

"Temperament of a Lhasa Apso" Or, "How a Pet parent was wronged" ... *again*



Yesterday, as Papa J was working on stuff for the Show (*code for laying on the couch*), the following conversation took place. It is reported here in it's entirety (*well, . . . sort of*).

Sammy: *So Pop ... was surfen' the net and readin' about my 'breed.'*

Papa J: *Yeah?*

Sammy: *Lemme get da paper ...*

(*pitter patter – pitter patter – pitter patter – pitter patter – pitter patter – pitter patter – pitter patter*)

Here. Tell me, dis sound like me? "Temperament . . . This is a hardy dog with a friendly, assertive, manner. Intelligent and lively, it makes a good pet. Lhasa Apsos are spirited and devoted little dogs, which are affectionate with their masters. They can be very obedient to their masters..."

Papa J: *Wait, wait, wait. That said "very obedient."*

Sammy: *Yeah. I caught that too. Sorta over da top, huh?*

Papa J: *"Sorta"? That's understatement.*

Sammy: *Moving on ... "This breed responds to motivational training..."*

Papa J: *Ha!*

Sammy: *What? I got my 'Canine Good Citizenship Award.'*

Papa J: *Who'd you scam to get that plug?*

Sammy: *C'mon. Gimme a break. I went to classes wit Mom for months. Don'cha 'member?*

Papa J: *It's hard to remember peace and quiet — like remembering how tall grass was yesterday.*

Sammy: *Yeah, yeah ... anyhow, it says,*

"They have a keen sense of hearing, and make good watch dogs."

Papa J: *True. I can't remember a night you didn't announce the presence of some animal just traipsing through the yard.*

Sammy: *Hey! You saw da size o' dem dogs last winter. Dey was H-U-G-E!*

Papa J: *As I said, those were deer — not dogs. And they were just passing through.*

Sammy: *Sure. But if you saw big ol' piles o' poop all over da yard, ya would-a cut off my snacks.*

Papa J: *You could lose a little weight.*

Sammy: *R-i-g-h-t. Sounds like da kettle callin' . . . It also says,*

"The Lhasa Apso travels well." Dats true. I got pictures of us in da car.

Papa J: *Yep. And I've got a picture of YOU sitting in the CAR, while Mom stood OUTSIDE in the RAIN trying to figure out how she was going to UNLOCK the door YOU locked !!!*

Sammy: *You gonna bring that up again? I told ya, it's not my fault I accidentally stepped on da door lock. Howz I ta know dey gotta flip up . . .*

'sides, Mom left da keys in da car — not my fault.

Papa J: *You locked her out!*

Sammy: *Na-na-na-na...*

Papa J: *In the rain!*

Sammy: *Na - na - na - na ... I can't hear y-o-o-o-u ... na - na - na - na ...*

Let's jus' get back to this temp-a-mint thing, huh?! It says,

"Sadly this little dog often falls into Small Dog Syndrome, a human induced behavior, where the dog thinks he is pack leader to humans."

Papa J: *Ha!!! No truer words have yet been spoken.*

Sammy: *Wha-a-a? Da "human induced behavior" bit? Sure. I can see dat.*

Papa J: *No, I'm referring to ...*

Sammy: *Hey. C'mon. Let me finish already.*

Papa J: *Do go on.*

Sammy: *It says, "This causes many varying degrees of negative behaviors to come out in the dog..."*

Papa J: *Ditto.*

Sammy: *You say sumthin' ? I didn't think so.*

It says, "They become suspicious of strangers, and may not tolerate children... become nervous and untrustworthy ..."

Papa J: *Double ditto.*

Sammy: *That ain't true. I like strangers . . . an' kids. Heck, Sam da postman use ta bring me treats and share his lunch. 'Sides, I did da therapy trainin' thing ... went ta hospitals to meet da peeps. 'Member? Heck, got my picture on da wall at Good Sam. An' I played wit da kids at that Brokaw school — It was in da papers – Dally Hurlled ...*

Papa J: *That's, 'Daily Herald.'*

Sammy: *... an' I used ta walk Da Home ShowS*

Papa J: *... until you peed on a trash barrel.*

Sammy: *I had ta go! I had ta go! Ya weren't listenin' I had ta go!*

Here . . . it says,

"They become willful with a loud persistent bark, as they try and get THEIR humans to listen to them."

Ya weren't listenin'! What more can I say?! I had ta go!!!

Like Mom says, ya gotta pay a-ten-shun!

Papa J: *Let me have that.*

It also says, "...inclined to fight with other dogs." Ya gonna deny that too?

I saw you bark the heck out of that pup in Harper's dog park.

You were outraged and acted like a brute.

Sammy: *Hey, Pop. C'mon. He was tryin' ta do me. I'd-a covered your back! Where were you when I needed ya? Yaking your yak wit dat udder dog's Mom. Dat's not cool.*

An' he was no "pup" — twice my size. So . . . really!

Papa J: *It goes on to say, "Often times they develop separation anxiety, getting very upset when left alone. Followers are not allowed to leave the pack leader, however pack leaders can leave the followers."*

I'd say that's true.

Sammy: *Sure. Go figure. How'd YOU like ta be left alone wit Faddie Maddie an' Frankie 2 Bowls – he's such a hog – food in da top cabinet – no can opener – not knowin' when your next meal's comin'.*

Papa J: *"They can become can snappish if surprised or peeved..." "Peeved" is a 'definite.' "...and display guarding behaviors." ...like when you steal a toy from 2 Paws and go tearing around the house with him chasing you, barking up a storm. Yeah, that's on point.*

Sammy: *Gimme dat.*

Papa J: *I'm reading.*

Sammy: *Gimme dat. (snatch - swoosh - reading)*

Yeah, here. It says, "These negative behaviors are NOT traits of the Lhasa Apso" – HA!

"NOT traits of da La-sa." "...they're human induced behaviors..." Did ya catch dat?

"...resulting from the dog not being treated like the canine species it is.

It shows a lack of leadership, rules and the lack of limits placed on the dog."

See! Iz all your fault I don' take ya serious 'cause ya got no leadership skills.

Papa J: *You're kidding me, right?*

Sammy: *Den it says, "A mentally stable dog, who gets enough mental and physical exercise will have a totally different personality. It is all up to the humans around the dog.*

As soon as the humans start being true pack leaders, the dogs behavior will change for the better."

Read 'em an' weep, Pop. Read . . . 'em . . . an' . . . weep.



Sammy the Show Dogg

Papa J: You're "mental" alright. Maybe you need another round of obedience training.

Sammy: High'r ed-u-ka-shun. What it iz-z-z. I'm ready. Let's get some.

Papa J: Don't play me. I know your motivations. You act like an angel while deep, down inside, you're there for treats. You want a treat? Here. Now, go do something while I finish nappi... ah, working . . . and don't bother me with all this . . .

Sammy: Yada, yada, yada. (munch) Ya want one-a deese? Dere purdy tas-tee.

Papa J: Already had two one was enough.

Sammy: Nice chattin' wit ya. Gotta go. Dere's a big fuzzy crossing my yard . . .
and I ain't takin' blame for his poops.

Bark! — bark! — BARK! — BARK! — HOWL! — BARK! — BARK! — BARK! — HO-O-OWL!

Dere he is



Papa J: Where is it? I don't see a thing.



Sammy: Right - - - DERE!

Papa J: Never a dull pet, nor a quiet moment.

Sammy: You say sumthin' . . . ? I didn't think so!

BARK! — BARK! — BARK! — BARK! — HO-O-OWL!

Papa J: (Pet parent wronged again. It ain't fair.)

Sammy: (Pet, wronged again. It ain't fair.)

HO-O-OWL!

THE SAMMY SHOW DOGG APPROVED! ★

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