

Tucker The Wannabe Farm Dog

Hi, I'm Tucker the dachshund, although I like to call myself a farm dog. I live in a house with my owner and her family. Here is my story!

Even though I have short, short legs, and a long, long back, I am a farm dog and the best one I know. I can run as fast as the kelpies even when they're alongside the quadbike.

When its time for bed I get the best treatment EVER! You see, because I can't jump up into my owner's bunk bed, she lifts me in and tucks me up so I'm nice and warm.

Every morning when I jump down, (it's more than one metre) from the bed, I start howling to wake my owner up so she isn't late for school. When she gets down, I need the most cuddles I can get because she'll be gone for six whole hours!

One evening, I was at the big farm trotting around minding my own business, when a pesky hare jumped out in front of me. I just had to chase it! I ran and ran, as fast as my little legs would go! The hare ended up getting away from me and that was when I realised, I was all mixed up and had no sense of direction.

I was scared, it was dark and getting colder. Where was I? Where was my wonderful bed? I was lost, truly lost!

I had nowhere to go, so I hunkered down under an old blue gum in a little hole I dug out. I was shivering and covered in dew. When the morning sun came out, it started warming me up.

The fresh morning air brought me a familiar scent. It smelled like my owners' cattle and the other farm dogs. Then I realised that I must follow this smell.

As the sun rose higher and the outside world got brighter, I could hear my name being called, far in the distance. I followed the sound of my name with my long-lost wolf instincts. I was a tracker!

Getting excited was easy, as the sound of my name was getting closer. I started running faster and faster. Then at last I saw some sign of my family. My owner's dad was standing there waiting for me, with his arms wide open.

It had been the longest time away from my owner ever. When we got back, I was smothered in hugs and kisses. My owner wrapped me in a towel and dried me, so I was nice and warm.

Now even though my adventure had its ups and downs, it was fun. It's also fun to be a farm dog, but I can not resist the life of being loved as a family dog, living with the best people ever!

So that is the end of my story.... "Tucker, Tucker, Tucker!" Oh, sorry that's my owner calling. Got to dash!