



June 7, 2018

Dear Oona,

My humans did it again! They leashed me to a fence, doused me with soapy water and hosed me down. They completely drenched me! Is this that waterboarding thing I've heard so much about?

Samantha

Dear Samantha,

I know! It's outrageous! But no, they're not trying to drown you. Not intentionally, anyway. They call it a Baf. It's another crazy human ritual. I hate to tell you this, Samantha, but they do it to you because... they think you smell.

I know! Smell! I was incensed when I heard it, too. They wash away our luxuriant natural scent, pour on the smelly goo and for days afterwards we smell like sick petunias on steroids. All the other dogs snicker and avoid us. Well, not in *myhouse*. *Nobody* snickers anymore...

Humans are finicky. How this came to be, I do not know. They spent thousands of years living in furs around the campfire. They smelled nice like woodsmoke and sweat. Now, just a whiff of anything outdoorsy and out comes the spray bottle. They *like* living in a perfume factory.

Some humans get manic about it. If they're giving you a baf every week, make them stop, Samantha. They're not just washing away your scent. They're stripping away your natural body oils and leaving your skin wide open to infections and bacterial problems. Many Irish Wolfhound owners don't wash their hounds more than twice a year. A quick combing knocks the dirt out of our wiry outer coats. Most of us have the good sense to clean our undercoats regularly all on our own. Wolfhounds do *not* smell! Not unless you just regularly roll in cow pies or roadkill. Do that and as tempting as it may be, let's face it, you're just asking for a dousing.

Luckily, we're Irish Wolfhounds. We weigh 150 pounds *before* we're wet. We have a say in all this. If I walk into the backyard and see my humans looking fidgety and there's a leash strapped to the fence, I immediately look for a bucket of water and the hose. If all the dreaded signs are in place, I go hide in the back corner. What are they going to do? I can outrun them. I can outwrestle any *four* of them. The garden hose can't squirt that far and they sure can't lug that water bucket back there and get close enough to let 'er fly. I can do this all summer long. It breaks up the monotony and keeps the humans humble.

They tried luring me with pieces of hamburger. But, even prime rib's not worth a drenching. They tried catching me asleep in the back, then pouring that water bucket on me so I stopped napping outside. Sure, eventually they'll catch you or do like my humans do and take me to the groomers. Then you get to teach a whole *new* set of humans what living with wolfhounds is all about. The baf pros charged extra after that. I think they hired more staff, too.

My humans used to wash my nephew Oisin in the shower. He was just a baby but he gave dad a black eye. Now he goes to the baf pros, too.

Samantha, my point is, if you keep the cost high enough, they'll forget about this weekly baf malarky and keep it to a reasonable twice a year.

Love, Oona