

I'd Rather Watch the Rabbits

By Joan Mish

As many of you know, I've told stories about the bull dog that bit my little sister when she was walking into the room with her snow pants on and our dog had received some antibiotics to help her get cured from some kind of illness. The bull dog had been lying in the sun and sleeping and became very scared with the noise of my sister's snow pants. He bit her and she had to have 100 stitches. From her elbow to the her shoulder. I have never liked dogs since.

As our children were growing up we did have Sir Prize, a lovely cat, for many years. In fact all the kids came home when we planted her ashes in my Lily of the Valley plot.

But now a few new ideas: Our small little town in Wisconsin had a kangaroo appear from somewhere and he ran all over town. No one could figure where he came from.

My daughter recently sent me on Facebook a video of "pet cows." Her kids thought that would be a great idea once their recent dog died!

And someone else sent me a fun video where a pianist took a piano out to the desert in Africa and attracted an elephant who loved to dance to his classical Beethoven song!

Now that I haven't had a pet in years, I look lovingly at all the fun rabbit we have chasing each other around. But I think they would need to stay outdoors.

Pets are not my favorite things.