



When we got to Leavenworth, my hoomans put me in a little fenced in play area. The first night I was in my new home it snowed outside and Granna and I squealed at how cute I am!



For a week Granna put my crate up on a stool next to her bed. She put my stuffed doggie inside my den and poked her fingers through, so I would know she was right there with me the whole night long. As soon as I whimpered, her tasty finger came through the cage for me to lick and nibble and she would softly say: "No, no, Tully, no biting." Then she would push on my stuffy dog—we called him Woody, because he was big, like my big brother Woodward--until I could hear Mamma's heartbeat. You can see him in my next diary entry.