

# The Rocky Report

*From Rocky the Rocket*



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## In Memory of Jeb . . .



The questionnaire arrived. I promptly completed it and mailed it back the next day. Several days later, giving the questionnaire enough time to arrive, I phoned her. Everything was in order. Fantastic! I qualified.

She talked about the dogs that were available, and I said, "Jebediah, yes Jebediah." Jeb was six months old and tri-color. We made arrangements for Jeb to arrive on the 3<sup>rd</sup> of July.

Remembering back, I recalled how B. H. Shelley, my former Basset Hound, had reacted to fireworks on the 4<sup>th</sup> of July, and how much it bothered him. After a little thought, I concluded that it would be best if Jeb arrived after the 4<sup>th</sup> of July rather than before. That way, what with a new home

and myself to adjust to, and someone he knew and trusted leaving him behind he would not have to deal with fireworks as well. So I called, explained the situation and she agreed. Jeb was now scheduled to arrive on the 5<sup>th</sup> of July.

The day Jeb was set to arrive I spent in welcome anticipation. The food and water dish I saved from B. H. Shelley were ready and available for Jeb. And, there was no doubt that I could share the best home ever with him. The only question was how he would adjust to his new surroundings, new home and me?

Jeb arrived sitting at the side of the lady who drove the truck as she pulled into the drive. She parked, got out of the truck and left the door open for Jeb who stayed on the front seat. Greetings and smiles were exchanged as we talked.

I watched as Jeb jumped out of the truck. He kept his distance, not willing to approach closer until he was ready. Rather than calling him over I decided to ignore him. Basset Hounds

sometimes hate being ignored. Sure enough, after a short time, Jeb was at my side, sniffing my pants and wagging his tail. Kneeling down I introduced myself to Jeb and spoke with him in a warm reassuring voice. He was wonderful. We were friends already.

It is seven years later, and we are the best of friends. The home where we live is his home as much as mine. Jeb is the most talkative, fun loving, playful and independent dog ever and he loves to sing. And I am glad that Jeb adopted me as well.

One experience we shared involved having to travel away from home for work on several days of consecutive weeks. So I made arrangements to leave Jeb at the kennel in a neighboring town.



I always tell Jeb he will be staying at the Bahamas Hilton, but he knows better. The best part of his stay at the kennel is leaving, as he strains at the leash while I am trying to pay the bill. Finally, in dog time, we're on our way.