

Day 21 - Sunday

Day Twenty-One Sunday AM/PM

Georgia goes to her forever home today! This is the last day of the Belles Beagle Camp! I get the car ready - sheet over the seat, towels, plastic bag…I'm getting pretty experienced at dealing with beagle barf in the car. Potsy is giving Georgia one last lesson in bad beagle behavior. He's got her running around the yard, chasing and being chased by him and Buster, Hunter and Buddy as well. Georgia turns and barks at them - they stop momentarily and stand, blinking. They start running again. Daisy is sitting in the sun contemplating the dangers of testosterone. Buster comes too close and she barks. Georgia gets close, and Daisy stands, bares her gums and growls. Pam tells her that soon, it will be over, and it will just be the resident four again. Daisy looks at her, disbelieving.

We get in the car and head to our designated meeting point. Georgia starts out on Pam's lap, but quickly insists that she has to help me drive. Pam holds her down and it's quite clear that Georgia does NOT like this. But in about five minutes, Georgia has settled down and is sleeping. We arrive, and Dana is already there. There is much discussion, many appropriate oohs and aahs, and the paperwork is completed. The adoption is done! Pam and I head for home.

I've got several rolls of film to be developed - the "old-fashioned" non-digital camera came in handy during Beagle Camp. Over the course of this Beagle Camp, I've lost some dishes, several pairs of socks, some underwear, a pair of slippers, I've used about a hundred pounds of newspaper, twelve drop cloths, a couple gallons of Lysol, and several quarts of Nature's Miracle. My yard looks like the moon, with craters everywhere, I've sprained an ankle, I've been mistaken for a chew toy, I've been bitten and scratched, I've been barked into temporary deafness, and I've lost sleep, but I have also been licked, snuggled, slept on, cuddled, hugged, howled at, and puppy-loved. I've heard the puppies sounding like they were killing each other one second, and I've broken up some pretty fierce fights, only to see them all sleeping in one contented pile the next second.

The blankets and towels have been washed one last time, folded and put away. The crate has been returned to its spot on the back porch. The alarm clock has been reset, since there are no more puppies to wake me up at O'dark thirty. The second session of Beagle Camp is over, and I am taking a much needed NAP.