

The Barnet Dog-Mad-Woman Blog

My dog stories entertaining my husband and my Facebook friends.

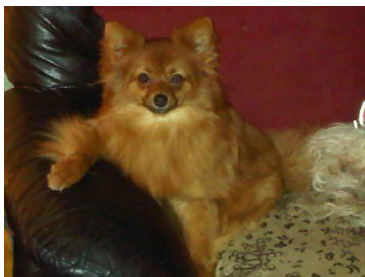
My Dogs

Ettie is a black Pomeranian, 12 years old, and is tiny. She is my favourite, but not telling the other dogs! When she was three, she lost the movement of her back legs. The vet was worried, maybe a stroke or a virus? They sent her to the veterinary hospital and had to stay for three days. The hospital vet was struggled to find out if she was not walking. He said to take her home and come back for physiotherapy, but he put her on the floor, and Ettie ran about like a little rabbit. He couldn't believe his eyes - but he was happy to know that she was better. 😊



Doobie Doo was eleven years old - he had become ill for months, but we didn't know how he was ill. He was a lovely dog, he was quiet, and he looked after me. Poor my Doobie Doo! He had a brain tumour; I had to make a very hard decision, and put him to sleep. 😞

Cheekie is nine years, and she is 'cheeky'. She knows make all the people in the park - with biscuits! I got Cheekie from Essex; she is a happy little dog.



About eight years on Valentine Day and Cheekie was only nine months old. I heard a 'banging' on the stairs; I rushed to see what happened. Cheekie was coming down the stairs forwards, but Doobie Doo was coming down backwards - they were stuck in a compromised position and a very embarrassed look on their faces.

😊

Well, after nine weeks, Cheekie had two gorgeous babies. I called them Lillie and Daisy and my puppies are now eight-years-old. Lillie is a little bigger than her Mum, and Daisy is lot smaller. Daisy is very quiet, and she sits on the sofa and loves cuddles and Lillie is a pig and eats everything. 😊



Tobie is a chihuahua, and he was a 'rescued dog'. I saw him on Facebook, and I fell in love with his photo. He was living with an old lady, and she died, but the "family" didn't want little Tobie. So sad, but a friend rescued little dogs, and she took to Tobie came to visit and stayed with me forever. 😊

And there is Foxy - she is very good at home, but outdoor - she is a mad-dog! She is another rescue dog, and my friend asked me to keep her. She was living with a 'family', but no one knows what happened with her. 😞



Foxy

I went to the park with the dogs. It was a lovely summer evening, warm and bright.

Foxy was still new, and she was a rescue dog. I found a quiet place, no dogs or people, she was happy and playing with the other dogs.

Later one friend with two dogs found Foxy and me!! Foxy rushed over at her and her dogs, I was running after her, she was barking and jumping, but I wasn't sure how my friend and her dogs would react. I put the lead on Foxy and apologised to my friend, and we walked back to the car.

There was a problem. No car key! I had dropped the key after I rescued my friend and my phone was IN the car. Luckily, I left the sun roof, on my car, just a little open. So I had picked up the small dogs and squeezed them through the sun roof, and I picked up Foxy, who is a bigger dog, and put her backwards. There the dog owners in the car park are laughing, and the little dogs were very perplexed". 'Mummy is leaving us'.

I took Doobie Doo to look for our keys and what a good boy, he found them in about half an hour. The little dogs were happy to see me again, and I opened the car door. And Foxy? - well, she didn't care a fig.



My Cats

I have three cats; one beautiful girl is a Bengal. Her name is Suki. One day she was having kittens, so I made a bed in the dog cage for her to have the babies.

But low and behold one day she had the kittens in my wardrobe! I had to take the kittens and put them in the dog cage with blankets and food. Suki was not happy about that, but I closed the door on the wardrobe.



One of the dogs, Cheekie, was so interested with the babies, When Suki went out to eat and rest, Cheekie was still standing on guard, and she would look after them.

After six weeks, Suki took all the kittens and put them on my feet, and she is telling me that I can have them! I just put the kittens and put them back in the cage, but Suki picked up the babies and the kittens putting back them on my feet. Of course, I was the foster mum.

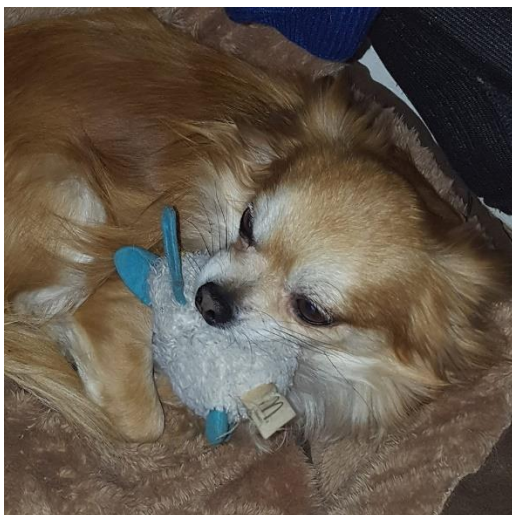
One of the kittens was so cute, he thought he that was a dog, but the puppy Daisy was to have a new friend. They are were sleeping and eating and playing together. All the other kittens got new homes, but this one Sunni stayed here.

Sunni is a lovely cat, friendly and he "talks". He goes hunting for mice and brings the bodies home - yuck! Then he has breakfast and then a conversation about his night, and he finds Daisy and goes to sleep. Happy days!



Tobie and Furby

My friend brought her children to see the animals and me. They had been to McDonald's and got a toy - Furby. The kids played with Tobie and Furby, and he loved the toy. He walked about with Furby in his mouth, and the kids told me that Tobie could keep him.



Tobie and Furby were inseparable - he loved his toy. You can ask Tobie, "where Furby is?" He runs around to find Furby and will find him and give it to you. One day, Furby was lost. 😞 Oh no!!!! Poor Tobie couldn't find Furby - if you said 'Furby' - Tobie would run into the garden, go upstairs, go to the kitchen or the lounge and no Furby. 😞 He was so sad. One evening in the winter, I took a torch into the garden and searched, and I found Furby 😊 and Tobie was a

happy dog. He had his "friend" and keeps Furby in his sight now.

Ettie

My little Ettie loves to swim - well, not swimming, she loves to sit in shallow water in the brook. She will look at me and if dogs can 'smiling' - Ettie looking happy.

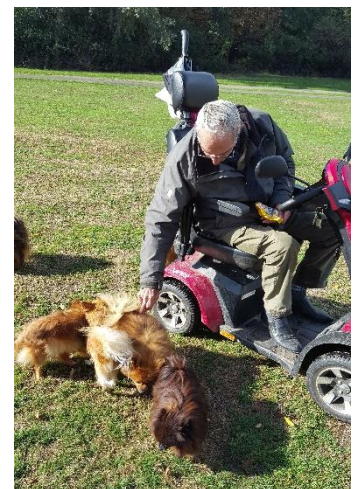
I was walking, and Foxy was playing with the dogs, and she was hot. She jumped in the brook - and is the water deeper not too deep for her. But Ettie jumped into the brook, but the water was too deep for Ettie, she paddled to the bank, but she couldn't jump up to the path, and I had to get her out the water. However, there was a lady with her dog walked past, and Foxy jumped out of the brook and chased the woman. I had to run after Foxy, and her lead and collar fell out. I picked up the lead and caught Foxy, but the lady was shouting at me - obviously, she saw the lead was in my hand! Anyway, I ran back to Ettie, who was still the water and shouting! There was another dog-walker friend was helping waited where she saw Ettie in trouble. I had to slip down the muddy bank on my bottom and picked up Ettie and my friend to help me get out. I was muddy, wet, smelling like a fox, and I had to get with my hairdresser in 30 minutes, and did she laugh at me. 😊



Barnet Council and the dogs

Every day I bring the dogs to the park. We have been going to the park for ages and have a lot of friendly dogs and their owners. There are children and their parents asking to stroke the dogs, and with the older people like to pet the dogs, and the dogs love it.

Now our Council had a new rule in the park. There were some dog walkers with ten or fifteen dogs, and they earn a lot of money. The dog walkers are looking at their phone, and don't care where their dogs are or what they are doing.



So the council says dog owners can have only four dogs, two dogs can run about, and two dogs with leads. I have five dogs; maybe I should leave one dog at home? 😞



There was a very nice man who works for Barnet came to speak with me, and he clearly that my dogs are friendly and every people love them. He told me that it was the dog-walkers were the problem, but he said that I walk all the dogs on that day, but if anyone told me I couldn't walk all the dogs, I could tell them to see him.

But I see the sign says that two dogs have a lead that but it doesn't say that I will pick up the lead, haha! 😊 😊 😊 😊