

The Adventures of Bunny and Bandy

Though the title of this story may sound like the history of a couple of young children, it is actually about my 82-year-old mother, Bernice and her shiatsu puppy, Bandit. My mother, when she was younger, was known as, by some people, as “Bunny”... and she suggested that I get a story about a woman and her dog on Google. I doubt however that she will appreciate the title.

My mother is constantly on the go. While she's moving, she has more energy than someone 60 years younger. At night, however, she usually sleeps quite well... and pays for her activities with a bit of pain. A few years ago, aside from her activities, the centre of her home life was her grey, toy poodle, Pebbles, who was 17 years of age at the time. She had become quite deaf (unless you whispered the words: “Car—ride”!), quite blind and was down to her last few teeth. But this ancient little dog and Mom were inseparable pals. Unfortunately, Pebbles to ill and had to be put to sleep. My mother mourned for quite some time. My four sisters tried to talk her into getting a new dog but she would have none of it.

This year, however, she broke down and pick up a little puppy, a mostly—white shiatsu, with black markings round her eyes, which made Mom gave her the name Bandit or Bandy, for short. Mom was delighted although for the first bit of time, she found the puppy quite a handful. Soon, though, my mother taught Bandit to respond to a firm “No!”. She takes Bandit for walks around the backyard, five circuits at the time, and that alleviates Bandit's overwhelming energy.

I'm glad Mom found Bandit because the little dog makes her happy and I love my mother very much...

PS I looked after Bandit one weekend a few months ago and when I said “No!”, Bandit's usual reaction was a canine version of: “You're not the boss of me!”