

THE ADVENTURES OF GIDGET



All Dog's Diary

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A Dog's Diary

By Chris Ballard

Stories and Photographs to celebrate
our Anniversary and reflect upon
our many Adventures!







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THE ADVENTURES OF GIDGET

INTRODUCTION

A Dog's Diary

Short stories as told through Gidget's insight of the world at large. A passion project in celebration of the past five years with my dog and the many adventures we have shared..

"What is Gidget thinking?" I often considered. That became the premise and inspiration behind the creative endeavors utilizing writing, photography and design. Our explorations through the woods, the nature preserve, wetlands and beyond have been outlets for dramatic adventure capturing thousands of photographs along the way to provide a remarkable archive of content often posted to social media.

What began as simple and brief story thoughts soon expanded into further study as our adventures continued in dramatic fashion. The posts became increasingly popular amongst friends and so I decided to go back through them all to create a compilation as a digital book containing the words and photographs.

Memorable moments with selected stories generating an entertaining escape was my ambition. Simple by design, each synopsis reflects aspects of our time together and those circumstances surrounding those events. Plenty of hidden gems buried within the insight of many of the stories that are reminiscent of so many special moments.

Hoping you as a reader enjoy this project filled with words and photographs showcasing our adventures through the years.



Love and Wishes from Chris and Gidget!



May 1, 2019

First Photo with me holding Gidget taking her back with me to Atlanta.



“Queen of Sweetwater Creek”

August 19, 2019

So it's been a while since I put my emotional dialogue on social media. Sue me! I'm guilty as charged. I've just been too preoccupied living life to the gluteous maximus! Much rather use my keen senses to track aromas of other creatures in the wilderness than to sit here playing with my iPaw typing out stories of insignificance to validate my own existence. Indeed, I bark and howl at Chris as he wastes his own time on that 'technocratic monitor thingy' for reasons I can't quite understand. I mean, we could be out there chasing deer, rabbits and cool stuff like that!

He does have a few surprising qualities. For example, he knows things about nature. I was surprised he was on a first-name basis with some of the wildlife here in the woods. A large bird swooped through the trees and Chris said, *“That's Al.”*

Al is always hooting at night. Chris says they are Wise Birds. That's a fair commodity to have. The highlight of my day is wandering through the forest and wetlands here just outside our back door. It's a nature reserve we frequent almost daily as it leads us in new directions covering vast territories we've yet to conquer. It's fascinating for us both to take on these venturous walks through nature.





Chris promises that our world will be expanding soon. There is so much to explore and other places to visit. I'm ready for our adventures as it's only been a few months moving in with him and I now consider myself "*Queen of Sweetwater Creek's Nature Reserve!*"

I know the terrain like the back of my paw. There's so much promise for the future. I can smell ambition in the air and that is inspiring! Wishing everyone a new and fun experience and an *Adventurous Weekend!*



“Leader of the Pack”

September 6, 2019

“Amazing! Just another Amazing adventurous day here in the back woods and beyond as Chris and I spent hours on end trudging through the forest and eventually making our way through the golf course. I even tried to chase a wandering cat from our territory, but Chris held me back with his leash.

I say *“his leash”* because I have no legal representation in the matter. He can be so controlling at times. I wouldn't go so far as to call him Narcissistic because he truly does care for me, yet I just wish I had the opportunity to chase that cat back to it's home.

It's the small things in life that have the greatest impact. Take me for example. I am small for most dog measures, yet I am the Leader of the Pack! I contribute my success to Brains and Smartfulness. Yep, that's me...Small Girl, Big Brains!

It's no different with humans. Take a good look at the famous singer **Brenda Lee**. She is one of my biggest inspirations, yet she is barely 5 feet tall. Such a voice...and did you know she was in the top 5 record-selling artists back in the day! Only The Beatles, Elvis and a couple others sold more records.

I know I am off on a tangent here, but it must be addressed the fact that the proof is in the evidence. How many photographs has Chris taken of me? A Kabillion? Maybe more. The fact of the matter is that I am always in front. I take him on all our adventures because I am the ***Leader of the Pack!***



“Curiosity Killed Chris”

August 2, 2019

WOW! Three deer sightings, some rabbits, and a large snapping turtle earlier this evening, but Chris kept held me back on the leash. Just imagine the damage I could do to nature! It was one of ***OUR*** most productive weeks ***EVER!*** There’s also something up in one of his banana trees he keeps staring at for no particular reason. “Yeah, OK, Whatever turns you on!” (a Red-Shouldered Hawk.) I bark at him. He’s gonna stretch his neck and get some weird spinal inflammation turning his head upwards towards curiosity. What’s that expression? ***Curiosity killed Chris!*** Somebody needs to put him on a leash!

“Gone Country”

September 28, 2019

Hey! I was Country when Country wasn't cool!

It wasn't that long ago I was living in Maryville, Tennessee (pronounced Mare-ville!) for those with a Southern accent. Anyway, Mamaw Ballard passed away just short of 100 years in age and the next thing I knew I was with Chris in metro Atlanta. I guess life can turn on a dime. Yes, it can be like a box of pepperoni pizza...You just never know whatcha gonna find digging through the trash bin.

Life was more carefree then, but it's now a 'different' kind of freedom. I'm willing to put my trust and faith in new ownership that spends so much time caring for my daily needs...you know, such as tracking deer in the woods and sharing that Grilled Chicken he just put on his plate. (*Hint! Hint!*) It smells delicious, so I'm hoping he leaves some on the kitchen table so I can have an ***“open invitation!”***

Love and Wishes to all those loving pet owners!

“*Deer Aliens*”

July 19, 2019

“In this edition of “*Beyond this World: Things you won’t Believe*” we delve into the subject of aliens posing as deer here upon earth. It’s true. Those cute ‘*Bambi-like*’ creatures are nothing more than aliens from another planet placed in our world to deceive us from their true origins.”

“We go now to our Senior correspondent in Area 51 just beyond Sweet Woods Drive in Lawrenceville Georgia for an update on developments.”

“Yes, that suspicion has now been confirmed as a small tan dog was just seen moments ago. The dog’s owner is with us here now. Sir, what is your name, what do you know and when did you know it?”

“Hey, Y’all. My name’s Chris. I’m so sorry *Gidget* broke free from her leash. I apologize for that, but these deer have become more and more invasive through the years...eating every flower and plant in sight. Although I have a fence surrounding my yard, the *deer-aliens* use some sort of anti-gravitational force propellant to leap over the top and there seems no way to deter their invasion.”

“We noticed your dog...What was her name? *Gidget* I think you said...She took off immediately as they suddenly appeared to chase them back into the woods. Can you give us more details for the record?”

“Yeah, *Gidget* is no ordinary dog. She knows the difference between neither here nor there and wastes no time chasing those *alien creatures* back to where they belong. It should be obvious as those *deer-aliens* are immune to natural diseases, yet spread viral infections throughout the animal kingdom in an attempt to take over our world.”

“Well there you have it. The truth for once and for all. Back to the studio and remember...Don’t be fooled. *Deer are really Aliens in disguise!*”



“Easy Like Sunday Morning”

October 6, 2019

“Easy Like Sunday Morning!” I wish every day was like Sundays as Chris has all day to spend taking me out for an adventure in the woods, through the wetlands and all around the empty golf course I can track all the smells from the creatures partying on a Saturday evening and those nocturnal ones that only come out at night..

Fall is in the air with a cool breeze lowering the temperatures from another blistering summer. The leaves gather all around and some float along Sweetwater Creek. It's the annual ***“Sweetwater Creek Leaf Festival!”***

Proof and evidence the world is a cycle of changes and can be measured by the seasons of change in nature. *..I think I smell a deer!*







“Fall Colors”

October 14, 2019

Autumn is like a clash of watercolors in the rain with those vibrant hues and majestic landscapes. Beautiful time of the year with nature's artistic magic showcasing cooler weather after the southern heat's blistering and the falling leaves that cover the earth.

Poetic as the season may be, it's a prelude to old man winter's tough, brutal and often harsh finale to end the year and cycle through the changes of seasons. It is as much an ending as well as a beginning and Fall always lifts my spirits for adventure.

There's a suspicious band of leaves floating down Sweetwater Creek and I must investigate any moving target within my territory.

Yes, I truly believe in the spirits of the universe as I chase through undiscovered paths in which my nasal sense leads me onwards to new journeys.

I think I will now go stomping through the leaves and see if I can pick up those deer scents.

Enjoy the Fall season everyone!



“Pawprints in the Sand”

One day a dog had a dream. It dreamed trotting along the beach with it's master. Across the sky flashed scenes from the dog's long life. In each scene, there were two separate prints. One of the dog and those of it's owner.

It looked back at those prints in the sand and noticed many times along the trail it's paws made no impression upon the grains of sand. The dog was a bit confused as it had always meant to leave a mark of it's own existence.

This troubled the dog. He questioned the truth to the nature about it's life, his master and the uncertainty of ownership. The dog felt disappointed as it's paws were not concrete evidence of it's existence.

The Lord soon replied to the dog while it was in passing the Rainbow Bridge. “Your Master Loved you Dearly.”
“You were a loyal companion and faithful friend”
“Your Faith together put you both as one in my eyes,”
”For I am the One True Lord and shall lift you both to Heaven.”
“Those prints you see are when I carried you both during times of trial and suffering. Your impression shall forever be ingrained in your owner's memory. You will always be loved and you will never be forgotten.”



“Dirty Laundry”

November 9, 2019

Caught ‘Red-Handed’ as it seemed a cozy place for me at the time. Yes, Guilty as charged as I found the dirty laundry basket a comfortable place to lay in while Chris was on his machine-a-thing-a-magig. It’s really his fault as he placed the basket on the floor within my reach... tempting me to take comfort. Metaphorically speaking, humans are always looking for the filth and dirt on others because it helps to clean their own insecurities. As for me, I am simply nasal-tolerant in that my sense of smell is a Library of Knowledge I’ve obtained from scents of familiarity. The Laundry basket seemed like a nice place to reminisce before those stinky fabrics become washed away with chemicals.

Sure, I have my comfort zones, but it’s always a discovery when I find something new that intrigues my interest. It’s not so much that I was looking for dirt as much as I was attracted to scents of recognition. At least that’s my story and I’m sticking to it!

I have just discovered the rinse cycle! Feeling a little dizzy at the moment. I can’t wait to take a ride in the dryer! Happy Laundering!

“Musical Chairs”

November 2, 2019

There has been a sudden influx of chairs here at the Ballard residence. I can only count so many on my paws, but Chris proclaims there are 45 chairs total when counting inside and those on the back patio. Far too many for just the two of us, so I suggested he invite 45 friends as guests to come over to the house to play ***“Musical Chairs.”***

You know the game. You play music while everyone walks around outside the chairs arranged in a circle and when the music stops everyone jockeys for position to be seated in a chair. There is one more person than the number of chairs, so that person who doesn't sit in time becomes the loser.

But here's the gag...The loser must take a chair as a gift. So you see, it's a *Lose/Win* situation! I told you I was a small girl dog with big ideas. I ain't just another pretty face!

Speaking of chairs, I must admit to one of my bad habits in which I often jump in the chair Chris is sitting and when he gets up to get something from another place. It's my way of pushing boundary limitations. With so many chair options now, it's exhausting for either of us to choose where to sit. So, I typically will jump in his seat and when he returns to find me sitting in his seat, he cries “Foul!”

Sorry, buddy...but ***“You Snooze, Ya Lose!”***





“Thanksgiving Blessings”

November 24, 2019

“Sniff! Sniff”

Can you smell it? The aroma is familiar, but I can't quite put my paws on it and the taste buds on my tongue are salivating in drooling fashion. To quote Shakespeare:

“From whence doth thy inspired force calleth?”

“Methinks it is of Life's Blessed Truth.”

Okay, honestly...I just mad that up. LOL! Let it not be forsaken in that the blessed truth in life is right here in front of my nostrils. I don't yet see it, but am guided by my inner sense knowing it's there.

“Sniff! Sniff”

I can even smell the colors similar to the changing pigments of autumn leaves falling to winter's submission. It's majestic at it's peak and brings beauty to so much of nature's landscape.

“Sniff! Sniff”

I can even hear the changes in atmospheric pressure that builds within. Perhaps that is why my ears have become so attentive to a more universal balance of nature. My senses have become heightened and I am at my own peak realization of life's wonders. I feel blessed.

“Sniff! Sniff”

Perhaps it is the true essence of the soul that becomes inspired this particular time of year. I can smell those blessings in life and feel thankful for many of the seasoned flavors added to the pot in life's dramatic presentation for festivities.

“Sniff! Sniff”

I'm not very good at math, but I can count my own blessings on four paws. Love, family, friends and neighbors...and deer! Yes!

“Sniff! Sniff”

Okay, enough with all this philosophical artistic nonsense and all the intellectual compromises I face...Just give me some of that turkey Chris is cooking! It's Driving me Crazy!

Love and Wishes to all and have a Blessed Thanksgiving!





“Thanksgiving Feast”

November 28, 2019

Thanksgiving. A day devoted to feeling blessed about life with reflections for those aspects in which we are grateful. Wait...hold that thought while I take another bite of turkey, ***“Chomp! Chomp!”***

Sorry to speak with my mouth full, but...***“Chomp! Chomp!”*** I just wanna go through a few isssss....***“Chomp! Chomp!”*** issues before I get through this festive holiday.

Clearly it has been a turbulent year that has led to new beginnings, ***“Chomp! Chomp!”*** but I feel truly blessed winding up with Chris here in metro Atlanta...***“Chomp! Chomp! Swallow...”***

Don't get me wrong...the journey is greater than the distance traveled gaining trusting companionship more than those frequent flier benefits, right? It's not the measure of distance that counts as much as the quality of living. Hold on one second...

“More Turkey!” Now that's the spirit. I'm not one to belabor over keeping life simple as I am just a simple dog. Not demanding in the least...***“Chomp! Chomp!”*** all I'm saying is that the truth of the matter is I'm becoming more spoiled each and every day... and that's probably a good thing. ***“Chomp! Chomp!”***

Oh, wait...here's the dressing and gravy! Im beginning to love these holiday moments because it's really special...especially the gravy! OMG! Is that *Pumpkin Pie!* You had me at *'Hello!'*

Where was I before I was distracted...something about food, I think...yes, and issue about a grocery bill. I don't really know about all that as I don't carry money around and haven't been given my due credit. I'm just thankful Chris takes care of all that.

“Chomp! Chomp! Swallow!”

I know you understand what I mean and I don't understand myself half the time, but truly blessed to have this dude in my life as I *“Chomp! Chomp!”* finish off this Pumpkin Pie.

Oh, No! Here he comes...I guess I better jump down from the dinner table! *Happy Thanksgiving!*



WANTED



**GIDGET
FOR STEALING
COUNTRY HAM**





“Falling Down”

December 1, 2019

All I can say is that it was a good day to fall into Sweetwater Creek. No need to panic as I simply lost my footing on a slippery wet log. I was more confused about the ordeal than damaged by the result. More embarrassed, really, as I quickly pulled myself back up onto the wet log. Chris was halfway undressed ready to dive in to save me. Not really, but I told him I would tell it that way if he slipped me some extra turkey from Thanksgiving leftovers!

We all fall down at times and this season of Fall weather has been quite unpredictable. Mother Nature has been sublime with her vibrant colors and rich blessings. It's been such a grand holiday break from the daily grind. As they say in the Game of Thrones...*Winter is coming!*

Wishing everyone a fantastic break as well because the holidays can be just as stressful as falling off a log in Sweetwater Creek! Looking forward to the magic of December, so ***Happy Holidays...Love and Wishes!***



“Christmas Eve”

December 24, 2019

What an absolutely gorgeous day for adventure! The sun is shining, the birds are chirping and I can see the deer playing Reindeer games down below. One of them has a red nose, but I'm not certain it's Rudolph. In any event, Nature seems to be basking in the sun on this unseasonably warm December day just before Santa makes his rounds throughout the world tonight.

Even Sweetwater creek is flowing like a river. The water level is higher than I've ever seen, which is a good sign because rising tides lift all ships. It's the same with the soul as it is in nature when good vibes exalt the spirit of others. That's what Christmas does each year. I can smell the magic in the air. It smells like reindeer on my rooftop and a very fat man in a red suit trying to fit through such a small vent in the fireplace.

Unbelievable? The only truth is that the Christmas Spirit exists worldwide. Yes it does. Much Holiday Cheer to you and Wishing Everyone a Merry Christmas!



Love and Wishes from Chris and Gidget



Happy Holidays!
From Chris & Gidget



“I Have A Dream”

January 18, 2020

I have a dream...

I dream of cats and dogs living together in harmony. A dream where happiness becomes a virus that spreads throughout the world without a cure. A dream in which love conquers all and wars become a distant history.

I dream of food.

Especially ham! I've gained weight since Chris has shared some of his cooking with me over the holidays, but It's never enough. I think the scale is off and that's just one of many items that needs to be addressed in this house.

I dream of Adventure.

The simple exploration of life and liberty always leads to a more comprehensive understanding of the world beyond one's own imagination. For example, I had no idea Chris would finally take the time from working on his computer to take me for a walk in the woods.

I dream of Spring.

As my grandmother used to say, “Winter weather is colder than a Witch's tit!” It's been unseasonably mixed weather this year and I only wish Mother Nature could make up her mind about the seasons. Be that as it may...let's get back to growth in warmer temperatures.

I dream of winning The Masters!

Yes! If Only Dogs were allowed to play golf on the greens in Augusta. I can swing a club as well as any human and I suspect there's some kind of animal discrimination that doesn't allow pets to participate.

I dream of winning.

I know it's somewhat nebulous in the big universal concept of achievement, but honestly, I've not won anything more gratifying than the daily luxuries of having a blessed life with so much to be thankful for already.

I dream of ambition.

If there's one thing that motivates me, it's the constant pursuit of happiness and the willingness to put forth the effort to find that rewarding satisfaction of the moment like those treats Chris gives me after I go pee in the yard.

Mostly I dream of deer.

Those exotic creatures fascinate my imagination and I just want to prove to myself I can run just as fast and jump as high as they can. To catch one would be a dream.

Wishing everyone's dreams come true this year!





“Holi-Daze”

January 26, 2020

*‘Tis the Season...*for depression. Pets and animals get down at time as well as humans. Like a rollercoaster with the difficult climb to the top and then free-falling in a downward spiral as if plunging towards some unknown earthen abyss. Personally I’ve never actually been on a rollercoaster, but Chris has been on many. I don’t feel down very often because I have everything in life I need and more. I stay optimistic knowing I’ll get more chicken from the grill.

Like humans, one can tell much about a dog by it’s body language. I swing my tail from side to side as a gallop along the trails on our adventures. I even have a hop, jump and skip thing I do to show how happy I am. My adventures are my inner spirit shining through.

Not all dogs are as fortunate as me. It's heartbreaking to see those that don't have a home. Stuck in some cage with their tails between their legs and hope fading right before their eyes as they look at you for a miracle rescue. Heartbreaking.

Depression is a seasonal cycle as well. That period from mid-January through much of February is the most depression time of the year. Chris has documented evidence of this and I believe it's true as he worked in television news for such a long time and the story would be the same...year after year.

- Financial woes. Those gifts purchased with all that Christmas spirit on credit cards come due.
- Those New Year resolutions have probably now been broken.
- The weather is a winter's mix of bleak and gloom at best.
- The rat race you were so enthusiastic about entering your career is still just a rat race.
- Reflective thoughts and concerns about certain relationships continue to build.
- The optimistic mindset for improvements and goals to be reached have probably not sparked much of a difference...
...yet.

That's the key from the quick spiral downwards is knowing how to use that momentum to make that climb once again to the top of your game. Live and learn and understand it's just a cycle in a season of mental changes.

It's not easy getting back into the swing of things after the holiday seasons. Once the country ham is gone, I feel an emptiness as well. Although I've had my fill and put on some extra weight, I know I'll get back to true form when I begin to shed my fur with warmer weather. Time cannot be rushed nor slowed down. It is what it is and patience is at it's most critical moment.



As Gidget, I am the small girl with the big ideas and the most loving companion I can be to Chris. It helps to have a pet of any kind to get through the Holi-Daze. Yes, Chris is my pet and he helps me get through it all.

We utilize this time to organize and plan for the future. Those adventures yet to come. The anticipation for exploration not knowing what is just ahead motivates and drives ambition. All that has yet to be discovered and how much more grilling has yet to be cooked. Yep! It's a cycle and things are looking up!





“Love Hurts”

February 14, 2020

Love Hurts. Surely you should know this by now. In some cases it even leaves a scar...like the one I gave Chris just the other day when he got me all excited about goin' tomcattin'. How was I to know he was gonna put his eye directly into the claws of my paw? I guess it's a question for all of us when it comes to the damages and the price we pay for love.

Love should be free and unconditional. At least that's how I feel. I love Chris...yes, i've got him wrapped around my paws. All it takes is a wink and looking at him with my big beautiful brown eyes! He can't deny me after that and he falls into this deep emotional state of feeling so blessed. I give him a wink. Of course he would wink back at me if not for the scar across his eye. Like I said, Love Hurts.

That's what makes our adventures so special. That bond we share. There's no mountain we can't climb, no ocean we can't cross, no amount of his grilled cooking I can't handle! It's Valentines' Day so maybe he's got something cooked up already.

Meanwhile, it's off on another adventure through the woods, crossing creeks and over the hills we go! Maybe Bambi is out there like a damsel deer in distress and I can come to the rescue. I've been chasing her ever since I moved in with Chris. I just don't understand how I can be rejected. Yes, Love Hurts but wishing all a Happy Valentines' Day!



Love and Wishes!

Chris and Gidget

Love 
is a four legged 
 Word





“Social Distancing”

March 17, 2020

There is *No Need* for Alarm. ***Do Not Panic!*** All is Well as I am safe from Covid-19. Besides, I heard that pets, animals and even insects are immune from that Mexican Beer virus. People shouldn't be drinking that corona stuff anyway...it's so bad a taste you've got to put a lemon in it to swallow. Perhaps it's an "aquired" taste, but I will keep my distance.

Speaking of which, more and more people are now working from home. This works to my benefit as Chris and I are always together... unless I send him to the grocery store for more chicken to grill for me. More time together...more food...and less hassles!

In the words of the great Bob Dylan, "*The Times, They are 'a Changin.*" So it seems. ***Social Distancing*** is the new progressive method to prevent the virus from spreading. For me it's a silver lining. For many others as well with all this new technology at our disposal, most can work from home and spend more time for themselves, friends and family...and of course, their pets!

That's my take on it anyway. So many tragic circumstances in life with a constant barrage of morbid news keeps many people on edge with skepticism and concerns. No doubt there have been major changes on a worldwide scale and now the narrative is to stow away from others.

Not all are as fortunate as Chris and I am fortunate he can spend more time at home with me. Although he is often sitting in front of that tele-prompter-computator-thingamajic, we are together. On the other paw, there is a feeling of isolation amongst piers. A disconnect if you will.

Be that as it may, all this social distancing truly does not affect our adventures. In fact, it has only intensified as we have more time to explore. Especially in the woods, the wetlands and golf course. It has always been a mystery to us both how so few people with their pets never wander through those nature trails woodlands and the empty golf course. Chris and I are have been the only ones to take advantage of such an outdoor wonderland of nature.

It's hard to believe that just outside the Atlanta perimeter a place such as this exists with never another in sight. Quite incredible, yet neither of us are complaining because we have the vast landscape to ourselves. Now that's what I call ***social distancing!***



GIDGET



“The Nose Knows”

April 19, 2020

It’s not easy being me. I may be a *Small dog*, but I’ve got *Big responsibilities*. Just recently I chased a cat out of our yard and halfway across Gwinnett County. The nerve it had to step inside our yard! I guess I taught it a lesson not to trespass! It’s my duty to let Chris know if there’s anything out of the ordinary going on. ***“Bark!”***

I even helped him dig up the ground for his banana trees. I’ve got skills and don’t mind getting my paws dirty. In some respects it’s easier for me to do than Chris using his own tools. He’s got the yard shaping up nicely and clawing a few more patches of red clay mud may be the final touches he needs.

“Gidget! Stop digging in the lawn!”

Oops! I thought for sure this would be a good place for a banana tree. My bad.



It's always special when we venture through the woods and wetlands along Sweetwater creek. I just take it all in and sniff everything going on. I can even smell all those critters that have passed by recently. I can track a rabbit's trail and know if a deer has passed through. I think they sleep right over there in the tall grass there in the woods.

Sniff..Sniff. Yep. That's where they slept last night.

Even though much of the woods have turned swampish from recent rains, I know what's what.

I'm gonna glide over here on this boulder to get a better view of what's ahead. Yes, the cool breeze in the air provides a sense of everything happening as I can smell anything blowing in my direction. Always an energizing spirit to get outdoors and patrol the woodlands. Like I said, I've got ***Big responsibilities.***

Everything appears to be safe and secure and now I am famished. I can't wait for Chris to fill up my bowl.

"Wait! What is that smell? Is that Ham? That's another Country Ham on the countertop! I am in for a treat!

So, you see...***The Nose Knows!***

“Bath Time”

February 23, 2020

Coach always said if ya ain't got no dirt on yer uniform at the end of the game, ya ain't given it one hunderd percent! I'm no mathematician, but I figure I gave it about 480 percent today trudgin' through the mudlands of Sweetwater Creek. I play to win in the game of life and don't mind all the mud that begins to layer in thickness upon my paws that makes the challenge more inspiring. I can overcome the obstacles if it's a level playing field for every player in the game of life. My best performances are those without excuses.

Bring on the rain, the mud and the nasty conditions. It's often a challenge to push yourself out of the comfort zone that limits your ambition. Sure, it's a personal critique of one's self, but put me in the game, coach, 'cause I wanna win! Life is about overcoming the odds of... Wait! SQUIRREL!

Sorry... I got distracted...only for a temporary lapse of reason...where was I. Something about life and overcoming the challenges you face.

“Gidget! Come here, Girl! It's Bath Time!”

I think I would rather go through the mud again than take a bath! I need to come up with a clever excuse!





“Ancient History”

June 6, 2020

“You’re the Sweetest Girl in the Whole Wide World of the Vast Universe!!!” Chris repeats to me over and over...again and again. Sometimes I think he’s a parrot squawking to impress me with some hidden motive. Sometimes he talks to me as if I were a dog! No, I am Family! Men? Pets give humans their strength.

It’s the truth as it goes back to Ancient History. Don’t tell me I don’t know what’s what...I saw it on the Disney Channel where those pets of Pharoahs and Queens were given the same everlasting life qualities of mummification in their own golden tombs built for eternal glory. You see! That’s how it all works out in the end. I’m gonna have my own Sphinx built in my image with pyramids of triumphant victory that will become a monument of my very existence!

Am I going overboard here? OK, but it’s worth the dream, rest assured that it’s enough just to feel loved and to have those around you that care. He’s saying that phrase again...as if I haven’t heard it a million times already, but to be honest...it never gets old.

“You’re the Sweetest Girl in the Whole Wide World of the Vast Universe! Want a “Goodie?”

“A Goodie! OK, THAT got my attention! There’s Food involved!”





“McDaniel Farm Park”

June 22, 2020

Today was quite a treat as Chris took me to the McDaniel Farm Park! It’s a former stomping ground he would talk about, but I told him he could ‘talk the talk,’ but let’s ‘walk the walk!’ It’s not even two minutes down the road as a donated private farmhouse as land now used for a community park area. You could spend half the day walking through the entire area and still not see everything. We took the highlighted scenic route that was just enough to know there’s much more to this place of adventure. Besides, there was a downpour of rain and we had to rush along...but we’ll be going back more frequently in the future. Wishing everyone an adventurous week ahead!



“Back On Track”

September 26, 2020

It's been a few months since my last real adventure due to a few health concerns, but ***HAVE NO FEAR... GIDGET IS HERE!*** Yes, your favorite underdog is back in action with a new commitment to saving our universe from those evil villains taking control of everything!

Speaking of which, *Mother Nature* now manages the community golf course. It hasn't been mowed since the government-controlled pandemic drove fear into the "Heartworms" of America. That's just my opinion, but I've been socially distanced from those same parasites in which I've been through so much treatment at extra expense. The good news is that I can finally get out and seek thrills and adventure again. I feel more superpowers now than ever.

It's also so much fun to drag Chris through all the overgrown brush and thorny bushes. Yes, he needs to bleed to understand the pain of boredom that has kept us from our normal routine. Just for fun, I enjoy dragging him through as many spider webs as I can find. He loves that so much! I just wish he would give me the camera to catch those priceless images on his face when he is smothered with webbing. *LOL!*

More adventures to follow as we are back on track! I am committed to using my nose to track anything I can smell that takes me in new directions where I can discover those things of interest that needs to be investigated. "Sniff! Wait! Is that a Deer? I think I smell a Deer!"

If only I could get off this leash, I could save the universe from itself!



“Running Free”

October 4, 2020

I'm a “Bad Girl!” That's what Chris told me as he chased me more than the distance of a football field. I could've ran as fast I could to eternal glory, but I could hear his heart racing faster than his legs could move, so I slowed down. He was angry and upset, but only for a moment.

It's just that I've not had much exercise in recent months due to blood pressure concerns. That time has passed and I am free to take on the world without complications. Haven't we all been cooped up too long and quarantined as if we're prisoners to ourselves?

Admittedly, I took advantage of the opportunity the moment Chris took off my leash. I stretched my legs as fast and as far as they could run. It felt good to break free after so long a period of 'R and R' and I would do it again in a heartbeat!

I think it wasn't so much the Freedom as much as it was the Trust that angered Chris. I wasn't listening to his commands as much as my inner desires. We've both been through so many challenges in this unprecedented year and for all the effort, patience and resilience...ambition takes it's toll to just run through that field of dreams as if to capture that one cinematic moment captured on film forever. It felt good to run free, even for just a moment!



“The Masters of Adventure”

October 30, 2020

You don't have to be Tiger Woods to conquer a Golf Course. Chris took me golfing today...well, kind've-sort of as we ventured further than ever before through this former golf course range humans have abandoned for sport and there's nothing but nature as weeds have grown, trees have fallen, and deer have found new luxury property. Chris did some research and apparently the course was privately owned for many years, but has recently decided to sell off it's property. It's been going on since the beginning of this year and we've just hit on a few holes as the greens have turned to high-standing weeds and deer and other critters have found luxurious spacial living within nature's new accomodations.

Even so, it's a temporary gift as new developments will follow and ruin our golf course-turned-wilderness sanctuary to roam around and explore through the greens, sand traps, and river streams. Yet, for now...both Chris and I call ourselves ***“The Masters of Adventure!”***



“Adventure Poem”

January 31, 2021

**Trotting along the Adventure Trail
As far as I can see
The landscape twists and turns
Through unknown destiny**

**Crossing paths with only clues
I sense familiarity
The longest road I hold to turn
Chasing tails of fantasy**

**The paved path is often cracked
I prefer the road less traveled
A venture through the lesser known
To discover mysteries unraveled**

**Nature's guide helps to provide
A path to someplace new
Boundaries are broken wide
To see Adventure through**

**Seasons change and life remains
A total mystery
Clockwork angels sing along
To Nature's harmony**

**Can you see? Oh, can you see
From here to eternity?
How far I will go
Along this road to my destiny**

**Obstacles along the path
And Mountains I must climb
This course of mine I soon will find**

**Wait! I see a deer!
It's just so near!
Almost within my reach...
Now all I want is to be
Taken *OFF MY LEASH!***



“Bad Girls Have More Fun”

January 17, 2021

So the New Year started off with a Bang, but truth to tell...I must make a confession. Yes, I did that dastardly deed that evildoer dogs do when they are off the leash... The words ***“Bad Girl”*** were shouted repeatedly as I broke free of those new year resolutions and ran wild from the back yard down into the woods.

In my own defense, I must state that I was set up for failure. I mean, honestly...When there's a bright shiny white tail from a deer just outside the fence...it's just too much of a temptation ***NOT TO CHASE!*** So I went for it in the early morning hours of my pee time when I was distracted.

There were two of them and I drove them halfway to the next county before I doubled back making my way back home. Chris was more angry with himself than me, but it didn't stop him from calling me a ***“Bad Girl.”*** Let's just be realistic about things...I'm a Dog! I Chase Deer. End of Discussion!

Besides...Bad Girls Have More Fun and for all the criticisms and lecturing...I'll do it all again...and then show my big brown loving eyes to apologize afterwards, knowing all along it's the thrill of the chase that is a greater reward than the resulting criticism.



“Pizza Bowl”

February 5, 2021

Super Bowl Weekend and I’ve already got my *Game Face* On! It’s all the hype for your favorite team to emerge as Champions. We can settle all that on the field, but I don’t have a favorite dog in this hunt. Exciting all the same because the true victorious winner is *You...the Fans* because we all need an event to help digest as much pizza, burgers and nacho chips that can possibly be consumed.

Did you know more pizzas are sold during the Super Bowl than any other time of year? It’s true. They should call it the ***“Pizza Bowl”*** and honor the winners a lifetime supply of free pizza because the Lombardi Trophy just isn’t edible. Let’s face it and call it like it is...it’s all about Food!

I can’t wait for the kickoff because I am expecting Chris to fumble a few meaty bites onto the floor. I am determined to intercept those pigskins of delicacy for recovery. No sense in waste and we’ve got to keep a clean and even playing field.

We can all bicker over favorite toppings such as pepperoni, hamburger, sausage, or even veggies. Give me a ***“Super Bowl”*** of my favorites and that is really what I mean about my *Game Face!* Wishing everyone a ***“Super Weekend”*** of treats for yourself!

“Star Trek”

February 21, 2021



I'm all about "*Adventure!*" See the world, chase the deer, and go where no dog has gone before! That's right! I can *Star Trek* as well as any other dog in the universe. I've got dreams and ambitions and no galaxy is too far away for me to explore. I plan to be the first do to *walk on the Moon!* Sometimes I just sit and gaze at the stars and anything is possible.

Look! There's Mars...and Jupiter, an another planet on my adventure list of places to explore. The world is so vast with so many places to go and see. Who knows what alien critter lifeforms I can sniff out and chase. I could explored the entire solar system if I could just get Chris to *let me off the leash!*



“Fear The Gidget”

March 11, 2021

Be afraid. Be *VERY* afraid of me if you are a chipmunk wandering into my territory. I will have you by the tail of your own rodent scavengery...gnawing at those loose sunflower seeds upon the ground where I catch you beckoning for more than you can fit into your tiny mouth. I'm in charge up here in Hurt Village, so you better run...You better hide...because once Gidget's off the leash...there's an end to your story!



“A Visit to the Vet”

March 6, 2021

I just got back from the Vet clinic for a follow-up to some concerns about health issues discovered about this time one year ago. All is well and good and I'm in great condition with all the adventures I get to take, good food, and chasing Chipmunks! It's my latest craze as they are so adorable, I must have one for myself!

“WOOF! WOOF!” That's how Chris knows he needs to open the door so I can chase them. I found one go into a hole and I dug through the earth until I reached China! Hey, I'm not hard to please as long as he is helping with my ambitions and taking good care of me. So much has changed since this time last year in that we all feared for our health. It's been both tragic and a blessing as the new normal becomes interwoven in a social fabric of prioritized time management. For instance, Chris grilled me some chicken and it's now an insult not to have those home-cooked extras added into my meals. Like I said, I'm not hard to please. “WOOF! WOOF!”



“Gidget Country”

March 31 2021

Chris is *Rock ‘n Roll* and I am *Country*. Three chords and the truth are all I need to sniff through nature’s majestic spirits. I don’t need loud amplified effects and tricky finger tappin to enjoy life’s most basic essentials. Give me Hank Williams *“Lovesick Blues”*

Don’t get me wrong ‘cause I can run wild with the pack when I get the urge, but I’m more of a homebody. I can lay on the porch and scratch with the best of ‘em. All my rowdy friends have settled down and I’m not one to live in the fast lane. Life is good now that Chris is at my beck and call 24 hours each day...eight days a week! I get all I want and need and that’s just how it is.

It’s a challenge at times...don’t get me wrong, but all I gotta do is wag my tail and open up my big beautiful brown eyes to get Chris’ attention and get more than my fair share. I’ve got him well-trained, indeed! Ain’t nothin’ like a man to bring so much joy and happiness...

“Squirrel!”





“Gateway to Heaven”

April 15, 2021

It's another day in paradise taking advantage of the sunshine as Blue Birds and Butterflies along with so many others in God's country are busy taking advantage of the Sun's rays as well. Flowers are now blooming and I can smell all the critters in the woodlands that have made their way through the seasons of change.

Yes, indeed...even the abandoned golf course is a flurry of activity with deer, cicadas and other flying insects finding new life in those tall grassy fields filled with weeds where once a closely manicured lawn existed. Life is good because it's all just outside my back door as if a *Gateway to Heaven*. Life can be an open invitation for happiness. Wishing everyone a blessed Friday and a weekend filled with sunshine happiness!

“It’s A Wonderful Life”

April 23, 2021

Another Good News/Bad News Post as Chris and I take on our adventures together to explore new dimensions throughout our world. For the most part we’ve spent a lot of time the past couple of years walking along the trails of the wetland reserve and the golf course.

The Good News:

Chris and I discovered 18 golf balls today as we made our way through the course...Eighteen! Go ahead and count them for yourself, but it’s a record discovery! I’m not quite sure why he gets so excited about finding lost causes. I have no use for them myself, but it’s a glorious thing to see his eyes light up for such a nominal thing.

The Bad News:

The Golf Course appears to be going away. There are now construction workers, caution tape measures, and even drones flying through the area to survey the landscape. Trees are being cut down and bulldozers are laying waste to everything in it’s path. Our adventures through the dilapidated golf course may come to an end in the future.

It doesn’t really matter to me because there’s so much more to explore, see, smell, and chase! Chris keeps promising other places, but it’s been so convenient to just take our adventures right outside our own back yard. It’s been ***“A Wonderful Life.”***



Yet, the world changes and nothing lasts forever. It's been such an amazing adventure thus far and I can't wait for new chapters to be written. Live in the moment because you can't change the past and shouldn't worry about the future. Life is an adventure, so take it as it comes.

Everyone have an adventurous weekend as if you are living life in the moment like there's no tomorrow!



“Omelettes”

April 30, 2021

Our golfing days may soon be coming to an end. It's a shame for them big yeller machines wasting everything in their path. Just think about all the critters that will now need to relocate! Chris said something about omelettes and progress, but I told him right off that you can't make a good omelette without Sausage, Ham and Cheese!

That only made me hungry, but now I'm wondering where the deer will go? Maybe they'll move in closer to us and I won't have as far to chase them! Hey! I like progress! It's sort of a Win-Win situation!

Only time will tell what the future holds. We've still got a few adventures left and we're gonna make each one of them count! Chris says have an adventurous weekend to all and I second the motion!

“Gidget’s Dream”

May 1, 2021

I dream.

Yes, of course I dream.

What is life if there’s nothing to dream about?

Life can be nothing more than a dream...a soul desire to fulfill ambitions. I dream of the Sandman visiting during the darkest hours of the night showing me the light to face my fears. I also dream about food.

Unconscious to the world of reality, my body rests while my mind never sleeps. It is forever in a deep state of fantasy. My legs move involuntarily in reaction as if I were chasing my dreams. My eyes are closed, but I am active in my dream.

Pursuit.

Perhaps that is the driving force behind the wheels of desire. Wants and Needs are intertwined with some mystical force that leads us on a journey towards a path that will satisfy both. That becomes our dream.

Ambition.

Dreams are only fantasies that live within your mind. They propel you to take action. My legs move faster. I toss and turn in my sleep. I roll over to comfort my dream state. Perhaps I am only chasing a dream, but it takes me on a fantastic voyage.



What am I chasing? Is it future tense or past presence? Perhaps a memory from something I can recall in my mind. A warehouse of memories I've stored for comfort or signals to warn me of consequences that need resolution. Dreams are simply explorations of the inner soul. The truth lies within. Unconscious I lay amidst the world of dreams.

Calm. Relaxed. Comforted. Dreams give way to easement of the mind. I rest and delve into a deeper state of relaxation. I am at peace. My physical presence slowly resolves itself from some spiritual encounter or gravitational force pulling me back to earth.

I am wakened.

It is another day and it is a thrill to wake up and take on new life adventures! I feel so alive and excited to see what the new day will bring. I must've had a good dream...if only I could remember.



“Boot Scoot Boogie”

May 16, 2021

It was another absolutely gorgeous Sunday morning walking with Chris through the nature reserve through the golf course and into the construction zone. Time just seems to stand still as we simply take in each and every moment. Such a blessed day to simply get outdoors and clear the mind of negativity. Life is indeed an adventure best shared with fun in the sun and unexpected encounters along the path to a free spirit.

That's when we came to the bridge...
something was missing...

“The Boots! They're Gone!”

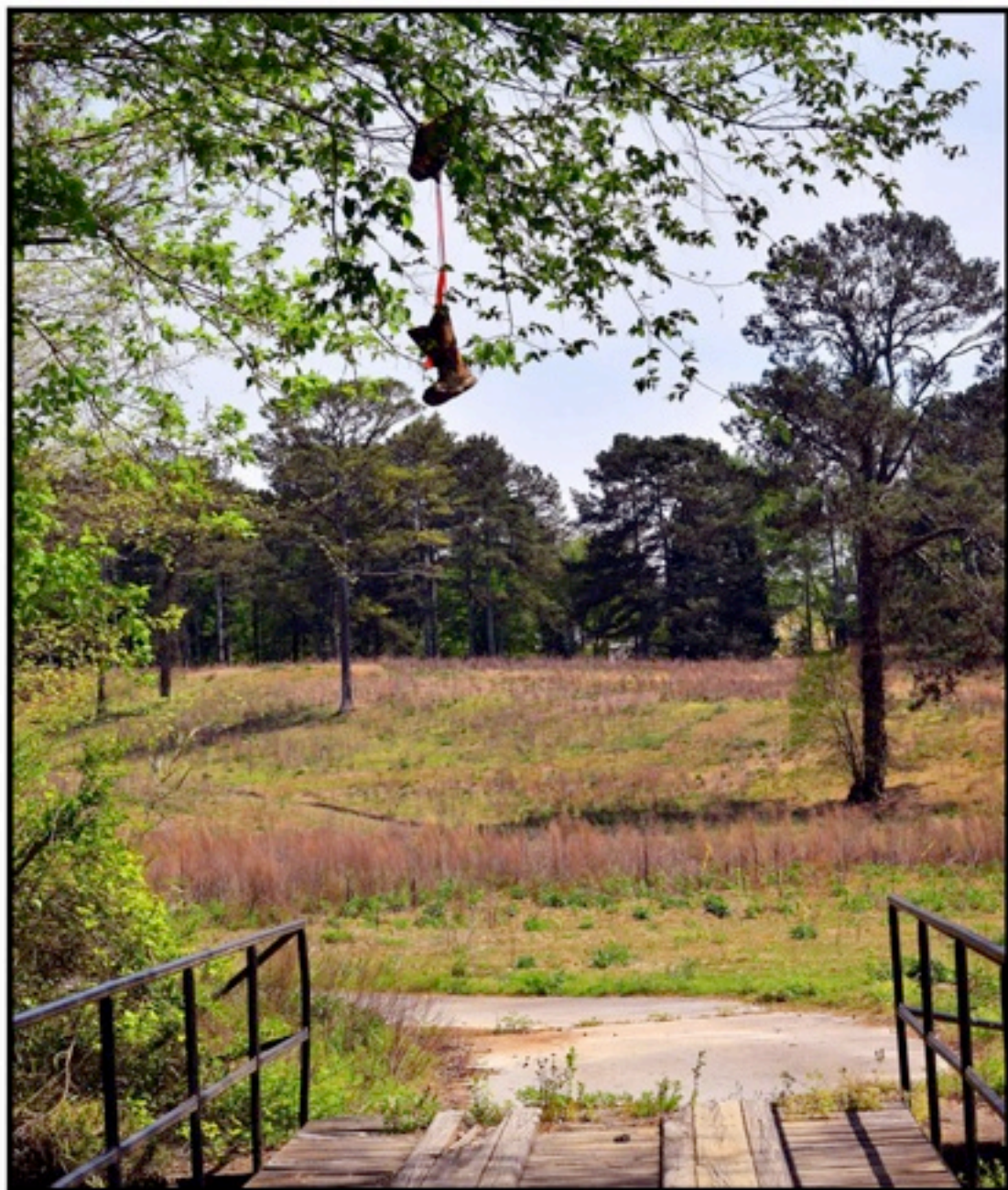
Indeed they were. A few years ago someone threw some boots that hung upon a line far above the bridge we would cross. It had always been a point of interest to see those dangling boots on our journey. Laughable at least as to ponder the circumstances and story about those boots hanging high over the bridge.

They were no longer there.

Chris had a notion to figure out a way to take them down for himself and if you had ever seen his walking shoes...you could understand why. Too high to reach and nothing to climb without a ladder. Those boots had been there as if they were a Georgia Memorial. Seriously, a pair of boots that had stood the test of time surviving all the elements of nature.

How did they get there? It was a mystery. Now they were gone...another mystery. The boots had become an infatuation as Chris always took a photograph of the walking gear in passing.

The boots have '*walked on,*' so to speak. Like a relationship that suddenly ends and the only thing left is a distant memory.



“Rub-a-dub-dub, Belly Rub”

May 10, 2021

“Rub-a-dub-dub, Belly Rub!” It gets me every time. I simply turn over on my back for Chris to rub my belly. It’s the Bomb! Chris is the ***GOAT! I Love Belly Rubs!***

“Let’s Go Tomcattin” he then exclaims. I spin around and jump up, wag my tail and I’m ready to take on the world. Simple phrases make it easy to understand his commands.

“Tomcattin” means an adventure through the woods,
the wetlands and the dilapidated golf course.

“Goin’ on a Bear Hunt” A trip to Shorty Howell Park.

“Farm Park” Going just down the road to McDaniel Farm Park.

“Chip-Monkeys” is an alert there’s a chipmunk in the yard.

“Peechers” is when Chris wants to take a picture of me.

“Big Deer” Well, that’s self-explanatory.

“Walkabout” is the current phrase he uses to walk around
the neighborhood.

Communication is key and I can easily translate much of it. Life’s been good and I’ve got something for you to translate...

“Woof! Woof!”

That means everybody have an adventurous weekend because I will be doing the same...and getting a few belly rubs!



“Ol’ McDaniel Had A Farm”

June 4, 2021

“Ol’ McDaniel Had A Farm...E.I.E.I.O!” Go ahead and sing along. You know the tune. We all learned this one as kids. ***“With a Rabbit Running Here and a Deer over There. E.I.E.I.O”***

Another fun adventure throughout the park as Chris and I took it all in and spared nothing to be left behind. Such a wonderful place to visit as a historic farming family turned over their lands to the county as a means to better serve the community through historical knowledge about farming, a place for anyone to simply enjoy some leisure time walking through the vast estate, walking dogs, cycling, and numerous botanical and gardening projects in which offer resources for studies of growing potential.

Summer school camps and other organizations are currently devoted to the history and heritage this family lived and learned throughout their existence and now it has been passed onto future generations that can utilize the farm lands for development.

Always a thrill to spend time roving through the nature trails and all the other fascinating points of interest throughout the park. They even have a new dog park as an additional incentive just in the past year.

Yes, the world is expanding in many ways and it’s always good to explore new places. Plenty to see and do here as Chris and I make it a point to broaden our horizons going out to a few nearby parks. This one is special! Wishing everyone unexpected wonders for the weekend and keep on keepin’ on with Adventure!



“Spoiled Rotten”

June 28, 2021

“Hello, my name is *Gidget* and I am *spoiled rotten!* That’s what Chris tells me. I don’t see it that way ‘cause I am who I am and *ain’t* nobody gonna change me! Take me as I am or leave me alone. ***Bark!*** I must admit I have a passion for adventure and a need to jump in his chair from time to time when he gets up. Just today, we were chillin’ on the back patio and he gets up out of his chair and goes to get his iPad thingamajig. I took the opportunity to get a better seat.

“You Stole My Chair!” he scolded me. I’m like... ***“You Snooze... You Lose!”***

I guess I could admit to a few paw flaws as I don’t wanna go through life living in deeNile...You know that river that flows through that place where they worship cats and beetles! If I am spoiled it’s ***HIS*** fault! I’m just a dog and he treats me like one of those fantastic cartoon characters as if I were just so incredibly animated.

I could go on and on about how much I...
Waitamminute! Is that a Cat?

Gotta go chase it away before he sees me running after it!

BARAK! BARAK!



“Deep Thoughts”

August 1, 2021

Dragonflies, Spiders, Turtles and so many other things to see along my path of adventure. It's all some life experience manifested upon a journey seeking some purpose or meaning.

Deep thoughts wander through my mind. *“Where are the Deer? Why are they destroying the golf course? Why didn't Chris share his hamburger with me?”*

He tries to explain those things to me, but you know how he is when it comes to logic...missing the point by a mile! He rambles on about development and progression and I'm thinking the weeds are now growing up through the concrete cart paths of the golf course, Sand dunes are now an eyesore and bridges are collapsing beyond repair.

We each see what we wanna see and I can't seem to find the forest for all the trees and the deer are nowhere to be found. Chris says they're in the woods and laying underneath the tall brush to escape the blistering heat. I say, *“If you can't stand the heat...then get outta the woods!”* There, I said it...for real!

I guess I shouldn't complain 'cause the air-conditioner at home cools me off better than the woods. Chris should invite the deer inside our home so I can chase them from one room to the next. Now there's a brilliant idea! I told you I wasn't just another pretty face...I got that smart gene working overtime.

Tune in next week to my show as I reveal the truth to why I have a tendency to bury milkbone dog biscuits.



“Size Matters”

August 7, 2021

Size Matters and don't let anybody tell you different. I'm a little more than **30** inches from nose to tail with a **24** inch midsection and weighing in at a little over **24 pounds**. I am not likely to grow much more in height, but my muscles are rock solid with all the workouts with Chris on our adventures.

I am a *lethal weapon!* I've got more bark than bite, but don't let that fool you. You don't wanna mess with the demolition force of Gidget's tactical command precision!

If you're looking for trouble, then you've come to the right place. You will whine and moan all the way back to that rock you crawled out from.

The best thing about being a model Girl Midget (*Gidget 5000*) is that I have a *K-9* pull rate of *640 DXF* (Dog Excessive Force) to drag Chris through the woods, the weeds and thorn-riddled briars without much harm to myself. When walking through spider webs, I go undercover while Chris barges face first into those silk-strung traps. He gets more webbing than Spider-Man!

It just makes me giggle because he gets what he deserves for having me on a leash. We have so much fun despite all the scratches on his legs, blood pouring out from all the briars and the bruises. Surely, we both have a few scars from our adventures and it's a "*No Pain, No Gain*" attitude. There's no complaining while in adventure mode, so "*Suck it up, Buttercup!*"

I take the lead and it's me that truly wears the fur pants in this relationship. I get what I want with brute force. If that doesn't work, I just flash my adorable eyes.

Chris is great to me, but he can be a little testy. For example there were *12 squirrels* pilfering his bird feeders today. I know it seems excessive, but I can't be on Squirrel Duty 24/7. I need some "*Me Time*" for myself.

What was my point? I don't think I had one because that's just how it all adds up in the end...*Size Matters!*



“Yeller Snow”

January 16, 2022

For the first time while living with Chris, I got to pee in the snow. He tells me it's been over 3 years since the Snow monster made an appearance. He refers to where we live as ***“Hotlanta”*** for the extreme Summer heat. It is now a rare ***Winter Wonderland*** as I roam around to pick the perfect spot. I was careful to make that decision.

The white snow turned yeller. Changing the colors of nature was such a relief. I could go on and on about changes as we live in a world filled with upgrades and new technology and we must keep up with the latest program, etc...but is that really as much fun as making yeller snow?

I think not! Where we choose to pee is an important decision. That is why it was important to me to choose that special place to give me the most gratification. As the wise would always say back in the day...

“Don't eat no Yeller Snow!”





“Ownership”

January 23, 2022

Another ***“Think Piece”*** about life’s adventure when it comes to ownership. I mean, ***“Who owns Who?”*** For example, Chris believes he is ***MY*** owner, but I must point out the ***TRUTH*** in that ***I OWN HIM!*** Yes, he simply just shares living space in ***MY WORLD! I own him!***

OK, so he keeps me on a leash at times and that is one of those ***‘mis-con-perceptions’*** many have...but, the truth is I am the leader dragging him through life to go where no man has gone before...You know...like that ***“Star World”*** series everybody saw back in the day.

We all have our fantasies. Our mind tricks us into thinking something we’re not...and so I forgive Chris for the role he proclaims as my owner. It’s amusing and I let him get away with it as long as he keeps grilling that special Chicken he often provides with my meals.

All I really need to do is wink my big beautiful brown eyes and he is under my control. ***Yes, I own Chris!***







“Easter Blessings”

April 17, 2022

To make a long story short...Chris obviously has no sense of direction. Today we were on another adventurous trek through the wilderness when he had a notion to take a different course. I was all for it. Pioneering through parts unknown sounded exciting as it was Easter Sunday and we had plenty of time to explore.

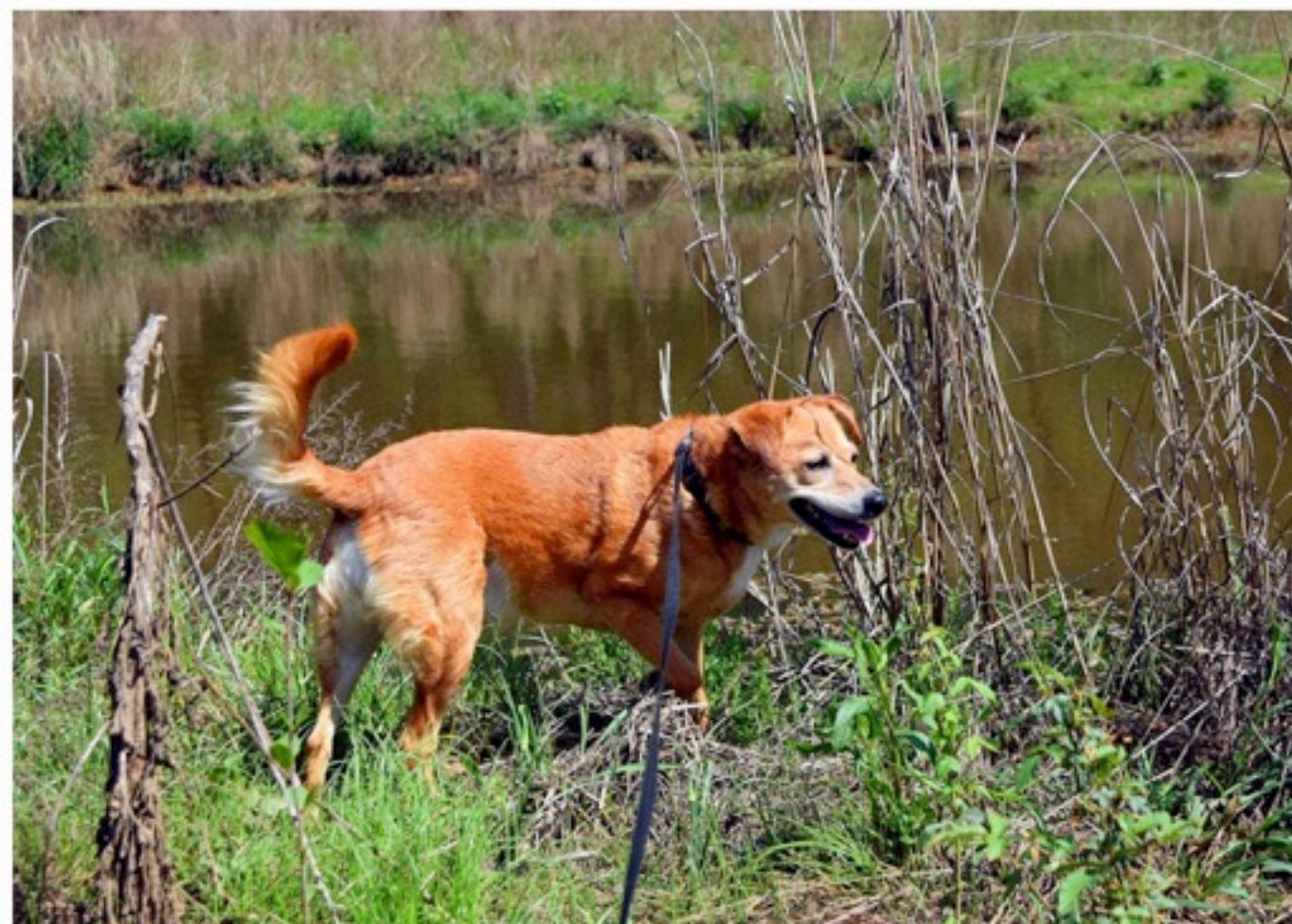
Thank God for that as we became lost for hours. Recent rains had turned much of the terrain into a swamp and we became stuck surrounded by pools of water. Rather than backtrack the direction in which we started, Chris was insistent on finding a way to cross the tributary stream. That was another mistake.

I was never concerned as I have an inner instinct that guides me through those uncharted territories.

“I’m not sure I can jump that far” Chris contemplated. “Let’s follow along the embankment to see if the creek narrows.”

It was worth the effort as I led him along the new trail. There were numerous brushes and obstacles within nature’s path that made it difficult to make our passage. We pushed forth, nonetheless, up and around...down and back again...until we could discover a means to continue on our way.

“Hey, Look!” Chris observed. “I know where we are now.” We had doubled back to the northern end of the golf course range. It was a relief to see familiar territory,





but the creek bed of the tributary was just as wide and deep as before. Crossing back over was still the issue at hand. We continued to follow the stream as mid-afternoon was turning to early evening. Chris was near exhaustion as I continued to pull him through the brushes along the winding water's edge. Further and further we trudged along looking for a means to get back on track.

I suddenly stopped...or, perhaps Chris held tight onto my leash. Just ahead, we saw a way to cross the stream.





“Look, Gidget” He exclaimed. “That tree.” Just ahead a very large oak tree had fallen from the woods across the wide tributary that had detoured our course. The tree provided a means to cross as if nature had built a bridge to get to the other side.

The tree was large enough to sustain our weight and Chris took off my leash for me to follow as he held his balance crossing over to the other side. It was a miraculous effort and an enormous relief. We had made it across!





A quick assessment in knowing where we were provided a new plan to make our way back home by the shortest distance. We were now in familiar territory and on common ground. After a short distance we looked back towards the stream and realized that special place we often ventured. It was one of the places where Chris would let me off the leash for me to wade in the creek. Ironically, there was a large sand basin in which the stream narrowed and would have been much easier to cross should we have continued just beyond the bend.

Difficult to interpret this adventure on Easter Sunday as it seemed a blessing in disguise or some wacky hiatus. Either way, we finally made our way back on track. Not entirely sure what lessons were learned, but it's the thrill of adventure that presides and makes it most memorable. As long as things work out in the end is all that matters and we counted our blessings for all that happened.

Wishing All an Adventurous
“Blessed Easter Sunday”
and much ***Love***
from Chris and Gidget







“Besties”

April 19, 2022

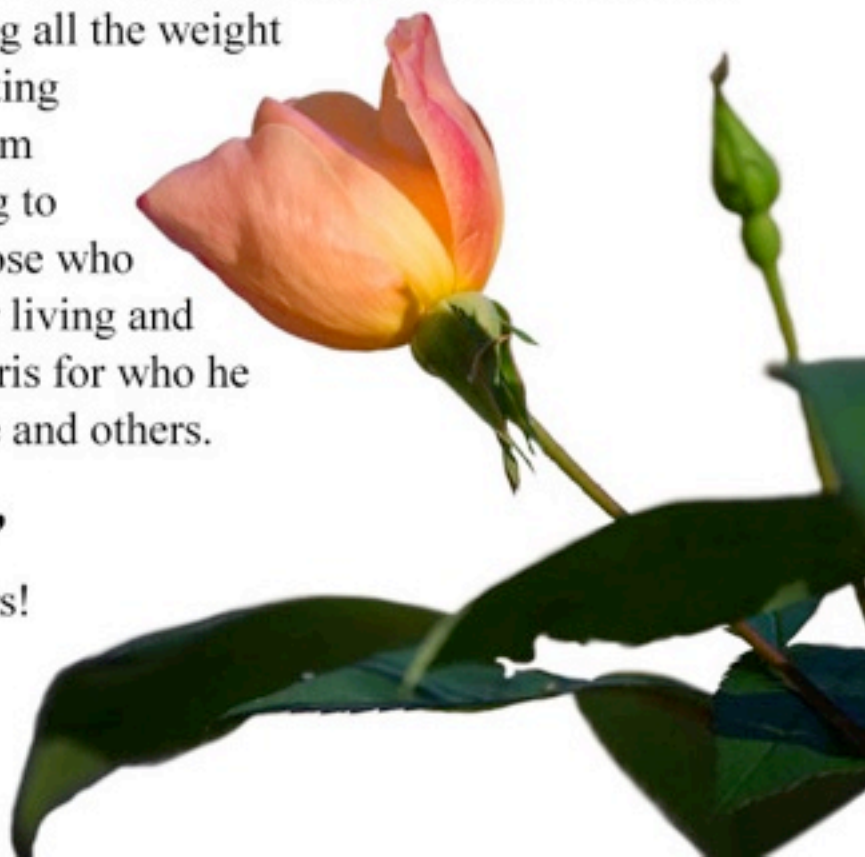
Another day of adventure as Chris and I go through life together realizing the best things are the simple needs and that we have a bond and share the same space. Call me just a dog, but I am more than a pet. A soulmate and even Queen of Adventure! No matter. A loving relationship helps sustain stability and trust in one another. It helps drive ambition, a testimonial of truth as I confide in Chris daily.

He is always there for me in life, love, liberty and the pursuit of deer! I wonder how many others realize his commitment to those things that matter most?

We are *“Besties!”* Life fulfillment with all the adventures we take. Those will forever be precious memories in my mind.

I just want the best for him as he struggles through life issues wondering where it will carry him. Despite current misfortunes, I am there for Chris as he has always been there for me. It hasn't been easy for him pulling all the weight along with the heavy lifting without much credit from others. It's disappointing to realize how there are those who don't see his passion for living and adventure, yet I love Chris for who he is and all he does for me and others.

Chris is my *“Bestie”*
and that's all that matters!





“May Day”

May 1, 2022

It's Sunday, the first of May or *“May Day!”* The most significant thing to know about the date is it marks our 3-Year Anniversary together. Chris and I celebrate this day when he made a commitment to take me into his life.

Thinking back through the years I believe there was something more to it than coincidence. We needed each other. That often runs through my mind. Those unfamiliar must understand our grandmother passed away just before she reached 100 years in age. I wasn't sure about my future as she had been my keeper. Thank the good Lord Chris took me in.

I felt fine at the time, but was rolling through some much needed health concerns. Flea infestations, ear canal infections and early stages of *Heartworms*. Chris took care of all those issues from the start. I know it put a strain on his finances, but there's no amount of money that goes to waste when it comes to taking care of the ones you love. I'm just a dog and don't really think much about money, but had such an appreciation for all his sacrifices. Time, money, and grilled chicken. Yes, the best way to my heart is through my stomach!

A companionship without complications. He cooks and I eat! That's all that matters and is the bond between us. I'm there for him as much as he helps me. Obedient, loyal to a faultless degree and a sweet companion.

We all have our adventures in life and Chris spends virtually all his time with me. I think he is about to fire up the grill to celebrate our anniversary. He's good about that sort've thing and y'all know how much anticipation I have for those special celebration extras!

It's been three years as our adventures continue and I am looking forward to what the future holds. So, light 'em up, *Keeper of the Flame* as we celebrate and wish all the very best life has to offer! *Happy May Day!*

“A Visit to the Vet”

May 6, 2022

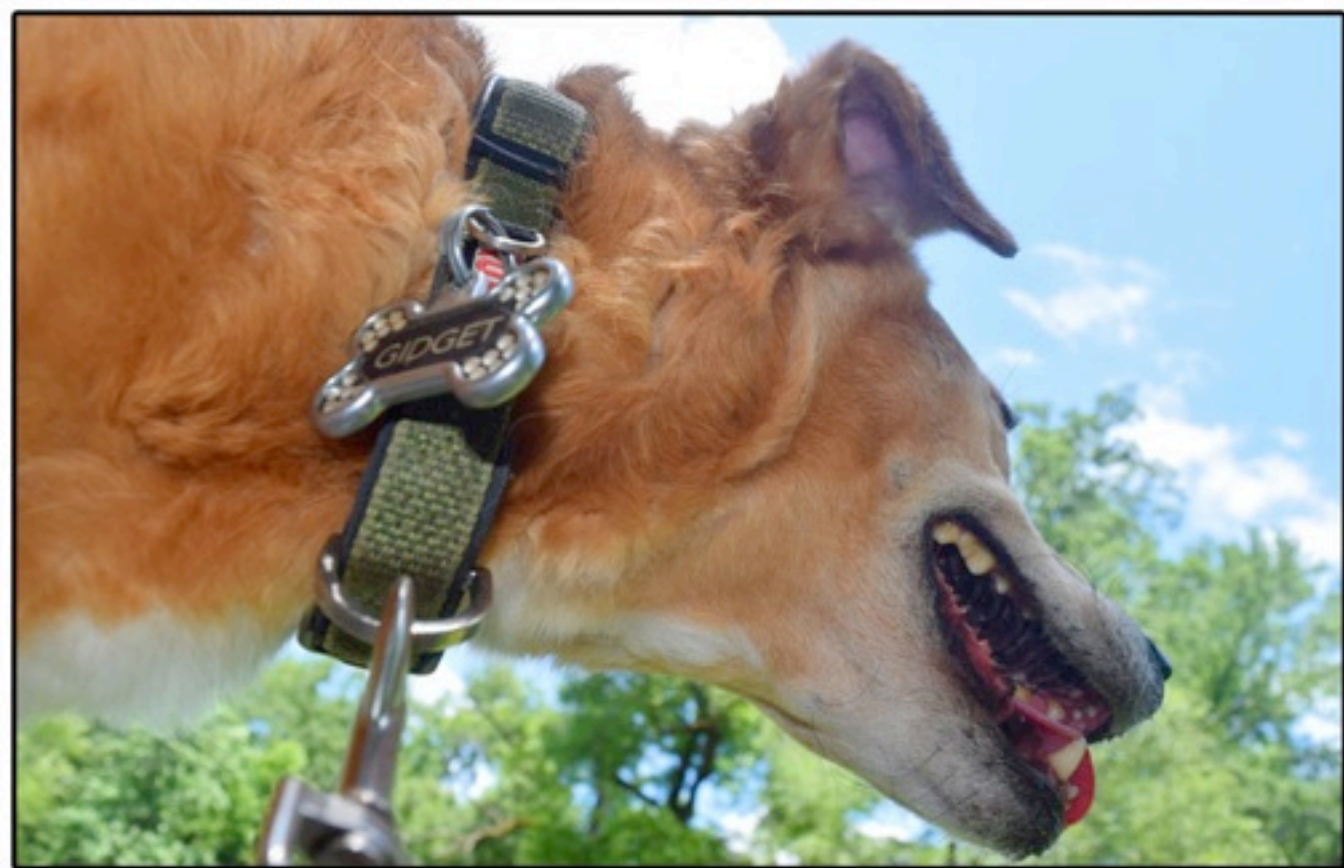
“I’m still a little sedated this afternoon after my visit to the Vet. Nothing to be alarmed about as this was just part of the annual program where they keep my plan up to date and needed some x-rays. It sounds like science fiction to me, but I’m no doctor. Neither is Chris for that matter, but they went through the images and everything looked perfectly fine. The only issue was that they noticed my back hind leg joining my hip did not appear quite right. That’s probably due to when I was kicked as a puppy and it never quite healed properly. I moved onto other owners after that and found grandmother’s place. There wasn’t too much concern as I am quite active and there isn’t much pain. The misalignment could possibly lead to arthritis when I get older and there was some discussion about surgery that could help down the road, but Chris and I will keep ourselves together as I told him that, “I’ve got your back!” He said, “I know. I’ve got your hind leg!” Everybody have a Great Weekend and Stay Healthy!

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Gidget's X-Ray

The photo reveals the dislodged area upon Gidget's leg when she was kicked as a puppy. Compare the bone cartilage highlighted to the opposite leg.



“On A Leash”

May 12, 2022

When he is not writing his world-famous fantasy novels, Chris spends time with me to take a break from all the whirlwind concepts and over-imaginative mind. He often needs to clear his head as well. Our adventures are just outside our back yard through the woods and wetland reserve to the wonders of the universe. He’s good like that and today we wandered through the old forest and into deeper woods along paths we had not seen in some time.

It’s good to make adjustments to the same routine and take in a breath of fresh air to clean out the cobwebs. There’s nothing like another adventure to create a juxtaposition to hard work and gain a fresh perspective on life. Right out of the gate we encountered a group of deer unexpectedly. My mouth salivated as I couldn’t believe my eyes. They quickly ran for cover with their white tails disappearing into the brushes and trees of the woods.



I was so surprised they were so close and just ahead in the middle of the trail...right in front of me! I had no time to react. Besides, Chris had me on a leash so I couldn't give chase anyway. life on a leash inhibits my ability to reach my potential. The tradeoff is my adventures with Chris takes me to unexpected journeys in which I am comforted and blessed with true companionship.

The point I'm trying to make (if there is a point at all) is that most aspire for absolute freedom to do as they please while at the risk of self-destruction. Having a guardian angel by your side to reel you in and keep you within your limits can be beneficial.

On the other hand...I sure would like the freedom to give chase to those deer without a leash holding me back!





“Tomcattin’ Again ”

August 6, 2022

It came as a surprise to me when Chris put on his shorts and laced up his shoes when he asked *“Wanna Go Tomcattin?”* So soon! I guess y’all need to know that months ago Chris fell and landed directly on his achilles heel. For those who are unaware or who have not experienced such pain, it ranks amongst the most excruciating. Fortunately, it was only bruised and not fractured and my heart goes out to him as I watched him struggle with the most basic of tasks.

I could sense he was in a great deal of pain and I lay there by his side throughout. Never whining nor complaining as I knew it would take time to heal.

I was sympathetic on a number of levels. That is why I was by his side throughout because of my own physical handicap. You may never notice unless Chris points out to you that I have a slight limp with my back hind leg. A dislocated and fractured tendon from someone kicking me when I was just a pup. That was long before I made my way into his family.

It's unfortunate to have a setback we both now share, but I am committed to any rehabilitation efforts needed because Chris has taken such amazing care of me at much expense and I feel incredibly grateful. From Heartworms to ear infections and flea infestations, he has me in the best shape I could possibly be.

Which leads me to another concern in that throughout his struggles, I was the only one there for him in his time of need. It angers me others never stepped in to offer help of any kind. Not even simple moral support. I'm not sure if the pain from the heel wasn't just as much upsetting as the lack of response from friends and family.

Anyway, that is why I was surprised he wanted to take me on another adventure. It was slow going and one step at a time, but he was resilient to make minor adjustments. After seeing him in bed for so long and constricted to simplistic mobile efforts, I think he wanted to fight through the injury to prove he didn't need others pity.

That's who he is and I was excited not simply to finally get back on track with our normal routine, but to encourage any opportunity to go Tomcattin! I could tell it was not easy for him as I helped by leading him along. The leash helped with his balance as he stumbled along the path through the woods to the dilapidated golf course. Rather than our full expedition around the entire area, we completed the short and easy route. Perhaps best not to overdo things.



Encouraging as it were, that we both were on our way back to rehabilitation. He treats me as first priority and with utmost top responsibility. It's that special a bonded relationship and a major inspiration for us both. By the end, I was dragging him through a few overgrown thorn bushes and disrupting a few of those Asian Joro spider webs. (They are now everywhere!) Yes, I just couldn't resist pushing him just a little.

We will get through this together and get back on track soon as there will be so many more adventures in our future. Chris will be back on his feet and we'll soon be *Tomcattin Again!*



“Goin’ on a Bear Hunt”

August 11, 2022

“Wanna Go on a Bear Hunt?”

That’s our code word for heading out to Shorty Howell Park just a few minutes from home. Always a quick trip for adventure, the park is located right off Pleasant Hill Road, the main strip from Duluth to Lawrenceville.

Rumor has it a Black Bear was spotted near the park a number of years ago and Chris makes it our civil duty to survey the park from time to time to investigate. I’m all for it as the park was once on the list of best recreational facilities. It has much to offer with a large pond area in which ducks and canada geese inhabit, a bird sanctuary, children playground, sporting events from a variety of baseball venues and a football field, walking courses, hiking trails and amenities for cooking and grilling.

Something for everyone and there are many that use the park.

Although local funding for the park has been reduced in recent years and maintenance hasn't kept up as it once did, it is still a great outing for adventure. Chris and I have been spoiled with our backyard woodlands, but it's good to get out and see the many nearby parks just for a change in scenery.

Chris has many fond memories of the park with his previous Jack Russell Terrier. That was before me. We are different dogs by nature, yet both loving to our owner. Rex was a 'baller' and loved playing with his toys. I don't chase balls and I grew up not having toys and so I outgrew them for my own special interests...such as finding food for survival.

I'm sure that's what the bear was looking for when it came down from the northern Georgia mountains. Food. We looked all over the park for the bear taking the loop around the entire complex. From the football field in the back, we made our way around the walking path and over the bridge to the pond area. I scattered a group of ducks from one side of the bank to the other end of the pool. We then followed the nature trail completely around to the other side of the park. So many scents to smell as many bring their pets to this park as well.

It's unusual to find solicitors in the park and I'm sure they must first obtain permission, but Chris and I stopped to take interest. He's good about social interaction to get to know others. It is a hidden key to building relationships to place interest in others. In turn, they wanted to know more about us and Chris explained how I came to him through the passing of our grandmother. It was just conversation. I took notice and that is why I bark at other dogs when I see them.



“Butterflies in the Rain”

August 20, 2021

Another fun adventure with Chris through the McDaniel Farm Park. I knew the moment he put on his camouflage army shorts I would be in for a treat. (He often wears those pants when we go on an adventure.)

I jumped up on his legs to provide a few pre-event scratches as excitement built knowing we were on another adventure. Call it mark of appreciation.

It begins to rain as soon as we arrive. Just a slight drizzle at first, but often the rain tends to pass through rather quickly where we live. Looking at the passing clouds ensured our confidence as we had taken shelter underneath the cover of the large oak and hickory trees. As predicted, it took only a few minutes as the raindrops diminished and we were on our way through the rest of the park.

There's so much to see and it has become one of our favorite adventure courses. Numerous deer are often clinging to the edge of the woods and Chris claims to have seen a beaver once. I saw both a Butterfly and a Dragonfly pass as we made our way to the rock stairwall that leads down to the creek's basin.

Chris takes off my leash so I can wade through the water. It may sound strange that I enjoy swimming a bit, but I don't like to be out in the rain. An anomaly of sorts, but truth to tell... I don't like to pee in the rain.

It did get me thinking about butterflies and how they are able to fly in the rain.



[chā•os thē•o•ry]

“ *The branch of science that deals with complex systems whose behavior is highly sensitive to slight changes in conditions that result in random states of disorder and irregularities from dynamic consequences.* ”

Chris tried to explain it to me as the clouds parted and the sun began shining through. Something about Chaos theory. I'm no scientist (nor do I need to be,) but it all sounded too complex and over the top for a dog that resorts to basic animal instinct and common sense.

We finally made our way to the dog park which had become a new addition just within the past year. I was a bit timid at first as there were segregated choices for Big or Little dogs. As for me, I could go either way. I could be the big dog in the small area or run with the big dogs as a midget. Chris chose the small venue.

Plenty of others let their dogs loose and I was finally off the leash to explore and play with them. A lot of 'getting to know you' at first because I was the new dog in the den. Then all Hell broke loose with a lot of yapping and running around...chasing each other in some alpha dog ritual. Not that I wasn't social as I've been around plenty other dogs, but these smaller creatures were out of control.

I told Chris, "Now That's '*Chaos Theory*' Right There!" We then left and proceeded back to our entrance after finding more solitude by the remaining creeks and farm house attractions.

Another great adventurous day as we made our way back to home, sweet home. There's nothing like a few morsels of grilled chicken for dinner after an adventure!



NATIONAL DOG



“National Dog Day”

August 28, 2022

To celebrate National Dog Day, Chris and I took our adventure through the wetlands and beyond. It may be our last time to make our way through this particular paradise turned to hell as it becomes more difficult to make our way through the overgrown weeds, thorn bushes and overflowing creek waters. It doesn't matter to either of us the lands have not been maintained as we are moving on to even greater adventures! We have the memories of the places we've been and the fun-filled times of discovery. So many fond memories. It shall soon come to pass where we may never see these images again. They are engrained in both our hearts and souls and with so many years of adventure, it has been a whirlwind tour of memories that will last a lifetime.

Chris finally found his missing suet feeder down in the woods! A sign of good things to come. Some creature had carried it off some time ago. I sniffed it out for him and he was proud of my nose for my discovery. We saw close to ten deer today! They were out in abundance on this sunny afternoon. Those white tails excite me and I just wanna chase them down! I could smell the rabbits and other nocturnal creatures passing through the trail. That's what is so special about our adventures is that I can scent those others in the woodlands that have recently passed through. I am a dog and have those special gifts.



Call it an animal instinct or an inner sense about things. Life can be stressful and difficult at times, but I am right there by Chris the whole ten yards! Yes, Love can be unconditional given the right ownership. That is what is so cool about today as National Dog Day. It's a blessing for me as much as him and we both know it. Those belly rubs I get never get old and I lay by his side when he doesn't have the incentive or energy to get out of bed. We support each other's needs and he understands how important it is to get back up on your feet and just go out for another adventure with me. That's just how I roll! I can take full credit for Chris and getting him through so many of the challenges he has faced because I am Gidget!

“Pet Peeves”

December 22, 2019

I know and realize this is the time of year I should be more in the holiday spirit focused on positive thoughts, counting my blessings and all that optimistic mumbo jumbo, but I've just got to clear my head and get this out about some of my “Pet Peeves.”

Negative Dog Cliches. That's at the top of my list as I am easily offended by such expressions like “It's a Dog-Eat-Dog World” or “Dog Gonnit” and “Feed 'em to the Dogs.” I am a gentle sweetheart loving dog and take offence to such rhetoric.

Unfriendly Dog people. Hey, it's Okay with me for those who prefer cats, birds or any other type of pet...but don't be a dog-hater. We can all live together in harmony...even cats and dogs.

Other dogs who bark and moan constantly. Annoying to most everyone with the exception of their owners. It's probably not the dog's fault, though, as I suspect in many cases they are neglected and just trying to gain attention.

Here's a new one as I've moved into an apartment complex which features a dog park as an amenity. Many of the tenants have dogs as pets and yet the dog park is always empty. Few take their dogs for extensive walks or allow them to play with others. They are only let out briefly to do their business and then quickly shuttled back inside.

And last but not least on my list and perhaps the most tragic of all circumstances are those owners who chain their dogs outside, even in the cold of winter. Those dogs are not pets...they are prisoners. At least put up a fence and let them roam around a bit.

That's all. Rant over. Happy Holidays and treat your pets as you would want to be treated if the foot was on the other paw.



“Ghost”

February 2, 2024

I saw a “Ghost” today. I may need to explain this paranormal incident further as it relates to both my owner, Chris and I on an early evening ‘Walkabout’ the apartment complex. I get at least three walks per day (sometimes more, depending on his energy). Shorter trips than our adventures outside Atlanta through the Wetlands, forests and dilapidated Golf Course. Those were the days!

Anyway, life here is much different. Chris uses the word ‘downsizing’ on occasion. I’m not sure what that means, but for every chosen decision there is a positive and negative that has relevance to life. In other words,

there are two sides to a coin. Heads and Tails. I don't mind so much as long as I am loved and I think every pet on the universe would agree. Chris loves me dearly and I have become his rehabilitation director with helping him gain strength in his legs by walking me about each and every day on schedule. He has been true to his word as he goes through the healing process.

Back to the story at hand, Chris is walking just fine and can now run up hills and push through trodden paths for me to discover new smells. I got wind of a coyote on a path that led down to Middlebrook Pike. That can be scary as his parents have lost two cats to coyotes in recent years. Chris has a good idea of where they den, but I will leave that up to him to describe in more detail.

Making our rounds this evening (February 3, 2024), Chris and I were on our last round of 'Walkabout' in the early evening while the sun was diminishing to the last rays of daylight. He wanted to test his strength by running up a steep hill that led to the back of the complex where I could pee and poop in privacy. I took care of my business as we soon proceeded on around the buildings to our typical route up towards the front and back.

Suddenly, out of nowhere was this large White Shepard dog with intensive eyes on me as we were just merrily making our way along. The dog was being brushed by it's owner to rid itself of excess fur. That all seemed poignant and we can call this episode of being in the right place at the wrong time.

I was on my leash, but the large white Shepard was held only captive by a very attractive woman brushing her dog. At first, there was just a passing as Chris held tightly onto my leash sidestepping any impulse I may have to bark or rush to another one of my kind. A magnificent pet and breed, yet I realized this was not a time to make a spectacle of myself and was obedient to Chris as he pulled me upon my leash in just passing.

“Gidget could use a brushing as well” were his words as we passed by. He meant it in humor to flatter the attractive young woman, but the big white dog took issue with the concept of his owner taking on another pet’s attention. The big white dog lunged at me!!!

Chris held onto the leash, but I pushed my head through to free myself. There was a lot of barking involved as the big white dog was not upon a leash. It was Chris’ gathering that we were unexpected trespassers upon the dog’s given territory and was acting in defense. My thrust sent Chris reeling backwards as he fell to the ground. I was simply doing my duty as a pet guardian to protect my owner...much the same as the big white dog was doing in turn. There was much barking as we both expressed opinions about territorial rights. No pet was harmed and Chris soon grabbed me and expressed apology to the attractive female. We then were set to go about our way when Chris asked about her dog.

“What is it’s name?” Chris wanted to know.

“Ghost” was her reply. It was a beautiful dog. I wasn’t sure about it’s gender (and neither was Chris), but is that relevant to a ghost?

We made our passing and continued on our way through the apartment complex when we made our way towards the downside of getting back to our apartment. Another attractive female waved at us both as we crossed closely towards the lettered-section of our unit. Chris noticed she had a cat. It lingered around as Chris noticed they were taking in their carry-out dinner from a restaurant. He queried about the cat.

“Do you leave the cat out at night?”

She replied, “This is actually our neighbor’s cat.) We keep it on occasion when he is away. That is when Chris informed him about coyotes roaming the neighborhood and it was important to keep them inside after dark. Chris has seen a number of posters along the apartment mailbox unit with those who are looking for their pet cat or even rabbits. Coyotes are prominent within the area and may help to explain many of those missing pets.

Yes, I saw a “Ghost” which was a large white Shepard that was only protecting it’s owner. I gather that was for the same reason I protect Chris. I love him as much as he loves me. We are symbiotic...a big word for a small dog, but then again...I am Gidget! A “Girl-Midget” with a big brain for a small dog in an expansive universe of unexplainable realities. I didn’t believe in Ghosts until this evening. It seems they are not-so different that those of the living. We all need protective forces beyond conventional thought and wisdom that guides us to enlightenment. It is a search that will never end, and that may be the truth that has yet to be shown.



“Walkabouts”

April 4, 2024

I love those ***“Walkabouts”*** with Chris. That’s what he calls them. I swish my tail from side to side and jump up with my outstretched front legs to concur. We’ve expanded our territory and are walking through the neighboring subdivisions. All part of the mental mindset to step outside our comfort zones to pave new pathways for growth and development. It’s even important as part of getting older in age to continue to discover new things.

Speaking of age, we passed by an elderly woman as we made our rounds. It was *‘Garbage Day’* and she was rolling her trash bin closer to home and away from the street. I was in the lead pulling Chris along when she took notice of our approach.

“Is it ever gonna warm up?” She complained just to make conversation. ***“My husband thinks we need to move somewhere warmer!”*** The weather has been random of late, but it came as no surprise to Chris.

“Just be patient...this is what they call an “Indian Winter.” A period of unseasonably chilly weather during the first of Spring. As Chris tried to explain, the woman went about her business of storing away the garbage bin.

“Strange.” I could tell what Chris was thinking. Of course there was no response or the need to be engaging, so we kept along on our merry way. Yep, most only care for others to hear what they have to say and are not interest in return opinions from others. The chill in the air had more to do with being ignored than the weather...yet we continued our ***“Walkabout.”***

“Do you see that sign, Gidget?” It was a lot ‘For Sale.’
*“When I’m Rich and Famous, I’m gonna buy this property
and build a mansion for us. With a swimming pool of course.”*

Perhaps he was only kidding, but many truths are made in jest.

“Yes, for 13K, you too can become a #1 Bestselling Author on the New York Times book list!” He stated rather sarcastically. It was in response to a recent lengthy webinar in which Chris participated as an option to consider.

“That was an hour-and-a-half of my time completely wasted” he continued with the train of thought. *“I should charge those idiots 13K for wasting my time having to sit through all their minutia of manure!”*

Chris had a right to be more than disappointed as he had been swindled by similar scams before. The long sales pitch added nothing to what he already understood about publishing.

Everything seems to be a scam these days. From politics to retailers, grocery prices to online hacks, cost of living versus inflation...the list goes on and on. It’s no wonder Chris needed an extended **‘Walkabout’** just to clear the frustration.

Optimism in a world of doubt is not an easy commodity. One can have a million bright ideas, but until someone is willing to listen and makes an investment, that bright light slowly diminishes over time.

It’s often a difficult challenge pushing through those goals with ambition alone. It takes others to implement, for no man is an island and few can make it alone.

Yet, Chris and I have each other to get through those many challenges. It’s the path we share together in life and circumstance. That is why I love our **‘Walkabouts.’** Mutual companionship.



“DNA”

April 7, 2024

OK, Here's the Skinny as the weekend begins to wrap up with Chris ballin' and cryin' over spilt milk as Caitlyn Clark and Company (Iowa Women's Basketball Team) loses to South Carolina. Yet another elusive Championship that seemed so glorious in the beginning, but could not hold the line towards the end. Bittersweet.

Of course, I understand those feelings, those emotions, those test-hearted Crash Course Dummies that simulate events of destruction. Knowing this, I looked up at Chris and batted my big brown eyes as if I needed relief as well. That's when he picked himself up off the floor, wiped away the tears and grabbed my leash to get some fresh air.

Perfect timing as we made our way to the apartment's dog park to make new acquaintances. "Farrah," "Ito," and "Coda." I was a bit timid with all these other dogs at first until I gained my own composure and mixed in well...except for Farrah. That girl needs less caffeine in her diet...a little too over-excited in my opinion. Maybe it was simply because we were both of the female canine persuasion...I'm not really sure.

"What breed is she?" Chris asked the owner to help break the ice.

"We're not sure yet. The DNA results have not come in yet" was the answer. It was evident there was a 'boxer' mix involved, but I guess there needed to be a more specific evaluation just to benefit those more conscious of exactitude.

Chris then turned his attention to Coda, a gorgeous Siberian Husky as he noted to it's owner, "I had one of these growing up. Great Dog! I think he was a mix between a Husky and Sasquatch. Actually, that was his name...Sasquatch!" (Indian term for Big Foot.)

"What's his name?" Chris continued his interrogation.

"Coda" was the reply.

"Oh, you mean like the end of a musical composition" Chris acknowledged. He went on to share "You know the last Led Zeppelin album was titled 'Coda' because it would be their last record."

"Oh yeah, I didn't know that" was another brief response.

"Of course, I am full of knowledge...Go ahead and ask me anything" Chris challenged Coda's owner.

"What's tonight's winning lottery number?" was a clever response.

"If only I knew."

Yes, if only Chris knew such ambiguities, I could have real Chicken, Turkey and Steak every day for the rest of my life. Yet it was good to get out and mingle to make new friends and forget about the losses in life if only for the moment.

It did get me thinking about DNA...where we come from and what is in our genetic code that may be a foregone conclusion, whether we accept it or not. I'm told they messed around with this in dinosaurs long before I was born and it wreaked havoc on some island that is now quarantined. I don't know much about that, but ask Chris as he seems to know everything (Yeah, right!)

All I know is that if I were a dinosaur, I would rule the earth without a leash!



“Total Eclipse of the Heart”

April 7, 2024

In light of the Solar Eclipse (or is it Darkness?) there are many cosmic proponents to consider about the Universe in which we live and breathe. From Life to Death, our Beliefs, our Understanding the difference between Knowledge and Wisdom, and of course, most important of all...how dog food is processed. Perhaps I can shed some “Light” to all those of humankind in an effort to reveal (or obstruct) the inner-working relationships that will unlock your mind to open the door that truly benefits both body and soul.

I am Gidget, you know...the Small Girl-Midget with Big Ideas and I just want to share those revelations from my canine ancestors, such as “Scoobycius,” the dog that could solve any mystery... “Milo-unmaskus,” the Jack Russell who could help reveal our inner truths, and my all-time favorite, “Snoopystotle-damus,” with an uncanny ability to see the future based on his dreams!

Of course not all dogs see eye-to-eye as we don't always agree who gets the bigger bone and we get a bad rap for the “It's a Dog Eat Dog World” slogan (Not sure where that came from...probably a cat-lover) yet we are loyal to a faultless degree and true to our nature. After all, our descendants were wolves in the beginning, so all separate breeds have made an enormous impact to help build harmony within God's world.

It's often difficult to determine Fact from Fiction, Truth from Deception, and even the differences between Science and Religion. Perhaps those are the variables in a

complex world in which each of us must decide and choose for ourselves. In other words...a Grand Design that generates a unique aspect of our own sense of self. An intentional board game of life in which we roll the dice and hope we get lucky.

Science is based on factual data and it is incredible how far technology and invention has come since man first discovered how to create fire. Now, there's talk about AI (Artificial Intelligence) and how that's gonna become the new standard as computers can calculate their computer chips to recognize, replicate and replace much of mankind's greatest achievements. Where's the Fun in that, I ask? It takes away everything that is human, now doesn't it! Imagine a world of Robotics in which we are all nothing more than drones driven with a predetermined mission and the only thing that separates us is perhaps the serial number and manufacturer located somewhere on our forehead.

No...I am all for placing that number closer to the Heart, for that's where the strength and passion for living derives. The Heart contains those invisible midi-chlorians that make up our potential powers (Didn't you all see STAR WARS? Duh!) Which leads me back to this eclipse just so I can bring it full circle...you know, like an orbital path to Galactic Truth!

There are times when the stars, planets and anything in space becomes perfectly aligned within this vast universe and creates an effect between them. Now take that very same concept to consider microscopic elements, such as those midi-chlorians within our own very hearts



that have been on an orbital path of their own that creates an effect upon others. In many ways, it's how things work in life and is at the Heart of the Matter. All I know is that I Love Chris and it is no coincidence we were both on that orbital path of fate now sharing the past five years together. The month of May will be our Anniversary and he can't wait to share some stories about our adventures. So, be on the lookout as we rocket through this intergalactic space realm we call the internet for more exciting news...and put on those Solar Glasses 'cause the Future will be so Bright!



“*Garden of Eden*”

April 20, 2024

A beautiful Saturday afternoon as Chris and I were making our rounds during our *Walkabout* and came upon a young lady playing with her Old English Sheephound.

“What’s your dog’s name” asked Chris to start conversation.

“*Eden*,” she replied “like in the Bible, *the Garden of Eden*.”

Curious. Although most tenants living in the apartment complex have a dog as a pet, the dog park is oftentimes empty. It was good to see them playing fetch with a tennis ball.

“Quite the baller” Chris continued as the dog was excited with each throw and returned the ball for another round. Impressive. I’m not much of a baller, nor did I play with many toys growing up as a pup. My closest constituents were cats. Nothing wrong in all that as it just proves dogs and cats can live together in harmony.

Yes, harmony. Like the *Garden of Eden. A Paradise on earth*. Life and circumstance. It all comes full circle in the end after so many adventures, moments of glory, trials and tribulations, setbacks and unfortunate consequences. All events become the full nature of the soul. History is a lesson to be learned and each moment is a gift of life.

With Faith and Hope, the dream continues. *The Garden of Eden* shall be fruitful again. I pray for Happiness and God has certainly blessed me with a loving companion willing to sacrifice his time with so many wonderful aspects of joy. From our adventurous explorations to home-cooked meals to outlandish and clever posts on social media about me...to encouragement with discipline and simply a life of fantastic reality a dog like me could only imagine.

It is May 1, 2024. *May Day!* That was the day Chris took me in. That was the day our adventures began. We celebrate both the past and future endeavors. *Special Thanks* to all those friends and readers who have been so encouraging through the years. *Love and Wishes* from Chris and Gidget and let’s keep the adventure going strong!









THE ADVENTURES OF GIDGET

A Dog's Diary

By Chris Ballard

Dedicated to my dog Gidget, Friends and Family
and all those dog-loving people who both inspire
and are inspired in turn by all pets of nature.

Love and Wishes!

Chris and Gidget





Gregory Christian Ballard (Chris) worked in Broadcast Television and other related visual media as an artist for 28 years and as a published Graphic Novel Illustrator/Painter from 1991-1994. In addition, he has written numerous novels, short stories, children's books, plays and a plethora of other projects throughout his creative career.

Chris earned his Masters Degree in Sequential Art at the Savannah College of Art and Design along with a BFA from East Tennessee State University. Passionate about Art, Writing and Photography, this book contains all aspects of his talents in a Graphic Archive to showcase his love for his dog, Gidget. Their adventures together had an impact on the author's insight, bringing together a new realm of understanding about pets and humanity. Together, life can be an adventurous occasion and that became the focal point and philosophical issue underlying the true nature of responsibility. As an only child and having pets growing up since childhood, Chris has gained an insight into the basic instincts of bonding and caring for the many dogs he's had to help him survive much of life's ambitious efforts. Enjoy this special feature book for its entertaining value and simple thought provoking issues targeted for those with pets and can relate to the many issues. A delightful read from Gidget's perspective, so to speak.