



**July 23, 2018**

**Dear Oona,**

**It is raspberry season. I  
LOVE RASPBERRIES.  
Every morning I run to the  
patch to carefully pick the  
perfect berries for a  
pre-breakfast snack.**

**Imagine my horrified  
surprise last week when I  
discovered a temporary  
fence around the berry  
patch. Who would do that?**

**Now I only get to watch my  
Dad pick berries. Sometimes he tosses me a berry that has a  
black bug on it. Ewww — who wants that?**

**Thankfully, Mom gives me berries when she is washing  
them.**

**I tried sending my lab mix brother under the fence to pick  
berries and bring them back to me. Labs have soft mouths.  
Well the mix part of him kicked in and Dugan just ended up  
eating MY berries. One time he brought back a rabbit.**

**Oona, is there some law that governs the fair and equal  
distribution of raspberries within a family unit?**

**Fergus**

## Dear Fergus:

Yes, the law is “he who has the berries OWNS the berries.” And clearly, Dugan is not to be trusted. You are on your own.

First, you have a very nice Mom. Reward her with lots of kisses. Be perky around her. Roll over for belly rubs. Don’t be ashamed to be a clown. Show her how oh-so-very HAPPY she makes you when she gives you berries. Keep those berries coming.

Second, when Dad tosses you a buggy berry, make a show of putting it in your mouth, then spit it out loudly. Then give Dad the stink eye. Fergus, I suspect your Dad was the one who put up the fence to keep you out of the berries. He must be trained. Keep spitting out the buggy ones. Keep pouring on the stink eye. Make Dad feel guilty.

If guilty doesn’t work, watch Dad closely. He’s going to have both hands full when he brings those berries out. THIS is the time to sidle over quietly and plunge your snout into a basket. Claim your portion. I realize this will only work once (or two or three times, tops) but berries aren’t around very long so you need to act fast. Carpe berrium!

Dad will just have to get over it. They tell you you’re “family,” right? Well then you *deserve* your body weight in berries. You’re a hunter. What’s Dad *expect*?

Of course, this may lead to you being stuck somewhere behind a baby gate or fence. Looking pitiful or glaring is a waste of time at that point, trust me. Spend your time in the clink studying where they put the berries. If it’s on the counter....well, it’s their own fault. If it’s in the fridge, wait for meal time, then go sit

beside Mom. Look pitiful. Glare at Dad with intense **disbelief**. You can probably work a few more berries out of this. Then move on.

It'll be a very long time before berries are back. Hopefully mom and dad will forget your strategy by then. Or you can find a new way into the fence...Persevere, Fergus. You're a wolfhound. You're *good* at this stuff....

**Love, Oona**