

## WEIMARANER OWNERS ARE WEIRD

Have you noticed that Weimaraner owners revel in stories about just how bad their Weimaraner can be?

Get a group of Weimaraner owners together and there's one-upmanship about the havoc that their dogs have caused. If your dog demolished a small chair, mine unstuffed a huge sofa. You're upset because a potted plant was yanked out by the roots? My dog tore up an entire vegetable garden and then had the audacity to eat the vegetables.

We all enjoy the "war stories" about how determined, strong and persistent a Weimaraner can be. There's a sort of perverse pleasure in recollecting the trials and tribulations of Weimaraner ownership.

Why do we do this? First, we enjoy sharing the experience with others who have had the same catastrophes. We are a community defined by chewed furniture legs, disemboweled toys, and stolen food. Second, our underlying motivation is to show that we can put up with and outsmart a very crafty, demonically determined animal. To live with these critters you have to be on your toes, be more determined than they are, and be able to outwit a dog that has fearless, enduring, stamina. And did I mention that they are brilliantly intelligent when it comes to something that they want?

Permit me a short story that will illustrate what might be expected from a highly motivated, "smart as a whip" Weimaraner.

I live in southern NJ and periodically we have water restrictions that include things like the usual no car washing/no lawn watering prohibitions. During one of these periods I left my house, with its browned out, crispy lawn, and headed off to run some errands. I thought that my dog was well secured. He had his "doggy door" from the house to the large fenced in dog yard. There's lots of shade, water bowls in the house and what could be called an ideal dog existence when I'm not around.

Nothing could have surprised me more when I returned home. There was water gushing down the driveway and a police car sitting in front of my house. I pulled in, the officer shouted something like, "Lady, don't you know there's a drought?"

I sprinted for the house and shouted back that a pipe must have burst. I looked panicked enough that the police car pulled away or maybe he got a more urgent call. Anyway, he left and that part of my problem was gone.

Burst pipe? Nope, it was my wily Weimaraner who wanted a drink from the hose. He managed to turn the faucet where the hose is sometimes connected and the water gushed forward for his pleasure. The only thing that would have impressed me more is if he had turned it off. What am I saying? Weimaraners work for their needs first, human needs are just a sometime tag-a-long.

You just have to love the workings of their ingenious, over-active minds. It would be so much easier to love a docile, "all I want to do is please you" breed, but it will never replace the challenge and reward of being a Weimaraner owner. Love them for what they are and don't forget there's nothing in the world like a Weimaraner.

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