

ROCKS

Hi, my name is Rocks; that's short for...Rachmaninoff...but you can call me Rocks. My human loves me, my friends love me...heck, who wouldn't love a face like this? Every morning before my human goes to work he picks me up, gives me a big hug, then kisses me goodbye...and all day long I will remember those last words that I hear...Now you behave! My human is pretty special – after all he chose me and I was the runt of the litter---were you? He has made a very nice life for the two of us. But other humans look at me and see this short little puppy and the women go “awww” and the guys go “naww,” but if they took time to know me they'd find out I am more than my looks – I am a sensitive doggie-poet.