

# Sookie

# Book 2

**By Debbie Nicholson**

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## **Preface and Disclaimer**

Here we are with Book 2 of Sookie with his many friends in the streets surrounding where he lived during his lifetime. It has been fun collecting the many stories that are included here – and it has been a privilege to write about the different types of dogs that there are in the world.

I have met many of them personally and can vouch for images shown to give you a clue as to what type of personality each one might have.

When writing Book 1, I shed many a tear with some of the stories that came my way and no doubt there will be some in this book that you can relate to that might send you away into memories of a time when you knew a particular dog.

When I visit the family, I always go down to Sookie's final resting place which is a beautiful shrine built by the family.

It is always sad when your favourite pet has to go home to Pet Heaven, however, if we can keep their memories alive through fun stories and happy times shared

with each other, then I think that all helps each of us as well.

Now that I have more than two books in the Small Friends Series, I have listed them at the front and back so that should you wish to follow up on other stories I have written then it will not be hard to find them.

I spend many hours in a day just writing, therefore my collection of books grows ever larger.

We live in a beautiful environment set back off the road, away from the noise and tangles of town life. We

live under one of the oldest viaducts in the South Island, the original having been finished and used for the first time on 17 November 1875, therefore passing trains come and go both night and day just above us.

At first sight, people ask us how we can put up with the noise, however, our human bodies are designed so that once we get used to something, we tend to delete things out of our consciousness, so I guess that is the answer to that question.

Our Viaduct is a very interesting



story actually, I might even write a book about it one day. For now, there are too many stories on my hard drive that are already waiting to be published, therefore, I will continue on the path I have chosen for my journey.

I know I say that, alas I am so easily distracted into other areas of interest.....

Remember - it is Sookie telling all of these stories about his friends

\* \* \* \* \*

While many of the pictures are my own and all content is my own,

please contact me should there be a discretion that you would like me to fix and we can fix it quickly.

Any quotes from actual text on pages I wanted to include in my references are in the colour blue so that you can distinguish between my thoughts and the thoughts of others who actually provided me with the insight as to what I wanted to include in my own book.

Watch out for more from me in other areas. As usual, my email address for correspondence, criticisms or just some love from you is

[stories4debbie@gmail.com](mailto:stories4debbie@gmail.com)

Kindest regards

Debbie Nicholson

7th March 2018

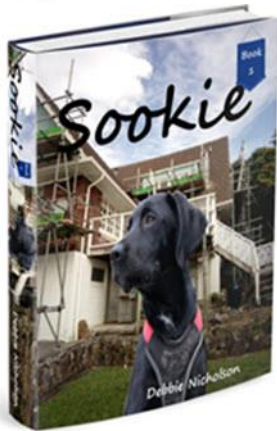
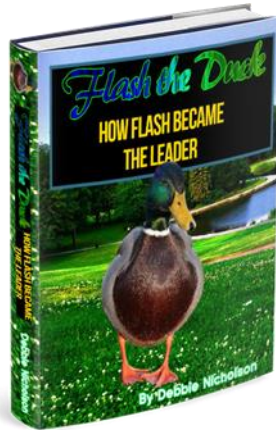
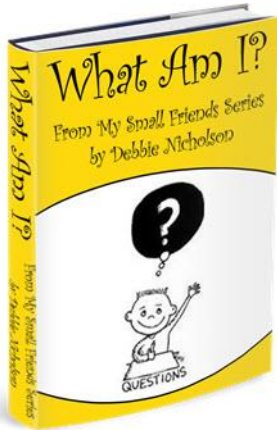


**Debbie Nicholson**



**Sookie**

## All Books In This Series



### My Small Friends Series

What Am I?

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AJMKYS2>

Flash the Duck – How Flash Became The Leader

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07LDYPK1S>

Sookie Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07M5TMKV2>

# Chapter One : Jake



Over the years of my living at Number 23, I have come across many neighbours whose friendships I have cherished almost as much as the love I get from my humans. In this chapter of my book, I would like to share with you my dear, dear friend Jake who used to live at Number 21 next door. He was a beautiful White German Shepherd a lot older in years than myself who was just out of my puppyhood when I came to know of him. Up until then, I had been quite protected usually having to stay indoors with the new baby or with Our Natalie to keep her

company as she was always in need of a companion and I was HER companion.

Jake was quiet, and didn't have a lot to say, therefore, I was not even aware that he lived next door to us, just over the fence actually. He had a really nice human who kept himself busy with indoor card games and books. When we visited one particular day when I was also allowed to go with Our Mam, all I could see were rows and rows of books all stacked neatly in piles on shelves. There were also lots of tables where different board games and jigsaw puzzles had been set out.



All the tables were set to the height of the human in his wheelchair – the house was huge – the rooms were huge and wheel chair access was so obvious wherever I roamed.

Which I did very quietly.

And this is how I came across Jake.

He had his own part of the house which he showed me on the day that I showed up. Jake came to the door in answer to the doorbell Our Mam rang when we arrived. He was so clever, he could open the door himself. He looked Our Mam up and down, wagging his tail as

though they were old friends but upon noticing me, he became a solid frozen statue. Our Mam patted him on the head and introduced me. “Now Jake, this is Sookie and he is our dog just like you belong to Old John. Sookie is not very old, and therefore still acts much like a young dog, however, he seems to be over his puppy stage and so I thought I would bring him over to meet you today.”

It seemed that Jake knew exactly what Our Mam was saying, because as soon as she was finished, his tail started to wag, and he stood and mosied over to me to have a

sniff. That's what we dogs do when we meet each other in case you didn't realise that! They say to keep us both on a leash at our first few meetings and to keep us ten feet apart, but Jake didn't need that and neither did I because we both had great humans we trusted and so if one human wanted us to meet another part of their family, then we both were ready to accept each other straight away.

Old John called to Our Mam to come on in and Jake nudged to me to come with him and he would show me around his pad. Forever after that we were like brothers – he

being my much older brother, but so kind and thoughtful.

That very first day he told me his story of how he had been left at the Animal Rescue Centre by his previous owner with whom he had lived for many years. It was a sad thing but his previous owner had contracted some sort of human disease and he told me that he could no longer look after me and so he thought that the best thing for us both would be that he would take me to the Vet, and he would have me “put down”. This is a term the humans use which as he said, “would not cause either of us

any discomfort or hardship.”

We both cried when he drove away as I had been with them since a very small puppy.

I didn't really know what being “put down” was all about, however, I had an idea and I didn't really think that I was ready for that at the time.

The Vet gave me a thorough examination looking at all old scars from past injuries, testing my mental capabilities and motor skills. I just kept looking into her eyes, hoping that she could read my

thoughts that I truly was not ready as yet to be going anywhere from where I might never get to come back again.

After a while, she pondered my notes from my treatments of years past and compared them with test results she had just finished and then she got on the phone and I saw her dial a very long number.

“Uncle John!” she said to the person who answered. “How are you? Are you still looking for a companion to replace Sammie and who will help you with your

wheelchair and keep you company through those long winter days?”

Whatever the person on the other side said made her energy levels change dramatically and I started to feel hope within.

Apparently, Uncle John had been in the Navy and had never married due to a serious friendship going wrong because he was away at war so much of the time. His sweetheart had broken his heart with a letter delivered to him while on duty at some stage, so Uncle John had vowed and declared that he would spend the rest of his life

with four-legged friends who he knew would never let him down or break his heart like that.

Apparently, he had had a dog like me for many years, but as with all of us we go the way of all the earth when it is our time and so he had lost Sammie just a few months earlier. It was lucky that my Vet had an Uncle John!

That afternoon, a Truckee arrived with a leash and put me into his 5<sup>th</sup> wheeler in the bed behind his seat. Me being the age I am, I was happy to go for a road trip – I had been in heaps of vehicles since I was a



puppy, as my other human took me everywhere with him.

After what was many hours, we arrived at the ferry terminal where I was subjected to a very long trip in a cage below deck on the ferry. I put up with this because the truckee was very friendly and explained to me what was happening every step of the way. Once we had berthed, he wandered over to me, released me from that small enclosure, made me comfortable, then put me back into the bed behind his seat.

And off we went again. I could see

everything that was going on, being allowed to watch from where I was – I was quite safe you know. My leash was attached to something above the bed, therefore I didn't get thrown around at all. After a time, we arrived at a house and on the driveway, there was a human in his wheelchair waiting for me to arrive.

The truckee turned out to be the Vet's sister and Old John's nephew. And that is how I came to be here. He rescued me from being "put down" as they say and together we will live out our lifetimes – he is a wee bit younger than me in human years, but he will do.

I sniffed him, he patted me, looked me over, watched me move around and you know Sookie, we loved each other at first sight. I could see he needed me just as much as I needed him. It wasn't long before I was opening the doors for him and helping him bring bags left on the door step or the driveway or at the letterbox bringing us supplies.

So you see Sookie, you can live to a grand old age and always be useful. Just learn how to be useful and your humans will love you for all of that learning.

Old John still drives so I get to go along with the ride, and we have great adventures together on the days that we go out. Other than that, we just stay home.

Your Mam comes over a lot and Your Natalie comes over and they all do the jigsaw puzzles and play games and laugh. It is a fun house that you have come to visit today young Sookie. And from now on, I hope I see you often as you and I can talk to each other and share our stories. I guess you don't have as many as me young man, however,

there will be a day that you will,  
mark my words.”

And so that is how I came to meet  
Jake next door and we were friends  
right up until both he and Old John  
were found by Our Mam one  
morning – still sleeping together –  
only this time it was a slumber from  
which they would never awake.

## Chapter Two : Fleur



It seems like I know lots of animals and you're right, because I do. I am a very sociable Labrador and my humans take me walking every day, so I get to know anyone who wants to be known on our walks. One time in the street adjacent to ours, a tiny furball arrived at Number 72. Her name was Fleur and she was just recovering from a terrible trauma that had happened to her many weeks prior to her coming to live with Mr and Mrs at Number 72. She recalls it with vivid memories as the night she was rescued wasn't the only night that she had been left in dire straits. Apparently, her

owners were youngish and visited friends a lot, sometimes not coming back to their car for many hours and they always left Fleur in the back seat. This particular night was very cold – down to -12 degrees which is well below freezing. There was a well-worn blankie on the seat, but the seats were made of leather and so there was not much warmth to be gained from snuggling into it. To top it off, a window had been left maybe a quarter of an inch down so that she could get some air and of course with the weather as inclement as it was, it managed to howl through that tiny gap and



encircle the insides of the car like a willow the wisp flying round looking for somewhere to land. Suffice it to say – it was very, very cold.

After some time, which was probably hours, because when the humans had left the car the skies had been a greyish pink colour and now the stars were trying their best to peak through very dark clouds but not having much luck as the wind would block their glow with fast-moving darker clouds. The lights in the street had come on a long time beforehand and so Fleur knew that the time had stretched to

many hours which was not unusual for her humans to leave her alone.

The cold of course was making her shiver. Apparently, Chihuahuas shake at the best of times anyway, however, this time it was because Fleur was getting really uncomfortable. She started to make little barking sounds, but then after a while she was so cold that it seemed her jaw had frozen itself shut, and so in the end she was unable to make a sound.

She saw through the glass someone who rubbed it and was saying something through the gap in the

window but Fleur by then could only react with more shivering. She saw him reach into his pocket and she hoped that he might throw a scrap of food her way, however, that was not to be as he started to talk into the machine that he'd pulled out. After a little while, great twirling lights of red and blue seemed to light up the whole car and Fleur opened her eyes to see such a commotion going on outside her door. In reached a pair of strong gloved hands and scooped her up and put her inside his jacket. She didn't think she would ever feel that warm again, she had given up

all hope. She was in a deep shock and was almost at the point of no return.

The kind man kept her inside his coat as he got into the passenger seat of the car and they drove to the Animal Rescue Centre where she was quickly put between two blankets that were heated from underneath and overtop and encouraged to lie down. After some much-needed water in which must have been some medicine, Fleur lay down between the warm blankets and fell asleep.

The next day her humans came to get her but were not allowed access as the police had given firm instructions that they were never to be given an animal from that Animal Rescue Centre again. Apparently, they had been arrested once they'd gotten back to their car and found a note pinned underneath the windscreen wipers which led them to the police station. Their argument was that Fleur had been shaking because she was scared of strangers, but the Vet at the Animal Rescue Centre argued in her report that Fleur was the subject of animal abuse.

The moral to this story is that if someone wants an animal, even with all good intentions of being caring, they should educate themselves about exactly how they should care for the new friend.

Chihuahuas don't have any covering to keep them warm naturally, therefore they especially need consideration when temperatures fall to such extremes.

Anyway, that is how Fleur came to be at Number 72. They were in visiting the Animal Rescue Centre a few weeks later and came across Fleur peeping forlornly out at them from beneath very warm coverings

and they had fallen in love with her  
then and there.

The decision was then made to take  
her home with them.

## Chapter Three : Chippie





Chippie lived at Number 18. She was a beautiful Fox Terrier with a black muzzle and one black ear and one lighter coloured one, each ear sheltering her eyes whenever she looked intently at something that interested her.

It was unfortunate for Mr and Mrs 18, that Chippie developed lymphatic cancer which even in humans is not curable, therefore in animals like us, what chance have we of survival?

First of all, Chippie started to cough. I noticed it when we were out on our walks and I could tell that it was not getting any better. And then she seemed to not have

enough in her to carry on our walk up the hill a lot of the time. I thought that was odd, as she was usually so full of energy always ahead of me on that final trot up the steep path.

One time we went to get her, and she just didn't have enough energy to even sit up. I felt very worried and hoped that her humans had noticed that there was something drastically wrong with her. Her tummy seemed to be bloated and yet, she seemed to be losing an awful lot of weight. Most disturbing to me was when she wasn't interested in sharing my food with me when she was up at our house. And all she wanted to

do was lie down - she truly was becoming not much fun anymore.

I remember asking her if she was okay and she would just do her doggie grin and say, "I'm fine - just a little cold in the chest."

Another time we went to pick her up and her humans were quite distraught as they had had to leave her at the Vets for some treatment. I overheard them telling Our Mam that she had Lymphoma to which Our Mam just gasped and became tearful. They had not detected it early enough and so there was not a lot of hope, however, they were getting her some Chemo treatment to which she was responding. They

were going to pick her up in a couple of days.

So, it was then that I realised that my friend Chippie was very unwell. I had heard of that word cancer before when Our Dad had his Dad come stay with us when he was up visiting Auckland one time for treatment. He had cancer too although I didn't know much about it because after all I am only a dog, and why would my humans think to discuss such a thing with me anyway?

Our Mam talked to Mr and Mrs 18 a lot after that to comfort them I suppose, and snippets of conversation came my way that it

had started in the Bone Marrow and the first they knew was that she had got an infection which made her illness rapidly develop into something far more serious in a very short period of time.

She had to go back to the Vets for regular treatment and was away it seemed for ages. Apparently, that was when she was getting Chemo which gave her another lease of life for eight more months. But I guess even with those drugs, such illnesses come back with a vengeance.

Which is what happened to Chippie. Several months after I thought she was becoming her old

self again, she had to have more treatment which was very sad because even I could see how that was taking a toll on her strength and ultimately her life. So, I guess the BIG decision had to be made and one day my friend Chippie was no longer part of that family.

On that day in the afternoon there was a gathering at the house and all sorts of stories were being talked about. One interesting one that caught my ever-listening ear was when she was being baby-sat by some friends of Mr and Mrs 18. Chippie had apparently wanted to go outside to relieve herself having been kept inside for too long. It had been raining and was very cold

outside, however, the friends bundled themselves up in rain gear and took Chippie outside. They walked and walked and not once did Chippie do what they thought she wanted to do. So eventually they all came back inside: - no wee wee but two very cold backsides, nonetheless.

Everyone roared with that story of my friend. I can just imagine it too. She probably was missing our walks and of course with the humans following her around so much, she probably didn't feel like she was getting any privacy, therefore held it in.

My poor dear friend. I will miss

you very much and hope to meet  
you again some day in Doggie  
Heaven.



## Chapter Four : Boyce and Savvy



Maltese are a very small breed of dog that are said to be descendants of a breed that comes from an island called Malta which is found in the Mediterranean. It's their cute black button noses that make them so appealing and when they bat those gorgeous brown eyes at you, well you just can't go past them. And that's if they let you even come near of course. Some of them have a bark and they bark at anything and everything no matter how close or how far away you are from them, and neither does it matter if you are another animal of the four-legged kind or the two-legged kind.

Their height is not very much.

Apparently, they should only grow maybe ten inches tall but one of the two who moved into Number 36 is definitely a lot bigger than that. As with all things in life there are glitches on the way and Boyce is the one with the glitch being definitely a lot larger than his same-age brother Savvy. Their wee tails are so cute - being curled in nature, but it's their drop ears that had me fascinated.

I love their playfulness. They have been living in our street since they

were nine months old and now, they are quite a bit further along in their life span and yet they have never lost that lively playful demeanour or energy levels. Next to me of course being a rather large, black Labrador, they are so teeny tiny, however, we are great friends and I love them dearly. I love going out for walks with them because of the baby furniture that they have in such abundance.

Sometimes at neighbourly get-togethers such as BBQs you can see their camping gear out in the back yard - they even have their own

tent for when they go camping with their humans. I doubt Our Mam would make a camping tent available to me, as mine would have to be such a size - and anyway I have not been raised to go there whereas these two princelings have always been treated so by Mrs 36. They don't like big spaces anyway, so their backyard has always seemed too big for them. I guess that is why they retreat on their own into their little enclosures when they have had enough of too much exposure. Apparently, they were bred in an apartment which was 36 floors from street level.

Imagine being up so high. I knew a cat called Leo once who told me his tales of living in such a place. He was never allowed to go out onto the balcony as his owner was always fearful, he might jump up at the birds and sail away to the ground in a most horrific accident.

My Maltese friends are bred to be companion dogs and I can tell that is why Mrs 36 loves them so much, as there is no evidence of children in their family that we can see when we visit, therefore the love is mutual.

Boyce and Savvy are both brothers from the same litter.

They had been “found” so to speak by their human who had come to Blenheim from Nelson to attend the local Mary Poppins stage production. She and her companion had wandered into a pet store during their visit and of course could not go past them. And so, they came to be my neighbour at Number 36.

Their obedience and ability to follow commands is highly noticeable in this pair, I guess because of the much one-on-one

they get whenever their humans are around.

Their teeth need attention a lot as they are very prone to cavities, therefore they even have their own toothbrushes and toothpaste to help keep their teeth clean and under control.

Their hair needs to be trimmed every six weeks like that of Our Mam who goes to the hairdresser just as frequently. They don't shed, therefore their trimmer has to see their hair length cut back to only about an inch.



I imagine grooming these wee dogs is the favourite past time of their owner who absolutely dotes on them like they were human babies. Of course, they are the most loved animals as you can imagine. They have their own pram in which to go out for walkies and if the occasion involves a social gathering e.g. at a cafe or restaurant then into the pram they go to keep them where they belong and not under the feet of busy waiters and waitresses. If the walk is a long walk, then they walk one way and are pushed in the pram back home again. It is such a sight to be out walking with

them – Our Mam with me on a leash and Mrs 36 with her babies in their pram. The cuteness of the entire walking affair for us all is too much.

Their bedtime is strict - like at 8pm - and they know and are ready for bed by the time the clock face reaches the appointed time. They show such loyalty for their humans, as it is inbred with them.

Young Savvy got into a bit of strife at one stage not that long ago. He and Boyce were in the pantry and somehow the door had partially closed so that their human didn't see them sneak in there. When she

had peeked a minute or so before, they were happily playing as they always did on the mat with one of the vast number of toys they share.

“Yes, I have time for a quick shower,” she thought, so off she raced leaving the two puppies to themselves for a few minutes.

After dressing, she returned to where she had last seen them, and they were both sitting quietly: one on the mat where she had left them and the other up on the couch. She always talks to them as if they were her babies, so a little fussing went on, then suddenly Savvy started to

throw up on the couch. “What on earth?” said her human. “What’s wrong with you, you wee darling?” she muttered as she quickly moved to his aide.

Sure enough, there was something that was definitely wrong with her little one so she rang Our Mam to come over to see what could be the matter as she had never encountered anything like this before and knowing Our Mam had me, therefore she felt for sure that Our Mam would know what to do and what might be the cause.

I came with Our Mam to see if I could get some information via our doggie language from the little ones. Sure enough, Savvy was very ill, his tummy was truly upset, his eyes were glazed, and he could hardly move let alone stand. When I asked him what had he eaten recently, Boyce quickly took me over to the pantry door and there on the floor was their human's bag with all of the contents spewed out onto the tiles.

I turned and quickly grabbed Our Mam's sleeve and led her to the mess in the pantry. Their human

was mortified, because she had medication in her bag that would certainly not be any good for the tummy of a puppy. Our Mam helped her clean up and then they went through everything to see what she could remember might be missing. “Ibuprofen!” she exclaimed. “He’s eaten my Ibuprofen!”

Away went Our Mam to get our car and I hopped into the back seat, my usual place while Boyce was quickly belted into his car seat. Savvy was wrapped up in a towel and looked quite dead actually

lying so still on the knee of his human.

We got to the Vet and Our Mam ran in and explained to the receptionist what they suspected had happened, our noise bringing the Vet down the stairs very quickly upon hearing the commotion below. He was looking at the bundle in the arms of one of the women who was weeping profusely with glee in his eyes. “Was he rubbing his hands?” asked Our Mam to herself as she brought me and Boyce in on our leads.

After a while, Savvy was returned to us in the waiting room, rather out of his tree it seemed, and still wrapped in a bundle of now-clean towels. He had had to have his stomach pumped and been given other medication to help him recover. The Vet hovered over everyone while reaching for the papers that his receptionist took out of her printer, assuring us that Savvy would be okay, so long as he was kept on a very strict diet for the next few weeks.

Number 36 paid the bill and we came back home again. Once Mr 36 had been appraised of the situation,



and Our Mam mentioned to him her thoughts when they had first arrived at the Vet's, he laughed out loud and said that he could just imagine the thoughts of money going through the Vet's head as he came down those steps assessing the situation as he descended.

Being dogs, how would we know what goes on in the minds of humans – they are so strange at times.

## Chapter Five : Cairo



I often watch the news when Our Mam is cooking the dinner for the family and no one is interested in doing anything with me as by that time we have usually just returned from our walk and we are all very tired and just want to lie down and relax.

I like to see the news items that come up when there are animals involved, especially dogs like me because they are my heroes – out there in TV land. It is amazing how they all fit into that small box on the wall along with the humans and all the things that surround them.

Gosh, one of them was quite famous having taken part in a military exercise with a special unit from the United States of America. His name was Cairo and he was the only one in the entire team to have his name published to the world. Can you imagine being strapped to his human and lowered down from the machine in which they were flying all decked out with special body armour and equipment attached to his body to help him become a very important aide to his human for the final moments of what looked to me like the capture of another human.

Prior to that story no one knew much about Belgian Malinois dogs. I have heard humans confuse them with the Belgian Shepherd which is quite incorrect as they are their own dog and stand alone as their own breed. In actual fact they belong to the Sheepdog family and are known as a working dog being bred for function over form, which means the dog's physical characteristics will always follow the dogs prey drive.

They get their name from Malines which is also known as Mechelen where they originally come from. Malines is the French name for Mechelen, a city in Flanders, found in modern Belgium. I am very

proud of them because I had a cousin once who had a retired Military Dog live next door to him and they became very good friends during my cousin's lifetime.

Their work involves so much special training – They are even used as guard dogs by the Secret Service to patrol the grounds of the American President's White House. I ask you, how much higher of an honour can anyone get than that?

The TV news programme I just watched already told the world that they are the best dogs in the world for use in search and rescue missions; their best trait being their unique ability to track human

suspects for law enforcement agencies. Their sensitive olfactory senses are superb for the work of exposing elements such as strange odours emanating from accelerants used in arson cases or even explosives used in bombing incidents.

My cousin described his neighbour as a very well-raised and trained animal who showed signs of great intelligence at the same time being friendly, always on the move, alert, hard-working and very protective of their humans to which they are assigned. Their puppies show enthusiasm energy levels right up until they are three years old, however, one of his litter exhibited

that same energy level until he was five years old which surprised and wore out my cousin many times during their walks together.

They need to be kept busy – VERY busy therefore it is very important the owners become highly educated about their dog friend, because without enough stimulation and exercise, they can become quite destructive or show signs of being neurotic, which is why they make very good military dogs – the training and severe discipline is what they are bred for – it comes with their genes and so it is a waste



of time if they are not used for what comes natural to them anyway.

Cairo is a war dog trained in combat environments to be used as a tracker, sentry and/or scout. It was reported that my hero wore special armour on the day he helped capture an important person who was a great threat to freedom and the armour could "withstand clouds of hot shrapnel." It was even reported that he has teeth made of titanium which would give one the impression of having their bones crushed by an enormous pressure should you ever find yourself in the unfortunate position of being on the receiving end of his bite.

He was included in the raid especially to sniff out explosives and secret rooms that could have posed a real threat to the operation.

Oh yes, these are the programmes I like to watch on TV. Fortunately for me Our Ra-Ra loves the Discovery channel and when she is home, she is always watching animal programmes. We are the best of mates at those times and I always make sure that I am in the room with her when she turns on the Television.

## Chapter Six : Bo and Sunny



Another of my hero dogs are the former President of America's pet dogs Bo and Sunny. When I saw them being introduced on the news one night, I was so elated. Here are my kind worthy to be in the grounds of the Important House as pets to Important Humans.

They are Portuguese Water Dogs from Portugal. They don't have fur like me, but instead have a fleecy coat that never sheds hair. I thought that was amazing – I thought all of us shed our hair during the appropriate seasons. But apparently, this is how it is with Portuguese Water Dogs.

I started to wonder why they were called water dogs when it was pointed out to me by Our Mam who knows everything about anything that they are really good swimmers, so maybe that is why they are called that. Then she looked them up and found out that they have webbed toes which would also contribute to their breed name. They were raised to be constant companions as well as guard dogs to the fisher folk along the coast of Portugal. As with Cairo, Bo and Sunny are also working dogs, their breed playing a

good part in the fisherman's industry.

Other missions in which they are involved include rescuing people and things that should not be in the water, from the water; pulling sleds and being guard dogs. Even with all of this responsibility they are still looked upon as a family friendly dog just like I am.

Their attraction is such that one is not enough, two is better! Their natures, their coats, their willingness to always be active, all stand in good stead to bring them home to be part of a family, which

is why the President and his family chose to add another dog to their family and she is called Sunny. Sunny is younger but follows her bigger “brother” Bo in all mannerisms as it is usual for them to mimic the behaviours of their older siblings.

They both hit it off as soon as they saw each other much like Me and Jake next door at Number 21.

Bo came as a gift from another Important Human. He visited the family secretly earlier in the year to see if they were compatible and

finally moved into the Important House on the 14<sup>th</sup> April 2009.

Sunny came later on 19<sup>th</sup> August 2013.

During their tenure at the Important House they were very spoiled. They were allowed to run all over the place – and I hear tell that there are many, many rooms in the Important House. Sometimes they even forgot that they should go outside to relieve themselves. It was probably due to there being too many entrances, exits and hallways to navigate so it was easier when they were in dire need to just let it all out where they stood!



Once their service was ended in the Important House, they moved with their Important Humans to another house further into the city. Here they could just relax and be part of an ordinary family. Sad to say though, that the very first time the doorbell rang, they were scared out of their wits – what was that chiming – that noise – that sound? They'd never heard one before and what to do when it happened? Someone had to actually go to the door from which it came and find out who was on the other side. Apparently, it has taken them two years to get used to the sound of the chime and then to adjust themselves to the fact that it is okay

to go to the door to find out who is responsible for making all the noise.

I find this endearing having always grown up with a doorbell and external doors and hallways which are short and navigable and don't take too long to negotiate before I can be outside to do my business.

I wonder what they would be like if I could see them up real close like right in front of me and not just on the television screen when they pop into view? Their Mama Human is always on TV nowadays as she has written a book. Our Mam is really enjoying reading her copy. Lots of good stuff in there to help her improve her own life and which is

showing in her work and attitude towards the family.

Of course, they live on the other side of the world so who am I to dream of such a personal meeting.

But then that's what we dogs like to do.

Sit quietly and dream.

## Chapter Seven : Sadie



Our Mam's friend at Number 26 has diabetes. She is usually very careful but just now and again, she suffers deep depression and tends to overlook her own health and goes on an eating splurge. Our Mama is always worried about her, so they arranged that she ring her every morning to make sure she is coherent on the phone and is able to get up and tend to her diabetic needs at the start of the day.

Often Our Mam has been known to fly out the front door and down a couple of houses to let herself in to Number 26 to "save" her friend. This particular morning Number 26

was really sounding like she was heavily sedated when Our Mam rang her. Questions Our Mam asked her, I could tell, came back with answers that I knew were not satisfying Our Mam at all about her personal safety.

Luckily, they had earlier agreed that Our Mam could have a second key to let herself in just in case Mrs 26 was unable to answer the door. This particular morning the key was not where she thought she had left it, so the hunt was on – even I was being asked, “Where did I put that key Sookie, where did I put that key?”

Anyway, not being a key finder normally, I thought maybe I might be able to help out this particular time, so I sniffed around Our Mam's keyring and realised that there was a similar smell coming from behind the vase on the table at the front door. I nudged the vase slowly forward and there right at the back between the table and the wall seemed like there was a metal something stuck in the small gap.

I rounded up Our Mam and nudged her over to the vase and Our Mam was so grateful for what she found there. Giving me an extra hug, she hurried out the door, down the leaf-strewn pathway, out the rickety gate and into the

driveway of the house a couple of doors down. I could see all of this from our door where I peered out from behind the fly screen/intruder door attached.

“Oh dear, another day this week Mrs 26 has done something she shouldn't or has not done enough of what she should,” I thought to myself as I watched with anticipation. Our Mam is such an Angel to the neighbours, I wonder what they say about her when she leaves their little get-togethers!

Half an hour later, Our Mam wanders back with tears in her eyes and muttering under her breath



about the situation down at  
Number 26.

“She needs a companion,” I heard her say. “Yes, a companion, one that can be with her 24/7.” I can’t be doing this every morning – after all, we are going away for a month shortly and who will watch out for her while I am away?”

And that is how I got to be friends with Sadie. She is a specially trained Beagle who knows exactly when Number 26 has a problem with her blood sugar levels.

She is very good at her job, having been trained locally by DAD which is an acronym for Diabetic Alert

Dogs. She is very sensitive to someone who is about to have either a high or low blood sugar level problem.

Our Mam did some research into Number 26's problem and was elated to find that there is a fix and all it would involve was a matter of finding Sadie. Sadie is able to smell diabetes through smells carried in the air from the human breath which is why they can tell if blood sugar levels are rapidly dropping in the case of a low blood sugar level human. At the same time, she can also sense if Number 26's blood sugar level is gaining height to result in a high blood sugar level.

These smells are undetected by the human nose which makes Sadie so valuable.

Once she senses something is up, she then nudges Number 26 in a special way with her paws to alert her to do something to help herself. And now when Our Mam rings in the mornings there is normally never an emergency as she is up and about with Sadie and doing things around the house early.

Sadie is a very valuable commodity for number 26 or for any person who suffers as Number 26 does.

It's so wonderful to see Number 26 so full of energy – whereas up until now, well since we have known her, she was quite lethargic and out of sorts most of the time.

Sadie just loves her and has given her the incentive to get up in the mornings and get on with hobbies she had given up as well as get herself ready and away from the house to attend appointments and to also be there on time. She just trots along with Sadie and the pair of them go out shopping, or to the doctors, or to have morning or afternoon teas with her friends around the street – even across the city using bus or taxi transportation!

She has definitely got a whole new lease of life which is great to see.

Sadie told me that she had been in training since birth really. She had been part of a special breeding programme whereby they took her from her mama straight into a school environment soon after her birth and was taught everything she needed to know to ensure she would be the greatest companion for her new human.

It was rather scary being taken from her mama very early in her life, however, the person who took her raised her very closely and they became great friends for the two

years they were together. You see, Sadie had to learn how to socialise with people and with other dogs as well as her trainer. She had to be able to stay calm and confident when confronted by new people who wanted to pat her. She had to get used to the different treats that were offered to help her be a new friend.

She had to learn how to walk around in public spaces with her trainer and copy her to show her willingness to be obedient.

Learning about the big world was quite frightening at times because there were cars to deal with, the mailman, and the milkman and the various vehicles they drove

sometimes right up to where she was standing by the letterbox.

She had to get used to being led on a leash of different lengths. They used to walk and walk not always taking the same route, therefore she had to get used to the different smells along the footpaths and roads and lanes they frequented.

She had to get used to meeting new friends in the animal world as well as in the human world. Some were kind, some could be less than kind, but she had to show tolerance in all situations.

She had to get used to being petted - well that was a new experience

altogether, because some people smelled like they feared her, and so their attempts were clumsy and very awkward at times. Even what they wore was a new experience - sunglasses, hats, jackets and hoodies.

There were the street signs and bicycles and prams being pushed by anxious mothers.

There were skateboarders and scooter riders and park benches to sit beside each bearing their own smell.

There were the beaches which she loved visiting, or the parks to enjoy the flowers, trees and shrubs - most



interesting scents came from each of them.

There were bodies of water like lakes and streams, rivers and hoses with sprinklers.

There was even a time she had to be trained walking alongside a wheelchair in case her new human would be wheelchair bound.

There were electric scooters some with rain hoods and others without.

I tell you Sookie, the world is just filled with "things".

Each day brought a new experience and a new emotion to cope with.

She was taken to weddings,  
funerals, large family gatherings,  
some park gatherings, places where  
there were unruly crowds, or just  
mean groups of people.

She saw fireworks and bands  
playing.

She saw people singing at a concert  
in a huge stadium - that was  
particularly yummy because they  
had hotdogs there and her trainer  
was particularly fond of hotdogs!  
Not sure why they called them  
hotdogs but when Sadie had been  
given some, she just loved the taste.

She even went to sports games held  
in huge arenas or just at school

parks or local communities.

Her experiences took her to schools to educate young and older children.

She even attended music classes with her trainer who was adept at the piano and guitar.

What she also loved was the gym where bodies would sweat and toil under huge weights or body transforming machines.

She attended Kempo and Tai Chi, Yoga and Tae Kwan Do.

Yes, she had been trained to face and take part in every imaginable

situation to get her used to other humans and their interactions.

Which is why the training takes so long.

Then she needed training with her new human which took another six months before she was able to come home and live together as companions.

She had to learn the chemical shifts in the breath of a human and then to implement the warning signs to her trainer. It had taken her a while to distinguish between the different scents for hypoglycaemia and hyperglycaemia, one being for low blood sugar attacks and the other

being for high blood sugar attacks. It had been a very interesting and very special experience being brought up in this environment.

Her trainer was particularly caring and had a great deal of patience and had helped her through each phase with ease.

Then she had to learn the various ways in which to communicate the impending problem with a human. She had been through many different specimens to get it right and passed with 100% success at the end of her training. And then Number 26 had been brought in for training as well so that the two of

them could see if they were compatible.

What are the costs involved I heard  
Our Mam asking when she first  
looked into the deal for her friend?

She was told that the exact cost would depend on the particular organisation and training program selected. But on average — an investment in a Diabetic Alert Dog can cost anywhere from \$8,000 to \$20,000. There are non-profits that grant dogs for free and only require that you pay for your training with the dog. Some places provide diabetic alert dogs and training for free so long as the applicants qualify.

Service Dogs are utilised in so many different ways and have remained loyal servants and best of friends to those who need them the most.

Diabetic Alert Dogs are trained to alert diabetic owners in advance of low (hypoglycaemia) or high (hyperglycaemia) blood sugar events before they become dangerous. That way their handlers can take steps to return their blood sugar to normal such as using glucose sweets or taking insulin.

One time, Sadie had to use the phone to call emergency services. Number 26 collapsed into a seizure

one time during a particularly hot summer's day. She had been trained to bite down on the number 1, which was programmed to 111. I guess at the other end there is a highly sensitive machine that realises that this phone belongs to a certain person, because it wasn't long before help was in the room.

Our Sadie was given an award for that.

Yes, I have some very deserving friends who are well-known in our animal world.



## Chapter Eight : Baxter



I have a really intelligent friend up the road at Number 49. He is so interesting because he can actually recognise words. His human studies the human mind and its functions and when Baxter first arrived at his house as a tiny puppy, his human started teaching him nouns straight away to see if an experiment that he had long had in his mind could possibly work on his new pet. Baxter said they started out a few minutes a day but as he got bigger, they reached a study time of five hours per day at which point both of them had had enough of a teaching period.

Anyway his human's experiment did work, and it wasn't long before Baxter knew two hundred nouns from the English dictionary. Isn't that amazing?

He tried to teach me, but by the time I got to know my new friend, my brain was already too lazy to accept the new sounds. We did persevere though because I thought it might help me communicate with members of my own humans who didn't seem to really understand when I needed stuff. I did get to know a few basic words after much patience from Baxter using the time

we spent together on long walks with our humans.

Apparently Border Collies are known for their intelligence which is why Baxter was chosen to be the pet to come live at Number 49. Eventually he was being taught the names of two new objects every day and at the moment his total vocabulary stands at around 1022 nouns.

Baxter became quite adept at learning and after some time began to look so forward to his lessons, that he became demanding of them if his human became slack at giving

him the time. And of course, his human has aged quite a bit over the past fourteen years since Baxter became part of his family, therefore his human no longer shares the same enthusiasm as Baxter has grown forward to having. In fact, his list of words now includes verbs and some basic grammar. I am very proud of my friend, because in our world of dogs, he would be very famous – there are not many dogs and especially none that I personally know, that has such a talent.

I have seen some of our kind on the television at times who look like

they are speaking, but I heard tell one time when I was listening to the humans talking that television uses clever tricks to make it appear that certain things happen so whether the stars of my favourite shows do actually do what they are being touted to do and know, then it is anybody's guess.

As for my friend, well he comes from an exciting lineage – his father was a sheep herder and therefore was able to follow any command his farmer human gave him. He even was able to just follow a random command from a whistle that was blown in his direction at

times. Baxter was very proud of dad and he said that it ran in the family through to many generations past his dad backwards. He told me that his grandfather used to interpret hand signals from his human. I know Our Mam gives me hand signals when she is a little cross at me and Baxter's grandfather had me imagining all sorts of situations in my head, however, Baxter put me right and told me in no uncertain terms, "Not those types of hand signals Sookie. They are only for when you are not doing things right for your human!" to which we both cackled

and laughed for the rest of our walk home that particular day.

Sometimes while out on our walks, Baxter would be allowed off his leash and he would run for miles up and around very long paddocks that we sometimes frequented. Just watching him used to tire me out so after a couple of miles, I would just sit and watch him go to it, until we were both called back to our humans waiting down the stretch. Baxter later told me that he has so much energy, that he needs heaps of exercise to keep him from going nuts, therefore I again learned lots



about my friend and his breed that particular day.

He has been an exceptionally good friend to me since he moved in but as with all of us, we are starting to show our age now, so life is starting to become a little less on the fast side for us both. Baxter's human is in the 90's which restricts much of his movement now, so Our Mam takes me and Baxter out without him some days. That makes a handful for Our Mam, but she doesn't seem to mind, because Baxter is so clever and smart!

Baxter loves Our Natalie so that's all I care about really. If any of my friends show the slightest bit of doubt towards Our Natalie, then Our Mam doesn't encourage any friendships. I feel very strongly about this because Our Natalie is my bestest friend in our family and everyone has to love her like I love her as far as I am concerned. Baxter is one of those and I am glad. He loves the new babies that are coming to our family now as well. In fact, he fits right in with our entire family when I sit quietly and think about it.

At least I know my Baxter is a genuine friend.

## Chapter Nine : Murphy



Murphy lives at Number 53. He and I got along right from the start, he was a lot older than myself but had a very interesting history – and of course I love knowing where my friends started out from and how they came to be my neighbours. Apparently, they used to live in the south island, so they have moved a great distance to become my friend down the street.

Murphy is a Saint Bernard and their breed exists especially for search and rescue purposes. Of course, Murphy is long retired, however, he has some grand stories to tell of

the various rescues he has attended during his younger life.

One time he heard the mewing sound of a small child and after some searching, he found the wee mite had fallen from a family gathering onto an ice shelf further down the gradient than her family were situated. They fretted, and it seemed felt without hope, that they called Rescue Services and asked for assistance. Murphy had been included on the team and was winched down immediately the helicopter spotted the small child on the ledge. It was rather slippery and compromised with its position

and so Murphy was forced to just wrap his body around her as best he could to keep her warm until the human team could reach them from below which took the best part of many, many hours. Had he not been able to keep her warm, the family would have lost their precious baby. He had been given an award for that rescue.

Another time Murphy had to search for an older child - this time a 12-year-old boy who had been lost when fog interrupted an iceberg hunting party. Somehow, he had lost his footing on the ice and slipped through nearly 100 metres

of clear ice down into a narrow slit in the rocks. It was a good 48 hours before anyone was able to locate him, and once Murphy was brought to the scene, his rescue instincts kicked in quickly and after much nosing around the area, he at last came across the young lad way further than the original search area had been delegated. Because of the length of time between falling and being rescued, the young lad had become exhausted from his screaming for help and had fallen into a deep sleep. But as soon as Murphy touched his face with his nose, he became alert and was able



to be rescued from that point on. He got an award for that rescue as well because everyone by then had given up hope of ever finding him. When he was younger and much friskier, he had a human who didn't take him walking much and so one day he got into his head that if he jumped the fence, he could go for a walk by himself. Little did he realise that once the fence line had gone, he was in the middle of constant traffic on a very busy road. That had scared him more than anything, however, somehow, he managed to get between the cars and out into the middle of the road

where he **just** kept running up and down the centreline looking for a way back to his home. Naturally, by then he had gotten all disorientated and was showing great signs of stress when suddenly a friendly human in blue approached him, stopping the traffic flow around him. **Because** he was wearing his collar, he was quickly identified and the traffic cops were able to lead him safely home a little further down the road to his owner, who of course, was so surprised to see him at the door with them.

Ever after, whenever he thought about it, he used to always laugh because of how ridiculous the whole situation became - the freedom he so desired and was so easily granted, left him petrified for being granted his wish.

So those are a few stories about my friend Murphy.

And he has many others he shares with me on occasion when we are out walking together.

## Chapter Ten : Ace



I love my new friend who not long arrived at Number 54. He is kind of famous I guess, in that he was rescued off a bergy bit that was floating out into the middle of a lake. As we all know about global warming so our humans call it, the chances of ice floes breaking off from larger ones or just plain glaciers is a very real danger especially to us in the animal world, when the only voice we have in such a predicament is the voice we were given – sometimes a very small meow, sometimes a very loud bark, sometimes even a roar.

I watch a lot of television with Our Natalie and I have learned a lot about other animals throughout the world from the nature programmes she and Our Ra Ra enjoy. And I even saw a lady having her photo taken one time right at the moment the ice broke free from the glacier she was sitting on, and off she went hurtling out into the ocean at a pace of unknown speed.

That would have been frightening. The waves that were formed by that ice chunk breaking away were huge and so the boats that were running around in the Bay where it happened were not able to get up

close enough to help. There were many tourists in the area at the time, so help was on its way to her very quickly, although, because of the size of the waves that formed, it was the Coast Guard who eventually was able to get close enough to rescue her in the end.

I guess, every time she has photos taken of her since that incident, I presume alarm bells within her will always ring!

Anyway, to go on with my story about Ace. A policeman was doing his rounds in his vehicle along the lakeshore of one of our lakes down

south, and he saw what seemed to him to be an iceberg floating around on the water. Where that iceberg had come from was anybody's guess but there it was floating away from the shore out into the middle of the lake.

What worried him most though, was the fact that he could see a small animal in the middle obviously in great distress. He knew that the lake was very cold at this time of the year, and to now see the formation of an iceberg confirmed just how cold it had been these past few days.



Policemen do not often have to experience a swimming expedition into a freezing cold lake, therefore, he was well aware that he did not have adequate protective clothing to help him with the rescue either during, or afterwards. He also well knew the risk of hypothermia, however, being an animal lover, he couldn't see himself just ignoring the plight of that small dog. The other problem was that he was not as young as he used to be!

As he watched from the car, while using his MDT, he could see that the dog was nearly giving up and

was circling around making its mind up as to which would be the better position to just lie down. This type of behaviour comes from our wolf ancestors who would tramp down the surrounding area of snow, leaves or grass just to get comfortable.

While making communication with those at headquarters, he opened his jacket and loosened his belt that had all of the usual equipment he had to carry with him at all times; namely the window punch, the multi-tool, various keys, pencils and pens, gloves, batteries, flashlights, taser, small firearms as

well as the ammunition, the pepper spray, baton, radio and handcuffs. Next, he loosened his laces as he wrapped up his report and shouted, "Over and out!" He grabbed the door handle, twisting it as he jumped out of the car, discarded his regulation boots, shed his heavy jacket, and dived into the freezing waters. The iceberg was still ploughing its way through the water, however, he was determined to reach the animal in as quick a stroke as he could make it.

The minute backup arrived at the shore, he reached the iceberg, grabbing at what he realised was

really just a puppy. He was still warmish, therefore it was not too difficult to prise him from the ice itself. He put one arm around him and brought him to his chest as best he could, knowing now that it was only a matter of time before the puppy would succumb to the extreme cold temperature and the cold wetness of his own body and clothes.

He side-stroked back to the shore where helping hands were waiting to drag them both in to safety. The policeman was exhausted from both the temperature and the effort needed to overcome the cold as

well as get back to the shore in the quickest time possible.

At one point, he remembered thinking that he wasn't sure if he would make it.

The puppy needed CPR as well as the welcome warmth from the blankets they had available. By this time the Animal Rescue Service had arrived with their on-board hypothermia recovery unit and Ace was safely transported back to the clinic where he made a full recovery.

Our policeman friend was at the age of retirement, therefore he claimed the puppy as his own, once he knew that no one had responded to any of the advertising campaigns to find his owner. And that is when they decided to move up country into Number 54 just down from us.

I was excited when the moving van arrived as I always love to know first-hand who our new neighbours are going to be.

Our Mam and Our Natalie did their usual welcome with their scones and muffins and when I was

introduced to Ace, I was very excited because I knew that Our Mam had a cousin with that same name.

So, Ace felt like he was family right from the very first day.

## Chapter Eleven : Apollo





My friend Apollo is somewhat a hero in our world as well as in the world of humans. He has been trained as a Guide Dog for his blind human. They had been caught in a very severe earthquake that had rocked New Zealand a few years ago and he was on the top floor of the building where his human worked as a Computer Technician. Most days Apollo just lay under the desk wiling away the time, until his human had needs to be seen to during his work day that took him away from his desk in the office. They pretty much had the perfect life, arriving at work around 8am to a quiet environment that suited them both. His human had always practiced arriving at work really

early so as to avoid any rush with transport traffic and crowds of people surrounding them at peak hours. Their existence was happy and peaceful.

One day Apollo had woken at home feeling quite uneasy about “something in the human world.” He couldn’t quite put his paw on what it was that he was feeling, but he just didn’t reel right about going to work today. Of course, there was no way to relay to his human how he was feeling, so on the way to work he was very careful to be particularly careful about every footstep to ensure their safety. Something was not right though which he could sense every time he

put his paw down on the pavement. “What is that that I am feeling?” He kept telling himself over and over in his head. At last they reached their building and were soon in the elevator taking them to the top floor.

He settled as best he could beneath the desk after the coffee routine and papers being collected from the photocopy machine. His human patted him on the head and started into his work.

He continued to be very unsettled though and kept adjusting his position, sitting up, flexing himself, listening with his super human hearing and then laying down

again after being reassured each time by his human that all was well.

A few hours later, Apollo could feel rumblings beneath him through the floor as he lay quietly. He instantly sat up, pricking up his ears as to where or what this impending disaster that he could feel in his bones was that was fast-approaching them. He pulled at the elbow of his human to express his great concern. His human realised from his behaviour that something was up and wasn't sure what it might be, but he too could sense some danger in their immediate vicinity. His instant reaction was to unleash his faithful Apollo, because

the feelings of anxiety were beginning to drain him.

Apollo again pulled at his elbow begging him to stand up and to start moving toward the direction Apollo could only see as their way of escape. Part way across the floor, the rumbling became audible to his human's ears, followed by a violent shaking of the ground - the building in which they were working. Other workmates started to scream, and the human could hear footsteps hurrying to where he remembered there was an emergency exit door. At this stage, he felt Apollo would be far better off without him as an encumbrance, therefore he leaned down to

Apollos' ear and whispered, "You go boy. You get out while you can."

Well, Apollo was unable to see the sense of that instruction so completely ignored his human and instead started to pull him towards the bright green EXIT button to the left of where their work station was situated.

He managed to get to the stairwell without falling over - his human grabbing everything he could feel in the wake of their short journey. Someone opened the door for them, and Apollo was through like a lightning shot pulling on his human's sleeve as he worked his way between other humans

scrambling through. He guided him down the first few stairs but then a flood of humans separated them as they too fled for their lives. Apollo patiently waited as best he could keeping the scent of his human near to him. He could smell smoke and could sense the urgency of the matter because of the tide of humans running down past him. Eventually he was able to regain the steps and clamber up to his human who was still holding on to the wall next to the door. He nuzzled his human to encourage him to feel less panicked and then grabbed him by the sleeve again and guided him down the next few steps. The human was clearly not thinking straight as he kept saying

to Apollo, “Run boy, get out while you can!” But all of these instructions went in one ear and out the other.

He continued taking his human down as carefully as he could. The firefighters waiting outside estimated that their entire journey together took them an hour before they were on the other side of the exit door and out into the open again. Fortunately for them the smoke smells had not ignited into anything that was threatening to themselves during their descent.

The firefighters quickly whisked them away only minutes before Apollo heard the most horrendous



crash of sprinkling glass, and heavy objects as the building from which they had only just escaped completely collapsed behind them.

What a narrow escape Apollo had that day. He was given an award for that rescue. His human told everyone on television and on the radio talk backs all about Apollo and what a faithful, loyal, clever dog he had. Apollo and I watched the reruns of the programmes for a long time afterwards. His human was ever so grateful and kept patting and hugging him whenever he got the chance.

They work from home now, so the dangers of city life are not so

overbearing anymore.

They get to do more together also, so their new life is far better than what they had previously enjoyed.

## Chapter Twelve : Trace and Beau



**Trace**



**Trace and Beau**

I love it when my friends have puppies. I get so excited not only for the mama but for me, because it means new friends to add to my circle in our street.

My friend Trace from Number 13 had three puppies that turned out all fluffy and definitely not looking like their mama which we all chuckled at as she lay there getting to know her new babies.

It was unfortunate that one of them was very ill with a condition called Puppy Strangles. The humans called him Beau but instead of being a Foxy image like his Mama, I would describe him more like another old friend of mine Hairy

McLary. It turned out that the father was a stray Shitzu but who are we to worry about that. So long as the litter is well and all survived, it doesn't matter. We in Doggie world don't worry about things like that. We just love everyone as they come along.

First of all, Beau was very cute and then his face suddenly swelled making his eyelids, lips and muzzle look oddly shaped. Then he developed heaps of bulging skin patches that were full of yellow pus around his face and ears which required constant cleaning by his human. Of course, it is well known

that cleanliness alone is not a cure for Puppy Strangles, and the Vet prescribed several weeks of antibiotics to try to find a solution to his problem. However, try as they might, the medicine didn't take hold for a very long time, and poor Beau had to suffer bacterial infections from the draining wounds. It was Trace I felt sorry for, because she was doing her best to keep her puppy clean, and so was her human, but it is one of those illnesses, that no one knows exactly what causes it or how to make it go away, so trial and error

seemed to be the norm for a few weeks.

Fortunately for Trace, Puppy Strangles is NOT contagious, being diagnosed as an autoimmune disease which in turn means that Beau was constantly producing antibodies that were attacking his basic tissues and cells.

Many of the purulent sores ruptured and formed crusts which added to Beau's physical woes because they were itchy and being a puppy, he just had to scratch which made things for all concerned so much worse. Just as we thought

some control had been reached, then Beau started developing papule spots on her forehead which, from where I stood observing, were dark flat spots or patches, not just little ones either, some were freckle-sized but his human measured one that was 13 millimetres in width. Poor wee thing could hardly eat or move, and it seemed that he was in such dire pain whenever someone tried to lift him or touch him.

It was indeed very sad to see when just previously he had looked to be a very healthy puppy. Anyway,



when the other two were adopted out, Beau stayed with his Mama Trace so as to be a companion for her - their human couldn't bear to see Beau go away to another home, when they had bonded so closely through the constant treatments he had to have to get him better. He will probably have scars for the rest of his life where the sores burst and formed crusts and from the scratching, and of course those papule will never go away giving him a rather odd colour to those light-coloured patches on his face.

At one point they even considered

chemo, which brought back dark and painful memories for their human who had already lost another Foxy called Chippie, (see Chapter Three : Chippie) to cancer. Despite choosing to give the chemo treatment a miss, the swelling around his neck really got worse at a critical point, therefore after a CT scan of the area, Beau was hospitalised and underwent emergency surgery to remove a set of his lymph nodes as they had swelled to the size of apples which of course restricted his air intake.

I wouldn't have wished anything so bad to happen to any friend of

mine. And I know Our Mam and Beau's human were constantly sending prayers to aide in his recovery.

Recover he did, but after some months and now he runs around all over the place, carrying his scars like war wounds. His Mama Trace is so relieved to have him well once more.

As to our Trace, well she is a Miniature Foxie, originally from Lake Tarawera in the Taupo district further down country. When she first came to Number 13, she was only six months old and still had her baby teeth which were just

starting to fall out. Her humans travel a lot in their campervan, and they had just returned from a wedding much further away down south in Wanaka.

I think that Trace is cute – well her ears just make me sigh! She can do tricks with her ears. She can make them stand up tall or just fold them at the tips. I can't do that, and I can do pretty much anything I want. Her foot is an odd shape as well – it's shaped like an egg – very much an oval shape. Her tail is not docked like I have seen other dogs of her breed have. I would imagine that would be a painful process to

go through even though it is supposed to happen when they are only two to five days old. It is supposed to be done using surgical scissors at the Vets, however, I have heard tell that some humans just do it themselves at home without any means of calming the puppy down first. I can just imagine the shrieking cries of a puppy going through all of that pain and for what? Just to make them look better? Apparently, it is also a form of protection for a dog that is involved in certain work environments such as emergency rescue, law enforcement, and

armed services activities among others. I had seen on television that a new Animal Welfare Act was passed which required the procedure to be carried out by a registered Veterinarian, but sometimes I wonder about humans and their abilities to keep within the law. We animals deserve that sort of protection though. It all just sounds cruel to me.

Apparently Miniature Foxies come in only three official colours. Black and White, Tan and White and Black, tan and White. Our Trace is of the Black and White kinfolk, whereas our Beau is definitely of

the Black, Tan and White variety being that she has curly hair all over her as well. Her hair definitely did not follow the pattern of her Mama which is very short and fine. They hardly grow taller than 9.5 to 12 inches and keep a steady weight of between 8 and 12 pounds.

Trace told me once that she has a cousin who lives on a farm outside of our region who is a good ratter. She said it is because of their size that they can squeeze into and out of very tight spaces at speed which is why they are popular among farmers that have rodent as well as rabbit problems.

She is a lovely house pet and her human just adores her. Her human has many little humans that visit often – all part of her own family, and Trace is very good with them because they love patting her and cuddling up to her and quickly make friends with both herself as well as Beau. She is not that keen on other small dogs though and so her human is very careful not to leave her with such sized animals. I guess it is because of their hunting instincts bred within her that this could be the case. She gets along fine with me and that is the only



important thing that has to be considered here.

But then I am big compared to her!

Her knee does not present a problem like her cousin who has a floating kneecap which she says is common to her breed.

Her human treats her well only feeding her what is recommended and in amounts that suit her small tummy. Mine of course is much bigger, therefore, I can put away a lot more than our Trace needs at meal times.

And we walk a lot. Our Mam is all into exercise, so Trace often comes

with us on our jaunts down at the park or around the block with Our Natalie. As Our Mam says, we need to keep our limbs and muscles moving so as to avoid painful complaints like arthritis.

One of her human's dogs lived to a good old age of twenty years – which is a very long age in human years.

Trace is a very happy dog who is well-loved, and those two things alone contribute to a long and healthy life. She loves playing the pampered pooch and I can assure you that her human does indeed

pamper her far more than what I get myself, as a Labrador would expect. I am well-loved and happy in my own home with Our Mam and Our Natalie so life for me is comparable to that of Trace's that's for sure.

She has heaps of toys and games to keep her occupied as her mind is always wanting to do something. Yes, Our Trace suits anyone of any age both old and young and I know her human loves having her around as a faithful companion.

Trace tells me she was beaten up

four years ago. How miserable that must have been for her.

She and her human had been walking along the street quite happily when four huge dogs pounced out of nowhere to have a go at her. Her human of course was devastated as she had nothing on her that could be used to distract the dogs from such wild behaviour. Lucky for them, a neighbour heard the commotion and raced out of his house with the means by which he was able to chase the offending dogs off. “That was very scary,” remembered Trace. “I thought I was a goner.”

Her human took her straight to the Vet who quickly did emergency surgery on her injured leg and was able to stabilise her mental trauma symptoms quickly.

We both discussed that situation for a very long time, realising just why being on a leash is so important and not being let outside in harms way when we are in communities that are not familiar to us.

The police and animal control in that area identified the attackers after many days of house-to-house searching and several days of proactive advertising within the

community. They were very concerned that a small child could be the next victim which is why they persisted in their search.

Apparently, the owner was fined very heavily, and the dogs were put down.

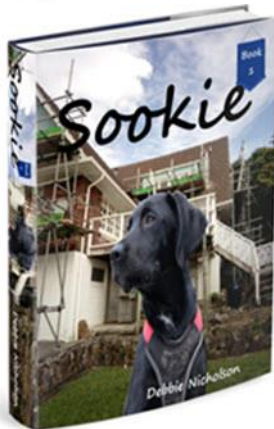
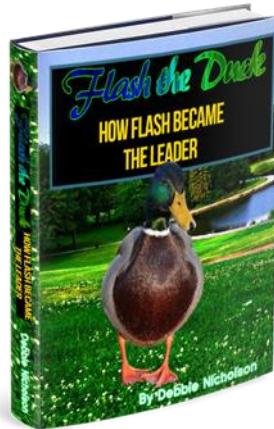
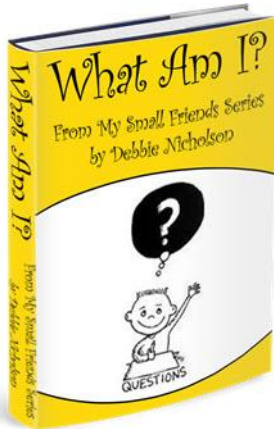
We should never judge another dog when we see them. Who knows what traumatic circumstances they have had to put up before our meeting? It is just to be hoped that humans are kind to their animals as much as we want to be kind and loving to them.

thanks for reading Book 2 of my Sookie series. Our Mam's mum tells us there might be another one to read soon about my other friends.

I look forward to sharing my friends with you in the next book.

Bye for now.

## All Books In This Series



### My Small Friends Series

What Am I?

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AJMKYS2>



Flash the Duck – How Flash Became The Leader

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07LDYPK1S>

Sookie Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07M5TMKV2>

# Acknowledgments

See Our Favourite Links and  
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Also, Very Special Thanks

**For Artwork**



[Gordon Wilson](#)

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# Our Favourite Links and Keywords

## Chapter 1

[Jake](#)

[Animal Rescue Centre](#)

## Chapter 2

[Animal Rescue](#)

## Chapter 3

[Chippie](#)

[Signs of cancer](#)

[How long after diagnosis](#)

[Treatment for cancer?](#)

## Chapter 4

[Lamenting The Lonely Plant](#)

[Phlox](#)

[Phlox Scent](#)

## Chapter 5

[Belgian Malinois](#)

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[Flemish](#)

[Form Over Function](#)

[War Dogs](#)

[My Hero](#)

[Cairo](#)

## Chapter 6

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[Portuguese Water Dogs](#)

[Life After Service](#)

## **Chapter 7**

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[Sadie](#)

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[Murphy](#)

[Ice rescues](#)

[Trapped on the road](#)

## **Chapter 10**

[Ace](#)

[Ice broke free](#)

[Wolf ancestors](#)

[Rescued from the ice](#)

## **Chapter 11**

[Apollo](#)

## **Chapter 12**

[Trace](#)

[Hairy Maclary](#)

[Puppy Strangles](#)

[Puppy Strangles](#)

[Treatment Cost](#)

[Is there a cure?](#)

[Symptoms](#)

[Papule](#)

[Emergency Surgery](#)

[Miniature Fox Terrier](#)

[Tail docking](#)

[Floating Kneecap](#)

[Beaten up](#)

## **Keywords**

Animal Rescue Centre

Vet

Dog

Dogs

Dogs for sale

Dogs for adoption

Puppy

Puppies for sale near me

Puppy adoption

Puppies for sale

funny dogs

Dog rescue

Dog shelter

Cute dogs

Types of dogs

Free puppies

Dog names

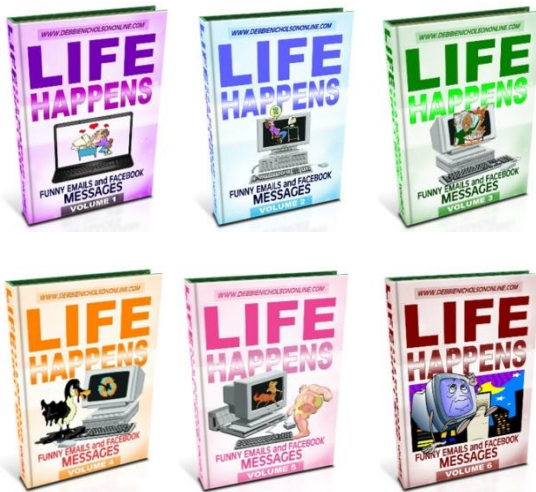
Debbie Nicholson

## Other Books By Debbie Nicholson

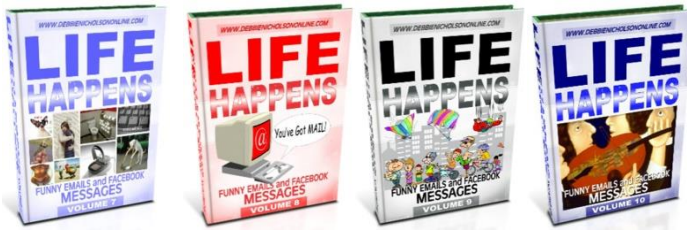
Email [stories4debbie@gmail.com](mailto:stories4debbie@gmail.com)

**\*\*\* Please take the time to hover over my books to get their URLs \*\*\***

### Life Happens Series







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### The Pink Book Series



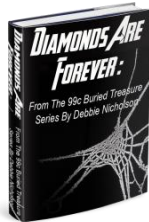
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### Health Series



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### 99c Buried Treasure Series



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### General Books



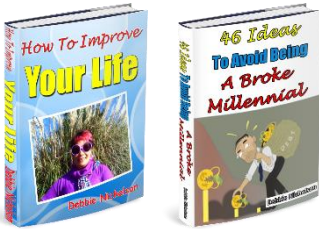
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### Cat Series



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### Motivation Series



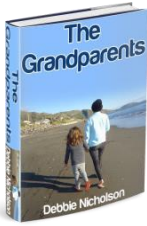
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### Spanish



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## 1<sup>st</sup> Book of The Grandparents Trilogy



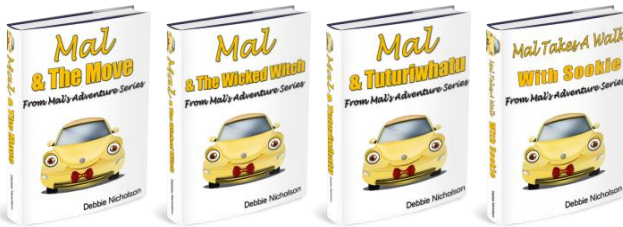
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## My Small Friends Series



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## Mal's Adventure Series



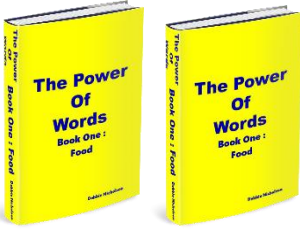
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## My Free Book Library



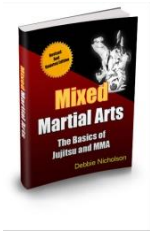
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## Marketing Series



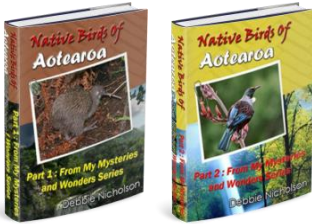
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## Go2DebzIM Publications



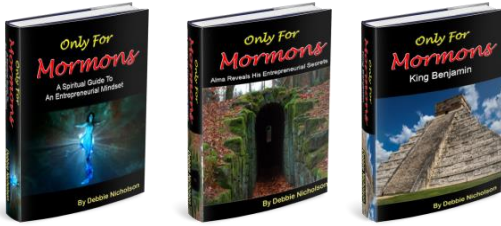
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## My Mysteries And Wonders Series



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## Only For Members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints



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## History



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# Book Links If The Hyperlinks Don't Show Up On Your Device

## Life Happens Series

Life Happens Vol 1

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens1>

Life Happens Vol 2

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens2>

Life Happens Vol 3

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens3>

Life Happens Vol 4

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Life Happens Vol 5

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens5>

Life Happens Vol 6

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens6>

Life Happens Vol 7

<https://tinyurl.com/y7wmg5kd>

Life Happens Vol 8

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens8>

Life Happens Vol 9

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens9>

Life Happens Vol 10

<https://tinyurl.com/LifeHappens10>



### **The Pink Book Series**

Honeymoon In The Caribbean

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B007SUO4I4>

Health Care Insurance Companies

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B007U054H2>

Facts About Horses

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B007U06WUA>

Keeping Up Your Horse's Health

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B007Z3SNCC>

New York Stock Exchange

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0084PLVEM>

How Bad Is Cholesterol

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0084V0TU8>

The Ultimate Guide to Equine Welfare

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0085E3ZAA>

What Are Alternative Energy Resources

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0085P1272>

Get Organized In How To Scrapbook

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008C8AYY4>

Craft Project Ideas

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B0086PUL6Y>

How To Care For A Horse

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008GO744C>

### **Health & Fitness Series**

Swords of Theft Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008BY3M66>

Swords of Theft Book 2

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008CI7BHW>

The Streams Flower

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008BY7EJ2>

Benefits Of Good Health And Regular Exercise Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07DQFMVX4>

Benefits Of Good Health And Regular Exercise Book 3

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07F2CHKWY>

Body Odour & How to control It Naturally

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07KTKSZJ8>

### **99c Buried Treasure Series**

Diamonds Are Forever

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008CI7CQ2>

### **General Books**

The Ultimate Man Cave Tool Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00H54V4B8>

The Ultimate Man Cave Tool Book 2

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00HE6153Y>

Lyall Harrison : A Tribute to My Father

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07KPZJH9B>

### **Cats Series**

How to Care For Cats

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008LZGYUG>

My Kitten

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B008PX0VTE>

Amis de Chat Book 1

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07LFQ42XL>

Amis de Chat Book 2

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07MCS448L>

### **Motivation Series**

How To Improve Your Life

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00EPV5AR8>

46 Ideas to Avoid Being A Broke Millennial

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00HKLDE3C>

### **Spanish**

Los Abuelos

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B009X1WCNK>

Luna de miel en el Caribe : De la serie rosa por Debbie  
Nicholson

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00ASBYVDI>

### **1<sup>st</sup> Book of The Grandparents Trilogy**

The Grandparents

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B009OH2Y6S>

### **My Small Friends Series**

What Am I?

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AJMKYS2>

Flash the Duck – How Flash Became The Leader

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07LDYPK1S>

Sookie Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07M5TMKV2>

### **Mal's Adventure Series**

Mal & The Move

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00ANYVHSM>

Mal & The Wicked Witch

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AVLTEK0>

Mal & Tuturiwhatu

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Mal Takes A Walk With Sookie

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07DJ89JR4>

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Security Watch for Computer

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### **Marketing**

The Power of Words Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07GR2G6CZ>

The Power of Words Book 2

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07M648KJ7>

### **Go2DebzIM Publications**

Mixed Martial Arts

[stories4debbie@gmail.com](mailto:stories4debbie@gmail.com)

### **My Mysteries And Wonders Series**

Native Birds of Aotearoa Book 1

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00AZMTFL8>

Native Birds of Aotearoa Book 2

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00B2GC0O0>

**Only For Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of  
Latter Saints Series**

A Spiritual Guide To An Entrepreneurial Mindset

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00GIKMPYU>

Alma Reveals His Entrepreneurial Secrets

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00GQM18G6>

King Benjamin

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00GZX4YUS>

**History**

[The History of Christmas in New Zealand](http://www.amazon.com/dp/B07KTQVJ7L)

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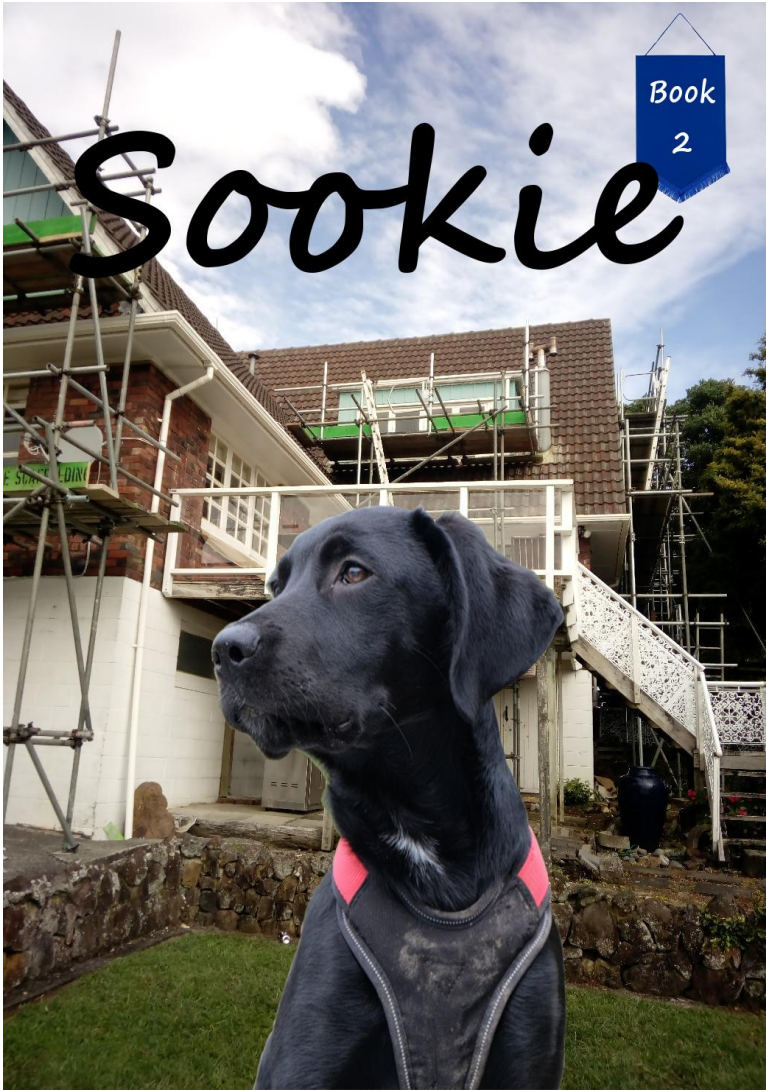


*Debbie Nicholson*

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

*Debbie Nicholson* is an author with several books already published in the Amazon Kindle Store, several of them best sellers beginning that journey with humour, then progressing into motivation, animals, health and children's poetry. She lives in a motor home in New Zealand with her husband, enjoying a retired lifestyle with

touring their country as their projected main focus. Family is important in Debbie's life as are her spiritual interests. She also gives back and in so doing, pursues a career in helping budding entrepreneurs to bring themselves up through the ranks so they can create lifestyles whereby they can live the life of their dreams and on their own terms.



Book  
2

# Sookie