

Rosie goes bonk in the night



This is Rosie. She stayed with us while her family was in Hawaii. We're that kind of family...we'll watch your dog. Sure, bring them over.

As you can see, Rosie has been endowed with the worst the canine world has to offer—the dreaded cone. My guess is it's sort of like the dog equivalent of having to wear your headgear out in public.

Good 'ol Rosie seemed oblivious to the humiliation she was having to live through until her paw healed and went about her business.

When Rosie has stayed with us before, she has always slept under the bed when the lights go out. She would get flat and low then crawl as far under as she could.

(You know where this is going.)

This time, as we lay there in our bed Larry and I heard this :
pant pant pant...bonk...bonk...bonk...pant pant pant...bonk...bonk...bonk.

Then she'd walk over to the other side of the bed: pant pant pant...bonk...bonk...bonk...pant pant pant...bonk...bonk...bonk. This went on about six or seven times for the first three nights.

Each time we laughed harder. She finally got it through her coned head she wasn't getting under that bed.