

Shiloh's Tale - In the beginning.....2009

We decided to have puppies as the timing felt so right,
With late spring babies profiting from summer warmth and light,
My little princess honed and toned at three years and a half,
Could entertain with antics guaranteed to make you laugh.
But her effervescent "Joie de Vivre" and independent spirit,
Would mask a softer, gentler side whose presence did her merit,



The fact that she was sometimes deaf to whistle and command,
And wholly reticent in will to follow on demand,
Didn't seem important in the greater plan and scheme,
Just something I should work on with a resolute regime,
But even though her pedigree was rife with names in red,
I couldn't quite dispel a doubt that whispered through my head,
This gorgeous breed of noble dogs with temperaments of gold,
Weren't thought to be so reckless or so madcap or so bold?



Biddable? Yes certainly - with biscuits in my hand,
But void of treat or tasty meat her actions were unplanned,
And everything about this bitch was buxom, big and brash,
Peroxide blonde and in your face, like redneck trailer trash!
And though her social skills were lacking polish and finesse,
I didn't want to clip her wings or liveliness suppress!
So long and hard I studied lines and gene pools from the past,
Thank God for Eileen's database the beauty of Standfast,
I trawled the net and websites of our most respected breeders,
I talked to friends and made my choice and gently put out feelers,
And finally though some months late, the tell tale signs were there,
The constant "play hump" twixt my girls and tail stiff in the air,
But counting days and sexual play were hardly scientific,
We ran a tab, at Larry's Lab and samples were prolific!



So with ovulation at it's peak we loaded up the car,
My newly shampooed "Diva" looking like a movie star,
What hopes and dreams I entertained as hour on hour were passed,
When finally, late afternoon, we reached their home at last,
I found a massive empty field to let her run and stretch,
She emptied out her bladder and we played a game of fetch,
Then as we turned to saunter back and satisfy my dreams,
I watched her as her shoulder dropped and gave a high pitched scream!
Now mostly in their toiletry a fox he goes alone,
But I swear a group had gathered here - a mighty steaming dome!
Her head, her neck, her shoulders - flowing through her ribs and thigh,
Were caked in evil pungent muck that really stung my eyes.
I tried in vain to clean her up - two jumbo packs of wipes,
I cried in sheer frustration at her rank bedraggled sight,





I hoped my lovely host would simply take it in her stride,
And the heady musk of oestrus even fox sh*te couldn't hide,
And sure enough, magnificent, professional to the last,
This stunning studs reaction proved he'd gladly join the cast,
But here the story deviates from what you'd think would be,
And shocked a newbie like myself at tactics we would see,
You'd think a torture chamber had been rigged to give her hell,
When all this perfect stud had tried was just to scent her smell!
She howled and yowled, she yipped and yelled, she wouldn't let him near,
Her tail once flying flag like high was clamped tight to her rear!
My bawdy blonde and floozy flirt, my trollop, tease and tart,
Was having naught to do with sex - she wouldn't play her part,
She turned and squared herself full on, she bared her teeth for real,
I feared she'd rip his throat to bits, her tension tight to feel,
And so I let emotion rule, I wouldn't tie or muzzle,
And disappointment over spilled - it surely was a puzzle,
And even though my room was booked to try again next day,
I high tailed home to lick my wounds and let her have her way!!



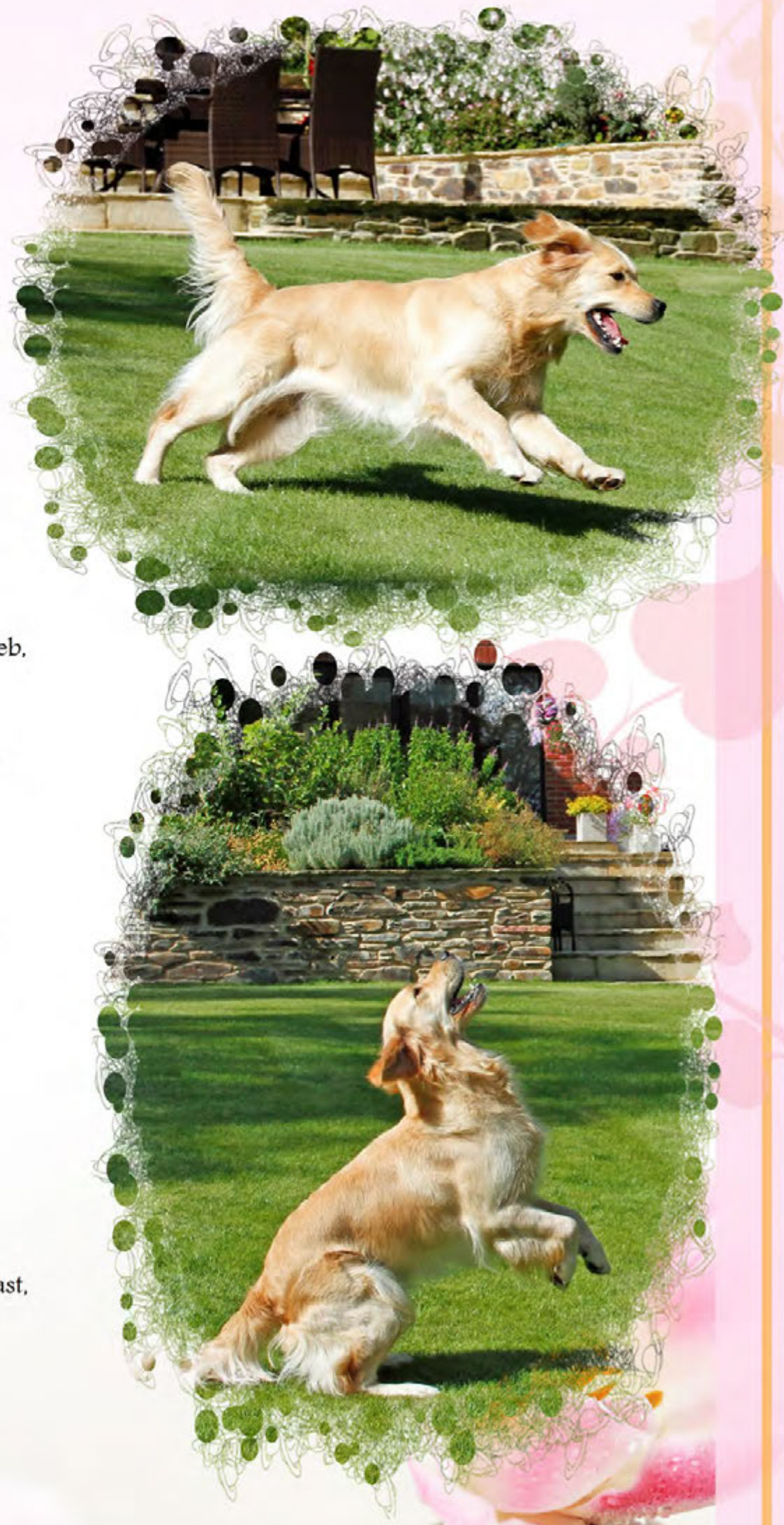








And thus I pondered long and hard her reticence to mate,
And put it down to "cussedness" and vagaries of fate!
Her cycles were irregular, oft times just once a year,
So chances of a litter soon had all but disappeared.
We tried to mate her once again as nature had intended,
But Shiloh she has other thoughts her virtue she defended!
So throwing caution to the wind, on fledgling wing and prayer,
I'd find a way to "turkey baste" this wayward mulish mare,
Expenses were exorbitant and carriage quite absurd,
To fly a cryogenics tank half way around the world,
But once again the fates conspired to sabotage this show,
For when she needed "seeing to" the land was locked in snow!
So thoughts now turned to Luscious Luce, we'd try for pups in Feb,
But once again the powers that be had other thoughts instead.
And so another six months passed and Lucy came to stay,
T'was hoped she'd come in season while her owners were away.
The planning was meticulous, the timing quite intense,
One litter should be going as the other whelp commenced,
But why would luck be on my side and fortune smiling sweet,
When year on year she'd found a way to always have me beat,
And true to form and character and lacking soul or heart,
Commencement of their seasons fell just two short days apart!
And hereby lay the thorny crux, to mate just one or two?
If Shiloh did her usual no puppies would ensue,
But God forbid a double dose, the irony and ire,
Two litters would be sacrilege and baptism of fire!
So I wrestled my predicament and thought I'd go for broke,
Knowing I'd be criticised by certain "breeding folk"
And when ovulation reached its peak and two more days had past,
I journeyed up the motorway both furious and fast.





RUMOUR



YOGI

T'was "rumoured" that a bonny boy with looks of burnished gold,
Had winning ways with wayward girls both vigorous and bold!
He didn't care she fussed and fought and played the drama queen,
He didn't give a tinker's toss her looks were dark and mean,
For in the hands of expertise there were no seeds of doubt,
Her reticence was simply viewed as one who mucked about!
And one who'd got the upper hand on previous attempts,
On account of suspect plumbing with near vertical ascent!
Much thought and deep discussion was the order of the day,
With me a non participant my role was just to pray,
"Less is more" initially was thought the way ahead,
But quickly changed when viewing what her body language said!
Tactical manoeuvring with military precision,
Solidarity and unity, the ultimate decision,
Professional and orderly they duly took their stations,
Precise, consise and practised in this skillful operation.
Her muzzled head was firmly held, two experts at her tail,
Another held her forelegs - how in God's name could they fail?
And me? well I had orders!.....to quietly park my bum,
To watch and learn some husbandry while strictly keeping mum!

And as this dashing handsome dude, this stud dog started humping,
My stomach was in free fall and my heart it was a thumping!
But as as been predicted when the two were truly tied,
T'was like my feisty platinum blond gave out a weary sigh,
All the bluster and bravado and the tension slipped away,
My buxom, bad assed maiden bitch was finally "making hay!!!!"
Would she ever look at me again with faith and trust and love?
Intrinsically connected like a hand within a glove?
Well later on that evening, as she lay upon the rug,
She gave a look of tenderness and snuggled for a hug!
And as her nose soft settled for a stroke upon my knee,
If she could speak, I swear she'd say - "You've done the best by me"
Next day there was a union, the following a third,
All sense of fear and fight and flight had left this feisty bird,
And though the mammoth journey home, four hundred miles and more,
Left me weary, stiff and saddle sore and jaded to the core,
I smiled in recollection at predictions from "The Broads"
"She isn't leaving Norfolk, till we've Rumour pups on board!"



LOLA



DEPUTY



SCOUT



I thought I'd have a breathing space, a day or two at least,
Before our next assignment with a stud dog to the east,
So imagine my frustration having spent one night in bed,
When Lucy's readings from the Lab said, "GO!! - this is CODE RED!"
Ten minutes and two phone calls was all it took to take,
The start of Lucy's journey and the babies she would make,
And here it seems the Gods did smile, my girls were chalk and cheese,
'Cos Lucy she was hot to trot - a floozie if you please!
And what a sight this bonny pair, t'was poetry in motion,
To watch them dance in union - in love and deep devotion!
And so the waiting game began my girls had been well matched,
And five short weeks would tell us whether puppies had been hatched,
A little morning sickness and an age old breeder's trick,
Augured well the outcome with the tell tale hair loin flick!
An ultrasound of course confirmed two litters in the making,
And waiting lists were promptly closed, so many was I taking,
Lovely peopled travelled far to meet us and the "Crew"
A stringent vetting process meant idyllic homes ensued!
How blessed I feel with friendships that were forged in bands of gold,
Before these perfect people even had their pup to hold!



Shiloh was gargantuan immense in loin and girth,
So betting on high numbers was the form before their birth,
Lucy in comparison was dainty, lithe and fine,
Designer bump accessory, delectably divine,
Two nights before the main event I thought I'd sleep down stairs,
But wished I'd chose a better bed than one pumped up by air,
Not much sleep was gained that night, nor in the evening after,
My newly purchased "Z" Bed was a dreamless sleep's disaster!
Any thought of sleep was gone as we approached the third,
As Shiloh's first stage labour proved protracted and absurd,
She huffed and puffed, she groaned and growled,
She paddled and she panted,
If looks could kill, I'd fit the bill, - her love for me recanted,
When thirty hours from the start, contractions upped a scale,
And finally a bloody sac emerged beneath her tail,
My buxom blonde, my platinum rose, my gutsy peachy pearl,
Had whelped in text book harmony a perfect baby girl!



She swiftly tore the membrane skin and deftly chewed the cord,
And tiny little squeaks confirmed this puppy was on board,
A miracle for me to view the sanctity of birth,
The wholly priceless process, the immensity and worth,
A privilege to witness this, to watch her gently whelp,
Her instincts sound and actions keen, she didn't need my help,
Enough to know my soothing voice and calming hand was near,
To softly give encouragement and pacify her fears,
Her look of love and tenderness and fierce maternal pride,
Eight puppies sucking lustily while nestled at her side,
But sadly as their sometimes is, there was one pup born late,
Who crossed the bridge ahead of time before one breath she'd make.
But Shiloh took to motherhood like feathered ducks to water,
Besotted with three bonny boys, delighted with five daughters!
But two days into motherhood, her temperature was critical,
A racing heart and swollen teats and posture that was pitiful,
The vet proclaimed just two more points would justify a drip,
And so another sleepless night to mitigate this trip,
Wet and freezing towels were draped from head down to her tail,
And through it all the puppies fed both vigorous and hale,
And finally by noon next day the vicious fever broke,
And Shiloh she responded to the comfort of a stroke.



And what of Lucy you might say? As surely she was close?
Closer than we ever thought and quieter than most!
Happy with her whelping den, all cosy soft and warm,
Quite content to settle down, the calm before the storm,
So as I heaved a weary sigh that Shiloh's drama passed,
I bent to sit beside my Luce but jumped up swift and fast,
The vet bed it was warm and wet - I saw a soft contraction,
And knew with utter certainty the outcome of this action,
And sure enough within the hour devoid of fuss or stress,
My little lovely calmly bore a darling sweet princess,
By now I am completeley wiped, exhausted, drained and wired,
Emotions frayed, with no reserve, depleted, spent and tired,
I understood why Eskimo's had twenty words for snow,
As nothing in our dictionary comes close to truly show,
The magnitude of tiredness - the havoc that it wreaks
And how a body functions being sleep deprived all week!
But little could I dream or know of what would lie ahead,
How once again that none of us would spend that night in bed.





Four hours passed with nothing more although she tried her best,
So intervention by the vet was needed for the rest,
Once again she calmly stood and bore examination,
But furrowed brow and thoughtful stance confirmed his consternation,
Tucked up high and blocking all he felt a massive pup,
And now we needed expertise and genius and luck,
Ninety minutes later after brute manipulation,
Out emerged a bloody mess and monstrous aberration,
It seemed that in the eerie quiet and silence of us all,
That time stood still to let our brains compute with what we saw,
"What the ****!!" expletive exploded in the air.....
But all the vet could muster was a helpless puzzled stare.



When suddenly my vision moved to something on the floor,
Squirming on a blood soaked fleece a pup was by her paw,
This tiny mite had slithered out behind the huge obstruction,
Angry, noisy, mobile scrap - diminutive construction!
And as we offered her to Luce for clearing and attention,
Another puppy slithered out amongst the hypertension!
Seven minutes later and the tally numbered four,
Ignominious arrivals on a blood bespattered floor,
My little stoic trooper, my courageous fearless girl,
Had bore her tiny litter in a tempest and a whirl!
But once again the Gods conspired to shock us by decree,
An Xray of my little babe revealed another three!!
God knows where she'd hidden them, petite and lithe and fine,
Incredulous that what she'd whelp would really total nine,
We waited in the surgery for one more tiny puppy,
Then headed home at 5.00am believing we were lucky,
Hungry, scrawny, vocal mites, their high pitched cries acute,
Were added by another who was born within the boot!



But Lucy kept us waiting for the final count and score,
And to my everlasting shame I slept twice on the floor,
When finally at 8.00am - twelve hours from the start,
She started pushing earnestly and damn near broke my heart,
This little golden gorgeous girl was valiant and brave,
She didn't shirk commitment or maternal duties waive,
She'd whelped the monstrous "Walrus Pup" four times the size of one,
And still produced four daughters and four perfect tiny sons,
And so began a way of life both rich in rhythm and rhyme,
An all consuming passion and a blatant thief of time,
An endless round of feeding at the milkbar from the dams,
Who we topped up with warm goats milk, Manuka and Complian,
A menu that was fit for kings, roast chicken, lamb and fish,
And scrambled eggs and rare roast beef were favourites in their dish.





My "Z" bed was a haven now, a place where I'd collapse,
To charge depleted batteries with short sharp power naps,
We had a simple routine in those first few days and weeks,
The signal for a pee break was a lick upon my cheek!
The first twelve days they nursed apart in splendid isolation,
A time for bonding with their babes in awe and adoration,
But while they were both separate, I needed nightly help,
So drew upon the kindness's of those who'd help me whelp,
My dear and darling other half, my soul mate and my rock,
Would meet me on the graveyard shift resplendent in bed socks,
"I've seen you looking better love - thank God you scrub up well,
Let's give these girls their midnight feast and head back to our cells!"
And gentle Jo, our Lucy's "mum" enjoyed her puppy sitting,
A magical nocturnal joy she didn't mind admitting,
Both maiden mums were natural, so competent and calm,
And we knew from interaction that they'd ne'er do other harm,
So twelve days into motherhood their litters were combined,
A dedicated nursery of love and peace of mind.



The laundry was formidable, an endless thankless chore,
A dozen daily tub loads were a necessary bore,
But sixteen little butterballs, defenceless, deaf and blind,
Were ample compensation for the drudgery and grind,
Sixteen perfect pretty pups who ranged from blonde to gold,
Sixteen precious cherished babes a privilege to hold,
I made myself a promise that before they journeyed on,
I'd know the little characters of each and every one,
And though I was meticulous in marks of recognition,
With brightly coloured varnish in the age old tried tradition,
It wasn't long at all before I knew them all by sight,
Even little murmured squeaks I heard throughout the night,
Little "Red" would sometimes cry - he was a Lucy pup,
But hushed just like a new born babe when he was cradled up,
Often he would sleep with me tucked up beneath my chin,
As happy with his human mum as canine kith and kin,
I think it was three weeks in time before the great escape,
With Mr "Green" the first to make his bid for freedom's sake,
The bonny "Squire" big and bold as bomb proof as they come,
A gentle giant amongst his peers, rambunctious and fun!







And so the final move was made from creche into the kitchen,
With neither mum remotely fussed which puppy was a pitchin',
Attendance at the mobile bar was almost on a rota,
With all my little darlings having full and filling quotas,
The Christmas tree was brightly dressed - the garlands decked in ribbons,
A warm and cosy festive feel, a bit like Charlie Dickens!
Endless rounds of visitors from very young to old,
The benefits and welfare to the puppies were twofold,
Well used to household noise and smells, the hustle and the bustle,
Well used to fending for themselves within a playful scuffle,







KELSEY



REILLY









TUMBLE





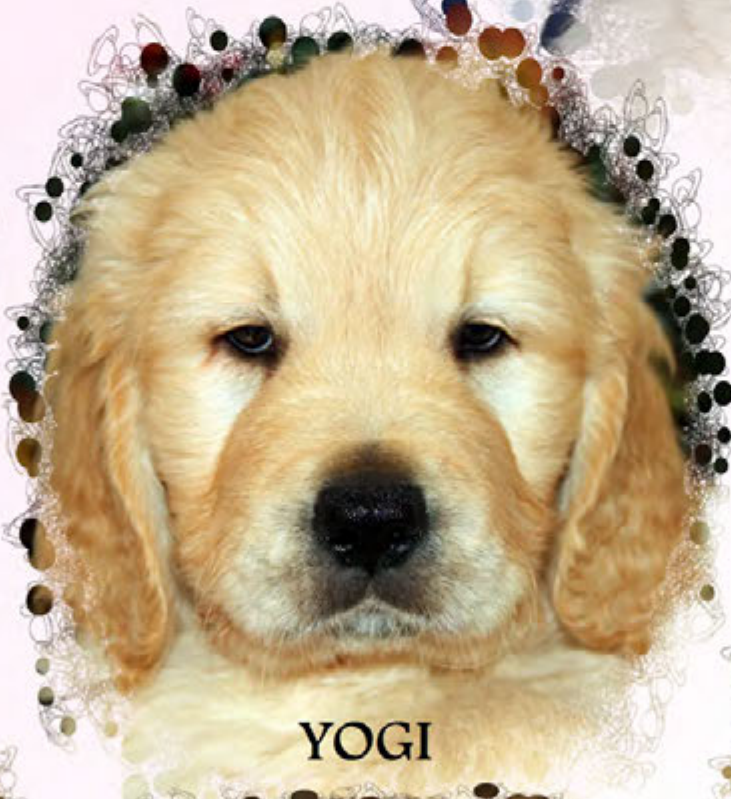


KELSEY





Reilly in her Gandma's cap was utterly besotted,
And lavished love and warmth and care to pups she was allotted,
Kelsey as a maiden aunt - her role was come what may,
Clearly in her element to simply watch and play,
Lola was a drama queen a diva in disguise,
A look of wicked merriment in dark and dancing eyes,
Yogi was a tearaway a comic Keystone Cop,
Unruly little dynamo with fluff ball carrot top,
Ella was a thoughtful pup, considered kind and wise,
Looking from the outside in through soft and soulful eyes,
Sadie had a confidence, both self assured and able,
As if she knew her pretty paws were tucked beneath our table,
Little bonny Bailey and her brother Deputy,
Fine tuned the perfect double act to guarantee from me,
Focus and attention in the melee and the scrum,
When all around was mayham sitting stock still on their bums!





DEPUTY



YOGI



Scout she was the sweetest love who captured all our hearts,
Enchanting and adorable my tasty treacle tart,
Polly, Pops and Poppy Sweet, three gorgeous puppy "graces"
Whimsical with winning ways and winsome melting faces,
Milo, quite delectable a handsome dashing dude,
Who quivered with excitement when we gave them proper food!
Raw, organic Angus steak, fine minced into a pulp,
Disappeared in record time in frantic sucks and gulps!



POLLY



SCOUT





MILO



POLLY



MILO



POPPY "POPS" - Nottingham



BAILEY



BAILEY



POLLY



POPPY - Feock



POPPY - Feock



POLLY





KELSEY



Ollie his compatriot - a mirror image double,
Mischief making chunky hunk and harbinger of trouble!
Holly with her platinum coat and velvet limpet eyes,
Possessed a grace and beauty that you couldn't really hide,
Tumble was a bonny boy his happiness assured,
To live the rural idyll twixt the splendour of the moors,
But Zadoc was the little man who took my breath away,
The jewel within a diamond crown who very nearly stayed,
Each family was asked to make their preference of two,
And colours were recorded from the chosen rainbow hue,
But careful observation and a watchful beady eye,
Meant I truly knew their favoured choice and thus I'd really try,
To guarantee they got the pup they secretly desired,
A match in suitability I hopefully aspired!



OLLIE



Ollie's first kiss from Sophie!



TUMBLE



HOLLY



OLLIE



And as the time grew nearer when my puppies would depart,
A bittersweet complexity unfolded in my heart,
I knew we'd done the best by them, we couldn't give them more,
But how my home would echo in the absence of their paws,
But true to every golden trait this gorgeous breed possess,
Transition of their ownership was smooth without duress,
Emotional? Yes certainly, and not without some tears,
But knowing they had super homes allayed so many fears,
And knowing of the happiness these golden pups would make,
Meant handing over bountiful and easier to take,
So thank you for your updates, for your pictures and your news,
Anecdotal funny snippets which I love to read and muse,
Please hold them tight and hug them hard and whisper in their ears,
I'll hold forever in my heart my "Calacarey Dears!"



ZADOC



ZADOC



SQUIRE



And here are some of my pups all grown up! Thank you so much for your visits - it is always fabulous to reconnect with these beautiful fur babes!

Ollie



Ollie



Yogi & Sadie



Yogi

Scout



Deputy



Poppy "Finnerty"

Deputy





My Beautiful Sadie!

