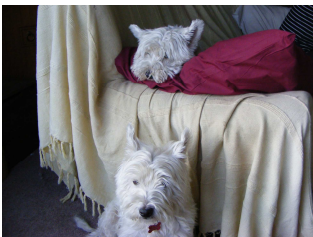


WaG! — the Newsletter of Woody and Gemma Lea the Westies

Christmas 2009

Editorial

It's that time of year again when, traditionally, Santa Paws takes the world's longest walkies. And no sooner have I finished writing one newsletter but I seem to be writing another. Ian and Julie say the years just seem to fly by but I wouldn't know – I have no idea what a year looks like, and wouldn't recognise one even it stopped outside my window on it's journey to say hello.



This year, I am being ably assisted in preparing the newsletter by Gemma Lea. I'm still the Editor, but Gemma has become my Ably Assistant.

Ian and Julie join Gemma and me in wishing you Season's greetings (presumably that season is Autumn though it might be winter – both say 'hello' anyway!) and a safe and peaceful New Year!

Woody's Dog Blog (extract)

Sunday, November 22, 2009

Sunday? More like Rainday!

Shortly after we left on our walkies today, it started to rain. As we do when it rains, Gemma and I became soggy doggies. As we walked on, it began to rain more doggedly, and Gemma and I became soggier doggies.

Tuesday, November 03, 2009

Snoozles

Gemma and I like snoozling (snoozing for short) during the day. A snoozle is half way between complete wakefulness and total sleep. It's similar to a catnap but completely different - dogs don't catnap...

Saturday, October 31, 2009

Fireworks

Tonight was 5 November where we live with fireworks going off near to our house. Or so I'm told - I couldn't actually hear them because of Gemma's petrified barking.....

Keep up to date with Woody's Dog Blog at www.woodythewestie.co.uk

Wednesday, October 28, 2009

Television Packs

Ian and Julie's television contains several packs of channels, such as Entertainment, News and Movies. Ian's favourite is Sport, but Gemma and I prefer Dogumentaries.

Tuesday, October 27, 2009

Tug

Every time Ian comes home from work - and before he's even taken his coat off - he insists on playing tug with me. I know this now so, reluctantly, I wait patiently for him then, when he opens the door, I drop the tug toy at his feet. Naturally, Ian has a different version of events, but I prefer mine!

Sunday, October 25, 2009

Time

British Summer Time ended at 2 o'clock this morning. British Autumn Time started at 2 o'clock this morning by calling itself 1 o'clock this morning. So there were two 1 o'clock this mornings this morning. I hope those people who usually go by the 24 hour clock have a 25 hour clock handy, because they'll need it today.....

Saturday, October 24, 2009

Crisis Management

What can one do when there are two crises going on at the same time? There was a dog walking past the front of the house that needed to be barked at and, meanwhile elsewhere in the house, Ian was eating some cheese and looking as though he was going to forget to give me some.

Tuesday, October 13, 2009

New Patio

They're replacing the old patio outside our house and had to remove 6 inches of concrete. This meant that, for a short time, our house was farther from the garden than before. Now the new hard core is down so, thankfully, the house is less high up and I don't have to jump to get in or out. The house should land for good in the next day or so.

Sunday, September 27, 2009

Team work

Gemma and I (the 'W' and 'G' in WaG) often join forces in playing tug with Ian - Gemma starts off and I take over, just as in a tag match. We call it WaG tag (or WuG tug!).

Roll over.../

Scotland

This year Ian and Julie went to Scotland twice. In March, we let them go alone (oh dear) because Gemma and I were busy sussing out some new boarding kennels. In September, we decided to go with them, because we wanted a holiday together and, we checked, but people aren't allowed to stay in boarding kennels.

While there, we did some amazing things, like meet lots of people who wanted to make a fuss of us (well, Geema and me anyway), cross a small stone bridge over the Atlantic from Scotland to Scotland, and visit one of the biggest gardens I've ever seen.

Everybody seems to be called Ben – we met Ben Moore (who owns that big garden), and Ben Lomand, but Ben Nevis wasn't in.

Fact

There are eleven letters in The Alphabet, but thousands in The local postal sorting office.

Hang on a minute...

Some people enjoy reading *my* Blog so much that they tell Ian that *he* ought to write a book!

Well, if he does, I hope hr uses his own original material because, as I'm sure you know, I write my Blog on the basis of things that happen to me and Gemma. Ian just presses the computer keys because his fingers aren't as thick as my paws, so he is less likely to press four keys at the same time (although it has been known!).

I think they sometimes refer to people like Ian as ghost writers. This seems odd as I don't think a ghost would be able to hold the pen. A little joke there – well you've got to enter into the Spirit of Christmas, haven't you!?

Favourite Christmas Carols

Good King Westie-Iass

Bark the Herald Angels Sing!

Once on loyal Woody's se-ttee!

O come all ye Faithful

Tail End

As you probably know, the 'WaG' in the website and this newsletter stands for Woody and Gemma. Well, I overheard Julie ask Ian what the website would have been called if my sister's name had been spelt with a 'J' instead of a 'G'. Apparently, the answer, instead of Woody and Gemma's website, is Jemma and Woody's site.

That, in my view, would have been a disaster! Not only would people have mistaken our website for one about sharks (Ian works in local government where everything has to be an acronym) but, worse still, my name would have come after 'and' instead of before it.

Anyway, I like Gemma with a G even if, at times, she does bark alot, with a 'B' and an 'A'.

I see that I'm fast approaching the end of the page, so it's time to go! Ian, Julie, Gemma and I are all well and hope you are too! They say we never got the Barbecue Summer we were promised, but I disagree – we did! Here in the UK, most barbecues are held between rain showers, so the absence of extended and blisteringly hot weather made no difference – except to make it a little less unbearable for those of us in fur coats!

Merry Christmas everyone, and save a tripe stick or two for Gemma and me!

Tailwags from,

Woody

GH4Ter43mjhmjknaswg (Gemma has thick paws too!)

xxx