

TRIXIE - THE HAVANESE ASSISTANCE DOG

PART 1

Well, I've been asked the Trixie and Kay story and how she became an Assistance Dog in training, so I'm going to start at the beginning!

As the owner of two boisterous RSPCA rescue dogs, who for very good reasons nobody else wanted, (boisterous being an understatement), I had no intentions of getting another dog and was looking forward to doing a bit of recreational travel back and forth to Melbourne. I had even managed to work a way to palm the responsibility for my boof head dogs onto my family whenever I was away.



Charlie

Part of the "travel" plan included house sitting and as things would have it, I stayed in the lovely home of Mandy and Jim Benson, minding the gorgeous Havanese Lucy and dear old Charlie the cat. I know at this point you are thinking Lucy is responsible for me now owning her cousin Trixie, but in actuality fact, it is mostly thanks to Charlie (yes the cat!).



Lucy

Lucy in fairly typical Havanese style eyed me cautiously for the first few days, checking out this strange person and it didn't take her long to notice this particular human was not too bright. For instance, she could tease Charlie as long as they were in a different room, eat his dinner even if he meowed his protests and chase him off the couch without a comment. As long as the silly person couldn't see her, she was safe from a scolding! To Lucy it became fairly obvious the dog slave (me) her parents had organised, was either stupid or couldn't hear very well! (no rude comments now.. it's the later that's true!)

However, the joy of this situation for Lucy did prove to have a down side. Like the time she was trying to enjoy a peaceful nap and the dog slave had accidentally locked Charlie in the utility room. Evidently, he was creating an awful din and her opening one eye to stare at me was not sufficient to get me to open the door and rectify the problem. Eventually, with a doggie sigh, she trotted over to the Utility Room door, looked over her shoulder and clearly said ... "have you forgotten something?"

I'm embarrassed to admit Lucy rescued Charlie from the utility room more than once and each time I was treated to her slightly superior look ...eyes of brown button pupils above a thin white crescent. A very clear and exasperated "oh dear".

The CATalyst (excuse the pun) came one day, when in the shower I heard (and felt) a crash in the hallway. The previous night, I had dined with my Uncle and the conversation had centred around his over the top obsession with security and keeping out criminals! Now, hearing this crash, I was starting to think I should have paid more attention to his “home defence” hints. Like always take a baseball bat to the bathroom!

Anyway, back to the immediate problem. My clothes were in the bedroom, so I clutching a towel and briefly wondered if a hairdryer would make a good weapon. I admit there was a moment’s struggle over whether I should abandon modesty (you need at least one hand to hold a towel in place) to go for the hairdryer weapon. Modesty won and clutching the towel, I peered bug eyed out the bathroom door. There in the middle of the hallway was a tangle of power cords, computer cables and a hole punch! Had someone just stolen Jim’s computer!!??? If so, were they still in the house? Whilst staring at the mess in horror, I noticed Lucy was calmly trying to extract her teddy, also caught up in the tangle.

Gradually, the heart thumping eased and I was able to look at the situation with more clarity. I could see Lucy was unbothered and the only thing resembling a criminal was Charlie. His rapid swishing tail and fully diluted pupils indicated he was far from happy and could easily have been plotting murder!

On inspecting the office, it became obvious poor Charlie had got himself caught in cords and cables, taken flight and lost the lot with an almighty crash, in the middle of the hallway. Solving this mystery produced such a feeling of relief that I dropped the towel, gathered Lucy to my chest and smothered her with kisses. True to form, her very expressive face clearly said she would rather I refrained from sharing my exuberant joy with her.

That night, as Lucy, Charlie and I sat snug as bugs in blankets on the couch and I sipped my wine (medicinal for the shock of course), I Googled Havanese Breeders and there she was.. a pile of black hair, pink tongue , button nose and the awful name Frankie (sorry if anyone loves the name but I hate it). Hmmmm, I will just enquire...it can’t hurt. And yes the rest just kind of happened. More on that next time! :)

