

## Yogi



Our sweet little Yogi came into our lives the last week of January, 2012. I had been faithfully checking the Humane Society website, looking for a small dog who would be a good companion for me. I found a picture of this scruffy little gray and white dog and decided he was THE ONE. I went down and visited with him for a while and he decided to come home with me.

He fit right in. He was already housebroken, very polite and loved to play fetch. We had some toys left from our previous dog and he went straight to the toy basket and brought me a toy. I threw it, he fetched it and brought it right back to me and this went on until he was tired.

He's a sturdy little guy with little short, stubby legs and a bushy tail. At first we thought he was a dachshund/poodle mix but I later learned that he's part Dandy Dinmont Terrier and poodle. We know the terrier part is right - he loves to dig under the fence to see if he can visit the turtle in the yard behind us. He also sits patiently under a tree in the backyard, waiting for the resident squirrel to come play. At night, he waits while my husband gets ready for bed and then they play fetch until Yogi gets tired.

We thought about changing his name, but he is so obviously a sweet little Yogi bear that we left it alone. He was an owner surrender at the shelter and whoever had him before had obviously trained him not to get on the furniture. He'll get on the couch with us only when he's invited.

He's so much fun to come home to - he meets us at the garage door and just cries and cries and wiggles and then takes off running. He makes several circuits of the house, running at full speed, and doesn't stop until he hears the lid on the treats jar open. If I forget to close the bedroom door while we're gone, we come home to find my slippers in the middle of the living room.

He is a very sweet, loving little boy. He keeps me company all day and pretty much stays on my heels. He loves to go in the car. He manages to read my body language and knows when I'm about to leave the house. If I don't invite him to come along, he just sits down and forlornly watches me go out the door. If I do invite him, he runs to the door, jumps, dances, lunges at the door and takes off like a bullet when the door opens. Then he dances around the car until I open the door.

We have our little bedtime routine, too. He and my husband play fetch until Yogi gets tired, then we pat the bed and invite him up. He hops up, goes to the foot of the bed, rolls over onto his back with all four feet in the air and goes to sleep.

I hope whoever had this little guy before us will read this and know how much we love him. Thank you for allowing us to give him a home. He has brought so much joy to our lives.

