

Granna would always pull me away from my heart beat doggie—Woody-- and get me up to take me outside every stink'n two hours, whether we were awake or not. If it were up to me, I would have stayed in my den all



snuggly and warm. That's what my hoomans called my crate—"Tully's den." So, Granna would gently get me out and hold me real close. I was kinda scared so high up walking and I would start hiccupping! Then she would set me down in the big hallway and we would paddle to the door to the garage. We had to always stop to ring a little bell at the door. She was training me that that bell meant I wanted to go out to go "wee." But I just wanted to go back to sleep. Nope, out she would take me onto the cold ground on my bum. Papa had made a little puppy pad, with short decorative fencing in the grass just for me. At the puppy pad, Granna would say: "Go wee, Tully." "Wee?" "Wee?" "Wee?" After I tinkled, she would say: "Pooh?" "Pooh?" "Do you have to pooh?" She always got really excited when I went wee and even if I poohed. She would bring out a little purple bag and collect my pooh for me, then wipe my cute little bum with a baby wipe. Sometimes we stayed out on the cold, dark grass for a long time. I had exploring I wanted to do, but it was chilly and I decided if I just went wee really quick like, I could go back to my warm den and comfy blanket and toys. Granna would sometimes say: "Pooh-weeee, pooh-weeee, pooh-weeee," just like she was a siren. You know, I never did have an accident in my den!