



“Musing from the Hill” by Susan Crossett

as seen on the *Dunkirk Observer* on Fridays
and the *Jamestown Post-Journal* on Saturdays



Then There Are Those Days

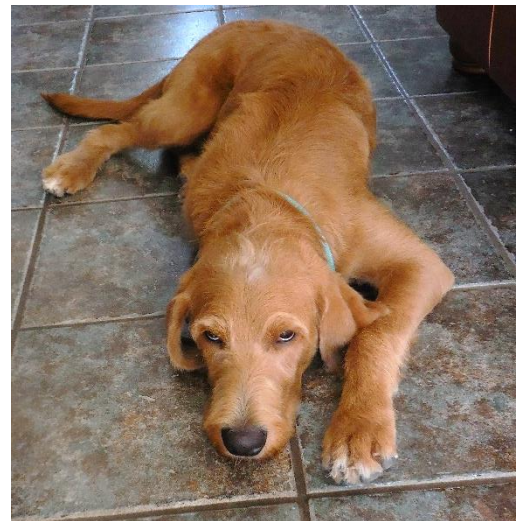
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To be absolutely fair to us both, my day was long with four appointments and errands taking me all over the area as well as taking most of my day. Hero, who has begun chasing the car when I drive off, had to be left inside. I rue this change for, until now, he would sedately stay on the garage steps and let me drive away. I knew he'd be waiting safely when I returned.

It was late afternoon when I pulled into the driveway. Stuck indoors, I expected Hero to race for the great outside lavatories. Surprisingly, he stayed close to me for over the next hour. His bladder must obviously thing be a thing of wonder. (And envy.)

First on my agenda was to search more thoroughly for my watch. Had Hero really taken it off the bedside table? No. It had fallen from the table and bounced underneath. I retrieved it gratefully.

To be fair to my canine companion, except for those sticks and small animals, Hero has never destroyed anything. Far too many objects end up in his mouth (he brings everything proudly to me) but I've never seen a tooth mark or tear. (As I continue to say, he is a most remarkable puppy.)



My schedule has left no time for lunch. I was drooping by then. A banana and a couple graham crackers would have to suffice. I was looking forward to pizza. OK, maybe not looking forward all that much for it was store-bought (cheap) and by now just leftovers pulled from the freezer. But food.

Hardly time to stack the mail when I see Hero has brought the red striped cushion from the couch. I take that away and he brings the one from my reading chair. That gets put back. (It's not that he'll take them a second time – not on the same day.) It's the game.

While I'm on the telephone, Hero surreptitiously brings in a plastic bag. He'll swallow that entire if I didn't fight to get it out of his mouth. Has this dog no common sense? Well, I know the bag once contained either

his vomit (what had he eaten that disagreed so strongly? I can't even remember) OR one of the old (by now) chipmunks or mice. It was empty and I can happily (well, let's say with relief) report that all's well twenty-four hours later.

Hero remains positively wild! Racing around and pulling everything off that he can get his teeth into. With his recent growth that doesn't leave much he can't reach.

Pillow off my bed is next. No, he won't destroy or even slobber but that is hardly the point, am I not correct? I think of a scotch (I stopped drinking when he first got here – I want to be clear-headed to best care for the pup.) I'm tempted but that little voice inside tells me what I already know: That isn't the answer. Truly, last thing I need is to be dizzy now.

He's eaten and is outside so I sit for a moment to write up his recent escapades, suspecting there will be more.

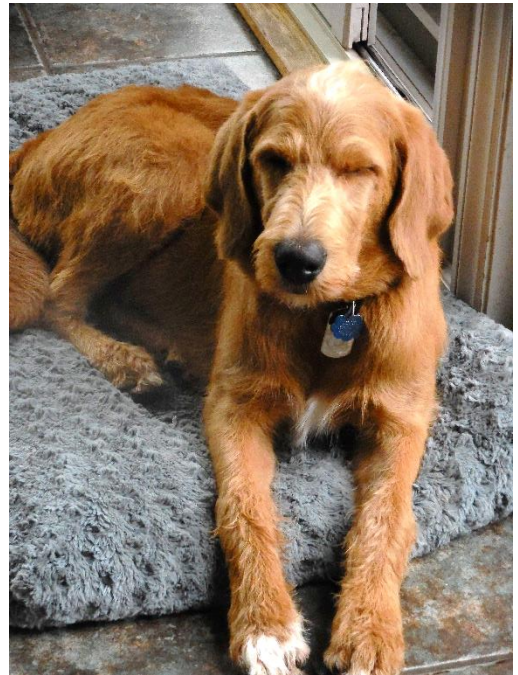
I think he's safe – just in the kitchen area where there's not much beyond his food dish, empty but perhaps still lickable.

Funny noise I don't believe I should hear. I'm up. Hero has pulled my pizza off the plate where I'd left it ready to microwave. About half is gone. Yes, I'm furious. No lunch to speak of and a not-so-great- dinner but at least it was something, definitely more than the protein bar I'd had for lunch.

I was fast enough to save about half – and all the crust. This dog is a true connoisseur if I've ever seen one. As with his grapes, it's one-by-one, not a mouthful which would contain the steams as well. I admire his intelligence though would prefer that the admiration could have been combined with a full meal for me.

I consider going to bed, throwing in the towel, and anticipating a good morrow with rest and, somewhere, more food. Nah, my water clock reads 6:40. I have hours left to do something – to accomplish whatever will perhaps please me most.

After finding something to eat of course.



Written September 10, 2021