

En fantastisk dyr € historie.

Efteråret 2005

A short explanation:

In Danish the word "dyr" means animal. The word "dyre" means expensive. Therefore the title: "En fantastisk dyr(e) historie" can mean: A fabulous animal history" or it can mean: A fabulous expensive history.

The story starts here.

In July 2005 we had to put Ronja down. She was quite blunt, more than normal, even though the heat and the maturity.

Thursday she would not go for a walk – we decided to call the vet and made an appointment on Wednesday, but in the evening things went out worse.

We made another call, the vet Anette responded, she would go to the clinic, and we left. We feared it could be volvulus.

We arrived at the clinic in Aakirkeby. Ronja was very happy, she loved visiting the vet, but soon it became serious.

Anette could not stabilize Ronja, so she could not perform an examination nor a treatment. In a couple of hours we had to realize Ronja had to be put down.

A terrible sad day.

But!

Life had to go on. We had become a family with one dog for each human. We started a search. We wanted another dog, and we wanted a sheltie, and it would be great if we could find a blue merle.

We considered trying another kennel, we called a couple of kennels in Germany and Sweden, but no one had a blue merle bitch.

We talked to Tove and Lotte (Kennel Poulsgaard and Kennel Elverlamshuset), Tove had put us on her VIP-list of buyers.

13. September tension rises.

Lotte had been talking to Tove in the telephone, a birth had started. We were at the office – Lotte mailed us.

After a while another mail arrived – a blue boy was born.

Another mail – another blue boy, and after a short while – another mail - another blue boy, and then silence.

We quit for the day and left for home, we did a final check at the computer – a mail – a blue bitch, and she looked beautiful and healthy.

We had to relax, the next day we telephoned Tove – she was not at home, but her husband Mogens was babysitting. We put the question – could we?, would they? Maybe?

Yes of course he answered – we had a deal.

Unfortunately we could not visit the puppy, we had to settle for photos and telephone calls.



In the autumn we had a little appointment. Flemming (chairman of the Danish Shetland sheepdog club), Lotte, Tove and us went for a trip to England to watch exhibitions and kennels.

Lotte and us flew from Sturup, Sweden. Tove and Flemming left from Billund, Denmark.

We went to two exhibitions and visited Kennel Ametrichke, and we had some lovely days, with lovely, crazy people. Can you be normal if you go to England to look at Shelties, when your own house is full of Shelties?

At first we wanted to see Cambridge. Beautiful city and the big university.



Next day we visited the exhibition in Huntingdon in Wood Green Animal Shelter, a shelter and animal hospital.

Our conception of English dog owners were: well-dressed ladies, gentlemen in tweed with walking sticks, excellent handling. What we saw was casual dress, sloppy handling and super, super dogs.

A friend from Norway – Finn Helge – arrived, he was to handle some of the dogs.



The shelter was, at the same time, a good and a bad experience.

Nice cages, clean, quiet, a description of each dog, why is the dog at this place, where does the dog come from, what type of home will be a good place. It felt warm to see the good conditions. But so sad reading the stories, watching the dogs waiting for a new owner.





The next day we went to Littelpport, a smaller exhibition, but this time a part of the Sheltie of the Year competition.

Once again, beautyfull dogs from some of the old wellknown kennels of England.

Sheltie of the Year was a show of the best Shelties in England.

We had a chat with a dog which joined the obedience-test.

And then the big teddy-adventure started.

Though, maybe it started in Cambridge.

Maria bought Tove a teddy (Tove always

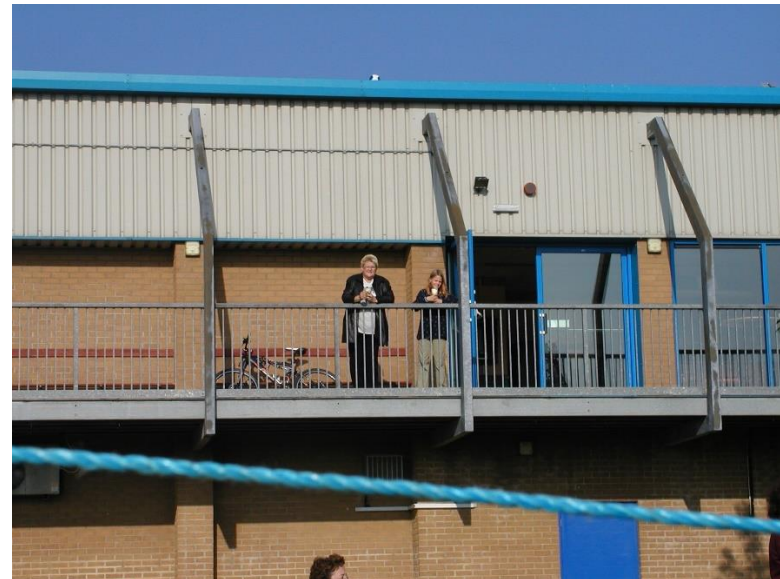
needed teddys for her puppies). Then Tove bought Maria a teddy. At the exhibition in Huntingdon Maria tried her luck in the lottery – bad luck, she turned and left, but the lottery-man threw a teddy in her neck with a big smile.

Then Littleport – new lottery – no luck, but the local cashier immediatly gave her a teddy – “No problem – she’s made my day”.



A certain kind off understanding was developing between Tove and Maria.

The queens posing on the balcony.



Next day – the last day – we went to Kennel Ametrichke. The kennel was placed in a little town near Leeds.

Did we have an expectation like: English contryhouse, green fields at the hillside, and miss Bendelow saying hello at the main staircase inviting for a cup of the?

We came to a little mining city, a large town-house, and a courtyard were the fine, fine dogs shared the place with the cars.



In the kitchen every thing signaled dogs. We entered the living room. Artificial fireplace, pictures af dogs, statues, cups, rosettes and ribbons in every spare place. We had a long, long chat with miss Bendelow.

We were talking dogs, breeding, exhebitions, all things to make a perfect day.

Next morning we had to rice early, reach the airport – home.



We started preparations to fetch our new dog. Once again we were talking about the difficulties finding places to stay overnight, when you are traveling with your dogs.

The talking became serious, and we decided to buy a caravan and pick it up on the trip to Tove.

Tove called us, another puppy was to travel to Bornholm, the owners could not fetch her, could he go with us? Of course he could.



Pick-up-time arrived. Maria, Ulla and Leif took off along with the shelties Thea and Emma.

We stopped at Køge, picked

up our new caravan, and the travel began.

First stop Lotte and Kennel Elverlamshuset, her dogs and the 15 puppies.

A puppy-buyer had just called, her son had changed options, he would rather spend his money on a x-box. Lotte was furious.

She would keep the puppy herself because it looked promising – unless.....

“You can have her” – “No, we have no money” – “Installment”.

We had a good laugh and left. But – it was a lovely little dog.

We dragged through the country – little car big caravan – reached the campsite and tried for the first time to clarify for the night.

It was a beautiful campsite next to Gudenåen (the only river in Denmark).



Next day, off to Kennel Poulsgaard and Tove. We had agreed in a time of arrival, but of course we took a wrong turn and arrived much to late.

We were handed the two puppies – Poulsgaard Be My Snowking and Poulsgaards Be My Hawaian Blue.



Emma and Thea was terrified

One of them sitting on our lap, the other lying on Mogens' shoulders.

We left – pretty much to late – but fortunately we did not know – yet.

We drew off. Nice long lunch-break, sitting in our new caravan, warm coffee, real chairs and tables, playing with the dogs, cleaning after the puppies.

We drew on, Emma and Thea in the back of the car, the two puppies on the backseat, Maria in the middle. Especially Snowman was beyond control.

The backseat became wet, very wet, Maria had to sit straight up all the way.

Reaching Fyn we started worrying about the time and our speed, reaching Sealand we started getting nervous – we had to reach a ferry. Getting in to Sweden we didn't think we had a chance. It would be a problem, because we were not allowed to stay in Sweden with the dogs, we would have to drive back to Denmark.

We telephoned the ferry, a very nice lady told us to wait, she would talk to the captain and explain him about the two puppies. She telephoned back – if we could hurry, the captain would hold back the ferry until we came.

When we arrived, the gates to the harbor were open, the staff waved us by, no ticket-check, the hawsers were thrown. The big catamaran left the harbor before we had left the car.

On board we meet Connie and her 4 Samojede-dogs – let the dog-talking begin.

Home, Naja came visiting us. The new owners of Snowman picked up their dog.

Poulsgaards Be My Hawaiian Blue was given a new name on the boat – Josefine.

The a couple of days socialization.



It's swell having a puppy. Josefine is a fast learner and she is a little bitch with a firm temperament.

At the exhibition in Sofiero, Maria kvalified to attend the Juniorhandling Championship of Southern Sweden.

It took place at the Swedish Puppyexhibition in Malmö, Sweden. We could only bring Thea, the other dogs had to stay at home.



We reached Malmö and the puppyexhibition (puppies at max. age 12 month).

Flyball, dogdancing, obedience – and puppies, puppies, puppies.

A fantastic day, and the big moment – juniorhandling. Quite many took part in the two groups – under 11 years and 11-18 years. Of course it was 5 handlers from the group 11-18 years who won and was invited to attend the Swedish championship. But a lovely day.

We reached the ferry, this time without help, and return to our home.



Finally the day came. We telephoned Lotte in Elverlamshuset. Did she mean we could by the puppy by installment? Yes she ment it, and we made a deal.

We had disided to join the Sheltland Sheepdog Clup Christmas-exhebition at Vandel. We could make a stop and pick up our new puppy – Elverlamshusets Grace.

A couple of days before our apparture the ferry broke down – great panic. They promised to fix it, and we could attend the first trip with a newly fixed ferry Friday morning.



We would drive to Vandel, sleep on the parking lot, and be ready the next morning.

Vi arrived – a little late. Tove and Mogens (Kennel Poulsgaard) also arrived, but it was to late for socializing. We went to bed 3 humans and 3 dogs.

It worked perfectly, we entered the hall and socialized.



86 shetland sheepdogs. Emma and Ulla very the first dog in the middleclass (15-24 month), 1. Prize and 4. Placement. Not bad with a dog loosing

hair.

Thea and Maria in open class (dogs older than 15 month), 1. Prize and 4. Placement – not bad with a dog who wanted to play.



Juniorhandling. Maria joined the classe for the big children for the first time. Second best at a lot of laudatory words from the dogpeople.



Josefine and Leif participated as road-crew.

The rest of the day was dog-talk with sheltie-people.

We left for Holbæk, to the camp-site near the inlet.

Nice view with water, a little ice and a lot of rime.

The next day we had a appointment whit another of our daughters – christmasshopping in Holbæk. It was great fun. Maria was skating and joined the decoration of the town Christmas tree.



Time for diner and then off to Lotte and Kurt (Kennel Elverlamshuset).

A couple of hours chat, a new puppy and then of to the campsite.



We went back to the dog-house with our little new teddy-bear.



Monday. It was the plan, that Leif should go to a meeting in Copenhagen. But new puppy, nice campsite, nice weather, lovely familie – then you can't go to work. Leif stayed at home.



We went shopping in Holbæk – with out 4 dogs. It took hours to do the shopping, everyone wanted to talk. You get to meet people when you have more than one dog, and especially when you have puppies.

Puppies (and shelties) make people sile.

Off to the boat.

On a parking lot we met som people from bornholm, they told us the ferry had a break down. Luckely we could reach an earlier ferry.



Well, home again. Now we have 4 shelties, one tricolour, one zabre and 2 blue puppies –

we love it.