

Life is Good

by Porter Stevens

Adopted by Christie & Tim Stevens in 2002

You know ... sometimes it's a good thing to be a rescue dog. Take me for instance. I was down on my luck. I had a family that that couldn't care for me any longer. But, I had the good fortune to be placed with a family that loves me. It's a great place, and there's always a lot of activity going on here, at home... where I live. I like the sound of that...HOME. Humans don't know how important that is for a girl like me. My kind likes to be part of something. We like to belong, whether it's living on a farm, or even in the city. It doesn't matter to me, I can get along anywhere. But let me tell you about what I call home.



I have two really good kids takin' care of me. There's a boy named Caleb and he has a younger sister, named Emma.

Caleb is that strong silent type, and Emma is bubbly all the time. It's a good balance, you know. There are some other pets here too. They were here before me, and I had to let them get used to me, but everything is workin' out okay. There are two cats living here, named Orson and Rosie. Orson, now there's one cool cat. He didn't seem to even care that I showed up, until I got too close. Man that cat has one short fuse if a girl gets too close. I could feel the air split as his claw went by my nose. I don't think he meant to hurt me, but he sure let me know where I stood in the food chain ... and it was definitely below him. Rosie is a real sweet heart and she's always been good to me. I like her a lot, and we have fun together.

There's another dog livin' at my home. Her name is Sadie. She's a Welsh Corgi. She's the boss at the house... well at least she thinks she is. And, as far as I'm concerned, I like her being the boss. Then I don't have to make a lot of the top level decisions. Sadie decides when I should bark. Like when strangers are too close to our yard. Sometimes she just barks, just for the heck of it, but, hey that's what Corgis do, so who am I to complain. She's a short drink of water, but don't tell her that. I think she might be sensitive about her height, so I never mention it. Sadie and I get along fine, that is until I accidentally step on her when I'm a little too excited but she reminds me to respect my elders. (Sadie is 8yrs old and I only just turned 5yrs in January). We love to spend time together if it's running around the yard or just lie around the house together. She's a good friend.

It's a lot of fun living with my humans. I try to get up every morning, before my dad leaves for work. I don't know what he does all day, but he's gone all day long. I

usually help my mom get the morning chores done. I make sure to remind her to keep my water bowl filled, and sometimes she rewards me with some treats, not that it's doing my young girlish figure any good... but it's winter, and I'll lose it before summer... at least that's what she always says.

As part of my morning chores, I help the children get ready for school. I have to follow them around to make sure they pick up all their clothes, and not to leave them on the floor. You know, I can resist anything but temptation, and a sock can make a very tasty treat. My mom seems to always know when I'm thinking of an unhealthy snack, and tries to keep me from eating what I shouldn't eat, which is a full time job. I can be very clever when it comes to opening drawers and cabinets. You see... once I opened the bathroom cabinet and ate one of moms cleaning gloves (our vet had to retrieve it for me) and since then mom tries her best to keep me safe from temptation... you might even say that she keeps me on a "short leash."

I don't like seeing the children leave for school. Even though I have Sadie, Orson, and Rosie to keep me company, as well as my mom, I like having the children around. So I just wait around for them to get home. I know when it's getting to time for them to come home. I got this "thing", this sense. I don't know why, but I can feel it when it's getting time for Caleb and Emma to come home. I'm pretty tall, so I can look out the window for them. Sadie can't but I tell her when they're coming. Of course she's the one who starts barking, as if she saw them first. She's lucky if she can see the sky through the window.

Anyway, when Caleb and Emma get home it's a great time. I don't understand what they are doing away from the house all day, but I know that they always come back home to me. We make up for all the time they spend away from the house, and I slap some big licks on them when they get home.

The rest of the evening is kind of busy, what with the children doing their schoolwork, and my dad coming home from work. By the time it's bedtime, I'm simply exhausted, in a very nice kind of way. I love my home and my family. I'm very glad that I'm here.