



Mainline

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For Collie lovers from



Tornado Andrew'

A B.C. in the Med.



Tornado Andrew

Detania Macjannet, Enya to my friends or, as I was later to be named, Tornado Andrew, flew into their unsuspecting lives 13th April as a birthday present, in a perfectly innocent wooden cage on an equally innocent British airways flight. If my arrival did not warn them of how their lives were about to be turned upside down, it should have done. I flew into Naples airport two hours late, without any documents and at the beginning of the customs three hour lunch break. From what I overheard of Darling and Amore Mio's conversation, they managed to get me out of customs pretty quickly as Darling is a lawyer and luckily for me he managed to find a way around the system, otherwise I would have had to have waited until the 8pm flight from London bringing my documents. I was taken to my new home. I think the cat was the first to realise how their lives were about to change, her welcome was anything but warm. We soon became friends but friends or not, when I discovered that she was allowed to sleep on the big double bed with Darling and Amore Mio and I was not, there was no way I was going to have that. Each time she jumped onto the bed I would make her life impossible. She soon learnt not to sleep there. For a cat I suppose she's pretty smart.

Their little garden was so pretty, full of flowers and tulips. (There is an attractive photo of me at ten weeks old sniffing a yellow tulip which is practically taller than I am). That yellow tulip, along with all the other flowers, is no longer there. It was great fun digging all those holes, pity that the flowers had to suffer. Then there was the game I immensely enjoyed which included taking those socks and pants from under their eyes and chewing great big holes in them. By then I had already learnt that if I did something naughty all I had to do was look at them as if butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and they would forgive me. I think though that what I enjoyed the most, was chewing small, mechanical gadgets such as the electric alarm clock and Amore Mio's favourite watch. I did notice that what made them really angry was when I chewed the remote controls for both the TV's, the old and the new. The problem was that when they bought one of those global remote controls, the old TV was too old and the new TV was too new, that time looking at them angelically did not work and after a stricttelling off I was designated my bed. (It was my turn to learn quickly there).

Then summer came, and boy does it get hot here. Darling and Amore Mio took me every weekend to a tiny fishing village on the Amalfi coast swimming. I soon learnt to dive off the little boat that we hired into that cool, clear sea. I even learnt to put my head completely under water with my eyes open to look for my ball. I learnt to play water polo (Darling was in the Italian water-polo team when he was younger). I learnt quickly and once I got that ball Darling really had to swim hard to get it back. If his team mates saw him swimming after me I don't think they would have recognised him. I also had a chance to taste the local cuisine and you should have seen the Chef's face, or the faces of the other customers, strawberries for dessert for me. Although I'm sure no animal dietician would recommend it, I certainly do. Then while Amore Mio and Darling would finish eating I would then curl up at Amore Mio's feet and fall asleep while watching the fishermen throw out their nets by the light of the moon, or if there was no moon they would catch octopus, their little rowing boats lit up by lanterns.

Then they took me to the Greek Islands. The Greeks are such a Friendly race. I made friends with every one on the beach, in the little town and the hotel. Just think there were many dogs there but I was the only one allowed to swim in the sea. Dogs are not allowed to swim in the sea in Greece but I think everyone enjoyed watching the three of us playing water polo, or watching me teasing Darling by jumping back onto the rocks with the ball taking it the furthest part, I soon learnt some 'naughty' Italian words from Darling, especially when as soon as he got close I would pick up the ball and dive off of the rocks into the sea.

After the holidays I was taken to Agility lessons. I soon made friends with everyone there, especially my instructor. When we first started he was very keen in having a BC, (not having had any experience with us at all), though I did notice that after a while his desire in having a BC gradually diminished - we're just too demanding! I was told that I had great talent and I certainly showed them when I made my debut. It was against the cream of Italian Agility and I came 11th out of 55, ahead of one instructor and two team members. If Amore Mio hadn't made a stupid mistake we would have come second. Still, I'll show them the next time, though I must remember to touch the red painted areas on the dog-walk. I would bet my best bone that the red areas on the obstacles must both be touch and therefore to avoid them must be jumped over, but Amore Mio does not seem to agree with me. In fact she seems to get quite cross when I jump over them. I've also observed in those occasions, that she's learnt quite a variety of Italian 'naughty' words.

I think that even if I did enter their lives like Tornado Andrew and even if I do make the cats life insupportable, they must like us as Darling also wants a BC, so on the whole life with me can't be that bad.

-----Enya

Forwarded by
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