

Three years ago I fell in love. My Christmas present, "Biscuit," was a three-month-old mixed-breed puppy who was at the Humane Society after having been found wandering the streets of San Antonio. When the volunteer lifted him out of his crate, he said, "you're such a bear!" That inspired me to name him Bexar, for his looks, but also in honor of what was then the SPCA of Bexar County.

In the shelter, Bexar appeared shy and insecure, but when I arrived to take him home, he met me not only with a new collar and tag, but also a big smile and wagging tail. That tail has been wagging ever since, and he's always up for any adventure. He's been for hikes from Bastrop to Lost Maples, has swum in Austin's Town Lake, been tubing on the Guadalupe, and **loves** Doggie Dip Day in New Braunfels. He also enjoys trips to San Antonio's Botanical Gardens, walks along the Riverwalk, and going out to restaurants and parties. He's hiked at most of San Antonio's parks, and thinks he owns the dog park at McAllister. He's friendly with other dogs and with people, especially small children. At playgrounds he basks in his popularity with the under-5 set, and occasionally steals kisses. With adults, too, he flirts shamelessly, especially if they have treats.

When not out and about, Bexar relaxes at home with me, and throws dignity to the wind for a belly rub. When restless and unable to recruit a playmate, he throws his tennis ball up in the air and pounces on it when it drops. When he wants attention, he steals a slipper from the closet, takes it to the backyard, and wears a mischievous smile until his trick is found out. ("Bexar: 1, Mom: 0.") While out walking, Bexar likes to sneak up on people and other animals; cats should keep their distance, but deer have nothing to worry about, and have even been known to chase *him* (which he thought was great fun).

Bexar is my fitness coach; together we walk about an hour a day, and I lost 10 pounds in the first few months with him. He is also my psychotherapist; whenever I am unhappy or anxious or frazzled, I go home and look into those big, brown eyes, receive his bounteous affection, and watch him do something so goofy that I laugh out loud. In short, Bexar has changed my life, and I can't imagine it without him!

♡ **My Prince Charming** ♡

My prince charming has a skinny, furry butt,
which sheds in clumps in the spring.
He tracks in mud when it rains,
jumps on the couch,
and drags my slippers outside when he thinks I'm not looking.
He chases the neighbors' cats
and steals bones from their dogs.
He'll never win any obedience awards.

But when he sees me, his smile
Starts in his big, brown eyes,
spreads to his goofy grin,
and travels to his tail, which sways slowly at first,
then spins wide circles like a ceiling fan on "high."

And back and forth wiggles that skinny, furry, butt.

