

We also lost Cinders, our teacup poodle, in July of this year in a tragic accident involving another dog. It broke our hearts to see her go. Life was for a while a whole lot less joyous. It's hard to believe that a dog could mean so much. But what was even more astonishing, is the impact that she had on others. Cinders may have only weighed 2 and a half pounds but she made a much bigger imprint on hearts than her weight would have suggested. People cried when they heard the news. They sent us sympathy cards and flowers and they gave us hugs and kisses. We had her cremated and laid her to rest on the shore of a northern lake, her grave marked by a stained glass stone that Sue crafted.



We have since gotten another black teacup poodle, by the registered name of "Little Black Magic" or "Magic" for short. Sue was not particularly keen on the idea so soon after Cinders death, mainly because, I think, out of fear that we could lose this one as quickly and as tragically as we did Cinders. It doesn't take much because they are truly fragile creatures. But aren't we all? The gift of life doesn't come with guarantees and the best that we can do is to take and appreciate each moment that is offered us. Even so, there have been moments where I too wondered about the wisdom of acquiring Magic.

Don't get me wrong. She is truly an adorable little dog, who doesn't think of herself as being little at all. She is quick and lithe. She can jump forward, backward, and from side to side in quick succession,

oblivious to her surroundings. We've caught her in mid leap at the very precipice of a 2 foot fall. Given that she is only 4" tall, a 2 foot fall is to her the same as a 30 to 40 foot fall to us. But not all of her antics are the result of mere obliviousness. Her 2nd night at home she scaled a baby gate that barred her way into our room and jumped from the top of it!! I couldn't believe that she survived the jump. Marie, the breeder, told us of one of her puppies who jumped from an open dishwasher door to the floor and killed itself in the process. And so she is a risk taker. Here she is at two weeks old:



But it is not these moments that caused me anxiety. The morning after we picked her up at the breeders, she was particularly listless. I thought it was a reaction to separation from her "pack"—her mother and her litter-mate. We soon found out that this was not so, because we soon discovered that she had difficulty with coordination. She couldn't stand up and she went into spasms and then her eyes started rolling back in her head.

Sue made a quick call to the breeder. She'd gone hypoglycemic—her blood sugar was too low. We knew that this breed is prone to that type of condition although Cinders had never suffered from it. And it is a dangerous condition to them because, unless they receive

treatment immediately, they can go into a coma and die. All both of us could think about was that we were going to lose her. It was like living a nightmare. She had gone from a healthy frisky puppy to one on the edge of a coma in minutes. But she recovered just as quickly. What did it take? About 4 syringes of sugar water forced down her throat, a bit of vomiting, some subcutaneous sucrose (administered by breeder) and a bit of gravol for nausea and she was as good as new. It was like walking on eggshells for the next several days but we're over it now. (Thank God!) And she is delightful. Usually pretending to be Miss Prissy but when you're not looking, into mischief. She is full of piss and vinegar. Here she is now:

