

FOCUS

Generations



B6 ♦ SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 2016

My life
with a
beagle
named
Molly

My husband, Phil, and I have owned dogs all our lives.

In fact, we met 16 years ago when I answered his ad on AOL.com and his requirement was simply, "Must like dogs."

Forget about the fact that my ad picture was about 12 years old and his was about six; it was instant attraction when we met, and I like to think the reference about dogs further cemented our bond.

He brought four dogs into the mix while I brought a cat. As the years went by, the senior dogs passed over the Rainbow Bridge and their ashes, tucked away in urns, are buried on our property with slate headstones to remind us of how much they were loved.

Our latest dog is a beagle named Molly. She's the only beagle either one of us has ever had, so we had a learning curve for a couple of months. However, we both agree on one point: there is no dog quite like a beagle!

Molly was rescued in September by a wonderful gal named Jennifer who witnessed her being thrown out the window of a truck that quickly sped off. Jennifer stopped and immediately took the dog to a local veterinarian.

It was a miracle, but the dog had no serious injuries or broken bones. She was, however, constantly trembling and let out a typical beagle howl when anyone would make a move toward her.

It only took one look at some pictures from a

phone and her story to convince me that she needed to make her home with us.



Peg DeMarco

I don't know what finally won my husband over. It may have been when

I showed up with her one afternoon and mouthed the word "please" as I held her in my arms. Or it may have been that, like me, once he heard about how she had been discarded, he was determined to take good care of her.

We decided to name her Molly since we already had a dachshund named Morgan and the names seemed to go well together.

Although Morgan now had a little playmate to share her explorations, she wasn't pleased that she now found herself on the left side of my bed while Molly took the right.

Either way, there seemed to be very little room for me, but I figured I'd just have to get used to it.

It took a long time to get her to quiet down and stop trembling, but she eventually began to follow Morgan around and that helped.

We tried crating her once when we both needed to leave the house, but that only lasted a couple of minutes before the famous beagle howl began and the crate was quickly thrown to the side. We realized then that we had to leave the house in shifts. We still do.

Potty training was difficult, especially when the monsoon rains came to Morganton. Wikipedia told us that beagles were intelligent dogs, but difficult to house train and it was right on the money. Even though we have a fenced in yard for her to pick her own special spot, there were plenty of house accidents.

We celebrated when she finally decided the porch was OK. At least it was a step in the right direction, no pun intended since we had to watch where we stepped until the yard became more appealing.

The bone incident came next. I watched as Molly wiggled her way up to Morgan to steal her bone even though I put one down for her, too.

It wasn't the bone she wanted, but rather the thrill of taking it from Morgan. Constant supervision is a necessity with a mischievous beagle and one angry dachshund.

But, oh, the best part of a beagle is the howl! My husband describes it like "sticking a screwdriver in your ear."

She howls to go out, to come in, or when she spots any creature beyond the fence. She can hear the FedEx and mail carriers miles before they enter our driveway and her howling drowns out the surround sound of the TV.

But that's what it's like to have a beagle and we love her. She's also the best security system in the world!

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