

Seren, Micah & Kimble: In their own words...

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This is the post that everyone has been waiting for—hi, my name is Seren. I am one of the German Shepherds featured regularly on this blog (the smarter, prettier GSD that is). Mom is taking a sick day today, so I thought I would keep her company, and while she naps blog a little. Mom is 38 weeks pregnant. She has been so awesome and kept walking with us, playing, feeding, and petting us, and has been feeling pretty good until about a week ago when she caught a cold. Dad and I have been taking care of her, though, and I think she is feeling much better. Micah (my brother) thinks it is because she is clearly eating too many cups of food. I'm just going to let him figure it out—I don't think he has a clue what's coming.

I'm pretty excited because I like responsibility, direction, and work. My brother on the other hand is about as helpful and motivated as that crazy chihuahua. Since dad has had a little time off, we've been going to the mountains quite a bit—exercise, discipline, affection...they sure are great parents. We did miss the day that dad saw a cougar and four cubs! I'm actually kind of glad we missed that day—my brother would have probably tried to go introduce himself (they really should work on his recall), and after hearing how the cougar was hunting the deer, I don't think he would have had a dog-park-like meeting.

Speaking of my brother, here he is...Hello! My name is Micah! Everyone who reads this should come over and scratch my head and ears. Okay, back to sleep.

My name is Kimble, and I am the sweet, adorable, mountain-climbing chihuahua who is being held hostage by two GSDs, help! I'm not just being dramatic because I'm a chihuahua—they really are cramping my style. They leave their scent all over my dog bed, lick my head...do you know how wet a chihuahua gets from one GSD tongue? It's disgusting! Micah digs so much that I can't even mark the yard up properly without falling into caves and getting all messy. My look is my thing—how else do you think I get carried everywhere, allowed to nap on furniture, and can stomp my foot and get whatever I want...food, water, play session, lifted into bed, and the list goes on. I'm so worked up right now I can't even type. I'm just going to start yipping uncontrollably at nothing.

Okay, I'm back. I think my claim that my brother is about as helpful and motivated as the chihuahua has been sufficiently proven. Mom and dad seem to love them, though, so I guess I will too. We are a pretty happy pack, and I can't wait to add to it! Mom keeps telling me she is going to teach me to change a diaper, but I think I'm going to pull a Micah and act clueless. After all, if I learn how to change a diaper how long do you think it would be before I have to clean up the yard too—no way!