

Community Comment – March 28th, 2016

By Jon Sapper

Kids and Dogs

“There’s a rumor that I don’t like dogs or kids. That’s not true. I like dogs.” Now that quote is attributable to W.C. Fields even though he apparently never said it. I like it anyway, except the dog part. Little kids like my 5 year old grandson, are so honest and transparent, telling it like it is, that it’s great fun to be around them. However, a recent addition to the family, a new puppy named Cooper, is a little different story.

Let me be blunt. Cooper should be placed on Homeland Security’s watch list. This seven month old golden doodle that’s actually black has to be the closest thing to a canine terrorist that has ever walked the earth. This cute fluffy 77 pound bundle of joy destroys property faster than it can be repaired or replaced. Just as I finished a 100 foot fence to keep him out of the vegetable garden, I turned around to find him tossing a dozen of my prized raspberry stalks up the in air....roots and all. He was having a great time, dirty as could be from digging and relishing each of the plants that came out quite easily with the soft ground.

I know that puppies chew on things, but come on, if Cooper keeps going at this rate, I’m calling the County Assessor to reappraise my property. Deck railings and spindles, outside window trim, door jams and anything else he can get into his mouth is fair game. My expensive 75 foot hose is now 63 feet thanks to two minutes of me not paying attention to him in the back yard. That was my fault, but does it really only take two minutes to tear apart a heavy duty three quarter inch hose? Apparently.

Please don’t tell me to get him more toys. He has lots of toys, in fact, so many toys that you might want to consider buying PetCo stock, But, he seems to gravitate to things that are permanent and expensive. However, he was distracted when I gave him four small logs: one redwood, one fir, one madrone and one oak. He liked the fir. He’d throw it up in the air and let it bounce off the deck. Then up again it went. You could hear this chunk of wood hit the deck from the other side of the house. At least he was content and so was I since it wasn’t the back door that he was tossing around.

My wife did say Cooper will only do this until he is two. I said, "Two what?" She said, "Two years." Raising my voice just a bit, I said, "At the rate he is growing, he's going to be able to rip off the gutters in a few months." A couple of hours later, my wife asked me, "Do you think we should give Cooper away?"

Careful, Jon. Careful. I shook my head no and said, "Why no, honey, I love Cooper."

This has been Jon Sapper for Community Comment.