

Zack here, a little birdie tells me (actually it was a Bichon Frise called Butch) that my brother Jake has started his own blog without telling me and is casting aspersions (bet Jake doesn't know big words like this) on my character. I'm going to tell you how it really is.

So I'm afraid of trains – I don't think so. Let me put it this way, Jake and I were out walking with mum and dad the other day when the Glasgow Central to Newton train went past, one of us filled a poo bag – guess who (hint - it wasn't me) need I say more! Not that I'm one to tell tales, but he has also been known to empty his bladder at the sight of an electric hedge trimmer – anyway enough about my brave brother.

Jake and I have settled in quite nicely to our home with mum and dad and our new brother and sister, Pushkin and Dasha, they are Russian Blue cats and are quite nice really (if you like cats).

I wasn't too sure about going out for drives in the car at first, as it made me sick, but mum said I would probably grow out of this, and thank goodness she was right - I did feel **so** guilty about throwing up all over Jake (not)!

When we were quite young mum used to sit in the back seat with us and, as Jake and I always wanted to have a window seat, she had to sit in the middle. It seemed obvious to Jake and I that the windows should be open and we could stick our heads out so that we could see and smell everything – dad soon put us straight on that idea: he told us it's dangerous for dogs to do that, and in any case as we had to wear car harnesses we wouldn't be able to. We weren't too chuffed about having to wear our harnesses, but now that we are older we can see that it keeps us all safe in the car.

As Jake said I've not been too well, but am now much better and don't have to wear my big plastic collar anymore. I couldn't understand why I had to wear this, but the vet said it would stop me biting at the skin which was annoying me and which I had nibbled so much it was bleeding – not much fun really. Mum took it off me when we went walks, but always put it back on when we came home. I did try looking at her with my saddest face, I even tried running away and hiding under the bed, but she insisted I put it back on, as she said it was for my own good – looks like she might have been right (but don't tell her I said so).

I'll have to go as Jake has just sneaked into my crate where I have just hidden a chew under my blanket, he might not be the brightest Cockapoo in town, but he certainly can sniff out a chew.

Update you soon,

Zack (the clever, handsome one).