

The Adventures of Tiddles

by Cindy Huff



Tiddles was a golden brown English Pug. I think he was a pound puppy. There's a photo of Tiddles and I on a frozen fish pond and another in the garden when I was five or six years old. Tiddles was Grandpa's companion and friend, but he became my constant companion when I came to visit.

Our canine companion had a big heart, but could be ferocious if he didn't want you in his yard—his yard being 10 acres with a long winding driveway. There was the day, for example, a large black lab wandered onto the property and Tiddles chased him all the way to the road. On another occasion Dr. and Mrs. Ballard (you know, 'Ballard' as in the dog food guy) came for tea on their way home from a dog show. They had a beautiful standard poodle, which emerged from the back seat of their car. The poodle had a show-dog hair cut complete with bows. Tiddles took one look and lunged for it. You had to feel sorry for the poodle—it stood there shivering. After all, show dogs don't expect to be attacked and it didn't know what to do. Dr. Ballard decided that his prize poodle should remain in the car.

There was a game Tiddles played. It was called 'look for the emus.' Grandpa would take Tiddles and me for a walk on a trail next to his property where an old falling down shed of a small cabin stood. We would start down the trail and Grandpa would yell, "Find the emus!" Tiddles would run around in circles down the path looking for the emus. We would get as far as the building and then when we started back the game was over. I never once saw an emu, but I did half expect that something (or someone) would pop out of the building and get us.

Tiddles had a bed in Grandpa's work shop. He would walk up a little ramp by the wood box and go through the doggie door to bed. Some mornings Tiddles would join us while we ate a breakfast of boiled eggs and toast fingers. He sat on a paper by Grandpa's chair and has his breakfast, too.

These were just some of Tiddles' adventures, but I am sure there were many more. I don't remember when Tiddles left us, but I think he was quite old and when Grandpa got very ill he would not leave the bed to go out or eat. Tiddles was a special childhood friend and memories of him bring back fond memories of visits to Grandpa and Grandma.