

## *From the Kitchen*

20 June 2012



My human has left me out here, tied to a tree, while he is inside drinking coffee. I don't like coffee – I tried some when he spilled it on the floor. Yuck! I do like tea when it's cold, and milk and water.

At home I have my own water in a bucket. After a few days it starts to taste special, because whatever is in my beard rinses out in the water. There are bits of this morning's breakfast and last night's supper, and I think I detected a bit of dead bird from a few days ago. I must check the garden when we get home to see if there's any more of that.

He's still in there, reading something and eating a cake. If he drops any, I won't be there to clean up. Such a waste. Must scratch. I've got flees. Ah, that's better. Where's he gone? My human has ... Oh, there, standing up. He's coming out now. Why doesn't he wag his tail and jump up and down to show me he's pleased to see me? At least he could do the jumping.

Where are we going now? The park? Please, let's go to the park. Please! Yes, that's the direction. Oh no! He's tied me to another tree and he's going into another shop.

Mmm, what's that smell? Hot chips. Someone's got hot chips. They've dropped one. Yum. I'll just ... No, my lead's too short. Perhaps someone will kick it towards me. Here comes someone. Wag my tail and point my nose at the chip. What? No! That rotten little schnauzer came along and ate it. That was *my* chip.

My human's back and he has food in a bag. Smells interesting. *Now* we're heading to the park. I hope there are other dogs to play with. Did we bring a ball?

Lots of dogs in the park. There's my special friend, another spoodle. His human brought a ball. Wow, this is so much fun. I love chasing a ball. Here we go again. What's that smell? This tuft of grass smells good. Smells like ... like Alsatian. Quick look around – no Alsatis. Good, I can mark it as mine. Must hold some back for other places.

My human is sitting over there, eating. Other dogs are sniffing around his feet. Should I go and see if he's dropped any food or chase that ball again? I'll chase the ball. Where's my friend gone? Someone else has thrown a ball. I'm after it. Oof! That clumsy Rottweiler just bowled me over. He's huge. What's that lump under me? The ball. I got the ball! Now, who threw it so I can get them to throw it again? That woman over there calling the Rottweiler? Yes. She's calling me to bring the ball back. There you are. Please throw it again. She's thrown it, but which direction? I didn't see. The Rottweiler's chasing it. No point going after it now; I'll wait for him to bring it back.

My human is calling me. I'll ignore him because I want to chase that ball again. He's calling again, louder. He sounds angry. I'll have to go to him. As I start trotting towards him, the woman throws the ball again. I can't help myself, I have to chase it. As I run, I can hear my human calling me. I'll go to him when I have the ball. Nearly there ... got it! He's whistling to me and shouting for me to go to him. I drop the ball near the woman and she points to my human and tells me to go to him.

He's got some food left. Okay, I'll sit. Smells good. Tastes wonderful. More? Yes, he's left some more for me. I like my human. He's a good hunter and he often leaves some for me. Every morning he gives me a large part of his catch. I used to take food from the table, but I'm not allowed to. My human's mate yells and growls at me. I can easily jump up onto the table, so they don't leave food there anymore.

I'm allowed to sleep inside near the heater. Sometimes, when my human and his mate aren't around, I get on the couch because it's soft and warm. When they catch me, they yell at me to get off and then they put me outside. I hate it when I'm separated from my pack, like when my human and his mate and their pups all go away all day. I try to join other dogs when they come past the garden, but I can't get through the fence, so I bark and bark for their humans to open the gate and let me out. They never do.

Sometimes my humans take me to the forest. There are so many smells there. My favourite is rabbit. I catch their scent and follow their trails all over the place. I can do that even in the dark. The trails always end at prickly bushes. I know they're in there but I can't get into their hide-out myself – my fur gets stuck on the thorns.

I must go. I can hear biscuits pouring into my bowl. Time for supper and then a walk around the block. It's a dog's life.