

Diving For Victory

For those habitual readers of my blog who couldn't make it to our regular game night last night due to the blizzard, you missed an 'event' – one of the funniest things I've ever seen. I've been chuckling about it all day! But before I get to that, I will start at the beginning of the evening.

One of our guests showed up with a dog. Not just any dog; *our* dog Beesly. If you've read my blog post called Pet Roll Call, then you know that Beesly is an escape artist. But imagine our friend's surprise when he came across Beesly a few blocks away from our house as he was walking over for game night. He was glad he remembered her name, and he brought her back to her grateful family who didn't even realize she was missing. Maybe we should have named her Houdini...

So then we played some games, including a new one a friend brought called Left, Right, Center. I really liked it; especially because it was very simple and easy to learn. And then we brought out Pit. We don't play Pit very often because it's not really appreciated by some members of the game night crew. It's a very loud game that is played at a frenzied pace. I really like to play it, but I don't think I've ever won a hand of Pit. My friend had the same issue, but last night while we were playing, she finally got a winning hand. In Pit, when you have a winning hand, you are supposed to ring a little bell, much like a bell you'd ring for service at a front desk of a hotel or at a store. My friend (who shall remain nameless; I don't want to embarrass her, but I'll give you a hint – her name rhymes with "feral") was **extremely** excited to have a winning hand, but there was one problem – she couldn't reach the bell from her seat. So what does she do? This sweet, very quiet, normally passive person lunges... no wait, let's be honest. She *dives* across the table for the bell. I mean, it was a feet-off-the-ground, laying-on-the-table, horizontal, head-first dive across our dining room

table, and *she landed on my arm* in the process. She was immediately embarrassed and apologized profusely, maybe because I was crying. But mine were tears of laughter because her behavior was so shocking – my arm was fine. I guess Pit is such a crazy game that it can bring out the insanity in anyone. And by the way, she did win the round ☐ So congrats, _____, on winning your first round of Pit. Please forgive me for publishing this story on the internet, but I thank you for giving us such a fun memory.

I'm sorry it snowed, but I'm glad our absent friends stayed safe. We missed you a lot, and we really hope to see you next time!

Letter to the Humane Society

As an animal lover, I am a big believer in getting as many of your pets from a humane society as you can. Sometimes there are reasons why a family might need a “purebred” animal (allergies to certain breeds, professional showmanship, etc.), but for the most part, I don't really like when pet stores carry dogs and cats for sale, especially when they try to make “breeds” out of dogs that are mutts! Case in point – we visited a Petland this weekend, just something to do to pass the time while we were in Fort Wayne, Indiana visiting the zoo, and I noticed that at least HALF of their puppy stock was mixed breeds! The same animals you could buy (rescue!) for a small fraction of the price at a humane society, or even a pound, where they euthanize (KILL) animals just because they have too many! And here these pet stores are creating more, just for profit and to “design” a custom-made dog for somebody that in my opinion, does not have their priorities straight if they're willing to spend extra money just to have a “designer”

puppy. Petland, etc. will make up breeds; for example, the store we went to had "puggles" (a pug crossed with a beagle), cock-a-poos (cocker spaniels mixed with poodles), and "borderjacks" (border collie mixed with a jack russell terrier), to name a few. Anyway, I won't go into the reasons for choosing to adopt your next dog from a shelter vs. a pet store (except to say it will SAVE A LIFE!!!), but I just thought I would post a copy of the letter I'm going to send to my local humane society to thank them for the awesome family pet we adopted a few months ago from their shelter:

Dear Humane Society:

We just wanted to say thank you for our new family member. We adopted "Sasha" from your facility on March 4, 2008. We renamed her Beesley after a character from our favorite tv show, and not only has she learned her new name and some new tricks, she has become a very much loved part of our family. She gets along with our 2 dogs just like one of the "pack", and she is an energetic, obedient, and gentle playmate for our 3 young children. She seems really happy in our house, and we couldn't be happier after choosing any other dog for our new pet. Thanks so much for taking such good care of her while she was a homeless dog and for having patience with us while we got to know her to see if she would fit into our family. She fits like a lost piece of our family puzzle, and we couldn't imagine a better dog... well, except for our "old lady" of the house, the pack leader named Charity, who Beesley worships and spoils along with the rest of us! Here is a picture of the kids with Charity and Beesley. Thanks again!

