

From Sue the Kennel Dog to Poppy, Lady of the House

Like many of my ex-racing friends, I was being well looked after in a retired Greyhound shelter however I felt that I had reached an age when I should be adopting my personal oldies and help them have a happier, healthier life.

When two, likely-looking humans visited my kennels I seized my opportunity. A little bit of leg nuzzling and a few glances with seal-pup eyes and I had them hooked, low and behold a week later I commandeered the back seat of their car and off we went to one of those houses.

I feel that I am now able to allow them a much fuller life. I am really considerate towards them. I don't mind at all if they share the small settee whilst I keep the larger one warm. In the evening whilst they watch some box in the corner I quite often move a little to allow one of them to share my settee and even, if that wasn't enough, permit them to exercise their fingers on my neck and chest.

I have made it clear which dog food I prefer and I am quite prepared to share the odd bit of human food to save them from wasting it. It is amazing how they always give themselves more cheese than they can manage, I perform my duty and help them finish it.

It was suggested that I might not like the stairs, well between you and me, I can't wait to get up to my bedroom of an evening. I sometimes go to bed before my oldies, I have a real laugh pretending to be fast asleep whilst they tip-toe over and around me to reach their bed.

Sometimes smaller humans visit us. They must be special as my oldies call them grand-children. I like their visits and even let them join in a game with my favourite squeaky toy, as long as they leave it on my bed when they go.

I have had a couple of minor toilet accidents but nothing too serious and I am really sorry afterwards. I soon learned that my oldies do not like me doing my business on their flower beds so I now ask to go out (well most of the time) and relieve myself on the patio slabs. This must please them because they give me a pat, a "good girl" and quite often a little treat. Who would have thought that my toilet habits could prove so gratifying.

Of course I had the necessary operation (spaying) and some dental work but the vets and nurses really looked after me. When I got home I put on that "poor me" look and the oldies sat with me and fed me some sloppy food for a short time. I soon got fed up, though, with being a patient and got back to normal.

Not much distresses but I really didn't like those loud bangs and flashes that seemed to entertain others. I don't think my oldies liked them either and I had to sit up with them and indulge in some mutual grooming. The things I do to help!

I have got them into my routine where walks are concerned and I appreciate that I have a duty to make sure that they get plenty of fresh air and exercise. Once a month we go on a special walk around a nice park with other Greyhounds. We dogs can have a good old natter about the old days, admire our new coats and generally have a good time. Being considerate we encourage our respective oldies to have a chat on the way round and some refreshments at the end.

I have found a safe, warm and happy berth for the rest of my life. I just wish that all my friends could find the same. I strongly recommend that all Greyhounds, of whatever age, look into the possibility of adopting humans of their own, it is hugely rewarding

Regards from Poppy