



10 a.m.

And we're off, my person-pal... After a quick game of bite-the-sock while Ruff was getting dressed, our usual breakfast of waffles and maple syrup for the humans and a bowl of CANINE CRISPY CRACKERS for me, we finally decided to go to the dog park.

It's one of the best bits about mornings in the Catch-A-Doggy-Bone kennel.

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We have a very set routine...

1. Ruff goes to the hallway closet to grab my leash, while I growl from a safe distance to let the Vacuum Cleaner know it can't make a dash for my other secret snack stashes around the kennel.



2. Ruff stands in the middle of the hallway, holding my leash, and I do the Happy Dance around his feet. This part is VERY important.



3. Once the performance is finished, I let Ruff connect the leash to my collar and I give it a few safety chews, just to make sure it's on there correctly.



4. Ruff opens the kennel door and I check the coast is clear of RACCOONS!



5. LET WALKIES COMMENCE!

I should tell you that I NEVER go out without my leash on. That way I know my pet human is holding tight and won't get

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lost when I'm leading him about. I've heard horror stories of careless dogs losing their person-pals and having to bark all over town just to find them. It's awful!

So, only once I know Ruff is safely attached on the other end of my leash do I allow him to head off through the neighborhood.

It's very important that I investigate everybody we pass with a quick jump-up to leave my paw-prints on their knees. It's my stamp of approval. That way, they know I've given them my permission and they're allowed on our street.

Oh...and there are all the SUPER-SERIOUS SNIFFING SPOTS we have to visit on the way. OBVIOUSLY!



