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Thought for
the weak



with the Rev Preben
Andersen



Dear Friends,
Hi, I'm Zoe, and I am the Reverend's and his missus' dog. I am 12 years old, and I am grateful to my master for giving me this chance to "speak" to you in his column.

Who knows, if your readers like what I have to say, he may give me another opportunity some time? Pigs may fly.

And talking about pigs, well, animals anyway, when I saw on the posters in my park that a lot of beetles were due to arrive at my park in late July, I got all excited. After all, I thought, I have had no luck in catching the squirrels and rabbits already there (they are just too fast), but a beetle or two – surely, that would be well within my capacity?

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when all the thousands of beetles I saw were of the four-wheeled variety – those German Volkswagens – getting well and truly in the way of us ordinary obedient park-walking dogs.

I did not like it. The master and his missus dared not even let me off the lead lest I got devoured by a visiting great Dane – sorry, master, no pun intended – and I felt well frustrated and unloved.

Not only that, but there were human guards on duty, even at one point threatening to charge us law-abiding dogs and their owners for entering our park or face expulsion. I ask you!

One was not amused.

Anyway, they are well and truly gone now, and it is back to the squirrels and rabbits. But I do hope that next year, if we get the beetle invasion again, the organisers will be just a little bit more respectful of us local residents and their masters and mistresses. I feel much better now having shared this with you.

The master says, "how about a Godly message to end?" I haven't got a clue what he means by that but anyway, it is back to him next month, unless you, the readers, would prefer more of me?