



Gleeson, Sinbad, Issi



G
l
e
e
s
o
n

Wow, it's been 6 yrs since we arrived to Kennebunk with my pack, Issi, mom and dad.

Hi !!!! my name is Gleeson. I am a Welsh Hound from Wales. I am 12 now, and in my youth, I use to hunt fox in the Conway Valley. My name was originally Glitter, after the mountain range, but I had an injury and when the huntsman left me behind, I would get all the other hounds to howl and apparently the village people didn't enjoy my singing very well, so they found me a new home. That is how I came to live with Randee and Norm Perkins, my new mom and dad, in Camberley, England. Lived there for only 7 months with my new brother Sinbad, a 5 yr old Otterhound. He really didn't like me joining the family, but it worked out ok. Then, one day, someone took all our belongings and we traveled in the air to a new land. A lot like England but they said it was 'new'. We only stayed there a short time before riding in a car to Colorado??? Mom promised us we would love it there.

It was good enough, but dad wasn't home much. We met lots of friends and went on long walks every day. Even did sleep overs. I was pretty much the 'big cheese' of the family with Sinbad, but then this other baby pup came to live with us about a yr later. They called her a 'lemon head'. Yup, another Welsh Hound who quickly took over the head of the pack. Her name is Issi. Boy, talk about being bossy.

Mom managed pretty well with the 3 of us on walks. She told us she had 2 jobs now: teaching and taking care of her family. Soon, dad came to live with us all the time and then mom and dad yakked, yakked, yakked about the times we explored together in England.

Soon after, Sinbad didn't feel well and then 1 night, mom and dad took him away and we never saw him again. Issi and I waited by the car, but he never came out. It was a sad time for all.

In 2001, someone again came to take all our belongings and we traveled for 4 days to Kennebunk??? What's a Kennebunk I thought? But they told us 'we'll love it'.

Every day we went to the sand where water would move up and down and big white birds would fly above. Issi really liked it, but these things scared me. There were lots of dogs and friendly people and mom talked with them. At home!!! What home??? Everyday there was lots of noise and people coming in and out. It all made me very nervous, but we always had our walk together on the sand where water ran over it. They call it, beach!!!

Soon we moved from the house into the attached barn and mom and dad hung a sign outside 'The Hounds Tooth Inn', where she said I could be seen by the entire world. Wow!!! And it has been there for 5 years now. People who stay in the house bring dogs for me to visit with. I especially like the less active ones.

Well, that's my story. Be sure to come by for a visit.

Oh yeah, Issi wants to share too.



Issi

My turn!!!! Hi I'm Issi. I lived in Wales too with mom and dad's friends and they had 5 male hound dogs. My name was really Peaches, but I responded to every name when it was feeding or walking time. Like: Is he coming??, Where is he?? Referring to boy dogs. So they named me Is he, but they spell it Issi. And the lemon head thing?? That is what the English folks refer to as yellow in coloring. It's not like being a blond.

Anyway, they shipped me to mom and dad when I was 4 months old. I was their 'Thanksgiving bundle of joy'. Mom calls me stubborn, but dad says I just take after mom. Our first night was a battle of the minds, but mom realizes now it wasn't my fault. I arrived at 9:30 at night and had enough rest during my journey. When they brought me home, they wanted me to rest more and I refused. I wasn't happy but neither was my mom. So there!!!

Yeah, it was pretty much the old boys club when I came to Colorado. Laidback Sinbad at 7 yrs and Spooked Gleeson at 5. It was a cinch to climb to the top of the ladder. Sinbad was fun to hang with, he was soooo easy going and Gleeson could not be trusted so he never went off lead. One time he took off for 7 hours at the park in Colorado. That really blew his chance of ever having freedom again. He really likes to hunt. Sinbad, on the other hand, likes to hang with people and me, I like to run like the wind but!!!! I come back, (like a hound). Mom has learned to adjust.

I liked Colorado, had lots of friends and fun there. Lost Sinbad there too, but he actually came to Kennebunk with us and lives in our garden with the angel.

Then we moved to Kennebunk and I like it here too. The beach is freedom for me. Gleeson blew that too. He would eat dead things. Me, I go for the people food left on the beach. Then summer came and we began going to Rogers Pond so we can swim before guests arrive. That was a good thing cause I can drink the water too.

Now we have lots of people visit and I see less and less of mom. That makes me sad because I try to take good care of mom, but I don't see her as much.

Anyways, that's my story. I am 7 now, like to sleep more, and run like the wind but not much on fussing with others.

Maine is good, *'the way life should be'*.