

JANUARY

January 19

I do hope you are okay, and not missing me too much. Is it a bad thing to say that I am doing better? I have been here a week and it's a lot quieter and there aren't so many people. I have my very own space and the comfy bed you did send with me. There are no loud noises most of the time, so I do not get frightened or have unexpected experiences which do freak me out. Things are very predictable so I don't seem to be so jumpy and wobbly.

Everybody is quite very pleased with me, and there is a lot of talk about me being boofy. And fluffy. And a gorgeous boykin.

I am the only dog here, which is a bit of an actual shame, but the humans do give me very lots of attention and I seem to be important to them. I do miss some doggy comp-knee to be actual honest. I hope I will be getting to meet some quite very actual soon.

January 20

There's a dad here who never moves. He is always there. Okay. Very sometimes he does go upstairs and make splashy noises, and he does go into the kitchen and come back with a cup. But otherwise, he does just sit and tap this thing in front of him. I have tried to see what he is tapping but it does not make much sense. When I do go near him, he doesn't do flapping or nuffink. He is the stillest human I have ever met. He doesn't say much, either. Just sitting and tapping. Tapping and sitting. The only way I can get him to do anything is to nudge him. Then he does turn his head and maybe stroke me a little bit, but I do have to be quite insistent to get his attention.

He stays up ever so late, way past my bedtime, doing this tapping. When he does get up, I have taken to following him about just to see if he does anything more interesting than tap. It seems not. He sometimes says a gentle word or two when he's up and about but nuffink sudden or loud.

When he is not tapping, he does go and do something called Work which seems to involve him getting muddy or sandy or covered in woody fluff. It sounds like excellent fun. When he comes home he does sit down in his chair and press the tappy thing. I think the tappy thing is called Uff. Every day he does the same thing; he sits down, presses the tappy thing and says 'Uff, I'm-knackered.' And then Uff lights up. I am not sure what Uff is exactly or what would happen if the dad didn't tap it. Does he have to tap it to keep it going? No wonder he is very knackered all the time if he does have to do Work all day, and then tap Uff all night to keep it alive.

Sometimes, the mum gets quite cross with the dad about Uff. Especially when she does want him to do something else. Then he says



Very early days and the first picture of me in my forever home. (I didn't know that at the time.)

Sit. Mum asked me to do sit on gravel. I would rather not do sit, especially on gravel, fanking you kindly.



It is very quite himportant that I can get on and off the boat safely. So me and Dad did do practicing that ting.



I do not
like baths.
A-very-tall.

Me and Pandy
waiting to hambush
Merlin.

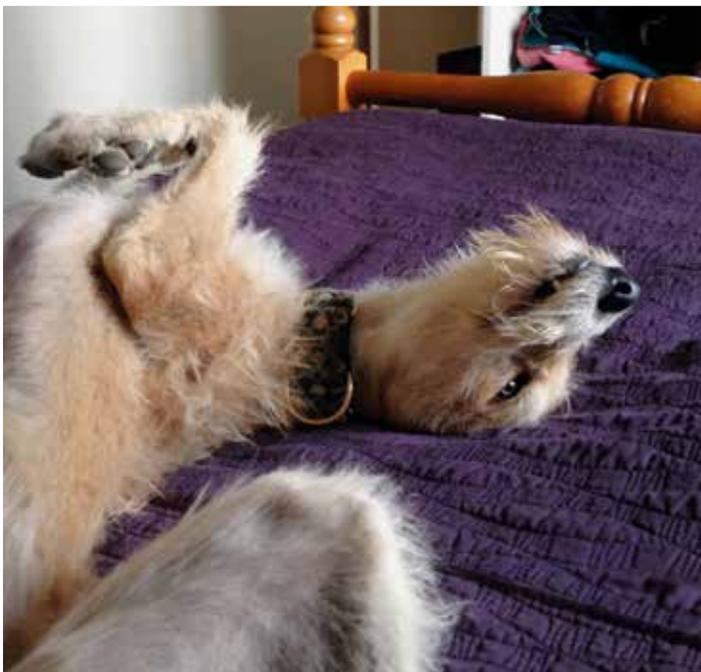
The day the
washing machine
got fixed was a
boring day, not
mainly involved not
going for a walk ...





My ears do all sorts of strange things without me having any control of them.

There are lots of distractions in the woods, but once I has had a swim in my favouritist ditch, I always come back.



It tooked a week for me to find the bed, and now I aren't getting off!

August 27

Mum has decided to pre-register me on DogLost. She says she's not planning on getting me lost ever again after the laundry cupboard hincident, but if I ever do get lost for real, she would rather concentrate on having hysterics than be trying to remember her password and find photos for a poster. I do be finking this is a very good idea.

Mum did fink of this today because she is very quite in the doghouse and feels like she should actual make amends. When she did get me microchipped she did get given the paperwork but didn't check it carefully enough. She has just realised that she didn't send the bits of paper off to PetLog like wot she should have. This means that the seven-shades-of-hell-and-trauma we wented through getting me microchipped at the beginning of the year has been very pointless for the past six months cos my chip hasn't been registered.

Honestly, you just can't get the staff ...

August 29

A poem

by Worzel Wooface

I are a gorgeous boykin
 My name is Worzel Woo
 Mum says I am now Dad's dog
 Because I rolled in poo.

Again. It was actual cow poo. Great, slurpy dollops of it wot I did eat and roll about in. Mum says this is all very well, but my collar is now welded to my neck and strangling me because she can't remove it in the 1.6 nano seconds I will allow her to fiddle about with my neck.

She says I do have a choice: I can get it off myself somehow in the next five minutes, or we can go to see Sally-the-Vet, where between Mum, Sally-the-Vet and Angel-the-Nurse (that really do be her name, I are not making it up) we have half a chance of stopping me disgracing myself and removing it safely before I pass out.

Dad wasn't happy when Mum phoned him. He did muttering fings about it 'being reedickerless having to spend £30 on a vet consultation just to get a beeping collar off a revolting, hyper-sensitive plonker of a dog.'

Mum says I now have another option: get in the car and go down to visit Dad at the harbour, and HE can flipping well get the collar off.

August 30

We did go to see Sally-the-Vet, and she didn't actual charge Mum anyfink. We do fink that is because she was laughing too much to remember about the bill. Mum says I am definitely Dad's dog for the next 24 hours, or at least until the smell has gonod and she has forgetted how stoopid and useless I make her feel sometimes.