

The Sunday Suzie

14 June 2015



Daddy's home! Daddy's home! Suzie, always quick to perceive patterns, has learned at what hour and in what manner Harold returns from work. I try to be out in the back-yard for that time, because I like seeing her anticipation and joyful reaction. I sit on the patio under the sun umbrella, Suzie on her chaise longue beside me, occasionally going up onto the porch where she is just big enough now to peer over the fence.

And then – oh, joy! No barking, but plenty of excitement and bouncing and running around as Harold appears between the houses and his cap bobs along above the fence as he approaches the gate.

And finally – the gate opens and then, well, the Big Welcome!



Post-welcome contentment. Suzie feels secure, having reassured herself of his return, and sits quietly in Harold's lap.

Suzie-in-the-Park



Woah! “Here I am, in the *park!*”

This was Suzie’s third visit to the park, the first in which I took my camera, and therefore the first pictures, but not her first Adventure in the park...

Suzie’s *first* visit to the park (and subsequent Adventure). The story of Suzie’s first visit is worth telling.

I drove her there (“Car Ride? We’re going for a Car Ride?”), took off the leash, and, “Oh, my! *This* is something new!”

Exploration and some hesitation, but Gerry is there, so everything is okay. And gradually, always keeping Gerry in sight, never going too far from him – gradually sniff, sniff and run and run – and run and run!

So, a successful First Trip to the Park. Happy, happy.

On goes the leash, we return to the car. BUT the car won't start. Car is DEAD. Sitting in the car, I phoned CAA. They will come in 40 minutes.

"Sorry, Suzie," I say to her inquisitive look from where she sits in the passenger seat. "Looks like we're going to have to wait."

But there are two workmen across the street, and access to an outlet; and I have my battery charger in the trunk, and an extension cord (I am prepared – sort of), so I go over and ask if I could use their outlet for just a minute. Gruffly: "Okay, but make it quick." I do this. Extension cord just long enough, snakes across the street.

Car still won't start.

Workman comes over, looks at charger. "Oh, you've got it on the wrong setting." We change setting. Try it again – still won't start. Some more amicable conversation about problems with batteries and so on. I go and unhook my extension cord and say thanks.

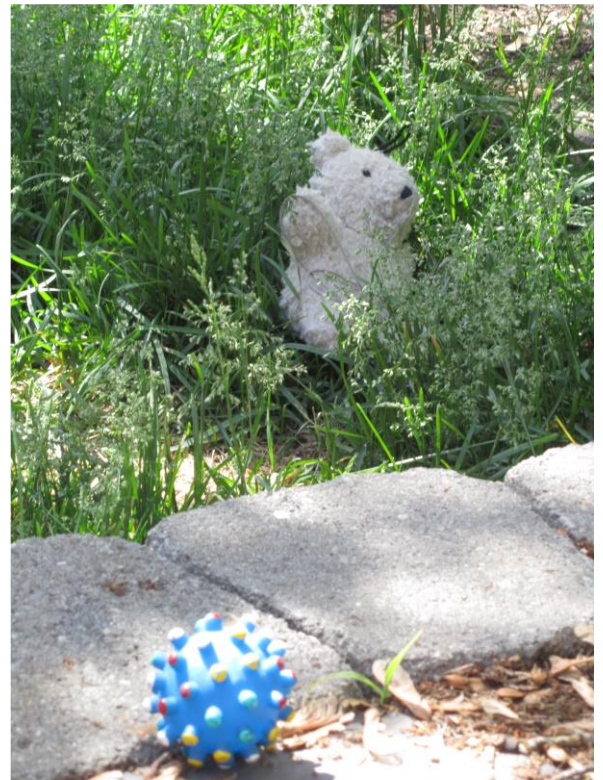
Suzie, at first, wanting out, is very good when I tell her "no." She sits, puzzled and a little worried, in her seat, but very good. "Sorry," I tell her. "It looks like we're having more of an Adventure than either of us wanted." It occurs to me that we don't have to wait inside the car for the CAA person. I hook her up, and we cross the street.

The CAA person arrives. Suzie into passenger seat, more testing. Battery is dead and alternator. Will have to wait for tow truck. The bigger charger the CAA guy has allows me to start car, but I shouldn't drive it. I ask if I could drive two minutes to repair shop I know just around the corner. Okay. So I do. Arrive there, park, turn off engine (probably won't start again). I hook up Suzie, we go in, explain, they will repair the car, Suzie and I will walk home (we're thankfully within walking distance). Suzie is very good while I talk with guy at desk. He looks over counter at Suzie. Suzie looks at him.

"You're dog's not barking."

"No. She's very good."

So, we leave the car there, and head home, stop in school yard where I let her off the leash for a minute or two, to do some more running. Then home. What an Adventure, but we survived it – Suzie with flying colors!



Suzie's world. In the backyard, Suzie residue, a knobby ball on the patio, Mr. Bear in the grass.



Puppy-in-the-Green: Suzie on her third visit. Very happy – sunshine, and grass, and lots of smells. Joy radiates from her.



“What’s that?” Always on the alert (it’s a big new world here), Suzie stares beyond the chain-link fence into the TTC yards where there’s noise and activity. “Gotta make sure it’s not coming this way!” And how magnificent she looks!



Running away. Running, lots of running. Here Suzie runs away from the camera and Gerry, making a sweep around the alcove next to the TTC parking lot.

She tried to go under the gate there once, and had to get a “No!” but took the hint, no problem. Smart dog!



Running about. Here Suzie lunges through the grass. The pic is out of focus and off center, but it does capture the joyful energy of her activity.

When she encounters tall grass, she moves in bounds that have a lot of verticality in them – just like a gazelle. Amazing!



Running toward. Suzie is running towards the camera, and towards Gerry. Always fun running towards the human – see the grin!

Back in the Backyard...



Calm after the run. Suzie lies on the patio, surrounded by important stuff: the food dish with ground beef on it (and several flies), Mr. Bear (the favorite thing to harass), and (in the lower right corner) her own personal chair, the Blue Chaise Longue that is, more or less, her own personal property (she is lying on it as I type this – another sunny, summer day).