



Barks N Bits

with our favorite
Jack Russel Terrier...

Bella

Happy Valentine's Day

I have to admit, so far, winter in Indiana has not been so bad. Compared to my past experience, this year has been extremely mild. (There was a cold spell there at the end of December, but it passed rather quickly.)

I am enjoying being able to head down to the barn without having to be dressed in my doggie coat. Yes, I admit it....I have a coat (I mean, a coat besides the one God gave me.) I love my doggie coat when it is cold. It keeps me really warm. It also gives me clout with all the other dogs. The only problem is that it kind of hinders the mouse hunting. Sometimes it gets wadded up under my feet and trips me up if I work too hard while I'm out and about with it on. As long as none of the other dogs see me all tangled up in the thing, no harm done. I just have to wait for one of the people to come and straighten it out.

It is a "hand me down" from a dog that lived here long before me. I think I've heard them refer to my predecessor as "Dauber the Dachshund." He was a weiner-dog, just like Princess Annabelle. If I've learned anything about those kind of dogs after living with one for two years, it's that they think they are in charge of everyone....and that people were put here to serve them. If Dauber was anything like my roommate, Annabelle, I don't think we would've gotten along very well. (Although I am happy to have inherited his doggie coat - and may he rest in peace.)

The people around here are getting all excited, I guess I am too. It's almost time for the baby horses to start arriving again. I just love playing with those little boogers. They are way more fun than ol' "Yee-Haw" the Court Jester.

I don't think the Donkey likes dogs very much. He tends to kick quite often in my general vicinity and pins those super-sized ears back whenever I - or any of the other dogs - am within striking distance. Maybe it's just me...he is smaller than all of the other horse-like animals around here, but I'm a little leary when a foot that is as hard as a rock comes flying at my head. He just laughs his ever-so-annoying laugh, but I don't see the humor.

On the other hand, sometimes I do get a chuckle out of him. He is rather funny to watch from a distance. The other day he got tangled up in a horse blanket (he's quite the nib-nose.) He ended up spooking and dragging the thing around the yard thinking it was attacking him. I could hardly move for days afterwards, I laughed so hard - my sides ached.

He also thinks he can escape from under corral gates by rolling under them. He did it a few times when he was a baby and hasn't forgotten that it worked at one time. When he gets mad (and he does quite often) he throws himself down next to a gate and starts rolling over and over. Then he stops and looks around to see if he has managed to roll over to the other side of the fence (where the grass is greener...Hee Haw Haw!! sorry, I couldn't resist.)

The donkey is quite a trip. They need to put him on YouTube. Maybe I'll see if I can master the video camera next.

Until next month....
Countin the days til the babies arrive.....
(Yes, I can count....)

Bella 