

A Day in the life of a VIP (Very Important Pet) at Keringa Kennels

Dawn. Yawn, stretch. wakey-wakey. Good morning world, where am I? Oh yes, I'm here at Keringa kennels, the country club for pets: ya well no fine. Why am I here? Ah yes, the family couldn't take me with them on their holiday. So I made them feel terribly guilty about that, seeing that I'm spoilt rotten, but as statistics in the U.S.A. show, more pets are permanently lost while on holiday with their humans than at any other time. So I guess they did the right thing, darn.

Scratch, scratch. (That was just habit - these guys frontlined me on arrival here yesterday, but there are things a dog has to do in order to wake up properly) lick, lick. Right, where was I? Ok, now let's see, what can I find to moan about? My neighbour here thinks this is the best thing that happened to him since he stole the chops off the kitchen table at home, but we'll see, we'll see.

Dinner wasn't so bad last night, considering they wouldn't let me eat off their table. They're health-conscious here - the dog cubes are free of preservatives and artificial colouring and, guess what, they don't taste too bad at all - or maybe I was just hungry. anyway I wouldn't have eaten just plain chunks, but they went and mixed in liver and chicken from a tin, and, and and I'm only (almost) human, so what could i do but gobble it all up, even though I had planned to sulk and starve myself to death. Wow, look at my tummy, if I'm not careful I'll put on weight and then I'll have to go to pet-weight waggors, doll. What the hell.

Bark, bark. Who's this coming along? Oh it's Colin, the kennel manager, doing his 7am round. I'll bark at him and see if he's scared. Small growl, medium growl. Nope; he's only hugged me; great, mate, but how the hell can i stay cross? He even knew the ruggor scores.

And now? This must be Thomas, with gumboots, broom and hosepipe, come to wash my kennel down; (and I thought he was going to do a gumboot dance for me.) darn efficient and clean, I must admit. Putting my bedding out to sun, giving me fresh drinking water, placed in the shade... it wouldn't be fair to bite him in the bum, would it?

Well I'm wide awake now and ready for action, so what's next. Ah, walkies. Lead on, off we go, into the great lawned area they call the golf course. Wow, look at all those trees - one for each day of the week. Run, jump, kick ball, play, then down to reception area for my daily check-up. Must say, i enjoy being brushed; ooooooh, ticklish. On the way back passed the bark lane clinic for bitches in season, with a cute little bitch waving to me. No go though, the guys here tell me it's like fort knox - no dog has ever been able to break into it in 42 years. Sigh.

Mid-day; sun high; sleepy. Time for a nap in the coolth. Twitch and bark in my dreams; man this is relaxing; could get used to it, but don't tell my folks. I'm so glad they didn't leave me at home to

"guard" the place. After all, I'm not a policedog, I've had no man-work or attack training, and I'm just a family pet. Even police dogs have a human handler with them when playing cops and robbers. Me; I'm a coward; besides, the pay's too low. zzzzzzzzzzzbones.

So how come I'm keeping this diary? And what's with this photo of my family bedroom? And the sun glasses and golf clubs? You should read their packing list in their brochure; my family did, and took it seriously, but brought with this old portable typewriter for me instead of writing pad. Only thing is, I can type a bit, but capital letters got me beat - I'm a one-paw-typing type-dog and this don't make for the big letters.

Wow, bark, bark, salivate, pant-pant, here comes the chuck wagon. Wot a happy racket, but doggone it if you've ever seen such bad table manners; what the hell, I'm on holiday too. Please sir, can I have some more? (burp)

spent the afternoon supposedly having golf lessons, but all the doggy smells here are enough to blow a guy's mind, so I "established territory" instead, (learned to walk on 3 legs) -- every tree, blade of grass and a mushroom by mistake. I'll bet that's why the lawns are always so green here, and the trees grow so tall, and why some call it "green mansions". Gosh, this golf thing is difficult to play. I keep trying to look like the dog on the brochure cover, but that golf club ends up where my thermometer normally goes. Sunset, enough for to-day, more is nog 'n dag, so back to my kennel. What a super place.

Now who's this? Oh it's Tau, to do my evening check. All present and correct, sir. No sir, no complaints; well, maybe just another hug before bed-time sir (love him to bits). He says the family phoned, from a place called Barcelona: send their love to me. He makes my bedding, puffs up my cushion and smiles goodnight.

Evening, all's well in my dog world. The pooch next door is a friendly guy to chat to over the wall. His name is Springwasher and we'll probably have a mad barking session together when the moon comes up, just to annoy the neighbours - or is it that primeval instinct, the call of the wild? What the hell. Woof-howlllll.