

A DOG STORY

My name is Samy and I'm a 4-year-old dog. I'm tall then my paws are long. I have long, curly, blond hair and I think I am a very handsome dog.

I'm very proud of my hunter ancestors in Scotland. I understand English... Well, not everything but only some words like “sit”, “go” or “stop”...

I like playing with balls but what I most like is swimming! My human mum often takes me to a little lake at a golf course close to home, there I swim tirelessly from one side to the other...

Oh, How much fun I have!

I have a bathtub at home in the garden, so I can take a bath when it's very hot in summer or when we don't go to the lake.

You can think I am a very lucky and happy dog, can't you? Yes, I would say I am but never again! And why? Because a “little brother” has come suddenly at home from nowhere. He's only two months old. He's a small, hairy animal who looks like a bear: fat, with short paws and a big head. Awful.

He's always following me. All day! And the only game he knows is to bite me.

Now I don't go swimming anymore then my human mum says it's too cold for it. Ha- ha! What does she know about “cold”? and when she throws the ball, this little monster runs and runs with his shorts paws and he always catches the ball before me. Incredible!

I can't stand this puppy.

I want to go somewhere, far away from here. Perhaps to Scotland? But how do I do it? And where in Scotland? I don't know anybody there!

Oh, God, I think I need a rest...

Well, two days later when I woke up I was sure I had an inspiring dream: I dreamed about my mother hugging me and I felt so good that I woke up. Now I know the meaning of this dream: I must have a lot of patience and wait he grows very quickly, so that he doesn't bite me anymore and wait he finally could play authentic dog's games.

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