

DBKC NEWS!



It's sad to say goodbye

Throughout this year Delmon Pets Relocators have been super busy with families leaving, and new ones coming into, Bahrain. In this month's edition of DBKC News we catch up with Ollie, Tucker and Dennis (and of course Lesley!) who left Bahrain in April for a new life in Scotland. Their journey was affected by the large sandstorm that hit Bahrain earlier this year, but they eventually arrived and the fun began!

Prior to leaving Bahrain Lesley worked really hard with the dogs to prepare them, so let's see how life has changed for them all.

Tracy



Where are they now? Olly's Update

Olly here – I've taken a few minutes out of chasing rabbits & deer here in Scotland to tell everyone how different life is after Bahrain.

I first met my mum, Lesley when I waddled out in front of her car one night in Saar in March 2014 when I was just able to roam from my desert dog pack. She thought I was part Labrador, but little did she know – I'm Saluki/Weinmaraner/lots of other things, so I made it really difficult for her to train me because I didn't want to look at her at all, just dig holes in the garden. She took me to Aunty Pauline at Demon Kennels who knew exactly how us desert dogs think, and so I had to start listening to mum...and it got to be fun learning new tricks, because I got FOOD if I did good things.

Mum thought I was a bit lazy because she was used to having spaniels before me, but us desert dogs don't like to waste energy unless it involves food. Aunty Pauline suggested that I get a new brother to play with, so after meeting him at doggy day care, Tucker the Sprocker came home with us. We were both around six months by then, and Tucker had enough energy for both of us, so we gave mum even more work trying to train us both at the same time. We went to puppy training, and scent work, and got extra lessons to help mum & our houseboy, Dimutu, learn how to teach us things...more food treats for me, and tennis balls for Tucker!

We got lots of exercise in Bahrain even though it was summer because we were lucky enough to get to run around at the stables while mum looked after our big horse-brothers, which we went out with in the desert for walks. One night a nervous black dog followed us back to the car, he was different from all the barky wild dogs, he knew a little bit of mum's language, and had scars on his face from being picked on by the wild dogs. Mum felt sorry for him so he came to our house too, and called him Dennis. He's only a Menace when he meets dogs we don't know which reminds him of being attacked in the desert & he has to pretend he's shouty to try to scare them first, but he's become my best pal & we play games all the time.

Dennis is like me & worries about where his next meal is coming from because he comes from the desert too, but we stopped being allowed off leash after Dennis ate some poisoned food & was at the animal hospital for two days to make him well again. Little did we know that mum was planning to take us in a big airplane to her country where we would get off the leash in the most amazing places.....

We were all really sad to be leaving Aunty Pauline & all the staff at Delmon, but Tim from Delmon sorted all our paperwork, and we got to spend the Easter weekend at the lovely Animal Reception Centre at Heathrow because we missed our flight to Edinburgh because of a sandstorm. We were really excited to see mum again after five days in transit, although she scared us by driving on the wrong side of the road to our new home in Tarbert, Argyll.

It was pretty cold when we arrived and there was even white stuff mum called frost on the ground, but we were far too excited by all the new smells around us to feel the cold – there were even lots of bouncy things to bark at: small fluffy ones which mum is trying to teach us to leave alone, and large leggy ones which come right up to our window then bounce away over the bushes. Mum made the mistake of letting us off our leads so we can chase after the smells, which made it far too hard to come back when she shouts on us, so now she is playing even more games (with FOOD!) to teach me to come back again. I'm pretty good at it, but sometimes I need about ten minutes in the woods to see if I can catch her a present – I haven't managed yet, but I think I'm getting smarter at it, and can really concentrate on watching & sniffing before I decide what direction to go. Dennis & Tucker come too, but they get too excited & bark so sometimes I need to leave them behind.

We're also having to learn some new dog-manners. We think mum would really like to talk to all the other dog owners, but she won't let us pull to sniff them (or let Dennis bark at them), and she seems to want us come back to her when we see other dogs in the distance, even though they are much more exciting since we see her all the time. We also have to jangly things with our phone number on them round our necks incase we get lost (even though we're not that stupid – I managed to find the house on my own once, and Tucker knows his way home even better since he's worked out how to jump the garden fence). She even tries to get us to wear harnesses, but we know all the jaggiest bushes to rip them off again. We have an extra collar to wear, but I think it's probably a good thing since we don't get those itchy black things stuck to us any more – although it doesn't help with the horrible tiny buzzy things which only seem to like biting me, so now I try to keep off the grass when it's still and damp since that's where the horrible tiny buzzy things live.

There's not so much space in our new house, so although we don't get to sleep on mum's bed anymore because the cats sleep in the bedroom (which is totally unfair, since they also get to go out & chase things whenever they want), we have our own lounge with comfy sofas. We don't get to sleep on the sofas when we go visiting, but we've visited a lot of new places all over Scotland. We go to visit our grandparents & our cousin in Renfrewshire, where I got a blue rosette for being the (second) best rescue dog at the Agricultural show (I just needed to wink at the judge & she was putty in my hands, just like everyone I meet & shake paws with). We sometimes get to be city dogs & go to Glasgow & get to walk in the Botanic Gardens & Kelvingrove Park. We love going on ferries and smelling the seagulls through the portholes – and going on ferries means we get to run on new beaches on the islands of Arran and Gigha. We've even climbed a mountain on Arran - but only after mum checked that there were no woolly creatures, as we don't know how to behave round them yet; they look like they'd be better fun to play with than the big black & white creatures which scare us when they lean over their fences at us. We've been camping in Dumfries & Galloway, on a beach that looked bigger than the whole of Bahrain – when Dennis went to chase the seagulls we could hardly see him anymore.

Mum has found a new trainer for us. She's not our Aunty Pauline, but she lets us play with jumps, tunnels, weave poles, long jump, and we've learned how to balance the seesaw. Dennis & I like the dog walk and A-frame best because they remind us of being able to climb up high on piles of sand in the desert, but Tucker has become a bit of a show-off at it all, and unlike us who just do it to please mum (and get FOOD), he's going to weekly classes with other dogs and can do whole courses now. We even heard our new trainer tell mum that she's never seen a dog learn everything so quickly, eeuughhh!

Although we miss Bahrain, we're really glad we found mum & that she brought us to this new place (& I think she's quite proud of our desert pedigree when people ask what exotic breed I am). I think there will be lots more new things to learn about here in Scotland – mum got a bendy wooden snake this morning to teach us to leave wriggly things alone so that we don't frighten her again next spring like Tucker did when we first got here by picking one up in his mouth. We didn't get to walk that way again for a while!

Mum will have to get us flashy collars soon as we've noticed that it isn't light until late at night any more....so maybe I'll stop running so far in front....but only if I get some of the new liver treats she's planning to make us.

Muddy paw-prints from Olly (and Tucker & Dennis)

