

Zoomies

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Our elder dog doesn't get the Zoomies very often anymore. Neither do I, truth be told. I do get a serious case of the Waddles from time to time but that's really not the same thing, is it?

We all age. But although Mary and I tend to grin and bear our own time-driven encroachments, it's difficult to watch a beloved canine friend winding down. I think perhaps it's because I watched this dog as a pup and still recall her juvenile antics so clearly. I didn't really observe myself as a toddler, so those memories are perhaps less graphically engraved.

At any rate, now that I've retired I get a lot of questions about how it's going with me. Here's the answer: I'm older, fatter and less steady on my pins than I once was but every day remains a new adventure.

As for Zoey (and before her, Odin and before him, Sam, and so forth...), I can see the horizon and I don't want to see this sun set. But I will. And we'll make the necessary decisions on her behalf as the time comes.

Meanwhile, Zoomies be damned, she still chases birds, barks at interlopers (defined as anyone she can see walking by through the front windows), and nuzzles my hand before she lays down for the evening.

Our little buddy is still with us and that's a big part of what makes our world turn. Life is good.