

## Yankee Doodle

Have you noticed how many doodle dogs there are? There are Labradoodles, Schnoodles, Yorkiepoos, Cockapoos, Oodles and even Poos (I'm not kidding). A doodle dog is a cross between a poodle and another dog breed. This is the story of a lonely female labradoodle named Boston, named after where she was born, but now in the Pacific Northwest neighborhood of Marley and Jeri (please read *Vegan Dog and Stoned Cat*).

People buy doodle dogs because they don't give off allergic dander. But no one could have imagined that Boston would be allergic to dog dander. So, it was hard to make friends. After Boston's owners moved, they let her out for a while near the pond.

Vegan Dog was the first to greet the newcomer. "Hey, who are you?" he said with a smile.

"I'm Boston. My owners just moved here. What's your name?"

"They call me Vegan Dog, because my owners are vegan. It's a long story. Why don't you come closer so I can sniff?"

"I can't. I'm allergic to dogs."

Vegan Dog jumped back a little. "Allergic? I thought doodle dogs were hypoallergenic."

"We are to humans, but I'm allergic to the dander of dogs."

"Man, that's sad."

Boston was impressed with Vegan Dog. "You seem to be in good shape. How do you do it?"

“My owners are vegan, so I have to eat grains and vegetables. It’s the worst.”

“Sorry. Next time I get a juicy bone, I’ll bring it out to you.”

Vegan Dog was also interested in Boston. “That’s so kind. Are you sure you can’t come closer?”

“I’ll try.” Boston walked over to Vegan Dog. It took a minute, but then. “Achoo. Sorry.” Boston walked about 10 feet away. “This happens everywhere I’ve lived. I can’t make friends.” Boston cried a little.

“I’ll be your friend. Don’t your owners know about this? Haven’t they taken you to the vet?”

“I left notes by my dog bowl, but no response.”

“Yeah, I know how that works.”

“Well, it’s nice to know you care. Guess we’ll have to be friends at a distance.”

Suddenly, duck landed next to them. “Hi dogs. Someone new in the hood?”

“This is Boston, duck. She just moved here, but she’s allergic to dogs.”

Duck flapped her wings. “You don’t say. What about cats?”

Boston shook her head. “Yeah, cats too. But I seem to be all right around birds. Would you be my friend?”

Duck hesitated. “Not sure we hang around the same places. But when I see you at the pond, I’ll be friendly.”

“Thanks.”

“I think I may know someone who can help.” Vegan Dog raced over to Stoned Cat’s house and barked outside an open window. Stoned Cat sat on the sill.

“There’s a dog out here who is allergic to dander.”

Stoned Cat was taken aback. “How is that possible?”

“Well, she just is. Does your owner have anything for allergies?”

“This house is a drug store. Wait here.” Stoned Cat was only a minute, carrying several boxes of anti-histamines. Vegan Dog took the pills to Boston at the pond. “Try one of these.”

“How do I get them out of the package?”

“Hmm. I didn’t think of that.”

Duck volunteered. “Here, let me try.” Duck wrestled the package with his beak while flapping his wings. No luck.

A chipmunk nearby heard them. “Let me try.” With tiny claws and sharp teeth, the chipmunk was able to get a few of the pills to fall out of their packaging.

Boston licked up two pills, then drank some water from the pond. “Thanks. What’s your name?”

“Simon.”

Boston moved closer to Vegan Dog. “Hmm. No sneezing yet.”

Thanks to Stoned Cat’s drug supply and the help of some of his friends, Boston and Vegan Dog got to be friends. In fact, their friendship evolved into a romantic summer by the pond.

