

Day 5 - Unidentifiable noises are certainly the puppies.

Day 5, Morning - I wake up to a sound I cannot exactly identify, but instinctively I know it's somehow related to the puppies. I stumble to the kitchen and see that Garrison and Warren have managed to pull the curtains hard enough to dislodge the curtain rod from the wall mounts, and have bent it a good 6 inches closer to the floor. I put the rod back where it belongs and tie the curtains in knots to prevent further grabbing. OK - so far the pups are part mountain goat, and part cat. Sullivan and Heath are playing with a roll of paper towels, no doubt captured by the resident climber, Lori. (those collapsable wire crates make GREAT ladders -). The mess I am confronted with is the worst I have yet seen. Clean up will take longer this morning. I am thankful that I looked before I stepped over the barricade, and also for my disposable gloves and drop cloths. The puppies all need to be cleaned up. The plumbing issue makes this daunting task even more so. Today I am staying home to wait for the plumber. The third one I've called. The pups are safely in their crates, which have also been cleaned. Again. The floor is covered in clean drop cloths and newspapers, and I put the food and water down. There are three plates of food, but they all insist on eating from the same plate - with the appropriate snarls, snaps & growls. They upset the second plate, and devour the third, and then start combing the ground for anything edible. That apparently includes my feet, which are quickly discarded as edible objects, but deemed highly suitable as chew toys. (ouch)

Then I feed the resident four. And again, Daisy is very good about her medicine. Perhaps she knows I'm a little tired. And now, we're off to the great outdoors. Maybe the plumber will come soon, and I'll have running water in my house again.

Day Five, Evening - In which I am reminded that the puppies don't know sit. A team of plumbers finally came and fixed the problem around 3PM. I have running water in my house again! One of the guys is interested in adopting a beagle puppy - I gave him a BREW card (Laura, I need more cards!) After the plumbers left, we all went outside. I tried to do this in an orderly fashion, but once loose from their indoor play area, the pups did not form a single file line and head outdoors. They headed in different directions, to explore, and possibly to pee. I round them up, and we head outside. The resident four are much more interested in interacting with the pups while they are all outside. Potsy and two of the boys are over by the dog house, digging. Lori is off exploring, looking for things to climb. The other two boys follow Buster all over the yard, Arooing as they go. Pure pandemonium, but in a wonderful sense. Daisy and Buddy are relaxing in the sun. The pups and residents spent the next four hours climbing on the resident's dog house, chasing birds, wrestling in the grass, digging, running and exploring. Lori is by far the most adventurous. She was the first to the top of the dog house, and her brothers quickly followed suit, jumping down on to the hay bales then onto the ground. I enlisted my neighbor's help to puppy sit while I ran out for newspapers - the manager of the 7-11 took pity on me and gave me a substantial stack of outdated papers. No more mad dashes required! While the dogs are outside, I decide to mow the lawn. None of the dogs are exactly thrilled with the lawnmower, and they stay on the complete opposite side of the yard from where I am mowing. This is a good thing.

After mowing, I notice that everyone has a slightly greenish tinge. I have to clean out the pups area before I bring them inside, so I strip the floor, wash it, dry it, put down a fresh drop cloth (the paper ones with the plastic backing are GREAT for this - they last 2-3 days! The plain plastic ones last a day) and fresh newspaper. I clean the crates and get clean towels. (I'm ready for kennel work, I think!) I put down the food and water, put up the first part of the barricade, and I'm ready for the pups. (This process took approximately a hour and a half) I bring everyone inside. Pam is home now, and the pups make a beeline for her, all teeth and claws, jumping whining - she sits on the floor, and is completely overrun. I take them to their playpen one at a time, where they eat and drink. I get the resident's food ready, then we snuggle with each of them for a little while, put them back, and they play for another hour or so before finally settling down. I thought for sure they'd be totally worn out from being outside for so long. (HAH!) It looks like I might actually get an early night out of this! (relatively speaking. If I get to bed before midnight, it's early!) I THINK I have arranged the crates so that Lori cannot possibly climb on top.