

Dog Daze

Posted on Nov 29, Posted by [Webmaster](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

Almost 2 years ago our beloved Sasha went to doggie heaven. She was 14 years old and seriously the sweetest dog. She was our child before we had the two little humans who inhabit our home now.

Shortly after Sasha died, my husband and our children began the search for a replacement. Don't get me wrong, I loved her, but when she died I assumed that was the end of our dog days. As much as I adored her, I didn't want another pet. Not because I didn't want to replace her or my heart was too broken. Our family just doesn't have the time to give a puppy all the attention it deserves. Sure my husband does all the feeding and playing and training. But what happens when he forgets to pick up dog food, the dog gets sick or has to go out to pee in the middle of the night. That's right, it's my job. Since giving birth to my first child, I have enforced a strict rule: I don't feed, water or play with anything unless I'm required by law to do so. It's not like I will purposefully ignore the needs of our pets or houseplants, there's just a good chance I'll forget to feed or water it.

It wasn't long after we married that my husband decided against sending an innocent houseplant to its inevitable death just because it was our anniversary. Instead he opted for a nice Fichus tree. It's still as green as it was the day he gave it to me AND it doesn't shed dead leaves.

So back to the dog. The kids and my husband are really starting to put pressure on me about the dog. And now that Christmas is approaching the first thing my youngest says to our "Elf on the Shelf" in the morning is, "Please, please, please Isaac Sprital, make sure Santa brings me a new puppy for Christmas. Amen." Usually I completely ignore his request and instead explain to him that if he really wants a puppy it might be a good idea to pray to God, not Santa. I'm not expert on religion but that's the kind of thing that might tick The Almighty off.

So just last week my husband tried one more time to plead his case to ensure a new puppy might be waiting for us on Christmas morning.

My husband, **Jay**, said, “We really need to start looking to make sure one will be ready by Christmas. Remember how we waited too long last summer and the puppies were all gone.”

I completely forgot I told him the puppy store had run out of puppies. I was more shocked that he believed that story.

“The boys aren’t ready for an inside dog,” I said.

“I’ll take care of him if the boys don’t.”

For the record, this is the same man who said he would have the baby for me if he could when I was in the 15th hour of labor with our second child.

“**Becky**, we live out in the country. Don’t you think it’s a good idea to have a guard dog that will bark and let us know if strangers are coming up the driveway?”

“We have a guard dog. Her name is **Barbara Andrews** and she lives next door. And who is scarier, a fluffy white dog or a white-haired woman wearing a nightgown speeding towards you in a golf cart and holding a loaded shot gun?”

“But we could train our puppy to warn you when she’s leaving her house to come over so you can make an escape.”

SOLD! The dog will be ready for pickup any day now.

by Becky Andrews

Wilson Living

To read more of Angel and Becky's columns log onto www.tellingtalesblog.com

Tags: Untagged