

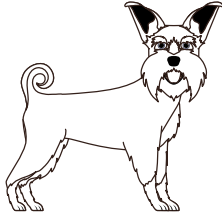
SCOUT



The Complete Pawbook

Key Information

Stats



Name: Scout Burt

Age: 5 ½

Species: Dog

Flavour of Dog: Schooodle

Weight: 5kg, give or take a few biscuits

Special skills: Catching, uncompromising stare, French

Medical



Medical diagnosis: Infiltrative Lymphangioma.

Treatment: Rapamune (sirolimus/rapamycin)

Insurance: PetPlan #NH494731576

Parkside Vet, Dundee: 01382 810777

The Royal (Dick) School of Veterinary Studies

Hospital for Small Animals: 0131 650 7650

(Scout is an oncology patient there)

Phone



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Grooming



When she's cut this short, a quick daily brush of the beard should suffice, with an all-over brush every few days if there are tangles. She quite likes the beard done. She will attempt to tremble to get out of it but isn't actually stressed.

Treats



She'd happily snack all day unless she's off-colour or hasn't drunk enough! No known allergies or intolerances.

Schnoutines

Scout and her foodbowl



Every day she might eat enough Tails.com food to cover the bottom of her bowl, plus a bit extra. She tends to eat her kibble after a bit of human food for inspiration, in the evening, last thing at night, or (less often) after a good walk. Scout doesn't tend to overeat so if she's reluctant to have a full meal but has indulged in some snacks that day it's nothing to worry about. If she empties her bowl she can have a bit more. Normally she has access to her food whenever she likes, but if that's problematic for Molly and Perry she will definitely eat when she's hungry if she gets a few opportunities through the day.

She has a weakness for chocolate despite it being strictly off-limits, but seems to have an aversion to other prohibited, non-dog-friendly food (such as onions).

Scout and bedtime



Her nightly routine:

1. Final trip outside - 2. harness off - 3. pill

She responds to "Scout, it's bedtime. **Do you want to go outside?**" even if she's sleepy and does it grudgingly.

Then after her final bathroom stop, we bring her back in and say, "**Get undressed**" and she'll jump up on something to get her harness removed.

She knows she's getting meat if you offer her her "**night-night chicken**" and will cooperate enthusiastically.

Medication



She gets **one Rapamune tablet** at night, usually with $\frac{1}{4}$ **paracetamol** (they break pretty easily).

Offer pill wrapped in wafer-thin meat and chase it with more meat (without delay, until she has swallowed it which is usually swift). She then often likes the remaining meat in bits in her bowl and will eat whatever she needs then.

If she doesn't take the paracetamol, it's not a big deal. It's more for ongoing comfort and she doesn't always need it. She can get up to 2 doses a day if she needs it, so if she seems to be limping or bothered by her swelling the next day it's fine to give her a $\frac{1}{4}$ pill right away. It's more important that she accepts the Rapamune.

Scout Stuff

Fun and Games

Favourite pastimes

Tug of war & Catch: as expected.

General menacing: She likes to work up to a good pounce. Humans can help by playing the part of the helpless victim and supplying her chosen toy with a voice. She likes to be cruel, so she particularly enjoys when they beg for mercy (she shows none). Things like, "*Please don't hurt me; I have a family!*" really appeal to the killer instinct.

Find It: Throw a treat or a bit of chicken/cheese and say "*find it!*". She will. Fifteen minutes of this will tire out her brain enough that she'll settle for a good sleep. Variations include playing it outside over a large area, and hiding a few treats for her to find while getting her to Stay.

Fetch: She loves a ball to the point of obsession. "*Bring it*", "*drop it*", "*ready*" are all good words. If she has constant access to a ball indoors, though, she might never sleep.

Behaviour

Scout has a bell on a ribbon (on a door handle) - she rings that if she needs/wants out. Occasionally she rings it when she's tired and doesn't know what she wants, so at night it's okay to ignore her after a couple of attempts where she just stands outside looking dopey!

In case of incessant barking, we've taught her that barking is how you ask to get your beard brushed - so asking, "Do you want the brushy-brushy?" often works. If necessary, actually picking her up and possibly following through with that reinforces the message.

Scout is always looking for weaknesses in humans. Don't let her bully you. She may stare and bark but as long as you don't do everything she demands immediately, she will get the picture that you're in a collaborative relationship and not her minion.

Her vocabulary

Inside - outside - come - Say hello - Sniff sniff (command to toilet) - treat - chicken (all meat) - food (proper food) - food in the kitchen (probably human food) - bring it - leave it - drop it - sit - down (lie down) - off - up - lap dog (jump up) stay - "on you go" (release) - *on y va* (let's go) - walkies - adventure - walk (instruction to move) - get dressed/undressed (harness) - spin - gimme five (sitting, low) - high five (high) - kisses (nose) - hug (if she's sitting on you) - play dead - sit pretty - scratches - later (we're trying) - ball "where's the..." - "where's..." - toss - catch

Song Book

Where is Fluff?

(to the tune of "Where is Love" from the musical *Oliver!*)

Where is fluff?
Does it fall from skies abuff?
Is it underneath the Schnoodle tree
That I've been dreaming uff?
Where is she?
Who I close my eyes to see
Will I ever know the sweet "RUH-ROH" (Scooby Do noise)
That's meant for only me
Who can say where she may hide
Must I travel far and wide
Till I am beside the Schnoodle who
I can scoop
When they poo
Where
Where is fluff?

Every night I kneel and pray
Let tomorrow be the day
Till I see the face of some dog who
I can be
Scooper to
Where
Where is fluff?

All Things White and Schnoodley

(to the tune of "All Things Bright and Beautiful")

*All things white and schnoodley
All schnoodles great and small
Fluff that's kind of noodley
The Lord God made them all*

He made their ears triangles
He made their tails to spin
He made their little tummies
And all the cheese within

He made their little snootles
All wet and cold to touch
He made their tiny toe beans
That we love very much

I Love Schnoodles

(to the tune of "I Love Paris" from the musical *Can-Can*)

(optional first verse)
Every time I look down
On this fluffy hound
Whether pink or grey be her thighs
When my food disappears
Or there are white fluffy ears
More and more do I realise
That

I love schnoodles in the springtime
I love schnoodles in the fall
I love schnoodles in the winter
When they grizzle
I love schnoodles in the summer
When they frizzle

I love schnoodles every moment
Every moment of the year
I love schnoodles
Why, oh why do I love schnoodles?
Because my fluff is near