

## I Have a New Home by Buster the Basset



I must admit that in the canine world some call me just a hound. I do not object to being called a hound because that is what I am. However, I would be highly insulted if any of my peers called me a mutt or a pooch since I come from noble ancestors. I was born near Fort Plain, NY on April 28<sup>th</sup>, 2008. My parents were Ricky Plue and Sergeants Freckles. So you see I approach being aristocracy in the basset world. When I was six weeks old I left home not necessarily by my own desire. I hardly got to know my brothers and sisters before we were separated. Soon I found that my new owners Dave and Darla and Ashley were really nice people besides being my protectors and meal ticket. Sometimes I rewarded them by using them for teething since that is the stage I was going through. Boy, were my teeth sharp. I meant no harm; it was first one step in my developing into a much larger basset.

Where I came into this world would be called a kennel, but to me as an aristocrat of bassets I'll just call it my first home. When Dave, Darla and Ashley took me from it a new world opened to me. I spent some time in their camper near a neat ice cream place on the road to Caroga Lake. The other place I spent a lot of time is a unique place. It was an old stone house, Fort Klock. Since it was built in 1750, I could not imagine how many basset generations had come and gone in that long time or how many other canines had lived there in that old house.

I'd forgotten that my new owners had another dog named Bridget. It was only natural that I would forget about her. She was of the older generation considerably smaller than me and obviously not of the aristocratic ancestry that I possessed. She did tolerate me except when I really got to be too much of a pest then she put me in my place so to speak. Oh how humiliating to be reprimanded by a mere common dog and smaller at that. As time went by I started to really grow. My feet were always big, indicating that I would do just that. My legs are really short but do I have the ability to pull. My ears, oh so soft, but so long I walk on them. They get all muddy which is pretty degrading considering my social standing. My coat is slick also. Some of my visitors thought that comes from a special diet. They just did not know that I would eat almost anything.

Lots of visitors came to Fort Klock and I felt that I was the greatest attraction here. That was because I was a friend to everyone and everything except the lawn mower which scared me. One of my special visitors was a fellow named Skip. We got to know one another very well. He said that I was born on the same day and month that his grandfather was born, only 131 years later. My days became weeks. Of course I did not know anything about days or weeks even though I am an aristocratic basset. I just knew

that I laid in the sunshine and ate and grew. My owners only stayed in the Mohawk Valley of New York State during the summer months. The trip back to Marcellus, Michigan was fast approaching. Was I going to take that long ride? As it turned out the answer was no. One day my owners asked their friend Skip, who had become a good friend to me, if he would like me. Naturally being the wonderful canine that I am he truly would, but it was just too much for one person. That day Skip thought of two special friends Vance and Myra who had had bassets before. Naturally I thought that none of them could have been the aristocrat that I am. As it turned out they were happy to make me a member of their family. Now I have a home where I can roam in the woods and fields. The three horses that live there and I have become great friends. My Mohawk Valley friends, including Skip, can stop in to see me often. So I have a new home. How lucky these people are to have an aristocratic basset as a new member of their family.

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