

Bentley

Bentley, the classic automobile that exudes luxury and a smooth ride. Bentley, the four legged Chocolate mini Poodle terror who became a family member of my son's as a puppy. Cute and cuddly, not, more like a tornado whizzing around the house, launching at my head at every opportunity.

My son and daughter-in-law brought Bentley home ten years ago. Before that the house was a welcome respite for my annual summer visit back to Minnesota. Nothing to be nervous or suspect about, just a great haven to rest and enjoy being there, out of the relentless heat of Florida.

When released from the confinement of his dog kennel, the game was on, fending off Bentley or being bruised and bloody. Racing around the dining and living rooms, launching onto the sofa and whoever was sitting on it and quick as a lick he'd be flying off for another go round.

Through the years Bentley and I came to an understanding, it took several years actually, when I'd arrive for my visit we would sit down together and have a talk. He would agree not to jump on my head if he could rest on my lap. Seemed a reasonable compromise and over the past couple of years we've managed to keep our bargain pretty well. A few exceptions, I suppose that's to be expected, he is after all, a dog!

Last year he would jump up on the couch with me and settle on my lap, content to snooze, what a relief, I could breathe normally again.

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258 words