

## 'Woman's best friend' can be a major headache

I have a new dog named Lucky.

I have to confess one thing: I brought Lucky into my household under false pretenses. Originally, Lucky's function was that he would be a companion for Prudence, my basset hound who has been with me for more than 15 years.

Lucky is a plump German Shepherd-mix who used to be one of my parents' dogs — until they moved into town. He's a happy, friendly, jumpy dog who likes to hop up in the air and click his heels together four or five feet off the ground.

My first plan was that he would be tied outside on a 50 foot runline where I could pet him at my convenience and he could protect me by barking at intruders. The idea didn't seem so selfish when I conceived it.

**MY BOYFRIEND** likes Lucky and never had a dog of his own. He suggested that Lucky should be an inside dog. I believe in putting credit where credit is due. It was my boyfriend's idea.

After all, why should Lucky want to

protect me if all he ever gets is a couple dogbones and dinner and no attention?

So I've started bringing Lucky in the house at night for short visits when I get home from work.

**THIS IS** the way Prudence and I have worked things for a long time: I come home, let her inside, throw some dogbones across the living room, she roots them out and then she lays down on the floor near me.

I read, she sleeps, then I lure her outside again with a dogbone or two and we sleep in our respective houses.

I tried this with Lucky.  
**IN THE FIRST** place, Lucky wants my house to be his house.

After he comes inside, no matter how restless he seems to be he refuses to go outside. No messes, he just wants to be in the house. Luring doesn't work. I'm getting closer to using brute force.

Pru sleeps. After all, she's a 15-and-a-half-year-old basset hound who has a heart murmur and probably isn't getting a great deal of oxygen in

her system.

Lucky, on the other hand, paces. I walk into the kitchen. He walks into the kitchen. I return to the living room, so does Lucky. I walked into my office last night and he started to follow me. The word "OUT!" emerged from my mouth so quickly I did not even hear myself think it.

The bathroom is upstairs. Lucky seems to understand he is not welcome upstairs.

**I AM FEELING** progressively more sorry for Lucky and have not found the right solution to our problem. Last night Prudence got so disgusted with us she went outside just to get a little peace.

On top of that, someone pointed out to me that since Lucky originally came from a homeless dog shelter, he was an abandoned dog and will always have that fear of abandonment.

I admit it, I wanted him to be a commodity. Playmate for Prudence was all that was really in my mind. Now, suddenly, I'm having to deal with a personality.

**I SWEAR** I'm not going to do anything cruel. If worse came to worse, I would simply relocate Lucky to the barnyard where my father has stationed his other three dogs.

But, hopefully, we won't have to do anything like that. I'm hoping that sometime soon, Lucky will either settle down or he'll become very old.

Until then, I may have to find other solutions.

The next one I have in mind is building myself a doghouse big enough I can hide in when Lucky is sitting in my living room, feeling a little restless.

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