



June 14, 2018

Dear Oona,

Papa took me to the vet yesterday. It was not the regular visit with cookies and the vet and the vet techs fawning all over me! They knocked me out and I woke up with little things called stay-pals (no pal of mine!) and a shaved belly and front paws. If this INDIGNITY weren't enough, Papa put a "kone" around my neck! I can't go

anywhere without bumping into things! He keeps telling me I look like the "flying nun", that he's getting better satellite and cell reception, and asking me if I'm auditioning for a Shakespearean play! Why is Papa torturing me like this?

Yours truly,

Violette

Dear Violette:

Your dad's not really trying to torture you, except for maybe with the jokes. Before you tell him to take his comedy show on the road, you need to know that what you've just been through was him trying to make sure you don't have puppies. I'm still

raising my sister's puppy, Oisin, and believe me, you do **not** want five or six of *him* running around if you plan to hang onto your girlish figure and even a *shred* of sanity.

Violette, they cut part of you out while you were sleeping. I know, I know, having puppies was the **last** thing on your mind. Why did they *do* this to you??? To keep you safe. That's why you have those stay-pals, so your cut can heal, and that's why you're wearing that crazy kone. Naturally you want to lick and chew at the sore place. The doctor thinks that would keep you from getting well. So you're stuck with the blasted thing until they take it off you.

That doesn't mean you can't have your fun. I've never had to wear one, but the other dogs here tell me about Gracie, a Scottish Deerhound who went through the same thing you did and who once upon a time lived here. Gracie used to walk down the hall in that kone and she made sure to whack everything she could along the way so it went CLACK CLACK CLACKA CLACK until the humans twitched and developed involuntary facial tics.

Gracie thought this was hilarious. So she ran up and down the hall, over and over, going CLACK CLACK CLACKA CLACK until the old guy and mom got down on their knees and begged her to stop and promised Gracie they would never ever do such a thing again.

So Violette, what do ya say? I hear laughter helps the healing process. Wasn't it Shakespeare who said, "He who laughs last laugh best." Maybe not. Who cares. They won't hear a thing over the CLACK CLACK CLACKA CLACK....

Get well soon, Violette,

Oona

Got a question? Send it to bob@thewildstare.com and Oona will get back to you as soon as she gets her nails done or she can prod the old guy to take dictation.