

My husband and I have a lot of fun with our dog. We had fun with Sweet Sadie Eleanor Louise, too. We would talk for her and have conversations. What can I say. We either don't have lives or are living through our dog. Either way, it's kind of sad. But we like it so you should love it. This week we started puppy kindergarten. We were teasing little Ringo that he couldn't eat the crayons or the glue sticks and he had to mind the teacher.

We were anxious. Our little guy is high-spirited and mouthy. He goes four paws to the wall pretty much all day. We were sure we would be relegated to the corner of even, gasp! - expelled.

We arrived a little early to pick out a new lead. There were several other kindergartners there already and Ringo soon went about making new friends and in some cases, not so much. He is very nosy just like his mom.

There were puppies of all sizes, colors and shapes. A beautiful Great Dane puppy was my personal favorite. His paws were as big as Ringo's head. He was a soft dark gray with darker gray spots. Just beautiful.

Class started promptly and we're off. Little Ringo felt the need to voice his pleasure about being there - a lot of voicing. Then came the stream of water at his head and the "no bark" command. You'd have thought he got clubbed in the face. His expression was priceless. You could have imagined the %\$#! in a balloon over his little head. Not to be silenced, he started right back up. Another shot to the head and he was a little more contrite. The third time was the charm and Ringo decided what he had to say could wait until after class.

(I think dad and I also had something over our heads. A big WOW. I wish we had known this before. We could have nipped a lot of behavior in the bud.)

The first thing was to introduce ourselves. We went around the circle told our names, our puppies' and a few problems we were having. We were relieved to hear many were having difficulty with the same things we were. Perhaps Ringo wasn't such a little stinker after all. He was just a puppy that needed our guidance and training.

We were under no illusion. We knew we were actually the ones in kindergarten; Ringo was just our visual aid and prop.

We gave Ringo a B+ for the first class. He didn't, however, tell us what our grade was. I think he's waiting to see how many spray bottles pop up in our house.