

Horsey Tips



*with our
favorite
Jack Russel
Terrier...*

BELLA

Old Dogs, Puppies ...and What Goes Around Comes Around

This month I decided to tell you all a little story instead of spelling out tips to you. I figured I would kind of give a little life lesson from a dog's perspective.

As you read last month, my owner's "got a long little doggie." (I even thought that was kind of funny!) They'll tell you they got a cute little dachshund puppy as a new addition to the family. I say that what they got was a little bark box that has baby teeth and too much energy.

"Annie," as they call this annoying little creature, has really been crimping my style. I had been the only dog in the house (or the truck when on the road) for some time now. And what had become a rather comfortable position for me has now become a constant battle to keep my seniority and authority enforced with the bouncing, yipping "bundle of joy." (Note sarcasm.)

As I was showing my teeth and growling at this new "baby" of the family while she was clamped on to the loose skin on the bottom of my jaw with those razors in her mouth, I had a flashback.

I remembered a time when I was the "new addition" to the family and the senior member of the house had to put up with me as the new bouncing bundle of bark. The senior member's name was Sam and at one time she had to put up with my baby teeth embedded in her jaw skin. (I even heard my owner's reminiscing as Annie was making me into a chew toy, about how I used to do the same thing to Sam.)

Needless to say, even dog's can learn life lessons and what I would like to relay to all of those puppies out there is this..... ***Remember who you are chewing on when you are young and think you know it all....because it won't be long and there will be a new pup come along to chew on you.***

Just ask any old dog.

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The Horse Show From H#\$*!

Part 1

It seems my little column for tips revolving around horses has turned into a column about my day to day adventures of living on a barrel horse farm with my owners, their kids and the rest of the crew. Needless to say, this month I decided to continue with what I'll call "The Adventures of Bella and Annie."

Since last month, I have come around a little and will allow Annie in my presence if I'm in the mood. (This does not include when I am eating or sleeping, but she still has to test those waters...I think she is a slow learner. Must be the breed.)

Somehow Annie has managed to "earn" a position in the truck when we attend the horse shows. All the other dogs stay at home (except me of course), so I am not sure what she did to earn this job. It is not by seniority or skill. It is probably because my owners are afraid to leave her alone in the house. (For such a little dog, she can make a big mess, use your imagination.)

I am always ready to get in the truck for a trip to a horse show and my owners do not have to hunt me down when it is time to go. I am anxiously waiting by the truck door to jump right in....but not "cute little Annie." I think my owners were wondering if she had hearing issues this month. They were clapping their hands behind her and making a show of it. I know she can hear...again, I think it is the breed thing. When it was time to go, I had to wait in the truck while my owners had a "who can find Annie party." Even if I was invited, I didn't attend...I wish they would've left her at home.

She was hiding under her favorite bush... "Isn't that cute?" They put her in the truck and we finally got to head to the show. On the road in the truck is the only peace and quiet that came for me that particular day. I'll fill you in more next month.

Bella

*Let's just say that I'm really
beginning to question my owner's sanity.*



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The Horse Show From H#\$*!

Part 2

Last month, we left off with me, my family and “Annie” all loaded up in the truck and headed to a horse show. As I was telling you, this was the only peace and quiet that I would see for the day.

Usually when we arrive at a show, one of my “kids” has to put me on a leash. I would stay at the trailer without the leash, but there is some kind of law at most horse shows that says we dogs have to be on a leash. I think they have that law so dogs like Annie don’t make their way into the arena during an event. I have seen that happen and the people get pretty upset. So, anyway...I usually get put on the leash and then tied up to the truck or trailer. In the summertime this is usually a really nice treat. I get to lay out in the sun and watch the people go by.

This particular day, as usual, one of my “kids” snapped my leash on. It was then that I noticed the other “kid” putting a leash on “Annie.” (I knew that they thought she was a flight risk.) It was what happened next that ruined my whole day.

As my kid was tying my leash to the side of the truck, the other kid was tying “Annie” right next to me. Great.....

It is bad enough at home in the house trying to stay away from the little terror. Now they had me tied so close that she was tangled up in my leash within 2 minutes. And it got worse. “Cute little Annie” was latched on to my leash with her teeth and trying to teach me to lead. *Hint: Annie, I already know how to lead.*

This “schooling” went on most of the day. Occasionally I would get a break when someone would untangle us or take us for a walk. (Although Annie still tried to lead me on the walks.)

Needless to say, I am not looking forward to the next horse show. I just hope they can’t find her the next time they have a “Let’s find Annie Party.”

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La La La La Life Goes On

Well, it turns out that having Annie around is *maybe* not so bad after all.

Yes, I said it. But I have a very good reason.

Table scraps.

I had been put on a “diet” after I got a little too large around the middle last winter. And by diet, I mean a “dog food only diet.” Talk about bland. Eating dog food is about as exciting as eating dirt. And I’ve eaten my share of dirt. (I catch a lot of moles in my spare time. *NOTE: Jack Russel earning her keep.....)

By the way, I’ll have to say that I’m looking pretty good now. Slimming right on down there. I can even fit into my sweater from two years ago!

Needless to say, it had been a while since I had gotten a bite of pepperoni pizza or cheeseburger. But something has changed since Annie arrived. “Cute Little Annie” has put a tinge of guilt in my owner’s hearts. I think they feel bad for me now that Annie gets so much attention....and therefore have become a little more lenient in my menu.

My owners say that “Princess Annabelle” (that’s her new name...insert gag here...) has the saddest little eyes. She begs without begging. All she has to do is look at them.... To tell you the truth, I find it amazing. And the best part is when she gets a bite, I get a bite. It is AWESOME! I’m actually beginning to “like” having her around.

My new favorite line is, “Work it, Annie, Work it!” I’ve got to keep her on her toes. As long as she is staring at them with these eyes, it is yummy in my tummy!

Let’s just hope they don’t figure out that I am the brains behind this. Or it will be back to the old dog food.

So, for now....I’m lovin’ Princess Annabelle!

Bella



Barks N Bits



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The Story of "Princess Annabelle" Continues

So, last month I let you all in on how Annie has earned the blessing of the "table scrap gods." How she has managed to get both of us some good eats from our people....and how I was thinking that because of this it wasn't so bad having her around.

The rush of calories must've fogged my judgment. I digress. I am back to "tolerating" the little "black bark-box" honing in on my territory. She seems to gain attitude with each passing day and I cannot believe that she almost had me hooked with the "food face" she uses to get the good stuff. (Although, I will admit that she has aided in the acquisition of a pork chop bone or a piece of bacon for yours truly.....she does not and will not ever have this Jack Russell fooled.)

I have to watch my back. I can tell you that much. I know what she is up to, and I know you will say..."Oh, Bella, you are overreacting, she is just a cute little weenie." But I am onto her.

Incident #1

I used to have a nice little bed that was all mine. I used to spend time all snuggled up in front of the fire in my bed. Until Annie came along, that is. My people brought a bed home for her to use so I wouldn't have to share. Cute little Annie decided that my bed suited her better and then she decided that it's innards would serve a better purpose on the outside and proceeded to pull the stuffing all out. After a couple of unsuccessful sewing repairs, my bed has since found it's way into the trash barrel. Score one for Annie.

I am starting to keep tabs and have a couple of other things to report to you, but I will have to include them next month. I don't want Annie to know that I am onto her. For now, she is still including me in the fruits of her begging sprees with the "food face."

Keep it on the down low.

Bella 

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Have They Come to Their Senses? No Such Luck....

This month the conspiracy continues. “Princess Annabelle” has been hard at work dethroning me. That’s right, I consider myself “Queen Bella” around here at the ranch and there has been quite a power struggle going on.

Oh, I am sure if you’d ask my nemesis, she would deny any competition between the two of us. I know better. It is a daily battle for me to not be locked outside when I go out to do my business or to maintain my spot on the couch under a fuzzy blanket. She has been working her magic on them over the past month and the dog bed incident was just the tip of the iceberg.

Annie has been having what my owners called “separation anxiety.” *Paleez!* She is a sneaky little weenie and she chews stuff up when no one is looking. End of story. I’m actually surprised that they haven’t blamed me for her episodes of terror yet. I’ve noticed their looks and even heard one of them speculate that I may be doing it out of jealousy....or that maybe Annie just misses them so much that she can’t help herself. (I thought I would gag.)

Well, one day last month, I thought the people around here had finally come to their senses when one of them took Annie out for a ride and came back without her. I was almost giddy. Peace and tranquility had returned to the house and I was misled into believing that the coo had been found out and the infiltrator had been removed.

WRONG.....later that afternoon, Annie returned with another member of the family. She was wearing this funny looking “crown” around her head and neck. It appeared that they had taken her out for some sort of formal royal ceremony.

“That’s it,” I thought, “it’s official, I have been dethroned....now she is ‘Queen Annie’.”

I was wrong again.....
.....more next month.



Barks N Bits

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BELLA

Maybe she got Fixed!

Last month, you'll recall that Annie had returned home from what I thought must have been some sort of "royal ceremony." She was wearing what I thought to be some sort of "crown" around her head. And I was sure that I had been dethroned.

Well, THANK GOD! I was wrong. Although it may have been easier to just step aside and give her my self-proclaimed title of "Queen" rather than dealing with what was in store.

The next few weeks with "Precious Little Annabelle" were nothing short of torture. Evidently, the "crown" I thought she was wearing was actually some type of collar to keep her from biting at the stitches she acquired after being "fixed." I'm not sure what they were supposed to have had fixed, but they'd better be seeing about getting their money back. I think she came back worse than she was when she left.

She was more whiny and pitiful than usual, lounging around and "barking orders" like she really had been crowned the new "Queen of the Ranch." Talk about making a mouse hunting - outdoor loving - Jack-Russell Terrier- "real ranch dog" nauseous. I could hardly stand to be in the same room with her for the first few days. She would give them that "look" and it was, "Oh, poor little Annabelle.....you feelin' bad since you got fixed?" "Do you want a treat, poor little, cute little puppy? Let me scratch your belly."

Blech. blech,....BLECH! I like my share of attention and being scratched, but when a dog has moved from sleeping at the foot of the bed, to sleeping under the covers with their head on a pillow.....something really does need to be fixed! Annie has even got one of the people convinced that she has "hands" and not feet. "Oh, look how she uses her little feet like they're hands." Are you kidding me?

And the blame game goes on. Annie can have a mouthful of tissue standing in the middle of a pile of Kleenex Plus (that's the kind with lotion) and when they walk in the room the response is, "Oh, Annie wouldn't do that!"

And "Queen Bella," the Jack Russell Terrier, quickly thinks to herself, "Of course not, she's been fixed, right?"

Tune in next month for more from me,

Bella 