



Barks N Bits

with our
favorite
Jack Russel
Terrier..

Bella

Neighbors..... and Being Neighborly

Since last month's freeze out and the New Year's involuntary diet resolution (I still protest), things have gotten very busy around here at the ranch. There has been a lot of activity going on at the barn - most of it revolving around the two new stallions that have taken up residence here with us. I am not quite sure what all the fuss is about, they eat and require a wheel-barrow to clean up after them....just like the rest of the horses in the barn. (I'm sure the people around here wouldn't like it if it required a wheel barrow to clean up after me.) I suppose if I were a female horse I might be a little more excited about these "studs"....but I'm glad I'm not a female horse. I get to sleep in the house in my own bed and they don't.

Speaking of beds, I mentioned last month that I got a new bed for Christmas....well, it should be no surprise to learn that my prediction came true.....Princess Annabelle has already taken a stab at destroying

my comfy new napping place. Thank God, one of my people seen her attempt at sabotage in process and moved my new bed to a safer location. We'll see how long it takes her to find it and try again.

I do have to admit that the little black bark box -slash- "brat" wurst has not been as much of a nuisance lately because she doesn't move around a lot when it is cold. On the other hand, I have a new thorn in my side. The neighbor dog. He is a yellow lab and he is HUGE.

He lumbers down here to visit every time someone heads to the barn. It has gotten so bad that the people even try to sneak out quietly without him hearing them. Too funny! When the people start banging around on the buckets full of ice....here comes 'Ole Duke. He pushes his way in when the people start passing out the pats and praises and there's not much left for the rest of us, especially the short ones like me! He probably doesn't mean anything by it, but he is just sooo big, no one else stands a chance. He even does this thing where he "smiles" (I've dubbed him "Smilin' Duke") at the people and then they actually feel bad for the big lug and let him hang around. I'm just glad they don't feed him. There there would be NO food for any of us....forget the diet, it would be considered fasting.

I ran across some Duke droppings the other day. I expect the people will be building him a stall soon if the wheel barrow size "you know what" is a sign of stall status.

I'm thinking that I am going to have to take control and join up forces with Princess Annabelle and the outside dogs to take back what is rightfully ours.



Until next month....

Goodbye, "Smilin Duke."

Bella