

To chew or not to chew?

That is the question.

Max



My name is Max and I'm a chewer, a champion through and through, aided and abetted by my companion Lady, she's a chewer too.

We chew all day, we chew all night, and we care not what we chew, from mum and dad's best books, papers, bark, twigs and even poo.

We like our proper nibbles, we could chew them all day long, we have destroyed our soft toys and even those considered strong.

We love the plants in dad's big pond, the Leylandi and Laurel taste good too, forest bark our favourite snack, we don't mind when we chew. Early mornings, or late at night, on week days or weekends; in the daylight or the dark, alone or just as friends.

Dad bought us Nylabones, we had a little nibble, but frankly these don't taste as good as "The Poetry of Cats by Andy Kibble". We liked especially the book on Birds, we loved the Bible too, and we even chewed up half of Devon and then went into Cornwall too. The road atlas is now short of maps, we ate them till they were gone, we did return them later but dad said he didn't like the pong.

Pigs Ears are our favourite, mum won't buy rawhide chews, they make us hyperactive then we chew and chew and chew. We've tried the coloured cotton ropes, the food flavoured ones too, but nothing beats the taste of books, we love them through and through.

Now mum and dad are talking, we've heard those dreaded words, "cage 'em dear when we go out or I will pack my bags, if they start upon the laundry we'll all be dressed in rags".

We know our family love us really, we love them dearly too, but mum it wasn't us honestly, it twas those naughty cats.

Max & Lady Trailhound



Lady

It wasn't us, honest!

