

The noble art of having puppies.

There is no reason in having a kennel-name if you don't breed. We started.

First attempt.

We have been seeing this absolutely super male. His body shape looked like something that would fit our Thea.

He was a blue merle and Thea is tricolor – this could give us some beautiful puppies.



We contacted the owner and we made a deal. Next time Thea was ready we were welcome to visit her.

Thea started looking ready. We loaded the caravan and the dogs and left for Sweden. The male lived north of Göteborg – a 300-miles trip.

We chose Sweden – because of the male, and because we have to go through Sweden anyway, when we want to visit the other parts of Denmark.

We entered Sweden, had a nice stay (including midsummer at the caravan-site). We visited the male, made a couple of attempts, and we thought..... But, no puppies.

Bad luck – they looked like a nice couple.



Second attempt.

We had some considerations. Had the trip been too long, had we been stressing Thea?

Now it looked like Emma was ready for a boyfriend (she is a zobel).

We loaded the caravan and went off, looking for a nice stud, this time in Denmark.

We reached Kennel Poulsgaard, stayed there for a week, but no luck.

But we had a fine holiday.

Thirth attempt.

We considered. Was it too stressful traveling with the dogs? But there are no interesting males here on the island.

Maybe we could buy one ourselves.

Anyway. Maria was to be communicated. Some of our friends had a

nice male. We suggested Maria that while the humans were partying indoors the dogs could party outdoors.

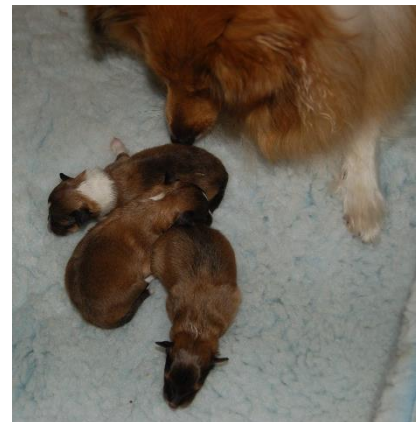


Big surprise – the 14-year old girl doesn't think that is funny.

Instead Lotte og Kurt (Kennel Elverlamshuset) left with Emma, and she went on holiday at their kennel along with Elverlamshuset's Frodo, a nice but young male.

They had a nice time and we picked her up. Now we just had to wait.

In May we can see all the signs, our little Emma is pregnant. A week before the great day we make her a box in the sleeping room, the other three dogs are very jealous.



She looks more and more ready, temperature rising, and then falling again, no rising.

Thursday 12 of may she wants to be alone in her box. Later we can see, that she has dropped a unfinished foster. Off to the vet emidiatly. We arrived at 10 in the evening.

The vet made an x-ray, and we could see at least 3 big puppies. We had a choise, medicin to stimulate ore cesarean.

We chose the cesarean. Even though she looked like a lady, who could stand a borth, she had been in labor for 4-5 hours, and we would not risk to loose her.



Emma had her anesthesia and the vet, who was alone on the clinic, instructed Ulla and Leif. We should play the part as nurses – Maria wanted – at first – to stay outside.

The operation went well, we had 3 living puppies and another dead.

When the first puppie was borne and cried for the first time, Maria showed up and joined in. We all cleaned puppies, sucking there noses, injected them and placed them in there first bed.

The vet sew her together, looked at her watch, and showed all sigh of relief – 5 minuts before midnight, we had reached the birth before friday 13.

Then she counted the stiches, 13 stiches. She took the needle again and made an extra. Even though you don't believe in that stuff it can't hurt.

The puppies were laying in there bed – a cardboard box, a couple of towels and 2 large bottles filled with hot water. Emma was pretty dizzy.

We left to drive home. The puppies wanted food, we had to help cause Emma was still dizzy.

After a while Maria was ready for bed, Ulla and Leif spend the rest of the night looking at the miracle.

Next morning – Emma was fit for fight. The puppies had some pouf, they had a serious cleaning and some food – Emma had become a mother. A new part of our life with the dogs had started.

Puppies – and?

A new reality – we had puppies. 2 girls – 200 gram (7 oz) and 1 boy at little smaller.





Emma was a little impractical. She preferred to lie on her stomach while feeding the puppies. The girls could squeeze in, both we had to help the boy.

Puppie-living.

Emma had her box in the sleeping room, and we made a fence, one part of the house was reserved Emma and the puppies, the other 3 dogs had to stay out.

By the way – during Emma’s pregnancy we had bought a nice little tricolor male, he was introduced in the house the week before.

The first couple of days Emma was alone, she went to the garden to do her things and then hurried back.





Selling puppies.

We knew we would have to sell some of the puppies. But we also knew that one of them had to stay – our first litter.

We had to make a quick decision because a couple of days after the birth, we were contacted. Inge wanted to buy one of the girls.

She had 2 shelties (2 years old), and our kennel-friends knew her, so we did not worry – she could have one of the girls.

But then we had to decide which one, and it is not easy to pick between puppies only 1 week old.

We made a choice – and thereby we had sold our first puppie.

The first litter demands names starting with an A. But Inge wanted her dog to be named Fenja (a Nordic god) because her two other dogs were named from the Nordic mythology.



We made a compromise, the puppy was named Kennel Teamshelties Allorførste Fenja (Allorførst = First). We had our A and Inge had her F.

Next problem – naming the others. Many proposals, they were named Andrea and Aslan. Both names from books we had read putting Maria to sleep.



Fenja was sold, Andrea should stay, what about Aslan?

We advertised in the Sheltie-paper, several wanted to buy – we decided that Morten and his familie should buy.

[Puppie-living continued.](#)

It had been a great experience the first 8 weeks. Big worries, big relief, great happiness.

And then:

Help! The puppies are crying. Oh, they want real food.

Help! The puppies are crying again. Oh they want to play on the

floor.

Help! The puppies are crying again. Oh they want to go back in the box.

Many, many Help's.

The puppies has gradually expanded there area, and Emma has gradually redrawn. The other dogs has gradually converged.

Highlights?

- Taking a newborne puppy in your hands and seeing it come to life and make its first sound
- Lying the whole night just looking at the newborn
- Observing Emma become a mother
- Seeing the eyes for the first time
- Picking up a puppy, the first time it succeded in crawling (dropping) out of the box
- Observing them expand, play and fight
- The first time on the grass
- The first time.....
- The first time.....



Many great moments.

Off to go.

8 weeks is a short time.

We had promised to deliver the puppies, we had to go to Sjælland anyway.

On a trip like that, you are never alone – 3 beautiful grown-up dogs, 1 10-week old puppy and 3 8-week old puppies. Every one we meet wanted to talk, watch, feel.

First stop was at Mortens place, goodbye Aslan.

Next stop Kennel Elverlamshuset.

Here we should meet Inge. We spend a little time together, then she was off to Ebeltoft, and we could relax in the good company of Lotte and Kurt.



Will we try again?

Yes – we think.

It has been a great experience watching the first 8 weeks of a dog's life. And we found out – even though we live in the periphery of Denmark, we can sell the dogs.

We must have done something right – we heard that Fenja instantly joined in with her 2 shelties, and Aslan stepped into character regarding to the family-cat. Aslan rules the ground floor, the cat lives on the 1. Floor.

Not so bad for a starter.

Yes, we will probably have more Kennelsheltie-puppies.

