

SOFIERO 2005
- international hundedebut



Prelude.

It has nothing to do in order to beauty competition, but last week we joined a herding course at Ditte and Christian.



They had contacted an instructor, we had to try.

The course proceeded in small steps. The dogs were not super excited – but they accepted to try playing with the woolly things.

It seems like fun, but it's difficult if you don't have your own sheep.



Sofiero.

Next stop – beauty contest in Sofiero, Sweden. Our international debut.

We booked a room at the hostel nearby, nice place and they were ok with the dogs.

We started preparing mentally to the next day, to the competition along with 4.000 other dogs.

First day.

Luckily we started early.

There was a very intensive vet-control before entering the show.

We got through, and found the competition rings. Unfortunately we had to attend 2 different places.

Tent, fences, grooming table, beautybox, food, chairs – and ourself and the dogs.

Let the show begin.





Problem no. 1. There was a risk that Maria and Ulla had to compete in 2 different places at the same time. We started at Ulla's competition-ring, and went back and forth to check when Maria's competition would start.

Ulla and Emma were among the first – 7 junior-bitch's.



Nice dogs. Emma was not fond of showing the teeth to the judge, but she had her excellent (red ribbon).

Next she was the best in the group.





Then Maria and Thea. 17 bitches in competition, excellent and nr. 4 – we are satisfied.

Then Ulla and Emma again to the best in race competition. The judge must have been blind – he couldn't see Emma was the best.

But anyhow – we were very satisfied.

One less funny episode occurred. We meet the judge

from our trip to Esbjerg earlier in the year, just before Maria should enter the ring.

She felt free to tell Maria (12 years old) that she and her dog did not stand a chance, her dog was too small, too



english looking. Maria was pretty chocked, but her reply was: "Noone tells me my dog is ugly".

We told some friends in the sheltie-club, and the judge has never been judging dogs in the club again.



Then Ulla and Emma had to attend the ring again, still not best in the breed, but we were happy.

Final step is junior-handling, Maria and Thea are ready. It was a very serious judgement from a Polish lady. No. 6 in her group – good result.





The work is done, the rest of the time we want to see the other dogs, relax, eat and return to the hostel.

A lovely day.



Second day.

First question, would we be able to enter for free, using our exhibition number from the day before?

A fixed gaze, at firm hand on the leash, we entered for free.

We spend the day looking at dogs – then we were told, a new junior-competition would take place. Maria – of course – wanted to participate.

While we were waiting we looked at flowers in the huge garden.

We chose one of the arenas, trying to get hold of what was going on, but it was confusing entering in the middle of a competition.



Time for the juniorcompetition. A new judge and new rounds in the arena.

Emma was watching from ringside.

Maria did fine. Number 4 – and, to our big surprise, an invitation to the Championship for Southern Sweden, and a chance to join the national championship.



We went to the big arena to watch the finals, very exciting and crazy, watching and talking to people about dogs, dogs and dogs.

We reached the ferry, at storm was coming up – not funny. The dogs wanted to lie in our arms the whole trip.

Epilog.

We returned to Denmark with prizes, an invitation to championship and a lot of experiences.

We had – as a family – some lovely days.

We ended in the middle of the big Danish sheltiefight – English or American type of shelties.

Who knows – maybe this brought us our next dog – a blue sheltie.

Tove – top breeder in Denmark – decided we were OK and offered us the next blue bitch from her kennel.

Short time after we followed the birth on the e-mail: one blue male, another blue male, then another blue male and the finish – no wait a blue bitch.

To males to sell, one male to keep, and the bitch – she is ours.

