

My name is **"Biscuit"**

And here are some snapshots from my scrapbook!



This is a recent shot and is my regal pose. I have just had a bath and am waiting for five o'clock so I can eat my supper.

My mommy and daddy have been taking care of me since I was about three months old. They picked me up one afternoon and the next day we are off to Lake Murray for a couple of days. I really wasn't too happy about that but I did enjoy the time at Tipps Point – we were the only ones there.



Here I am the front door of the old trailer – first trip.

I have to tell you about this Lake Murray trip and what my daddy did to me...mommy was the nice one to me as a brand new poodle in the family – I heard I was about the ninth or tenth poodle they have had. Anyway, my daddy spent the most of the three days trying to rename me! Can you believe that? He sat around with me even in his lap going over choices. My mommy just shook her head. I won't even talk about some of the choice names he came up with and even had the audacity to announce these names in my presence. Not one time did he ask me what I thought about any of these new names.

Well, toward the end of the third day as we were getting ready to break camp he said "Well pooch, I can't come up with another name that will work. Nothing fits you. You are just stuck with it so I will leave you with the name you brought with you. You are Biscuit!" He said that rather loud. I just looked at him. And then I said, "Well, old man, bout time you figured out my name!"

Since this "renaming" trip I have been called by a lot of names, well, variations. Most people call me using my first name. They say when they first see me, or when I go over to greet someone, they say "Hi Biscuit." Really didn't know I had a first name.

My mommy called me a variety of names. She used names like "Mr. B," or just plain "Bis." She would branch out calling me things like "Buddy" or "Young man." She rarely called me "Biscuit." My daddy, on the other hand would insult my manhood showing his lack of self-control or picking on my hardheadedness or when I was dragging my feet. Sometimes he just screamed at me using "BISCUIT" real loud and embarrassing all of us.

Actually, what really galls me is when he misspells my name trying to save time I guess, but my name is NOT "Bis-kit" nor "Biskit" nor "Bisquick" or any other spelling to resemble it. Sometimes he gets my name turned around in his head and calls me "Quisbick"! – I just don't even respond to his dyslectic problem. My name is "**BISCUIT!**"

Well, really, I don't care. I am "my mommy's little boy," and "my daddy's poodle." Call me what you like.



You got a problem with that?



Here is our trip going to Montana. I was a little put out riding in a rent car. I didn't have my normal seat. I like this picture as it shows off my white vest chest. My mommy really likes to brag on how pretty I am. Don't you think so too?

It was a tough job keeping my daddy on the right road – and his side of the highway.



Coffee somewhere...Mommy took this picture of me and my daddy doing some close order bonding. I am a year and a half old now – almost full grown.

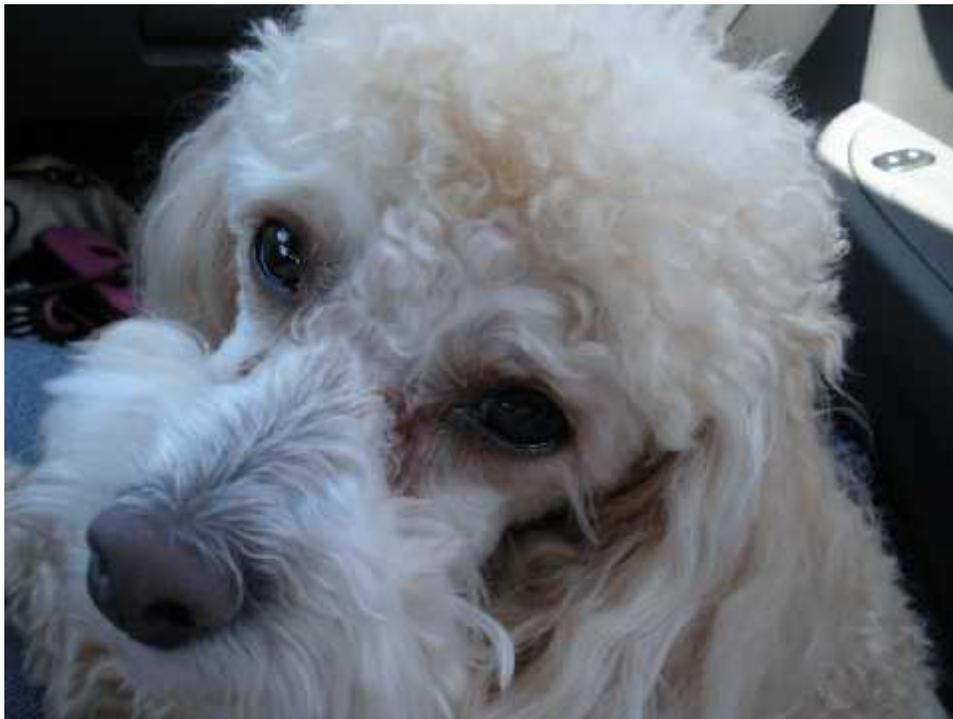
Well, I grew up awful fast in the next few years and we camped out a lot of weekends at the Lake. I enjoyed a little dog company with Mocka as he was getting old when I showed up and later he died. Did have two cats around till the coyotes got them. They were named "Sis Kat" and "Hiss Kat." "Sis" taught me how to stalk squirrels. I wasn't too pleased when my daddy would introduce all three of us saying want you to meet "Hiss, Sis, and Piss."

I remember when my mommy would walk me all the way around the runway. I walked ahead smelling, checking, and doing my business, while my mommy followed along while hanging on to the other end of my little rope. She was so good to me. I would generally sit with her on the back porch for coffee or at happy hour. All my TV was watched while sitting next to my mommy. She would not feed me until exactly 7 o'clock in the morning or at 5 o'clock in the evening. When it came time for bed I got to lay next to my mommy and sometimes when it was really cold I got to snuggle at her feet. My daddy would not let me on his side of the bed.

Then I grew up.

And then one day my mommy was gone.

I had to sleep by myself in an empty house. Jackie would come over in the morning and feed me and sometimes I would stay with her during the day. One day my daddy took me somewhere to see her, I thought, but I didn't recognize my mommy. The noise, the bed, the smells. Didn't see my mommy.



I miss my mommy.

Things were kind of tough on both of us for a while. It did settle down after a few years. Guess we just are getting old together – spots, warts, and all.

My daddy doesn't know what I know. For example he thinks I can't tell time. I know when it is 10:30 and 2:40. Those are my snack times. If he forgets I stare at him, and then I cluck – and then I bark. And yeah, I have to play this little game with him sometimes as he makes me pick out which chewy I want to eat. He also changed up my eating times. Now I get my breakfast just as soon as get back inside in the morning. Doesn't matter five, six, or seven – I get my grits. Oh my, my mommy would be upset if she knew. Supper? Schedule – just like mommy's at 5:00 – and it happens just when the clock gongs five!

Have managed to work past not having mommy around. My daddy has not managed. He needs me far more than I need him. Sometimes he gets a little more gushy and weeping more than is needed, but I put up with it and nurse him along. Well, sometimes he hovers over me and spends too much time hugging me when he goes through one of his episodes. Thank goodness they don't come along every day!

Really, we manage things pretty well. I spend a lot of time napping right by his desk, or I will sit in his lap to watch his war movies. But I won't sit long as he gets out the hair brush and this gets in the way of me taking my naps on the couch – or right below his red chair near his feet.

We drove to the lake a while back and got out near where our favorite camping site was. I watched as he sprinkled something in the water. Really don't know what it was but he had one of his episodes. I had to sit real close to him as we drove home.

It was one of those days.



Before I share my last 'portrait' (from my first picture) painted by an artist friend of my mommy, I want to say that things are going just fine with me and my daddy. We are hacking it in spite of the lonesome times or when I get into one of my "Woo, woo" howling episodes myself.

I humor my daddy when he starts in on whatever he is saying and I cock my little ole head to the right and give him my full attention. He likes it when I do this. Then he comes over and gets down on the floor and talks to me like I am one of his kids. I put up with it. Wouldn't put up with no kisses though, for sure. I am a little boy poodle and we don't do such things as that! My name is "Biscuit!"

I play this little game of going bye-bye with him in the truck. I know he just wants me to go along till he backs out and then brings me back to the house. That way he can say he takes me with him – most of the time. So, when he says "Let's get in the truck!" I run for the garage door like it was Christmas. I know, but he doesn't know that I know, he will have left me with a little treat on the foot cushion.

So everything is going to be ok. He is coping and I am coping. We are working this out together but there are times I still worry about him. He has talked about putting my name on the tombstone with the girls. I don't know.

Probably, the way he talks and the way it would be best is, maybe, I should die before he does because I really don't know what I would do without him.

