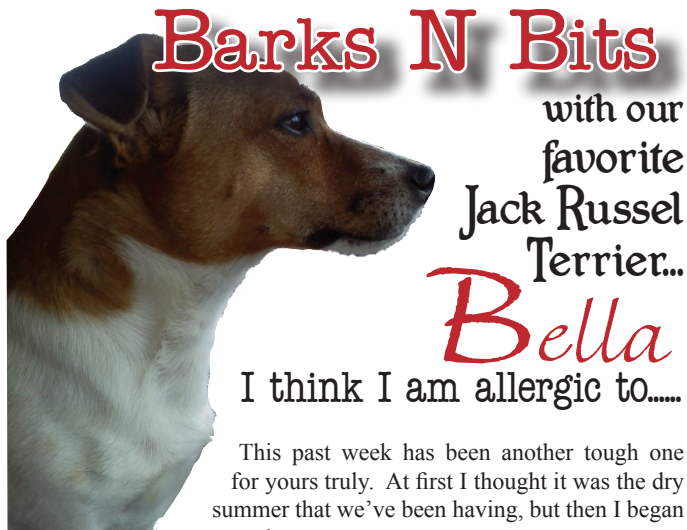




This past week has been another tough one for yours truly. At first I thought it was the dry summer that we've been having, but then I began to wonder.

It all started about a week ago....the itching and the red skin. All I could think about is.....scratch, scratch, scratch...dig, dig dig and then scratch some more. Obsessed was a good word. I've heard that a lot since this all started. But believe me, I couldn't figure out what was going on and my people were definitely noticing that something needed done.

I know I was beginning to drive my people crazy with the constant "cat scratching." (They call it that when I rub my back on the bottom of one of their boots...usually when they have a leg crossed and their boot is at the perfect level for me to get in a good back scratch. They say I look like a cat when I do that, hence the name "cat scratching".....I don't care what they call it, but it feels soooo good!)

This itchy feeling, however, was not easily relieved with your typical "cat scratching." It quickly became a constant irritation for me. All day, everyday ...itching...scratching ...itching...scratching ...itching...scratching. I found myself rubbing along the underside of the truck, the car, the horse trailer.....they are all the perfect height for me to scratch my back, scratch my back (there's that obsession again.) The downfall with the "under the vehicle back scratching" is the black greasy stripe that goes along with the short term relief. The black greasy stripe led to a couple of baths and a couple of "Oh, Bella! You're filthy!" remarks from the people.

I do have to say that my people were on top of the itching issue. It didn't take them long to start the bathing and ointment treatments. And of course the "Here, Bella, want a treat?" trick. The trick being there is a nasty tasting doggy pill from the vet mixed inside of a piece of bologna. Of course, I can't resist a piece of bologna....even if it is supposed to be "good" for me.

As of today, I am scheduled to visit my vet for a follow up to see how I am coming along. Although my people are still not sure if it is allergies or something else, I honestly think it is stress related. Stress brought on by one whole year of exposure to a little "black bark box" named Annabelle - AKA - "Annie" around these parts.

I'm calling this condition "Stress related "ANNERGIES."



I'm gonna squeeze in a nap....
until next month....

Bella 