, fortunately I was in the first cage and I had to really bark at her and tell her to take me home with her. I took my most demanding bark from the bottom of my throat until I alerted her to come over to me.

I very soon got used to my mistress, she is nice to me. A man I don't see too much but he comes over at times, takes me out for a walk, and strokes my head for a long time and calls me 'Mookie Monkey,' whereas my name is Casper.

So after she gets up, I go out for a quick pee-pee to the bushes and I come back immediately. We have breakfast. She sits at the table, I await under the table until she gives me and kibbles and my fresh egg that a nice lady brought down who does not eat them because she says she has high cholesterol. After breakfast, we go for a walk by the canal. There I meet Buddy, whom I feel very sorry for. I give her lots of little kisses. My mistress likes to meet up with a lady whose dog is called Ernest and she shouts from far away calling his name. Then Ernest, me, and the two ladies walk together. They must have a good time because they laugh a lot. I get a little treat every time I do my business, I trained my mistress this way.

We go home and then I just follow my mistress from room to room. This is my work-time, I do not get paid for it but I must do this. She often loses things and goes back and forth, back and forth looking for them. I follow faithfully. Sometimes it takes four to six hours that she is doing things in the house. People are strange, why don't they go back to bed?

In the afternoon, she goes out and tells me, "I'll be back." She is back by six o'clock, when my dinner is served immediately. Then comes the fun time again, and we go out for another walk. We meet different people and dogs, then we go back and watch TV. I sit ever so close to her because I do not want her to even move. It upsets me when she goes to the kitchen and I have to jump down from the couch to follow her. Now and then I get a little treat of cake or peaches. She is ever so nice to me.

We go to bed when it is very dark and we make the room even darker and I sleep at her feet but I wake up next to her in bed. At night I dream and whimper, waking up my mistress but she does not mind it.

I am a happy dog, I am Casper Churches.