

## Puddles

I had a dog named “Puddles”. He went everywhere with me. Puddles got his name from the daughter of one of mother’s friends. She claimed, “that’s what he does on the floor”. He loved going to the lake. Anytime we said him, “do you want to go to the lake,” he would jump up and down and wag his stump of a tail.



**Puddles, me, and my mom on the terrace**

Puddles was, mostly, a cocker spaniel. He loved to be at the lake, but he was not inclined to go into the water. Most of his experiences with water involved us throwing him into the lake. He really didn’t like it when I would run down the dock and dive into the water. Many times he would nip at my heels as I ran to the end of the dock. I guess he didn’t think I should be going into the water either. He did, however, love riding in the boat and would eagerly leap into the boat if he thought he was going for a ride.

He loved to roll in dead fish if he found one on the shoreline. This made him especially odious to us. We would then chastise him by saying, “phew! you stink.” He would shake and shiver as though he were having a panic attack, but we couldn’t get him into the lake. He had to be forcibly moved to the sink or lake and hand washed.

One time I rowed across the lake with Puddles to the point across from our camp. When I returned I had forgotten to bring Puddles with me. When I got back to the dock I looked back, and there was puddles - swimming across the bay toward home. He arrived none the less for wear and left me with a guilty conscience. I think that’s the only time he went into the lake voluntarily.

There used to be a small apple grove at the head of Shorewood Estates. The trees were being crowded out by other growth, but they would produce a few scrawny apples which was enough to attract partridges. Puddles was a bird dog, and when I was older and had a shotgun we would go up the road hunting for grouse. One day he flushed a partridge. Though I didn't get a shot, I heard a bang. The bird ran headfirst into the side of a small cabin in the trees and broke its neck. The one thing Puddles was not good at was retrieving; he just came back to me with no bird. I had to go retrieve it myself.