

The Perfect Child

By **Ted Slupik**

AS TOLD BY LIZZY

As an only dog, I was surprised when my owners brought home Sophie, a large rough coated collie. She seemed the perfect dog; gentle, loyal, sensitive, and obedient. As new siblings, we spent nine years together. At the time of my story, Sophie had just turned age 7 and I was 15. We were both now senior dogs.

Sophie was my “little” sister, perfectly behaved, and *never* got into trouble. She was the favored child, the celebrity, the superstar. I taught her the boundaries and rules of the house. As I was always with her, I can tell you what really happened when no one was around.

Although an ideal therapy dog and companion, Sophie did develop one bad habit as she got older. She loved cardboard and if she found any, she would chew it up. Initially it was in very small pieces and of course, I got blamed. But her appetite for the forbidden treat grew and with me being only 5 pounds, my humans knew that it could not possibly be me. It had to be 65 pound Sophie, but she would never get caught or own up to it.

She started small by eating tissue boxes. She would remove the tissues, push them to the side, and devour the box. One time she took a box of antique bone china tea cups and saucers, removed them all from the box along with the newspaper wrappings, placed the cups and saucers on the floor as if setting up for a tea party and ate the box!. Boy, were my humans mad! It sure looked like Sophie was the guilty party but no one was able to catch her in the act. My day of vindication was finally about to come!

One day, a Hewlett Packard printer toner box left on the floor of the office



Lizzy and Sophie. Photo by Ted Slupik.

was emptied and the cartridge was set aside by Sophie. The blue and purple box was eaten. For the next three days, Sophie’s poop was multicolored.

I was finally proven innocent! Sophie was given a time-out in her room for her actions. From that day forward when our humans came home, if Sophie did anything bad her ears would go back and she would go to her room all by herself before even being spoken to. No door or gate would be even necessary. She finally admitted to her crime and imposed her own sentence until she was asked; “are you going to be a good girl”? Her response was to come prancing out, wagging her tail in apology, and then go about her way. 🐾

Lizzy was a long haired Chihuahua that lived a rich 16-1/2 years after getting a second chance at age 9. Lizzy’s Fund provides all vet, grooming, dental, and even the adoption fees for seniors, aged 7 or older. Find out more or make a donation at lizzysfund.org. You can also Like her on [Facebook](#) or follow her on [Instagram](#).

