

Vengeance Is Mine...Says the Bully!

By SHELLY LEDFORS (Reprinted from the BTCA Kid in a Dog Suit).

Our friend's grandson was visiting them for a few weeks last summer, and the boy and the then two-year old Bull Terrier, Patty, had what our friends described as a love and hate relationship. Most of the time they would play together very well, but the play times always required close supervision. The boy, who is definitely lacking in manners training according to his grandparents, would not always treat the dog properly. Nothing really serious, but he would do things bothersome to Patty. Grandma kept a close eye on the situation, and always stepped in when the boy got a little out of hand.

One day, the grandson and Patty were playing in the back yard with grandma watching from the kitchen window when she saw the grandson throw some sand at Patty. Grandma was heading for the door to deal with the situation, when she saw Patty run over and push her hard plastic ball with her nose, until she was near the boy. Patty then scooped her nose under the ball, and launched it neatly through the air, hitting the boy on top of the head with it. Grandma called her husband and told him about this, commenting on what a coincidence it was that Patty happened to do this just after the sand incident. As they were talking, the grandson again threw sand at Patty, and they both watched, amazed, as once again the Bull Terrier took aim and launched her ball directly onto their grandson's head. It was not a coincidence at all, but very deliberate! The grandson eventually stopped throwing sand at Patty, and she never again launched her ball onto his head.



leave for an hour and when you come back, half your couch is missing. (Sketch by Christina Clarke)

Conspiracies by GEORGE SCHREIBER (Reprinted from BTCA Kid in a Dog Suit).

Did you ever have a feeling there was a conspiracy? Your pup is nine months old now. He's completely trained, hasn't chewed anything in months and has been tested a number of times for short periods, all successfully. He's fallen asleep. You have to go out and you don't have the heart to wake him as he's played all morning. So, you reluctantly

