

## Community Comment 8/5/2013

By Jon Sapper

Bella

W.C. Fields said years ago, "There's a rumor that I don't like dogs and little kids. That's not true at all. I like dogs." Well, I have this little dog named Bella, actually not so little and I'm not sure if I have the dog or the dog has me. There is a question of who owns who.

Bella is an English Bulldog, you know, those dogs that when they were being designed, looks like they ran into a wall with the speed of a bullet train and it did weird things to their face. I've often wondered, what did they have to do during the eons of mutation to end up with a face like that? I'm not sure I want to guess.

She's a great little dog, all 38 pounds of her. Her stature is such that she could fit into a Safeway shopping bag with her head poking out and the bag would fit around her like a hand in a glove. She's not overweight, just a bulldog. Almost every physical anomaly that can be found in a dog is found in an English Bulldog. They have trouble breathing because of the face I talked about. If I made sounds right now what they sound like, this community comment would go silent I'm sure do to some FCC regulation dealing with noises you can't make on the radio. Her front feet point inward which causes her front shoulder joints to canter at an uncomfortable looking angle. Her backside slides from side to side in cadence with her head as she walks, giving her the appearance of being totally in charge. Back to the who owns who question.

Bella is a smart dog. She likes her back scratched. When you scratch the top of her head, she moves two steps forward, so you end up scratching her back. She does this every time. I mean... every.... time. In the house, she has a corner of the couch where she can sit. A blanket is there to keep her shedding off the couch. But no, she doesn't like the blanket. She wants to sit on the other side of the couch, but she knows she's not supposed to. In fact, one early morning about daybreak, I slowly walked into the living room and Bella was on the wrong side of the couch. She quietly slipped off the couch and without a noise went under the table, another place she likes. She curled up with her head partially covered and pretended to be asleep, not moving an inch when I turned on the lights. How do you correct a smart dog like that?

Bella's a typical dog, too. She salivates when you rattle the treat jar and all of a sudden, becomes the most obedient dog on the planet. She smiles when I give her the treat. Some folks might say it's just that permanent crease on her bulldog face that I've already talked about, but I call it a smile.

Bella would like to thank Erin Dunn and her advocates from Fortuna who are putting in the new dog park. Bella is happy about that because it will be a new place where she can walk her owner. And yes, her owner needs to be walked. He's starting to take on the same portly appearances as Bella. It's not the dog looks like owner thing, it's just too many bowls of ice cream.

This has been Jon Sapper for Community Comment.