

This story is written as a dog's autobiography. The names and places have not been changed to protect the innocent. The facts however, are those as suggested by the dog by his actions and personality. This is his story..... by Marvelyn

### BUTTONS.....MY STORY

I was born in 1970 to a very poor French family somewhere in the United States. Although both my parents were pure-bred papered toy poodles, the people my mother worked for weren't well off financially. I really never knew my father as he left my mother and three little one's for her to raise by herself. At the age of eight weeks my mother told us the facts of life. She said she couldn't afford to keep us all together so therefore we would be sold to various people. She told us to do our very best to obey our owners and always be a good friend to them, especially to the male species as they seemed to be the more dominant and we were considered to be their best friends.

My early dog-hood is kind of mixed up in my mind as a young couple took me home with them and I met and made some really neat friends. Our Masters played with us a lot and taught us all kinds of neat tricks. Then one day they took us into a big ring in a tent and there were lots and lots of people there. We were all dressed in pretty 'people clothes' and did all our tricks real good and all the people laughed and clapped their paws together. I really enjoyed making people smile 'cause they looked so happy.

Then one day after I'd been in the circus for some time I decided to go for a walk all alone. I really enjoyed it but I went too far and couldn't find my way back. I wandered around for some time and then I got hungry so I went to a lady who looked friendly and begged for some food. She took me into her house and gave me something to eat, after that I was tired so I had a little sleep. I awoke when a man picked me up, put me in his truck, drove to a big building and put me in a cage. I hated it in there! There were lots of dogs and some cats all in cages around me. People would come to look at us and then go away, and the food was terrible! A man came to see me and wanted to take me home with him but the man wearing the uniform said he couldn't for ten days. I didn't think he'd come back 'cause I was so dirty and my hair wasn't combed or anything. But he did come back and took me home with him. He said his name was Ken and the lady's name was Marvelyn. They had two little people and a cat! The little people were named Lori and Darren and the cat was named Camrose. I really liked Lori and I picked her bed to sleep on and I knew she'd take care of me. Darren wasn't as friendly to me though probably because of the stupid cat which I noticed occupied his room. I hate cats!! Especially that one, he was a real dip stick!

The people didn't know anything about me as I was born in the United States and got lost on my walk in Alberta, Canada. They tried to find out where I came from by the registration number in my ear but they couldn't get any information as my number was registered only in the United States.

First thing they did was to find a name for me. They tried several and I might add that each one was getting worse! I finally decided I'd better jump in and let them think one was mine while I still had the chance. They said my eye's were like two little buttons so I figured what the heck, Buttons wasn't bad and the way they were going I could of ended up with Rex or Bowser or worse. So at the name of Buttons I jumped up and looked like I'd had the name all my life, and now I became officially Buttons.

Now that I had a name, bath, hair cut and complete physical, I had to get to work and train these people. It was easy to get my way with my cute tricks and looks with the females but the males weren't as easy to convince, especially the big one!

Of course they didn't know anything about my past. My job at the circus was doing everything wrong. I'd talk back to my trainer and the audience loved it. I would walk around on my hind legs grumbling (some called it growling) and everyone clapped. Now I had a problem. If I would grumble or talk with my new family, they would think I was growling and that would never do. It took me awhile but they finally figured it out and thought it was cute. I listened to everything they talked about and would try to show them some of the tricks I could do but boy were they dumb! Finally one day someone said the word 'dance' so I did. Were they ever excited about that! Then a few other words popped up like walk, roll-over, play dead (I never liked that one), say please and thank you, play ball and go to bed. After that there was no end to what they expected me to do. My owners were on a telephone party line so when the phone would ring two long rings it was up to me to tell them it was for them. I don't know what they did before I came along as that cat was certainly no help. I'd bark when someone would drive up the lane, if a stranger came in I'd growl until I was told it was O.K. I had to chase the chickens and kittens away from the house, let me tell you I worked my paws to the bone! I was on 24 hour alert. When company came to visit the family, at 11:00 p.m. I'd bring our my blanket and sit by the door because that was our bed-time and time for them to go home. Besides I had to get four people up early every morning all at different times.

My family thought it was cute when they would gather together in the evening to say their prayers, that I would fold my paws and bow my head. They thought I was just being good but I was really saying my own prayer that went like this.....

"Bless the house I live in Lord the one that I call home  
The people there who really care, a family all my own  
Bless the little children who snuggle me to sleep  
Their little eyes so sweet and wise, that laugh and sometimes weep  
Bless the mistress of the home, a wife and loving mother  
She sometimes brings me doggie treats, to me there is no other  
Bless the master good and kind, he calls me 'man's best friend'  
But oh the names they give us Lord, like Buttons (that's from Ken)  
No one will ever know how I stopped to catch my breath  
The day they saw me at the pound as I faced a certain death  
I love my little family Lord, they're all the world you see  
You'd have to be a dog to know, how lucky I am, Me!"

Then one day Lori moved out of the house. I was really upset about that but she told me she was getting married and she'd come to visit me. I tried to warn her about what happened to my mother but I guess Lori didn't understand. One day she brought a real little person over to see me whom they called Stephen. He was cute but he didn't even have a fur coat to keep him warm and he was smaller than me! Later on they brought home another little person and they called him Timothy and he was even smaller than the first one!

Then my owners moved to another farm. Darren didn't move with us and neither did that stupid cat; I think they both got a job some place. It was lonely at first as I had to stay home alone all day while my owners went to work. Sometimes I went along and stayed at Grandma's house but usually that meant I was getting a hair cut.

One day the lady, Marvelyn, went away for a long time. Ken said she went to a hospital and that when she came home I'd have to take care of her and to keep her company. She did come home finally and then she slept on a very hard board in the family room. Boy was that uncomfortable, but I stuck with it even though my back was killing me! I slept on that hard bed with her for three months before we both finally got back to our own bed. She couldn't walk so I had to answer the door, greet visitors, show them where the coffee pot was, tell them when to leave plus listen for the telephone. But the worst part was having to eat Ken's cooking some of which wasn't fit for a dog to eat! We finally made it through that ordeal and I thought things would get back to normal when a few months later we had to go through the same thing again.

I had lots of fun adventures over the years as we would all go camping and holiday vacations. I even went to Alaska once, that was fun, especially when they put a german shephard dog tag on me so I could get across the border. It worked though! Those times were especially enjoyable as that darn cat wasn't allowed to come along!

Now I was getting older, 17 years by man's years, but 119 years dog age. I was starting to tire more easily and I had arthritis in my legs. I stepped in front of a truck once and got hit because I could neither see or hear the truck. I had led a very full and interesting life and was ready to go to doggie heaven. I will always be thankful for the family I had to live with and I hope they will have fond memories of me.

The Lord also gave us some Finches

This is another one of my memoirs, to read more, go to <http://burningbushcrusades.com/> and click on memoirs.

Bro. Ken