



Barks N Bits Bella

with our favorite Jack Russel Terrier...

Extreme Bathing

I think I lead a fairly spoiled life....for a dog, that is. I mean, I have my own bed, my own food dishes and my people let me come and go as I please. All I have to do is look at the door and they are letting me out...give a little bark and they're letting me back in. I have blankets and sweaters and coats for comfort. I have chew toys and balls and squeaky toys that I like to think of as treasure hunts. (They don't last long without me finding that squeaker and removing it.)

What I'm trying to say is that I lead a pretty "posh" life. I didn't know how "posh" my life has really been up until now. You see, my people take great care of me and my fellow dog buddies. We get all the necessary trips to the vet, which until now I really did not appreciate, and my people always put different kinds of stuff on us to keep us smelling clean and to keep the fleas and ticks away.

Up until the past month, I really couldn't have told you what a flea was. I mean, I'd heard

the people talk about them and heard the lady freak out if she even thought she spotted one. But, as

far I was concerned, the only fleas I had seen were dead ones.

According to my vet (and the articles the lady has been reading on the internet) this year has been unusually dry and hot and I guess the fleas like that kind of weather. They've been showing up around here more than ever before and the lady of the house has become obsessed with ridding the property (and yours truly) of fleas.

Since the stuff the people usually use on us for fleas isn't working very well this year, the lady of the house has been reading about different "home remedies" and trying them out on Freckles and me. You would not believe some of the things you can find on the internet... and most of them are ridiculous! Thank God she doesn't believe everything she reads, but I wish she'd use a little more scrutiny. I mean, really? Would you want to smell like apple cider vinegar?

Needless to say, this means I'm getting more attention than usual. I can't say that

I enjoy this, but it is a necessary evil. I am getting at least two baths per week and being sprayed down with some sort of flea deterrent afterwards. Thankfully, she found something that seems to work pretty well. The stuff she's using is called Skin So Soft and even though it makes me smell all froo-froo and sissified, I'll take it over the little creepy crawlers anyway.

I kind of feel a little sorry for my friend, Freckles, she is also getting the baths and she is a little bigger...and fuzzier than me. She looks like a drowned rat when she is wet and it takes them forever to get her all done and dry and brushed. How awful would that be? Although, I think Freckles likes the attention.

Catcha later...
Glad for short hair,

