

A sleeping dog
10Nov2020

You have to wonder what they're dreaming about. Oh, sure, chasing rabbits, I know. But really, what?

Zoey is our family herder. So while Mary and I each work to wrap up our workdays across the hall from each other, Zoey is flopped on the hallway floor, more or less equidistant from us because she just has to be where she can keep tabs on each and all of her peeps.

She's pretty much sound asleep but true to her breeding, she'll snap instantly into high alert mode the second either of us stands up or even creaks a chair too loudly. Meanwhile, her mind is occupied with whatever occupies a canine's brain during REM. I hope she's having whatever amounts to pleasant dreams for an elderly dog. She deserves them.

She found her home here as do all our dog buddies, as a shelter adoption. She was one of a litter and came to us not knowing really how to be a dog, much less anything else. But Odin, our Dane / Black Lab mix was a sweet older brother who took her under his substantial wing and showed her the ropes. Of course, it wasn't long before this little (Border Collie mix?) had established herself as the ringleader and they spent nearly a decade together, pretty much inseparable, Odin pretending to be in charge but mostly just doing her bidding.

Odin passed almost five years ago and shortly thereafter along came Cleo, Mary's Chihuahua. (And no, I'm not interested in explaining just how we went from monstrous to microscopic in terms of dog sizes. But do feel free to point and laugh when next we meet.) According to the folks at the shelter, Cleo was found wandering the streets of Yakima alone, hungry and pregnant. Daughter One chose her but she pretty quickly became Mary's dog while Zoey taught her the ropes of the McD household.

Fast forward to now - Cleo is approaching doggie adulthood and Zoey is getting on in years. She takes pills for incontinence, tuckers out more easily and is occasionally snappish when Cleo offends her sense of propriety.

Yeah, Zoey's getting to be an old lady. But a more loving old lady you never met. She lives for rubs, starting under the chin and then gradually contorting her body until one's hand is in perfect butt scratching position. She loves to fake Cleo off Mary's lap by pretending to take possession of one of the Chihuahua's treasures, then coming to us for her pats once little sister is occupied with toy play.

She is not impressed with passing trucks, other dogs walking by or ringing doorbells and she gives voice to her displeasure at high decibels.

Still, she is a love and we do. Love her, that is. Hope she's around a while longer.

And meanwhile, I wonder what she's dreaming about.