
Internet Love Affair Unleashes New Passion

By Eileen Needham

I knew it was wrong, but I could not help myself. I was falling in love over the internet. I knew I had to tell my husband. It was only fair. I must admit, this was not the first time I did this. In fact, I have a history of it.

My son, Christopher, already knew about the affair. He caught me on the computer, and he was completely supportive of my new love. When I told my daughter, Ashley, however, she was slightly hesitant. She knew my husband would not approve. Shawn, the youngest, stated his concerns. His huge smile, however, could not disguise his support for me.

So, the next morning, at breakfast, I confessed my indiscretions to my husband. "I fell in love over the internet."

Immediately, he lifted his eyebrows and spoke the words I knew he would say: "You are not allowed on [Petfinder.com](https://www.petfinder.com)." He then turned to our children and said, "Do not encourage her. We already have a dog." He shook his head as he left for work.

When my husband came home that night, the house was clean and dinner was on the table. Norman Rockwell could not have painted a better picture. I waited for the precise timing to make my next move.

It came later that night, when he was on the recliner, with his mouth slightly ajar. The grip on the remote control **loosened**, giving me the signal to begin the conversation.

“Puppies are precious,” I stated.

“Yep,” he replied as his head nodded and he instantly grabbed the remote a little tighter.

“It would be fun to have one.”

“Yep,” he acknowledged.

“It would be good for the kids to have extra responsibilities,” I added.

He nodded his head, before falling into a deep sleep.

The next day, my husband woke to the smell of cinnamon rolls. As he came into the kitchen I said, “It was a nice chat last night.” I paused before adding, “and I am glad that you agreed that it would be fun to have another dog.” Instantly, his eyebrows raised again and his mouth opened.

“You don’t order dogs online,” my husband stated with conviction.

“True,” I agreed, “and they probably wouldn’t let us adopt her, because she’s out of state.” I waited before adding, “but I could put in the application and leave it up to fate.”

The silence in the room allowed me to continue. “It’s definitely not orthodox to order a Newfoundland-German shepherd mix sight unseen. The application will probably be denied.”

“I hope so,” he added.

“So, I will submit the application and see what happens,” I suggested.

A few weeks later we were the proud owners of Macie, our new puppy.

As soon as I saw her, I knew the truth. Internet love affairs are not always what they seem. I recognized her for what she was immediately. Although she had the long black fur of a Newfoundland, her size and demeanor revealed her true identity.

“False advertising,” my husband said as the new puppy herded our 17-year-old cat into the bathroom.

After a long pause I muttered, “She looked bigger in her pictures.” It was true that my idea of a dog was big, lazy and dense. She wasn’t any of those things, but she was now ours.

Over the years, we learned the joys of owning a border collie mix. She was a great soccer goalie, fantastic pool basketball player and she dutifully guarded the backyard from squirrel invasions. She wasn’t what we ordered, but I am forever grateful for my internet love affair.

Eileen Needham, of Hamburg, used diplomacy to bring a new dog into her household.