For the last several weeks, I have been claiming the insanity defense on why we have a new puppy.
After the devastating loss of our sweet girl, I could not face the empty house. There was no furry one to excitedly greet me at the door; no little tippy-tap of feet on the hard floors; no fuzzy TV buddy who doesn't complain about what I like to watch.
I know it was only two days but hey, we're working on the insanity thing, remember?
Then came little Ringo (The Dingo) Rock Star Spencer.

Wow. I think I have forgotten more than I even knew about having a puppy. Our home was certainly not puppy-proof to say the least. Both my Christmas trees were still up and Ringo delighted in trying to snag a string of beads off the one in the entryway. He succeeded about two days in and scared himself silly when the little tree nearly followed him into the living room. Hah! Take that, little dude!
My questions is, how in the world can something so small go to the bathroom so much? It had only been days since there was a fuzzy face on my leg to signal a trip outdoors was in my best interest. Coming from a pet store, our little guy had been trained to go in his cage, therefore, he felt right at home going on my floor — a lot! Argh!
It only took a few days and a puppy anatomy lesson from our beloved vet (puppies bladders are very, very small) and we were setting a timer to mark each hour and the little devil spawn's ... er, puppy's trips outside. It took several more days for him to reconcile that he was going to go outside. He wasn't too fond of it and especially not after we got our four-or-so inches of snow. Parts of him are very low to the ground right now.
Puppies are also very curious and explore their world with their mouths. I have been amazed at the things he can fit in there — if only for a second — like my feet while in house slippers.
Ringo the Dingo also has a very different personality than our timid girl. He is afraid of nothing — at least at the onset. He quickly drops the illegal item and runs when his undesirable behavior is addressed, though. I would love to give you examples but in the interest of my happy marriage, I cannot reveal them here.
I have a picture of little Ringo as the wallpaper on my computer. I often look at his little face and my heart just melts. There is often the same reaction in person. Then he bites me, my buttons, my ear, pees on something or grabs an aforementioned illegal item and the game is on.
A friend told me soon after our new little guy came home they make puppies cute for a reason — it's so you don't kill them. I believe her.
This, too, shall pass.