

Dear Axel,

I am a standard schnauzer just like you, except that I am a girl and I am 16. I live with my Mum in Townsville, North Queensland. Like you, I adore food, as you can see by the photo below. I know now that it's not OK to jump on the table to drink out of the milk jug. But I still don't care.



When I heard your story, I laughed my beard off. I am sure it was tough being down that mineshaft, and your Dad must have been frantic, but isn't it great to mess with them? I love a good adventure. It's fun to slip your collar and dart between cars, fight with a bull terrier until you bleed, battle nasty possums, and swim in croc infested waters trying to get to pelicans, all the time keeping an eye on your parents who are FREAKING OUT!!! I get up every morning between 1am and 4am and demand Weetbix and, get this, MY MUM GIVES IT TO ME before carrying me down 17 stairs (I am getting reluctant and more stubborn as I age) to do a wee and border patrol. I take up to 30 minutes to return... I like to mix it up. She looks real tired in the morning.



But now I am old and wise. You have to be careful Axell!! We are really tough terriers but our parents worry and they would be lost without us, so stay away from mine shafts and those mental kangaroos.

Sending lots of schnauzer love,

Ruby

P.s. I dig your tail, mine is a stump.

