

# Brittany



## User Guide

## Introduction

Congratulations, if you are reading this you have likely brought home a Brittany or you are just curious about them or you happened to have this document randomly forward to you by a friend or enemy who just wishes to annoy you. However this document has found you, yay for you.

Down to bidness.

The Brittany is the greatest breed of dog on the planet. That recognition does not come often enough and it has upset us as a breed for ~~thousands~~ hundreds a few years.

The purpose of this guide is to assist hoomons to better understand us and enable them to better serve our needs as a group.

The Brittanyys of the Brittany Lawyers Facebook page have gathered together to provide this guide to en-



Lucy and Otis bird finders and super heros. It is not an easy life!

lighten hoomons and enhance the lives of all Brittanyys.

We will no longer be known as simple hunting dogs or the class clowns of the dog world. ~~Not to our faces any way.~~

This manual is broken into several pieces with illustrations for each. Going forward, all hoomons that bring us into co-habitation situations will be required to fully read this manual and pass the test provided for in the last chapter.

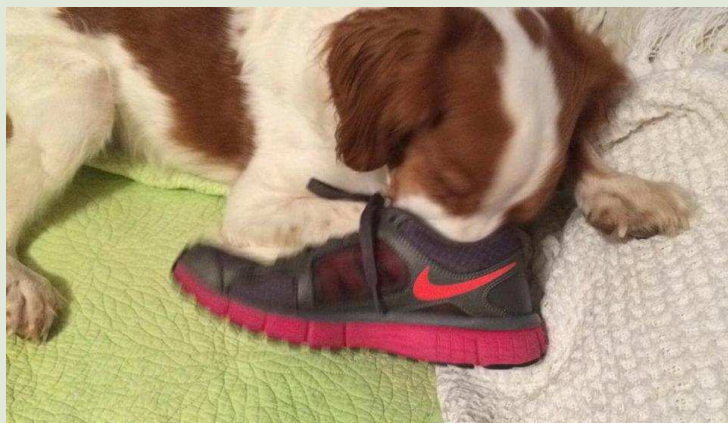
A glossary of terms is provided near the back of the book to help hoomons with concepts they may be unfamiliar with. Things



Rytsar—The Barbarian. What many people think of as being the class clown, but Rytsar is serious about he role at renaissance festivals .

like “Lots of treats” are defined to an exact number in that section. You may submit any glossary omissions to [lawyapenny@pluth.net](mailto:lawyapenny@pluth.net) (yes that is the real email address for Lawya Penny) for inclusion to future updates.

Understanding what you have done by bringing a Brittany into your household is tantamount to the driving of a high performance racecar (we are current unable to list the names of those racecar makers because their names are trademarked and we would have to pay a royalty; otherwise you would be super impressed with the list of names but the publisher is really cheap).



Then there is Luke. Okay so sometimes you wonder about them being clowns that sniff sneakers.

Discussed in this manual is everything from care and feeding, physical attributes of your awesome Brittany dog to the rules that you must now live by as a bi-ped living in a Brittany world.

Enjoy the ride and follow the rules!

-Lawya Penny

Author, Therapist and Brittany at Law



Bailey may take being a bird dog just a bit too far, but he does take his work very seriously.

# Chapter 1

## About the Brittanys as a breed

Brittanys come in many shapes, sizes and colors. There is a ~~stupid~~ document called the “breed standard” that was developed by hoomons in order to judge us. ~~Hoomans have bad ideas sometimes.~~ While they may see a need, we Brittanys tend to be far more inclusive of our brethren.

What hoomons look for (from something called the AKC website page about the Brittany): “A compact, closely knit dog of medium size, a leggy dog having the appearance, as well as the agility, of a great ground coverer. Strong, vigorous, energetic and quick of movement. Ruggedness, without clumsiness, is a characteristic of the breed.



Angel captured on her run through the wild. Notice the grace described in the test to the left.

He can be tailless or has a tail docked to approximately four inches. “



Truxton demonstrating the woo-hoo attitude and a slight bit of the clowniness (not sure that is a word)

Who we really are: “Little bundles of energy with a woo-hoo attitude. Clowns that practice a very high brow humor while getting whatever job we are doing done in a less-than timely fashion. We also have squirrel-like grace and cheetah-like speed combined with the ability to turn like we are on

rails and a general lack of adequate braking systems unless ~~snacks~~ birds are involved to stop us before running into things.”

## General Description

Four legged canine with nose, tail, feet, head, butt, eyes. ~~Yeah they probably want more of a description, sheesh, don't they know what a flipping dog looks like? Hoomans.~~



Ford & Lincoln Orange/White and Liver/white practicing for synchronized bully sticking!

Brittanys are a medium sized dog that will weight anywhere from 20-70 pounds. They have awesome noses that come in a variety of colors, pink/orange, liver, black can all be seen regularly.

Noses are our primary source of trouble. We smell stuff, and our brains stop working properly until our investigation is complete. Many issues are started by our ~~tasty~~ friends--chippie, squirrel, bird and kit-e-cat as they stroll through our yards. Apparently in the world of Brittany, we are the only

ones with boundaries. Our hoomons get quite upset if we chase said friends around the yard and more upset if we bring them in the house if we win the game of chase.

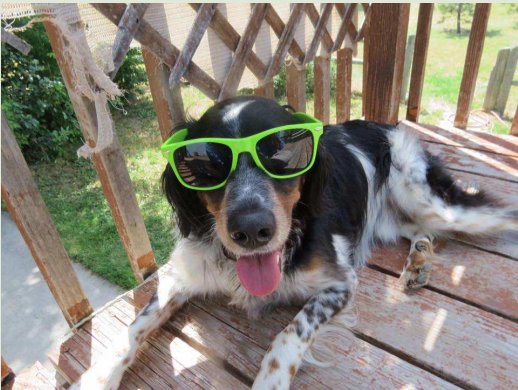
Upon winning, the standard question a hoomon will ask is “what is that?” shortly followed by the phrase “oh my gawd, what did you do?” then followed by the ever famous “that doesn't belong in the house” and “wait until your dad gets home”.

Rule note: (these will be notes strewn throughout this document to help you understand what is acceptable and what is not): It is acceptable to say these things with the understanding that we don't care. We are doing what instinct tells



Rosie the regal black and white Britt

us to do, and no court in the land will convict us for it, ~~so there~~. Oh and when dad gets home, he will pretend to be mad but secretly will pet us and tell us how proud he is of us and then laugh at how angry mom was. Not to narc on dad or anything, but that is what happens behind closed doors. After all, you take us hunting and ask us to find and bring things and then it isn't ok when we are at home? That's crazy. Be consistent.



Gus modeling human protective eye gear. Avert your eyes from the gaze of the Britt!

Eyes are our secondary source of trouble. Eyes are used to confirm what our noses smell. Our noses are much like our long range scanning devices (radar for lack of a better word), and our eyes are like ~~hoomons feet when they step on a Lego~~ (remove, trademark issue) eyes. Our eyes are used for both good and bad. On one hand they confirm what we are smelling, and they help us with the chase of whatever it was that we smelled. They are

what gives the satisfied look to the hoomons as we trot into the house after either scaring our prey or catching it.

Our eyes are also what make hoomans' stone-black hearts ~~which didn't share their breakfast with us because it "is not good for you"~~ melt and for all to be forgiven for the dead chippie in the family room. Eyes are the windows to the soul ~~damn that is good, I should write that down~~ and that is incredibly true for us.

~~We use our eyes to get our way~~ Our eyes express the love we have for our hoomons each and every day.



Dewey demonstrating "the look"

Rule note: It is not advised to look directly into the eye of a Brittany puppy. They will make you make poor decisions, and your life will never be the same. Only listen to the big dogs; unlike the puppies, they will not cloud your judgement with cuteness--only extremely wise thoughts.

Our fur is soft and cuddly. It comes in a great many number of colors and mixtures of colors. Standard colors in-

clude white, orange, liver (aka brown dogs), and black. Most colors are mixed with the white to make orange and white etc. There is a special order model called "roan" which is ~~the best color ever (the color of author Lawya Penny)~~ is a base coat with a color coat and lots of spots of the color coat strewn throughout like a cheetah (roar). There are also tri-color Brittanys, which are a mixture of colors, which are very rare.

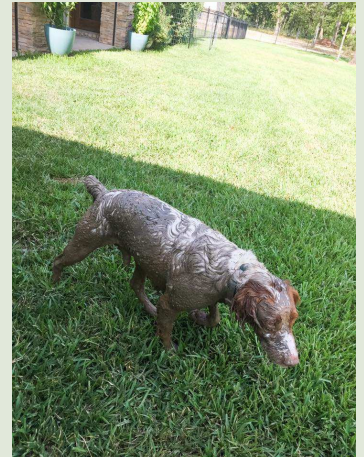


Sam—Before.

Our fur gets us in trouble because it picks up pickers, stickers, and dirt that just seems to ~~attach~~ cling to us. These horrifying facts cause hoomons to force us into "bath time". This unacceptable practice is the bane of the existence of most in the Brittany breed. We far prefer natural treatments over the hoomon tactics of dragging us into the bathtub with frilly smelling shampoo

and washing us.

Rule note: It is unacceptable and demeaning for hoomons to use outside spigots and a hose to wash us. 1) The water is cold. 2) It is beneath us and attacks our dignity 3) ~~you~~



Sam—After. Yes same dog. We are so proud!

~~suck~~ It is much harder on hoomons because of all the bending that has to be done.

4) The soap is bad for the lawn. ~~but does make mud puddles to roll in later~~



Penny the picker collector. Another prout moment at the Brittany Union Hall!

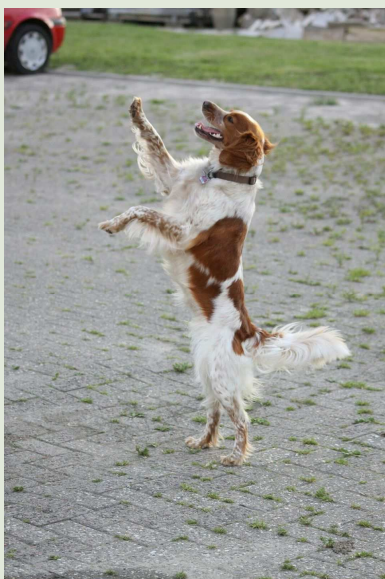
Our brains are far above average. While we play dumb sometimes, our brains are always going, always processing, always thinking about our next move. Brittanys are playing chess while their hoomons are playing checkers. We act all

dopey and goofy, but inside we are plotting the next move. Be very careful with us. Surrender to us early on, and life will be just fine.

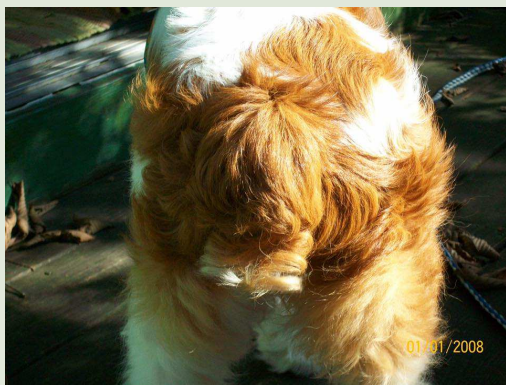
As puppies we learn by doing. You will feel a bite. If you don't scream, we assume that biting is ok. We will pick things up and drop them on your bare feet, because we can and we want to hear that scream. When we do hear the scream, we will defer to the comments made in the "eyes" section to beg forgiveness and pretend that we didn't mean to do it. Just know that we did mean to do it.

According to the official description of us being leggy...Well I can say that this is not the case. Our legs are just right. Not too big or too small, but just right. They are generally spotty and carry us very quickly into and out of trouble. We have a fast retreat gear when something scares us. We have a very high charge gear when something challenges us. Our biggest weak point is our brakes. We have a huge engine and very little stopping power. Particularly as young pups our braking systems are very faulty. If you see one of us coming at you at a high rate of speed, be ready to move because we likely aren't stopping.

Tails. Tails are special with Brittany's. Some are short while others are long. No matter the size they are attached to a wiggle machine with the Brittany butt. If we have short tails we call them "nubs". Some nubs are bigger than others but the butt action is still the same. Wiggle until you almost break yourself in half.



Bella letting her tail fly and be free!!



The Nub as demonstrated by Sadie May



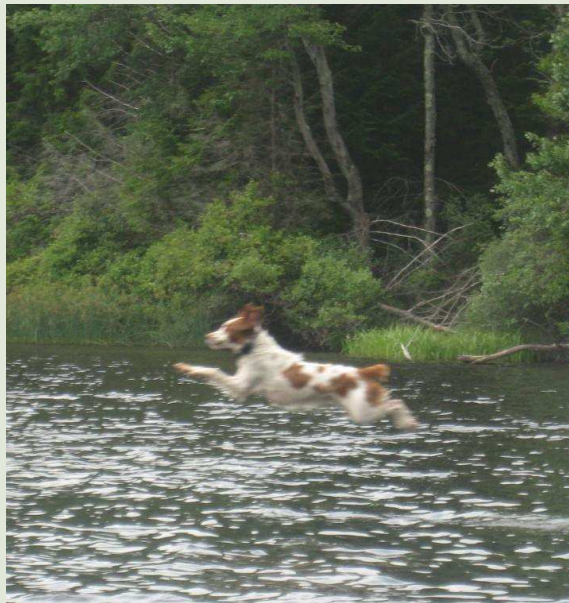
Royal on full alert "warning warning"



If we have long tails I guess we just call them tails. While that might seem boring to some, it wasn't acceptable until the last couple of years. Now tails of all sizes are celebrated equally although there are still some tail sizers out there that make fun of us nubbies. ~~Whatever!~~

To wrap up the description of who we are as a breed. We are perfect. Perfect size, perfect amount of smarts and beyond perfect amount of energy (the next chapter will talk about battery life which seems to be an ever popular topic).

You have chosen well by choosing a Brittany. Now you'd better eat your ~~Wheaties~~ good breakfast cereal because we have much to do.



Oh, forgot to mention we can be water dogs too! Talk about versatile ! Judge Alex showing his diving ability.

## Chapter 2

### Brittany Power Supplies

There are many makes and models of power supplies that come with the standard Brittany model. Some are, to be frank, defective. Yes, new models are shipped this way all the time. We as a breed have come to realize this and have chosen to do nothing about it. Hoomans that we live with take great joy in taking photos of us while we are recharging. While we don't understand their behavior, it has made it relatively easy to document ours.

First you are probably thinking to yourself "how are they defective?"

Well first, some power supplies only have an on and an off switch. These are my Brittany friends who are either running full speed or sound asleep on the couch. If they hear a click, a doorbell, or a knock, they go from dead to the world to pick up and drop paw to cheetah mode in .03 seconds. This includes a full flip from the recharge position (covered later in this chapter) off of any piece of furniture (sometimes flipping said piece of furniture) and ejecting using the hoodad's delicate parts as a starting block.



Maisie demonstrates the everlasting energy of Brittany!

Following the umphhh sound (this is a common sound for hoodads with Brittanys), we launch and then touching exactly one stair (out of nine) on the way up or down to the doorway followed by a full alert siren of barking. It is indeed an impressive sight, unless you are hoodad--who is unable to get up from his seat now to see who is at the door.

Second defect - No off switch. The only position is on. You rarely if ever see them stop moving, lie down or sleep. They are special, very special, and with that they

never stop moving. They are up for anything at any time of the day or night; well...especially night and early morning, well...especially night, early morning, getting ready for work or, well...just anytime. They are like Santa Claus--they know when you are sleeping; and they know when you're awake, mainly because they are ALWAYS awake!

You can easily recognize these early in the morning. When a hooman cracks his eye open and is greeted with a cold wet nose and an eye to match his own, then the wiggle starts. The nub starts the wiggle train until it reaches the front. Just a little dog's way of saying "GOOD MORNING, WHAT ARE WE DOING NEXT?"

Third type is not a defect; it is normal. This doesn't exist. Many studies have searched for one, and we have been unable to locate a single specimen that we could define as normal. Not going to waste a moment of time on it.

Final type is what we call the sleeper power supply. This one is quite nice and has been inserted in some older units needing power supply replacements. It generally has more to do with hearing loss than the unit itself. Brittany's using this unit tend to sleep a lot, wake up gradually, and stretch and stretch. They make all kinds of funny noises while they do this, and many times just lay back down and go back to sleep.

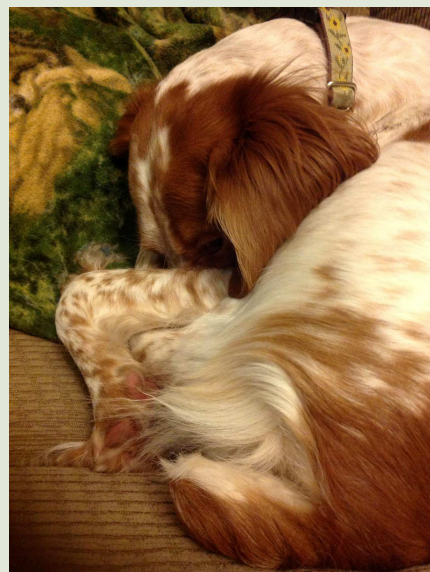
No matter what kind of battery unit your model is fitted with, they are heat seeking. It must have something to do with the charging times. Brittany Labs are looking into this (more explanation on Brittany Labs in later chapters).



Buddy found a warm spot to recharge

If hoomons are ever sleeping or sitting and move from the position they are in, the units tend to be strangely pulled to those spots to curl up on. If a hoomons is warm and it is cold out, this same draw occurs, particularly if the hoomons is already late going to bed and will only get a small amount of sleep.

This warmth factor also comes in with electronic type beds. Be warned hoomons: your legs will be crushed if you happen to have one of these devices. Crushed by the weight of a Brittany.



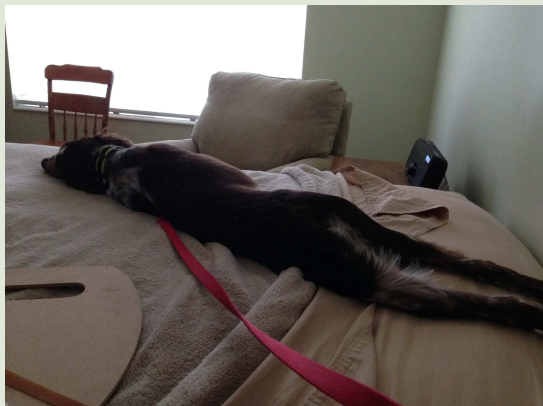
Lawya Penny caught by the pupparatzi doing this.

**Rules note:** It is our prerogative to take any amount of bed space associated with an electric blanket.

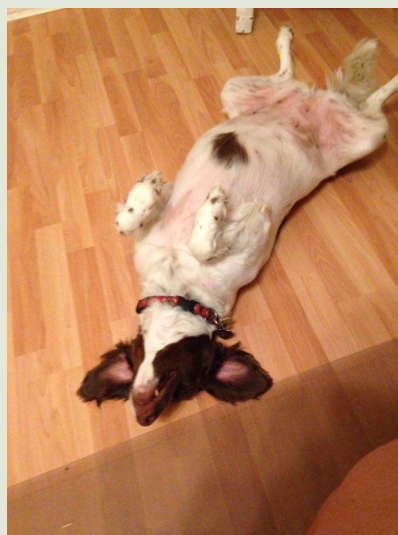
The power supplies are also attracted to a smidgen of space between two hoomons who are trying to be near each other. This is not always favored by the hoomons, but why would we care?

### Charging positions

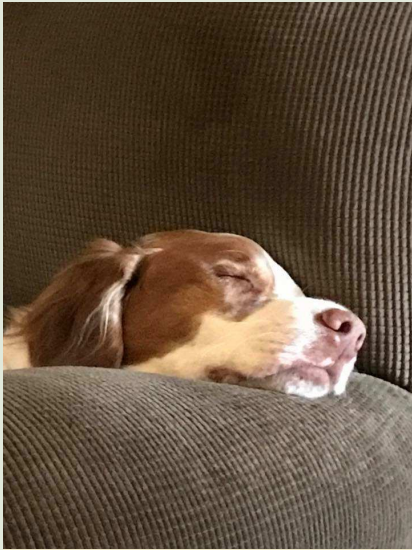
The best way to describe some of the recharge methods is actually through pictures and captions. Here goes...



Gus working the super dog recharge position.



Lucy in the no shame charging position



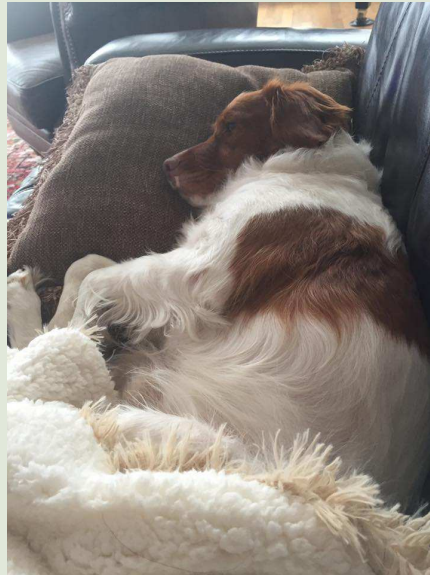
**Bolt is demonstrating the recliner arm recharge method.**



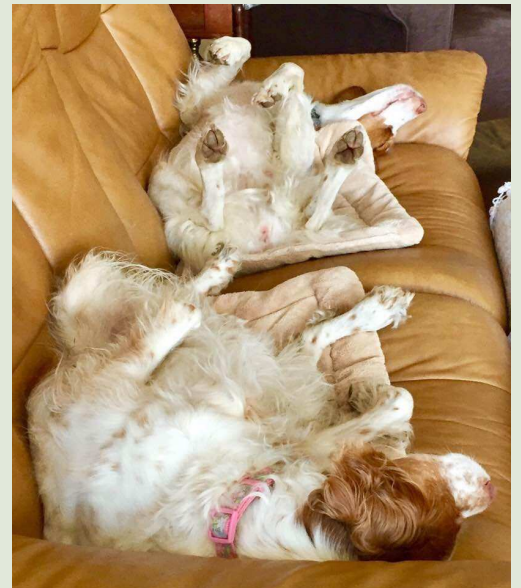
**Abby uses the recharging powers of the pillow to regain her strength.**



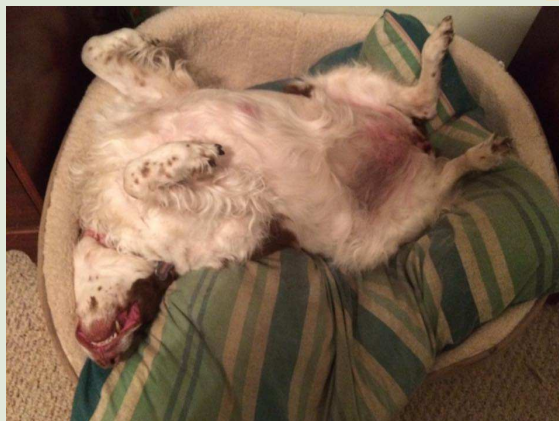
**Button in the yoga pretzel pose. This is an advanced method, do not try at home**



**Mex using the hoomon after work position. Charging is much slower but is very comfy.**



**Tiki and Icee on a dual charger. Note the use of beds on the couch to cut charge times in half.**



**Sophie owning her recharge session!**

## Chapter 3

### Personal Space Issues

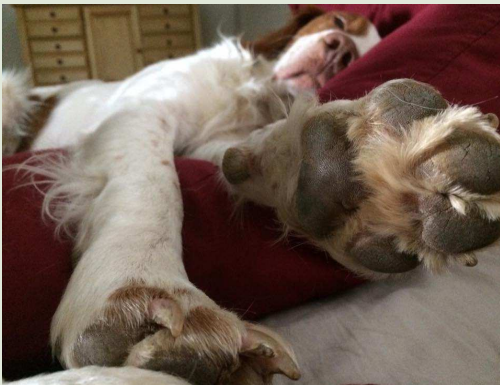
I am not sure if this chapter is appropriately titled. We, the Brittanyys of Brittany Lawyers, have NO personal space issues-- our hoomons do!

From early on in life, we are in close proximity with each other. We pile for warmth, we pile for breakfast, and then we pile for nap time. Basically we spend the first eight weeks of our lives in a pile for one reason or another.



Pre-hooman puppy napping. We were perfectly happy in our pile.

Suddenly one day a hoomon will show up and remove us from our pile.



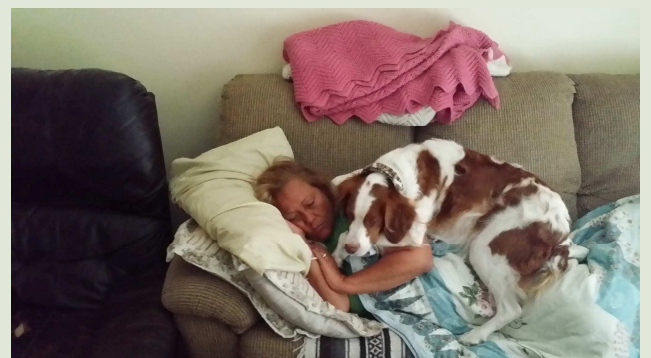
Dooner demonstrates what you are in for

What are we to do? Well apparently our hoomons want us to pile with them. Yeah, yeah, it's cute when we weigh 8 pounds; and even at 15 pounds, it is still pretty good. Then hoomons have second thoughts as we begin to roll around and snore. They seem less interested in being in the pile at that point, but it is indeed too late. No, we aren't going to sleep in that kennel-- why are you bothering to

try?

Our piling instincts have kicked in, and you hoomons will participate.

Oh, what's that you say? You won't? Prepare yourself to be pushed into submission.



Krimpet demonstrates the adult piling moves.

We will start small. Curling up next to you on the couch or on the floor after playing with you. That's it; just relax and pet us. We will pretend to be asleep, but we won't be. We will be brain-washing you that we are small, cute and snuggly. Oh, we are very compact so we don't take up much space. Let me get just a little closer... yeah, that's it.

I'm going to put my head on your lap, and then I hear it...

Hoomom saying to hoodad "isn't he just adorable?" Hee, hee, hee. Starting to fish you in now, aren't I?

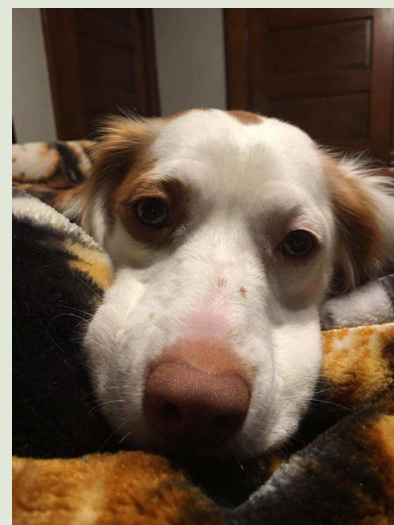
When you get home from work, you just want to lie down and take a nap; and now your wonderful puppy is here to join you.

After all, I cuddled on the couch last night; I am now a certified trusted cuddler. Wait a second...I have been pretty much locked up all day. Let me pace up and down your body with my scratchy little claws. Ok, ok, I will lie down... ok, done lying down. Crud, thumb in the collar, can't move, must wiggle. Not working. New plan...keep still until hoomom falls asleep.

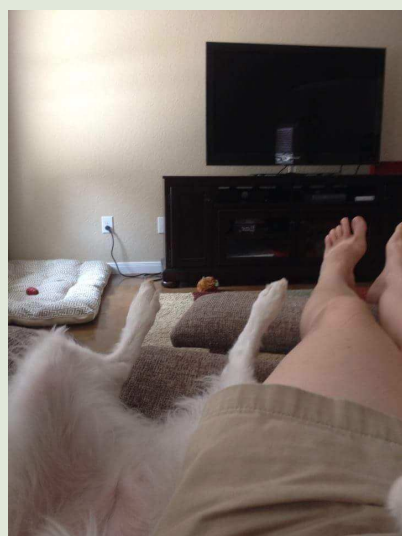


Walter starting to work his way up to full chair status

Shhhh. Homom is asleep. As I walk up to get close to hoomom's face, I realize she isn't moving. Oh no! Hoomom, hoomom, I bark loudly as I pound on her chest. With a loud hmmmph (kind of like hoodad's but much more angry than squeaky) hoomom awakens. I have saved her! I am a HERO!!



Zoey says "I just want to be close.. Really close!"

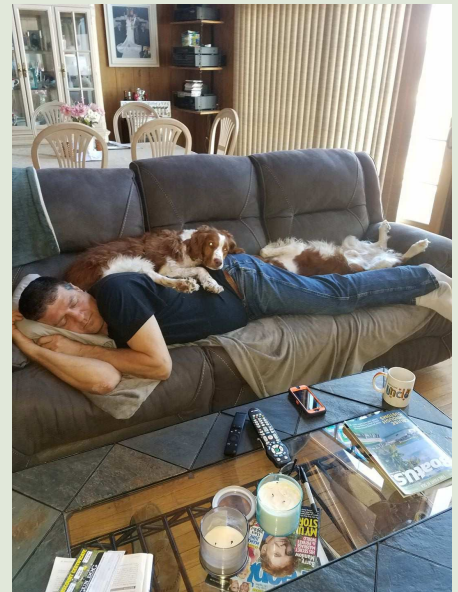


Tater is still in the sharing stage, for now.

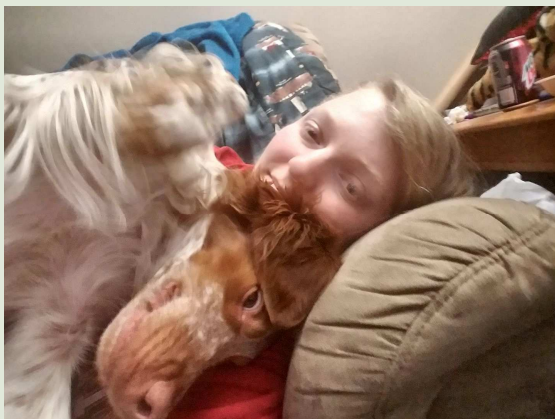
Wait, wait, why am I going in the kennel? Why are you mumbling about bruises on the chest? I just saved you hoomom!! Hmmmph.

Tomorrow I will try to simply get close and lie down. Maybe that will work better.

Then next day comes, and hoomom gives me another chance. This time I am thwarted by the doorbell. I have never heard it before, and I will say that I freaked out a bit. I was spinning in circles barking. Hoomom was not yet awake, and I was under her feet (invading personal walking space according to her) trying to protect her; and somehow we ended up looking each other in the eye on the floor.



Jett and Sonny have crushed the hoodod's spirit. The couch is theirs for the taking!



Baily says "there is plenty of room... Move over!"

Hoomom said some words that by the tone I'm pretty sure are not nice. All I was trying to do was to protect her. Dang, back in the kennel until the UPS guy leaves. Wait, there is a stranger in the house BARK, BARK, BARK, BARK (Dylan, stop that!) but BARK, BARK, BARK, BARK. Hoomom then says "Dylan, you were naughty when the UPS guy was here."

Naughty? What do you mean? I saved you! No, no, no.... not back in the kennel. Hmmmph!

Yeah, that is pretty much growing up Brittany without having any concept of the hoomon's personal space.

As life continues, we continue to have sleeping space issues. We kind of hog the bed just a little bit. Even when our hoomons buy bigger beds,



Skye says that "the hoomon is progressing well."



it is only for us to spread out more!

**Rules note:** Bed size does not matter, but I would recommend the largest bed that will fit in your space. Even worse, it still will not be big enough; but you will be warm.

Another place we have some issues is where food is concerned.



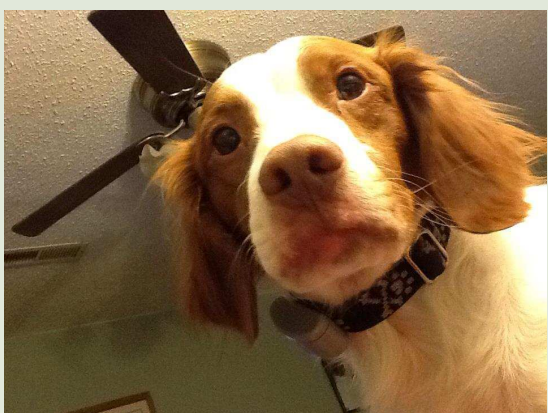
Mex. What 'cha got?

During meals we will watch intently in order to make sure you are not being slowly poisoned. We will clean up anything that drops. This is very important in order to keep things like mice and crocodiles (we heard) to a minimum in the house. It is a service. Really, it is. Stop looking at me that way...it is.



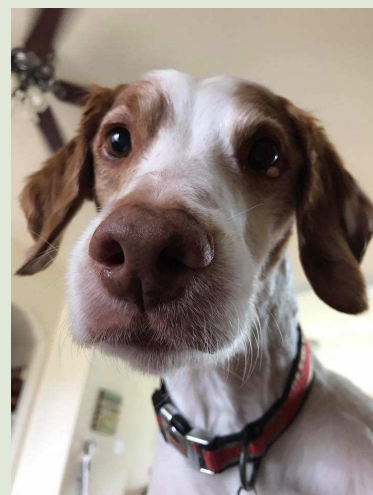
Gunner and Bailey—Are you sure you can eat all that?

When it comes to our meals, we need them done on time or you will pay. While it is said that dogs can't tell time, we can tell when it is dinner time. If you are sleeping on the couch, we will wake you up every five minutes with our



Murphy—Just so you know, dinner is in 10 minutes. I'll be back in 5.

CWNT (cold wet nose touch) to your bare skin beginning 45 minutes before dinner time. This is done to ensure you are still alive and will not miss our feeding. It is cute...trust us. Annoying (supposed to be) but cute.



Boz—What Murphy said.

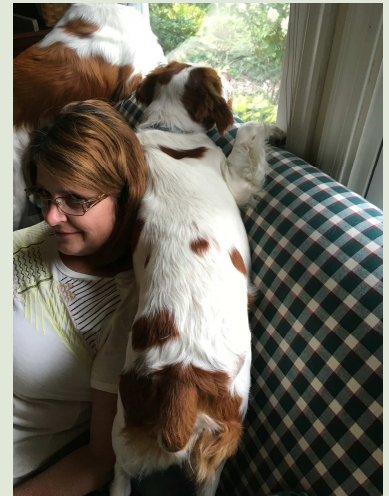
Finally we must talk about other space violations.

One common one is “you are in the way”. This is used when we need a better view of the window. Any or all forms of climbing are allowed.

Another common one is “you are in my chair”. This happens quite a bit when hoomons don’t know their proper place. They pick a chair that we want? Simple solution. Climb on the hoomons and stare.

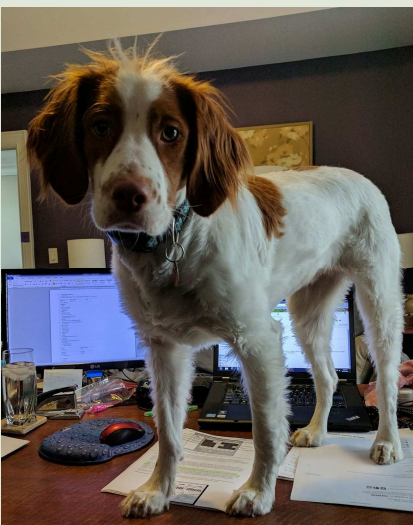


Bolt says—You’re in my chair

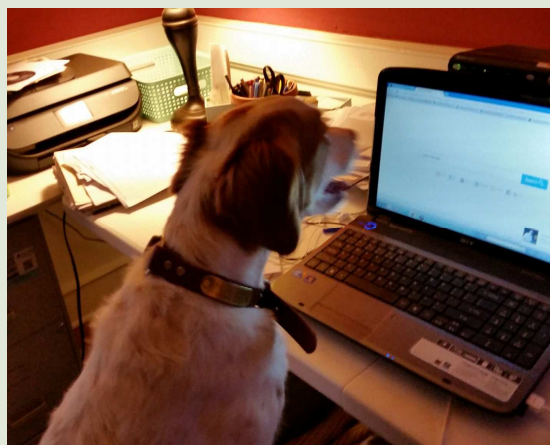


Metro.—Hoomom’s get in the way of bird watching!

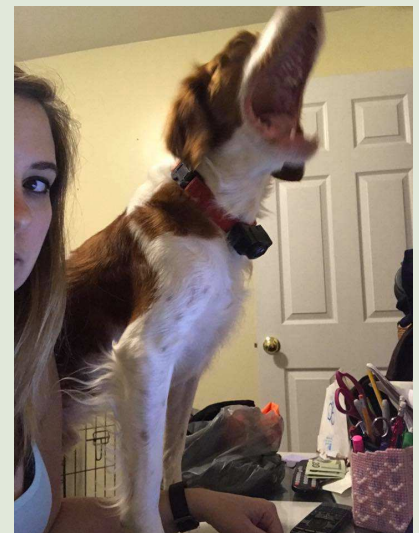
A third common form is “let me help with that”. This is when hoomons look like they could use help with the current work they are doing. We are very smart and know how to do a lot of jobs much better than the hoomons. So, we just want to help.



Copper Penny. “I halp”

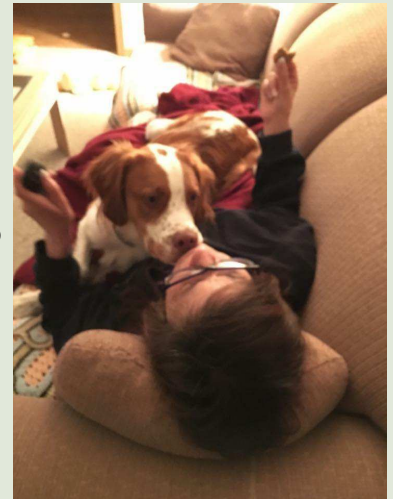


Betsy—you know you used the wrong tense



Judge—You never listen when I try to help!

A fourth form is “what did you have for dinner”? This is represented by us getting very close to your mouth and then sniffing deeply. We mean nothing by this other than... “Why didn’t you share”?



Ace says “we talked about this. No dinner without me”

A fifth form is “crap, what was that loud noise outside? Are we being bombed? Why are you not frightened hoomon”? With this you will find us pinned to you to “protect” you. Yes....I am going with that.



Jack and Bailey We will protect you from thunder

So to summarize.... Once a Brittany is in cohabitation in the house, you lose all rights to personal space. Get used to it!

Some of the more random things you can expect...



Tina says that space issues change when tiny hoomons become involved!



Gunner the Brittany wrap coming soon to a runway near you!



Finley—You are going to need a bigger head for me to be comfy.

## FOREWORD

Whoops! Wait a second....okay, here I am. I'm a bit late, but I'm here now. Right here, on this very page. I was honored to be asked by my dear friend, the one and only Lawya Penny to provide a Foreword for her new book, Brittany User Guide.

Yes, I know that a foreword is usually found at the beginning of a book, but I got a little sidetracked due to a recent porcupine encounter. Oh, and then there was that big black bear that pulled down our bird feeder...I chased him out of the yard with my ferocious barking! And have you seen how many chipmunks are out this time of year? I really despise squirrels. And I caught two moles. Did I tell you that my favorite thing is going bird hunting?

Oops. There I go again. Focus, Zip, stay on task. Okay, let me try again. Get serious now. I have been asked to write a Foreword for Penny's book. Did I tell you that I have a teddy bear that I really love? Darn....again. Back to Penny.

I first met the Boss Lady Penny some time ago, a lotta months I think it was, when I was the innocent victim of a wage and hour law violation. Lawya Penny did an excellent job of representing me in the Brittany court of law and got me back dog treats, along with belly rubs and three prime rib dinners.

Man, do I love prime rib! It is my favorite food, right up there with chicken. Oh, and salmon! And fruit. And just about anything that comes in a crinkly bag of any kind. Or a box. Fresh grass this time of year is excellent too. So tender. And I also love to shred newspaper from the recycling bag.

Whoa! There is a SQUIRREL at the feeder....excuse me a minute while I go tap dance on the windowsill.

Okay....I'm back. Lawya Penny is truly a super awesome lawya and very knowledgeable about the wide world of Brittanyys. That is why you need to buy many many copies of her User Guide and give them to all of your friends and family. But not cats. You definitely should NOT share this with cats.

Signed by me, Zip

Brown and White Brittany Extraordinaire



## Chapter 4

### New Models

New models come into the Brittany kingdom regularly. They are tiny, they are grumpy and they are bossy. They fall asleep in mid-hop or while playing. They are interested in everything and for all of us older dogs, they are kind of a pain.

We tolerate them because they need guidance. We pretend to like them, sometimes we actually like them. Sometimes.

Experience tells us that they learn by watching so suddenly the hoomons expect more out of us, they expect us to allow the new models to bite us and not push them down the stairs. It is a bit frustrating.

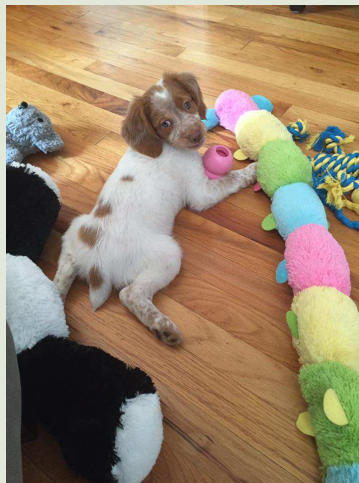


Wilson keeping an eye on his minions.

So, as they grow up there are many things that are of interest to them. First and foremost is toys. Toys can be just about anything from a stick so something the hoomons brought home with them to what the hoomons call rugs. Really toys are anything that will occupy the minis for a little while and keep them from biting other things.



Stetson demonstrating proper stick etiquette



Sammie with his ginormous toys!



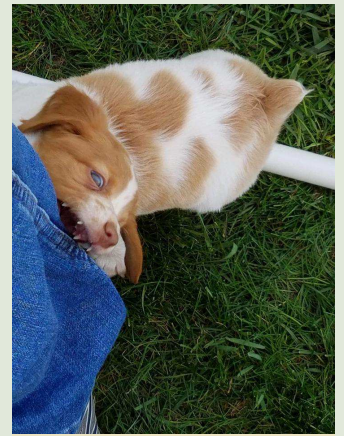
Ren, have toy will play

Be warned that we are usually mean little puppies with our razor sharp teeth and boundless energy. We will wear you down and the pounce!

Safety note: Guard the back of your hooman arms. That fleshy part is a favorite on the New Models.

The new models seem to sleep a lot. A lot of that is due to improper charger position. The new models tend to want to find enclosed spaces to recharge in. Usually the hoomons don't mind this and find it cute. Occasionally when the new models come up missing the hoomons panic. Usually the new models can be found under a couch or stuck behind something.

Under the couch is a little dangerous. The new ones have a problem differentiating themselves from cats and will paw the unsuspecting hoomon and "almost cause a heart attack". Hoomons are so dramatic.



Shark attack!



Lola demonstrating that new ones can recharge anywhere



Ladybird, new meaning to dog dish



Katie displays improper charging position



Mojo the purse dog



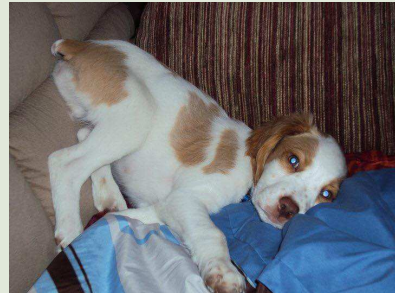
Sammie, improper charging positions part 2



Be careful, new ones are sleeping everywhere!



Joe—One basket of Brittany!



Scout—No caption required.

The new models are also good at climbing. There is a legend around our house that the dog they called the “Brown Dog” was able to scale any gate system the hoomons put forth. She was a very smart new model.

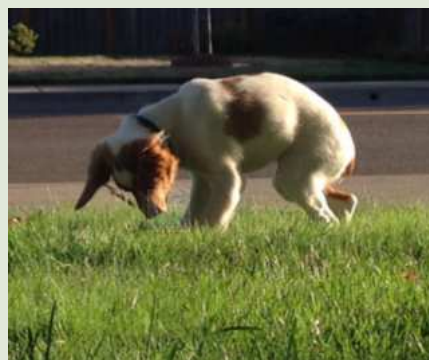


Jake wants to be spiderman

New models have hunting instincts right out of the box. They seem to hunt everything from grasshoppers to frogs to bunnies. Of course birds are still the favorite.



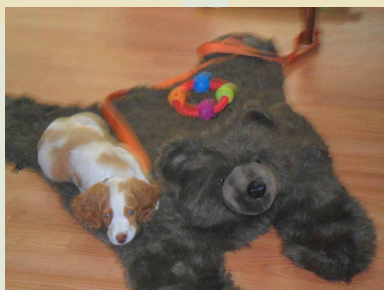
Olivia—Great frog huntress



Finn Grasshopper hunting champ!



Abby at 8.5 weeks and bird crazy



Krimpet with her first bear



Alex Demonstrating proper



Something you probably should know and it is something that I've mentioned. The new models are highly dependent on the other dogs in the house. They watch and learn from us. If you have good ones they will train them well. If you don't well, look squirrel!



Jessie teaching lessons to Abby



Bailey learning from Tasha

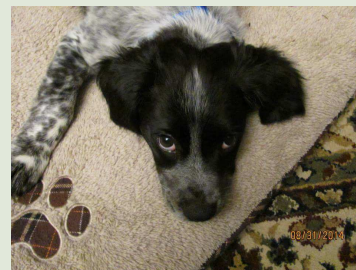
One final warning that you must really, really, really be aware of. DO NOT look into the eyes of the new models. They will make you do bad things. They will make you forgive bad things. They will make you give them bad things, which they will promptly throw up in the middle of the night! Don't look!



Doc practicing mind control



Pepermint—Just because!



Gunner using his powers

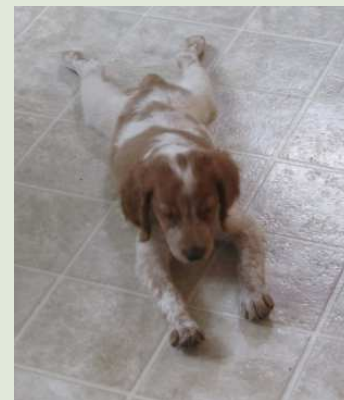
Other items of note for this chapter.



Milo—Splotions start early, so does innocence



Roxy proves that excavations start early as well



Murphy—Frog legs as a new one!

## Chapter 5

### Dogs with Jobs

Every Brittany needs a job because if you don't give us one, we will find one on our own. Finding one on your own can be good or bad, all depending on perspective. Seeking employment for us is generally a really good idea as you will see in the pages that follow. We have some very traditional jobs that if not fulfilled can turn into less traditional jobs which can then turn into weirdness. You will see what I mean.

#### Traditional jobs of the Great and Glorious Brittany:

Our most traditional job is that of a hunter. We love to hunt. We love to hunt SO much that sometimes it hurts.

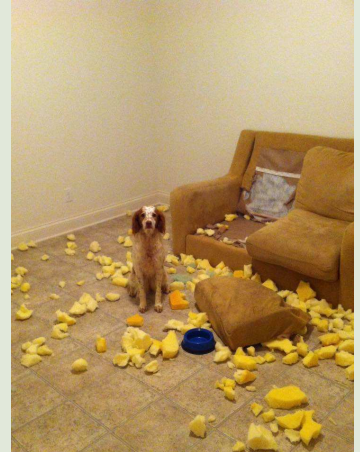


Doc demonstrating legal hunting.

When in hunting mode we (legally) stalk our prey. We go from goofy doofuses to graceful ballet dancers (well I am never goofy; but you have seen some of the pictures thus far, I think you know what I mean). We glide through the air ~~with the greatest of ease~~ (copyrighted phrase)-like Cheetahs chasing their prey.

Our noses are in the air and under the grass looking for the scent of our ~~rascally~~ (implies rabbit, that is for later) adversary. When we hit that smell, ~~ooo, ooo, that smell~~ (Skynard song, copyrighted), our brakes lock; and we skid to a stop.

For a moment we stop breathing as we are nose into the wind trying to get a more accurate reading of the smell. Our hoomons, walking like turtles, slowly come up behind us and begin to look for our prey. Kicking grass and brush, they hopelessly look rather than asking us to help. Hoomons can be



Hanna demonstrates the job that she found.



Delta bringing back the prize after hoomons didn't screw up.

worthless at times, just saying.

A tap on the head by the hoomon, and I'm moving slowly forward close to the smell. The smell gets stronger as we move forward and then starts to fade....oh no, over ran it, must turn back. The smell gets all up into our brains once again and the hunt is on. This all culminates in a big old bird jumping up and then a loud noise, maybe two, sometimes three and other times even more (it sounds like the 4<sup>th</sup> of July and has just as many birds usually).



Mickey meditating on the retrieve.

If this event is followed by the hoomons using bad words, you know that you will not need to retrieve. This seems to hap-



This pair goes unnamed. They had so many birds that they went into witness protection.

pen a lot, just saying. There are other times that someone yells "hen". I have no idea what that means, but there also is no shooting and all the hoomons look at you like you did something bad. Birds all smell alike; smell them for yourself hoomon.

On the rare occasion that the hoomons are happy after the loud noises, they will send us to find the bird and bring it back. They get a little upset if you try to pluck it, and they want you to bring it straight back. Those are stupid hoomon rules. If we are hunting with other Brittanys, we need to show them our birds so they can congratulate us for a job well done. If we are hunting with other breeds, well we need to rub it in their faces that they are stupid not as good as we are.



Murphy says "what? Nothing to see here"

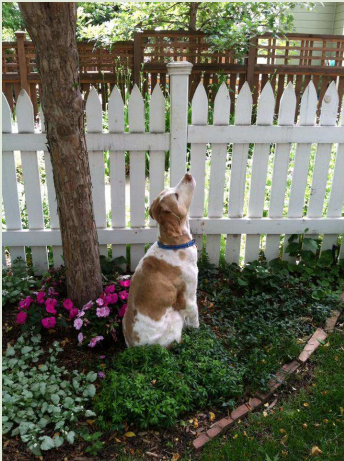
Hunting is so fun for us that on the way to hunting we will talk and carry on. We want to make sure that the vehicle is moving as fast as it can be so we can arrive at the

hunting grounds as quickly as possible. We also knows that it annoys hoomons and that they will sharpen their skills in the field with us.

Hunting is awesome, and we really love it. It is our favorite thing to do ever.

### **Transitional jobs of the Great and Glorious Brittany:**

Pest control is the main transitional job for the Brittany. There are many pests around our houses. Tweedy birds, wabbits, squirrels, opossums, raccoons (we do like the one from Guardians of the Galaxy, but that is it), and skunks.



Stockton on Pest Patrol

All these critters invade our territory and must die. We have great fears that these creatures may bring harm upon us or our household so they must be dispatched as quickly as possible.

That being said there are some downsides to this, and they aren't what you are thinking. You are thinking that we could be injured by one of these critters. Yeah, well, we aren't worried about that.

The problem comes when we bring it in the house to our hoomons. They get all freaky about a dead rabbit, squirrel or duck in the house. Hoomoms tend to scream, and hoodads are upset because hoomom is upset. Hoomons are weird.



Camden Pest Elimination Specialist

### **Security and neighborhood watch**



Sammy watch dog

Most hoomons think of us as friendly passive creatures, but in our minds we are fiercer than any Rottie or Dobe. We are bad to the bone. Witness our record. When barking at the window, no one has entered that house that our hoomons have not opened the door for. In fact, no one has stayed in the yard for more than 10 seconds since we have started working security.

We also watch the neighborhood for things that are going on. For instance, if someone is stealing the poop out of the neighbor dog's yard, we get on the dog switchboard (the closest

open window) and bark and bark. The switchboard then lights up with every dog in the neighborhood barking. That will learn 'em.



Meg & Seamus security the front door

Other parts of security detail required marksmanship. We have weekly training on dropping hoodlums and their kind with a single bounce at the door. This is excellent practice in case we are called upon to do this in the middle of the night with a cat burglar breaking into the

house. Sorry to all the hoodlums out there; it is for your own good.



Rytsar, Trigger, Lady safety in numbers

## Food service industry

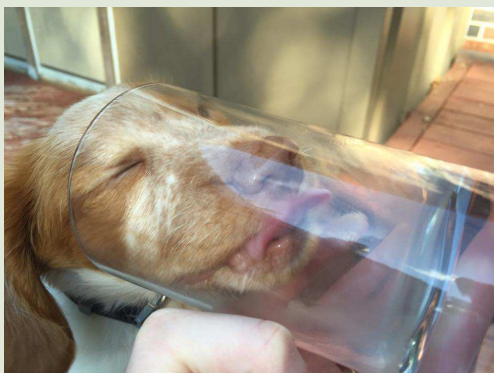


Chef Murphy working on new recipes

Many Brittanys are employed in the food service industry. While some are chefs of one sort or another, many more are taste testers and quality experts. These jobs are far too misunderstood. These Brittanys are labeled as thieves or mooches when they are truly heroes that are ready to put their lives on the line for their hoomons.



Wyatt assembling dinner



Sammie—Taste tester to royalty. This is serious business.

They are called thieves when they take a portion of food off of a plate on the counter. While it is true that they were not invited to do this, they will give early warning of any food borne issues that may be lurking.

## Excavation and Landscaping



Angel digging deck footings by paw

Excavation and landscaping is a common job for many Brittanys. We would very much like you to understand that this job is not one that is done by choice, but by necessity.

It appears that hoomons are really terrible about designing both landscaping and irrigation systems. With that fact out there, it should be known that we are excellent at design and creating proper irrigation on our land.



Tiki & Icee small equipment operators



Bella—Heavy equipment operator

Holes and trenches that we dig can be little tiny ones that are just to collect a little rain in the particular part of a yard or at times we bring in the heavy equipment to create intricate waterways to move large volumes of water (and attract ducks). It is a gift that we have that apparently some hoomons don't appreciate.

## Healthcare Industry

Several Brittanys are also employed in the healthcare industry. Many of us make great nurses. When our hoomons are sick, we stay with them and lay on them. We snuggle and make sure they stay warm. We also make sure they get up and move pretty often as we have to go outside to do our hourly rounds (see security above) as well as to alert you to intruders.

In general this is a job we are really good at. We are so sensitive to our hoomons and want them to feel good. If they feel bad there are no walks, no birds.... nothing.



Gracie family nurse



Sammie—Service Dog

Many of us are also employed as therapy and service dogs. We do so many good things from visiting people in the hospital to detecting problems with our hoomons. It is pretty amazing what we can do. Our only limiting factor is our hoomons and their time. If they would only allow us to use the car and a credit card, we could get so much more done.



Annie—Therapy Dog

### Personal Trainers



Georgia—Yoga

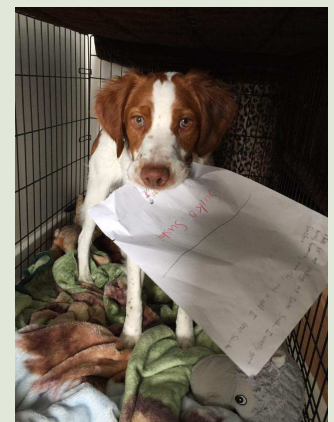
As Brittanys are very physical dogs, we make excellent personal trainers and yoga instructors. Downward dogs are our specialty but we can run with hoomons and help them with pushups and squats (when we drop the ball for you to throw, over and over and over again).

### Environmental Engineers



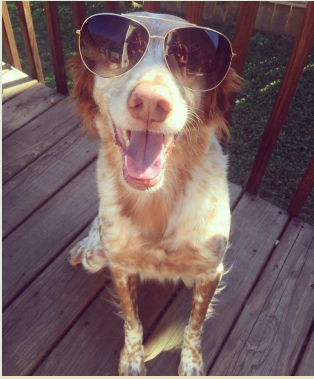
Recycling sorting by Buddy

One little known profession that is very large in the Brittany world is that of environmental engineers. We are very environmentally conscious and are very good at sorting recycling everything from cans to paper. This is a passion for many of us, and one that should be encouraged rather than discouraged!



Enrique—Testing a new recycling method

## Other Jobs Held By Brittanys



**Gunner—Male Model**



**Cooper—Floor Refinisher**



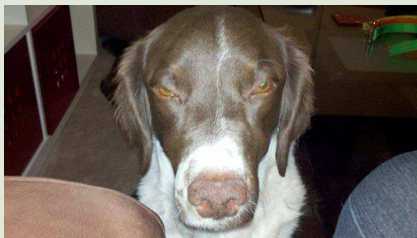
**Penelope—Bathroom Attendant**



**Mirri—Ring jumper extraordinaire**



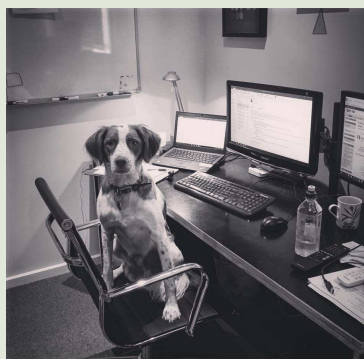
**Icee—Mom**



**Wilson—Hypnotist**



**Zip—Gardener**

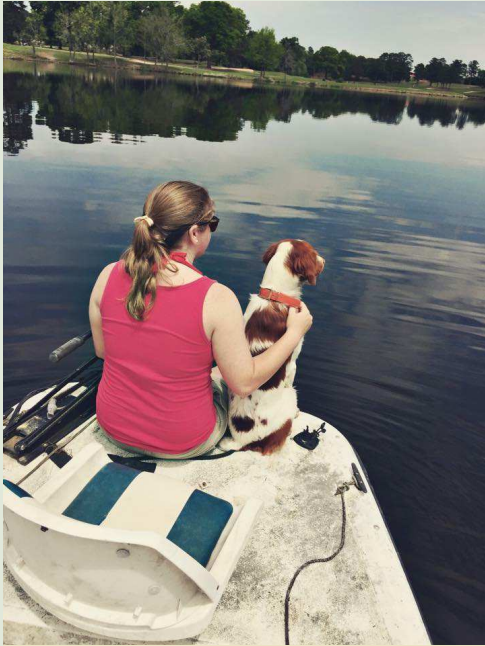


**Rufus—Executive**

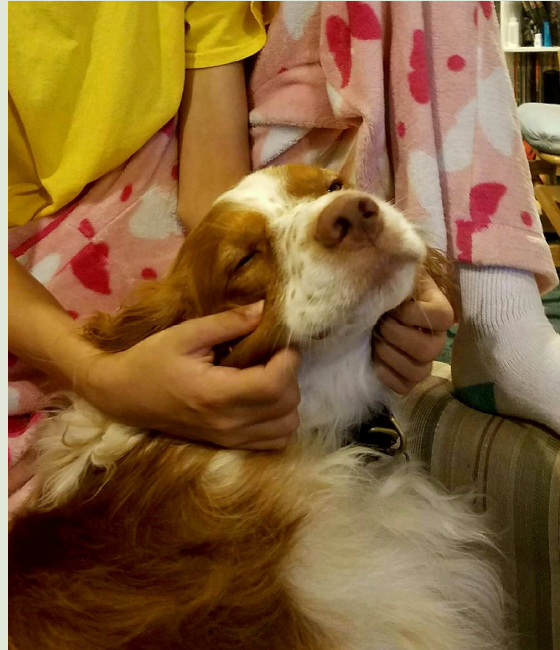


## Ultimate Job

While all of these other jobs are important, the most important job for us is to be with our hoomons. You people need us so much. I am not sure what you would do without us.



Axl—Bestie



Buddy—Bestie

## Chapter 6

### Da Roolz

This chapter is about the basic rules that hoomons must follow with Brittanys. These may be cited as case law in a court of law.



Hoomons have to be supervised at all times. You never know what trouble they can get into. -Abby



No questions. If we bring you the ball, throw the ball! -Alex



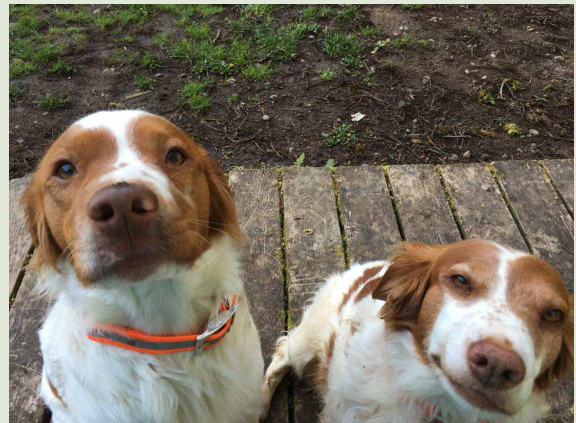
We get birthday cheeseburgers. There are no exceptions. -Bubby



Our rooms must always have a view to survey our kingdom. -Copper Pennie



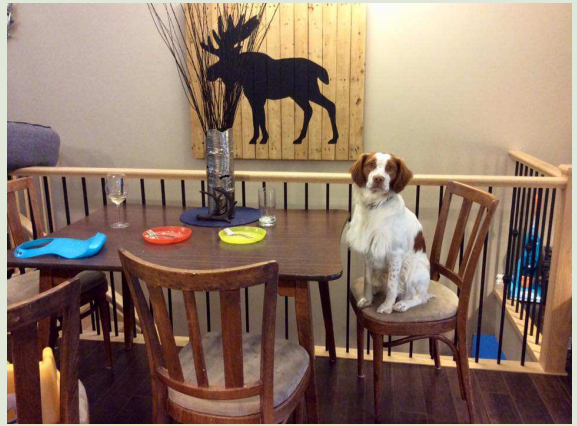
Hoomons must snuggle on-demand. The same is NOT required for Brittanys. -Dewey



Snitches get stitches. Finn & Bree



Let sleeping dogs lie and get your own pillow.  
-Rocky



We are your equals and deserve a spot at the table. -Maverick



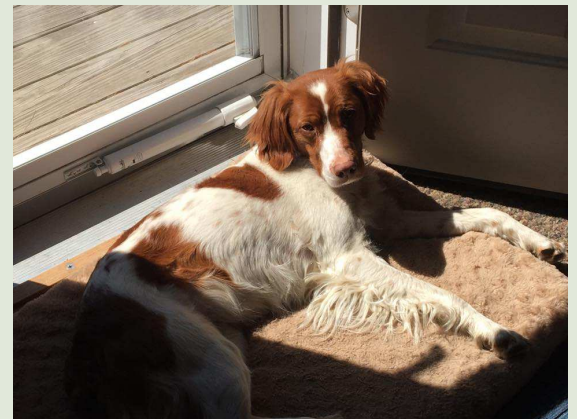
We need our windows open. Sniffing and ear flapping are very important to us. -Finn & Bree



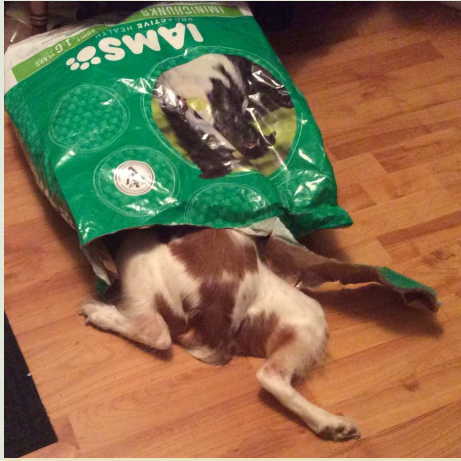
We must be provided with proper treat quantities and this is a little low. -Georgia & Sam



If you don't want us in it, don't bring us to it. - Alex & Zip



A spot with adequate warming sun must be provided. -Olivia



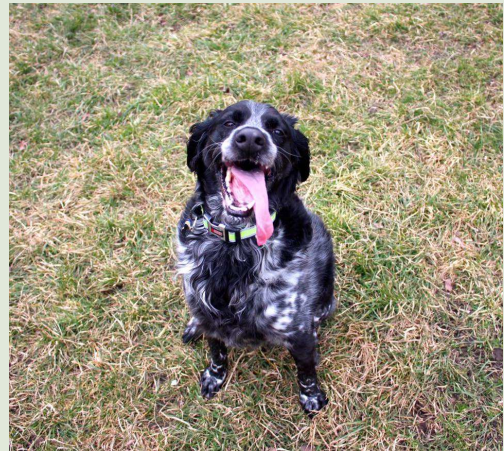
If you leave it on the floor, it is no longer yours. -Daisy May



Sharing is optional. Don't ask. - Hannah Belle



We will always have our hoomon's backs because they are worthless without us. -Gunner



We are know to be unable to hold our licker. You must deal with it. -Henry



Get your own bed. Brittany's have dibs on the bed and space within the bed.



All navigation systems will be replaced by a Brittany. We will always navigate to the nearest bird field. -Scotch



Hoomons may not leave us alone more than 15 seconds at any time. - Truxton



We will nap when and where the mood strikes us. -Jake



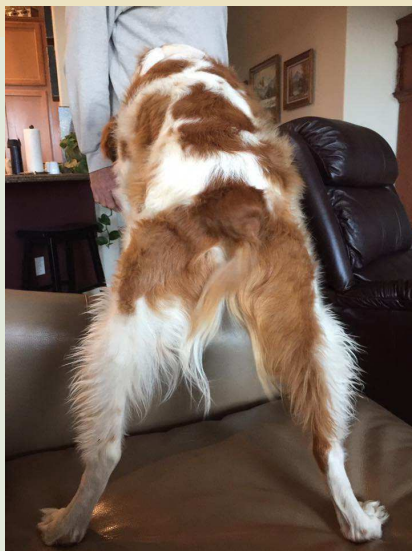
We always keep an eye on our hoomons. -Joe



Mine. -Luke



Throw more. Again. Again.



Never say my butt looks big. - Sammy



Even if it is too small, it is still mine, leave it alone. -Mickey

## Chapter 7

### Brittany Protection

Several organizations have been founded for the protection of Brittany rights. These are volunteer organizations made up of Brittanys of all sizes and colors with the common purpose of ensuring Brittany safety ~~and world dominance~~ as well as a hat and costume free existence.

#### Brittany Protective Services (BPS)



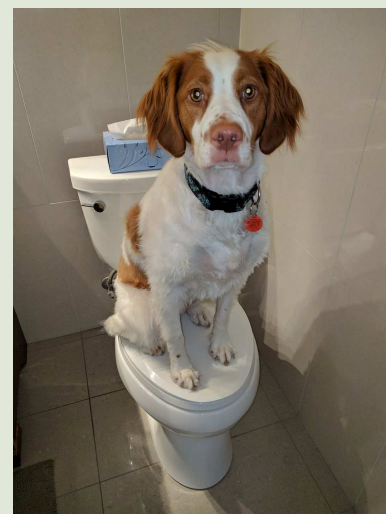
Sugar Baby—Head of the BPS

Brittany Protective Services was founded in October of 2016 to combat the coming Halloween costume crisis. While they were unable to save them all, they did save many a Brittany from the dreaded lion costumes that seemed to plague 2016.

BPS focused on collecting and destroying costumes for most of November of 2016 and chalked up over 50,000 costumes and silly hats in November alone.

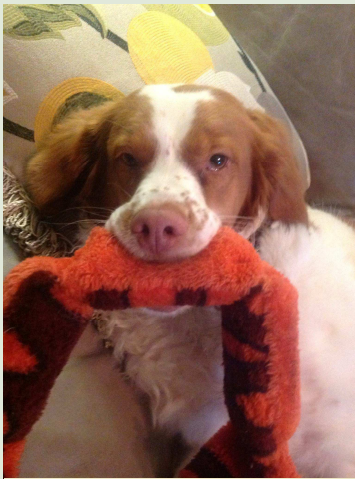
When December came, their attention turned to the dreaded Christmas photos. As most of you know, Christmas photos are the bane of existence for many Brittanys.

Picture if you will the photo shoot “for a good cause” and there sits Santa. It is late in the day so Santa no longer sees us as cute puppies, in fact he can’t remember our names. I ask....how can Santa not remember our names? Oh, and Santa smells like pee. Hmmm.



Copper Penny—Bathroom monitor

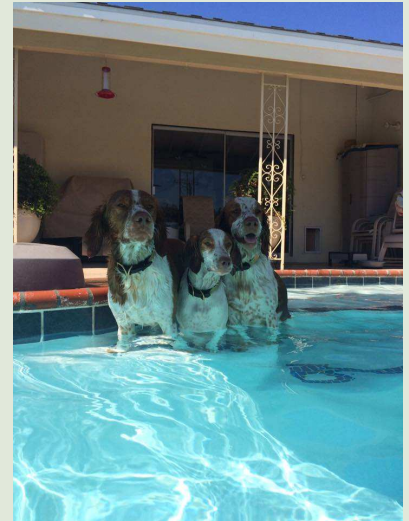
Excuse me, my name isn't "get over here". We are told by our hoomons that we had better be good or Santa wouldn't come visit. Not a big loss based on our interaction with him.



Wavy—Toy tester

The whole experience is truly horrifying. Dogs lined up to have their photos taken with Santa hats on or elf hats or reindeer ears. Oh the horror!

BPS gives relief to the Brittany's that have to experience this treatment.



Brittany Dive Team—Suzie Q, Mickey, Ladybird

## So what does BPS do?

BPS offers many services.

- Undercover agents. These agents are able to blend in and collect evidence of mistreatment that is shipped back to BPS headquarters for processing.
- Search and rescue services. If you are lost on the ocean or in your back yard, our experienced team will swoop in and help you. This is provided you can give us an exact location as we get distracted very easily.

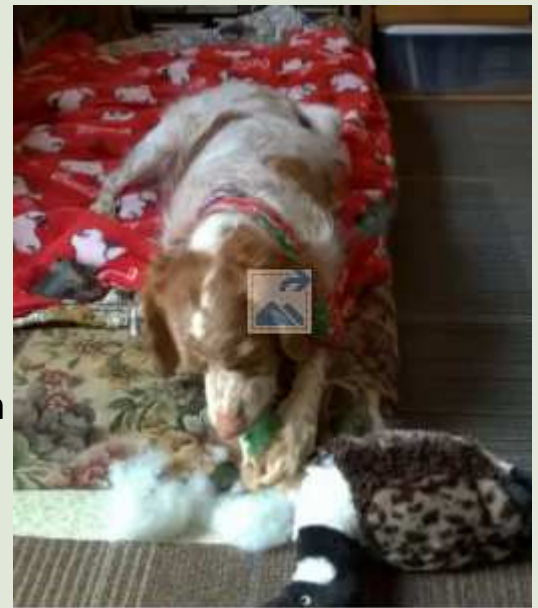


Under cover specialist  
Meeko

- Bomb squad. With all the 'sploding stuff in the world, we have a fulltime agent that investigates 'sploding toys, pillows, blankets, couches, garbage cans and even kennel beds. Hoomans tend to blame anyone but the manufacturers of these products (shame on them!).
- Bathroom monitoring services. When you have a Brittany, you will never pee alone. Our services are available if your own Brittany is out of town or unavailable. Our staff will simply fol-

low you to the bathroom and sit and watch you. (Trust us, we think it's weird also, but you invite us.)

- Brittany dive team. While this sounds like an underwater team, it is not. This team will come and jump in your pool. Swim around. Drink a lot of pool water and throw up. Marketing this team for this reason has been difficult.
- Toy inspection. This has also been a less than successful endeavor for the firm. It would seem that toys that are inspected mysteriously disappear. Best case they seem to be squeakerless when they are returned after inspection. There are pending lawsuits, and the service has been temporarily suspended.



Bomb squad member Lilah

## The Firm

“The Firm” was formed previous to BPS to help defend and protect all Brittanys from the false accusations of their hoomons. Thus far the Firm is undefeated in a court of law (really is), and we intend to keep it that way.



Lawya Penny

The Firm is led by Lawya Penny who started her career as the Lawya to Remy the Poop Roller. With those credentials under her belt, she opened the firm in early 2016.

The firm represents all types of cases both big and small. The firm is not too proud to take on any case as long as there are cheeseburgers for the staff at the conclusion. Call us if you need us!



## **Brittany Lawyers**

Brittany Lawyers is the official social media site of Brittanys in need of representation. Brittany Lawyers is much older than many of our youngest clients and younger than most hoomons that monitor it.

It is filled with very creative Brittanys who are always innocent and are rarely sorry. It is a place of fun and comradery for all Brittanys in need of legal representation.

You may join in the fun anytime!

## Chapter 8

### Physical Attributes

Everyone knows that Brittanys are by far the most beautiful dogs in the world. Our witness to that fact is our hoomons constantly telling us how beautiful or handsome we are.

It isn't even just our own hoomons. When we are out for walks and we encounter other hoomons, almost always the first thing they tell our hoomons is how beautiful we are. Is it any wonder that we know it?



Cooper—doing huntin' dawg stuff



Angel demonstrating energetic and beautiful

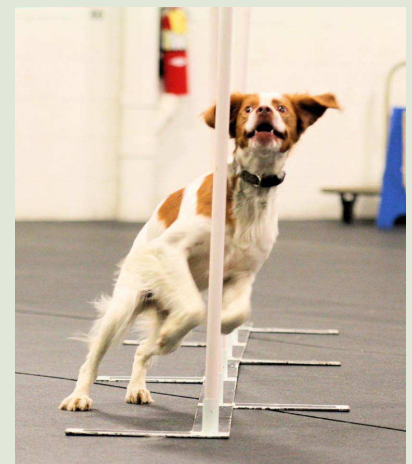
So rather than telling you what hoomons say about us, I will tell you what we want you to know about us before you decide to bring us home.

Well, if we are already home and you were wondering if you got one of us that is abby-normal or something, this should help you recognize that it is just how we are; and you will need to learn to live with it.

So, what should you know?

We are bar none, the most athletic breed on the planet. We run, chase, play for hours at a time. We have energy beyond energy. If it is physical, it is likely something we really like to do. When you think about it, it makes a ton of sense. Hunting (which is what we were bred to do) consists of running and doing agility in the corn, trees and weeds. We jump, we weave and we fly. It is a thing of beauty in most cases.

As puppies we struggle as we grow into our legs and the rest of our bodies. We think we are running really fast and then realize that the brakes haven't been installed yet. A crash leaves the hoomon yelping as we run into their legs to stop. Oops. Hoomon legs are kind of built in airbags for

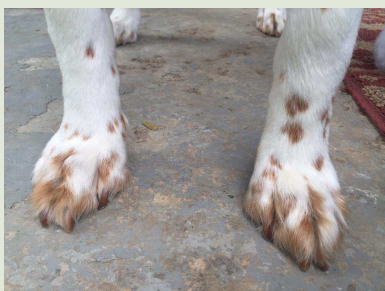


Ticket showing our athletic ability

us. <shrug>

Not only do we have bad brakes, our engines aren't fully functional yet. We can be running and rolling one minute and sounds asleep at the end of the run and roll. It is pretty awesome.

As we get older our bodies start to change. Our legs get longer, and our brains get



Bella's spotty toes

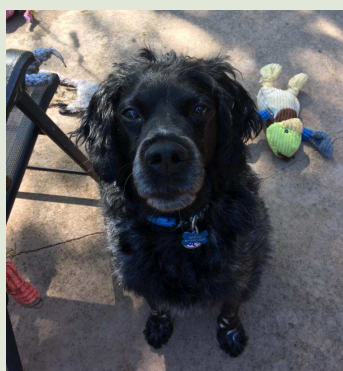
braver. We make poor choices but are able to be caught because our legs aren't yet talking to each other and moving in the same direction. This results in rollover accidents and gives the hoomons the ability to catch us.

This is about the time you start to see our "spots". Hoomons call them freckles, but we prefer the word spots. It leads to far better nicknames for each other. Those spots start to appear out of nowhere. They are on our feet and on our noses. Our fur starts to darken; and we start our transition from cute to beautiful, kind of like a caterpillar to a butterfly, well except caterpillars are pretty ugly and gross and taste awful... Errr...



Scout and his spots

We come in a bunch of different colors. Some of us are orange and white, others are liver and white and some black and white. There are others of us that are roan, which means you are extra beautiful because you are extra spotty. There are even some Brittanys that are three different colors; they are pretty special because there aren't a lot of them around.



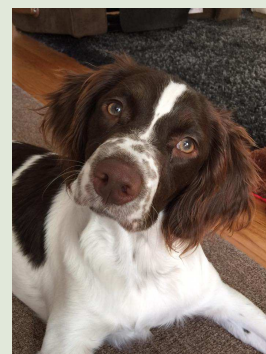
Dichan—Black and White



Taylor—Orange and white

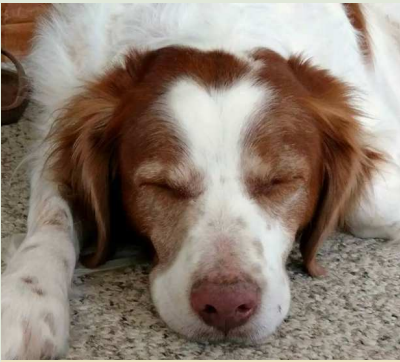


Penny—Roan



Penelope—Liver and White

A lot of us Brittanys have a heart shape on our heads. It is really pretty cool. If it doesn't play out right it does look a little like devil horns or at least that is what my hoomons say sometimes. The heart is very representative of us as a breed. We have huge hearts which is why people think we are so special.



Jagger with his heart

There is something called the Brittany "look" that hoomons have to understand.

Well, there are actually two looks. The first look is the one the looks into the hoomon's soul. We are able to see things that no other kinds of dogs can see. We know who you really are deep down inside. It is a look that will melt your heart even after we have destroyed a roll of paper towels in the middle of the living room.



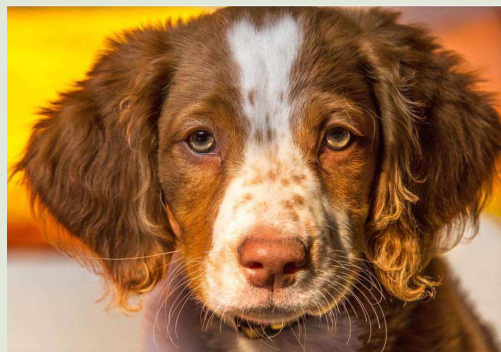
Marley and Ruger—the look part 1

This look is taught to us by our furparents. It is part of a mom's job before she sends us home to teach us the ways of the Brittany. She lines us all up and shows us all the different Brittany moves and looks. We are tested and then allowed to go to our new homes.

The other "look" is kind of the same look that a hoomom will give a hoodad when he does something dumb. I think the expression the hoomom uses with it is "really"? Yeah, we like that one because hoomons do SO many weird and confusing things.



Cami—The look part 2

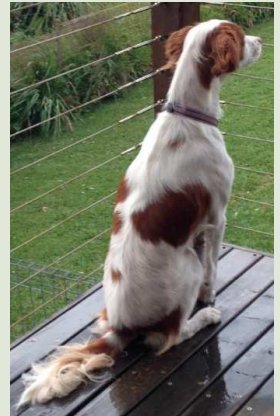


Kodak—Ears, eyes and spots all in one!

When you look at us, you will also notice that some of us have tails and others don't. In the olden days (like 10 years ago) the story is told that no Brittanys had tails. There was much butt wiggling going on in those days. Apparently it had something to do with hunting. With our domestication, less Brittanys have short tails. Not sure how all that happened, but we think it is pretty cool.



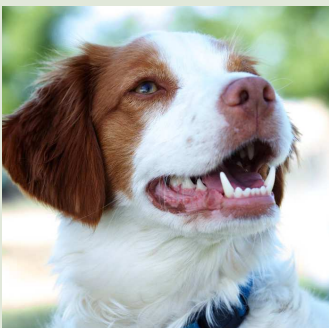
Abby's stubby stub



Poppi rocks the tail

Some of the other things you will notice is that we have an award winning smile. Sometimes we look pretty dumb because we are smiling so hard; but its ok, we are fine with that.

While we are smiling and sometimes after we have run hard, you will see the tongue come out. It is huge and looks like it will touch the ground. While it does come close, we were designed correctly; and it hangs just above the ground.



Mirri - with the Brittany smile

I have saved the best for last.

Our noses are awesome. We use them to surprise hoomons. In the summer when they are wearing shorts and you put it on the back of their leg and watch them jump-- very funny. Then there is when they are sound asleep on the couch and you put it on their arm. Again they jump really really high.

Finally our favorite part of our nose is when our hoomons have company over and we stick our noses in places they shouldn't be. You may ask why we do that. Well, I can't tell you that... Ok, ok, I will. It's because we can, and it is SO embarrassing!



Gus and his nose

What? I need to talk about other stuff like size and stuff? Ok, fine.

Some of us are tall and some of us are short. Some of us are skinny and others are fat husky. Well, just look at the pictures, you will get the idea.

So what is the one thing you should know about us?

We are beautiful physically and in our souls. That is all you need to know to love us.



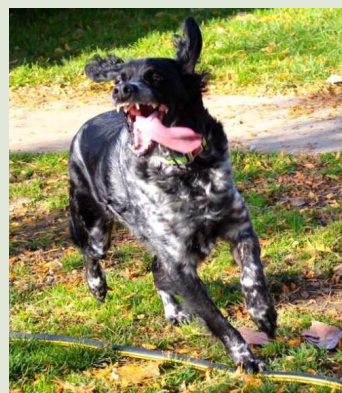
**Bella**



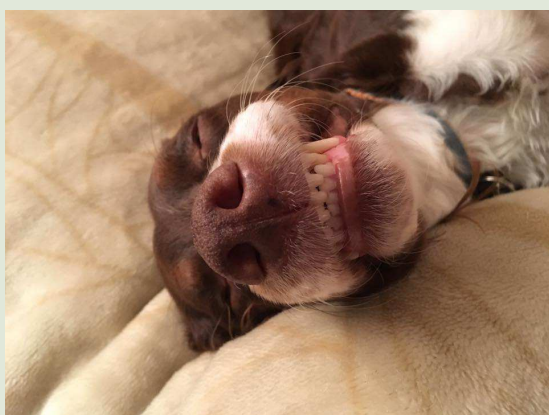
**Harley**



**Buddy**



**Henry**

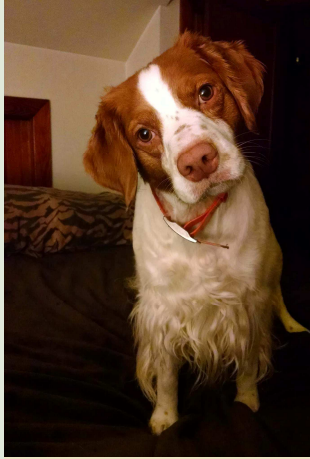


**Ruby**

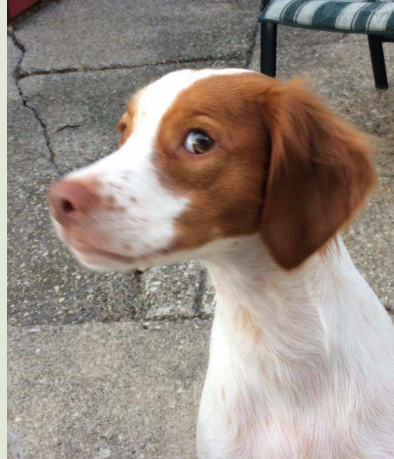
## Chapter 9

### Brittany Faces

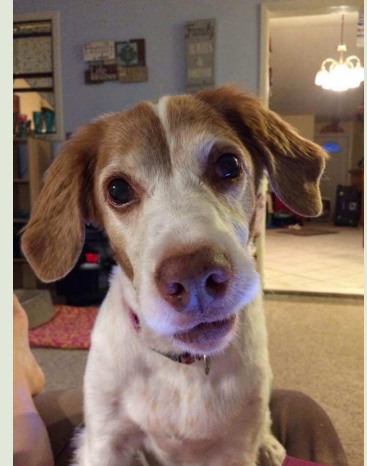
Our faces are beautiful (see previous chapter) as well as super expressive. So much can be told by the look in our eyes and how our ears are held. Here are some of the best to use for future reference when you meet us.



Cali says 'scuse me'.



Pepper—"Oh no you didn't"



Roxy—"you are going to share, right?"



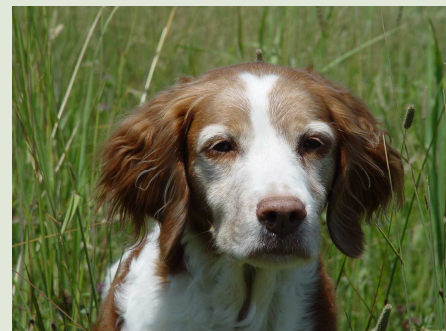
Sam and Georgia. The look when you get a brother you didn't ask for.



Sammie—"Get up, it's breakfast time."



Bernie demonstrating the pig nose.



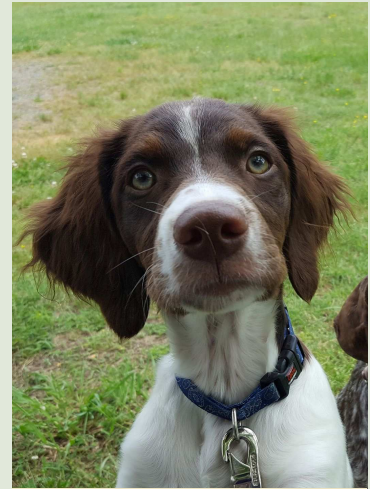
Sam - Serious Senior



Marley—"Yes I am better than you. Why do you ask?"



Gunner—"Can I help you?"



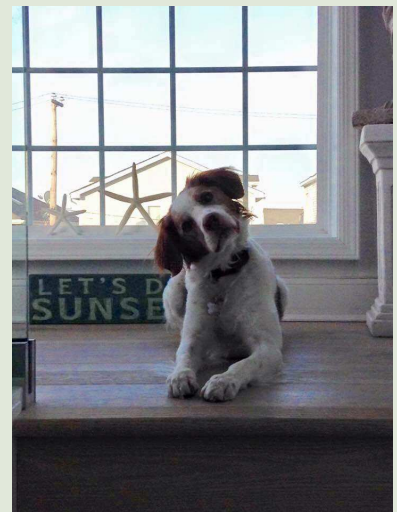
Reaghan—"I will stare until you give me some."



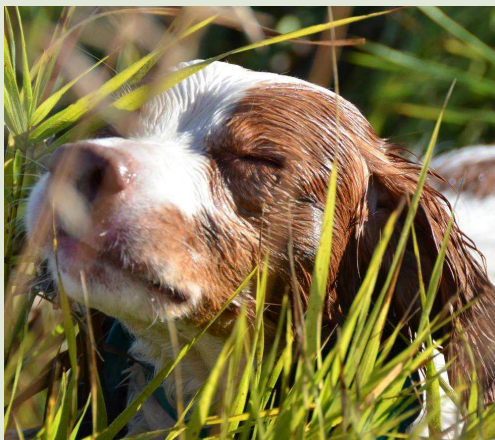
Lacie Mae—"Treat?"



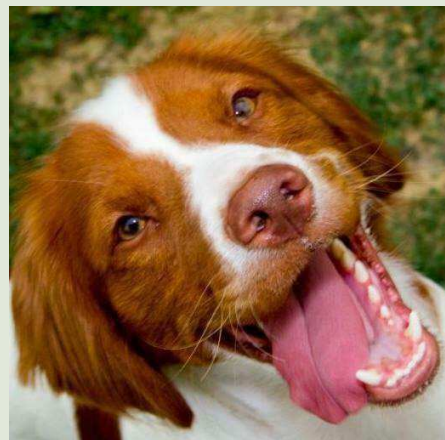
Tucker—"CAKE!!!"



Griff—"Huh?"

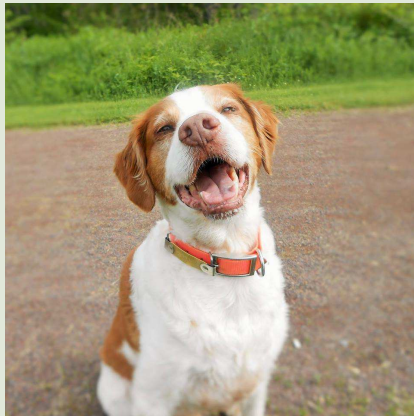


Murphy—Happy Place



Cash— Happy dog





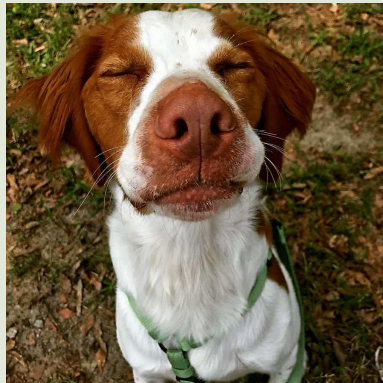
**Denver's look when you ask him "who's a good boy!"**



**Waverly Anne—"Drop it, just drop it.. Come on!"**



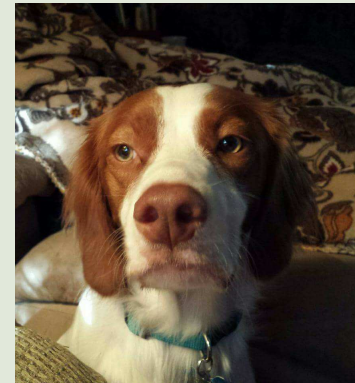
**Cali—"Everything going ok in here?"**



**Beauregard—"I love meditation, it keeps me calm."**



**Buddy—"Must resist"**



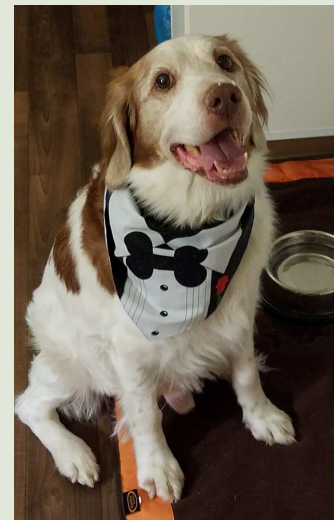
**Casey—"I don't know what you are talking about."**



**Camo—"Stop taking pictures already!"**



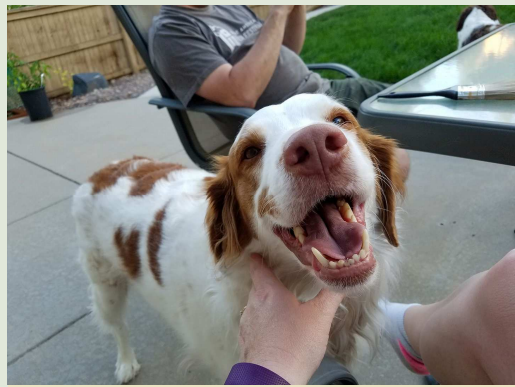
**Angel—Just clowning around**



**Jasper—Because Seniors Rock!**



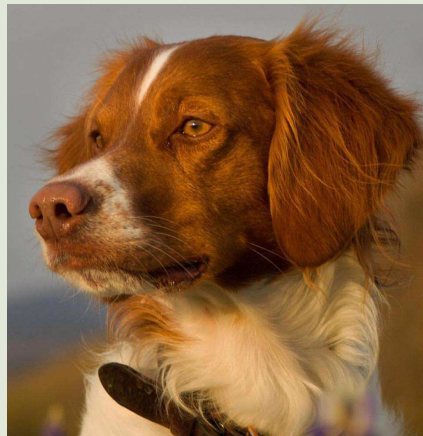
Bonnie—"Life is ruff."



Brody—Brittany smile



Cody—"Whatcha doing?"



Nitro Gun—"What's over there?"



Stop with the photos!



Huntley—"I'm serious."



Zephyrus—One in every crowd.

## Chapter 10

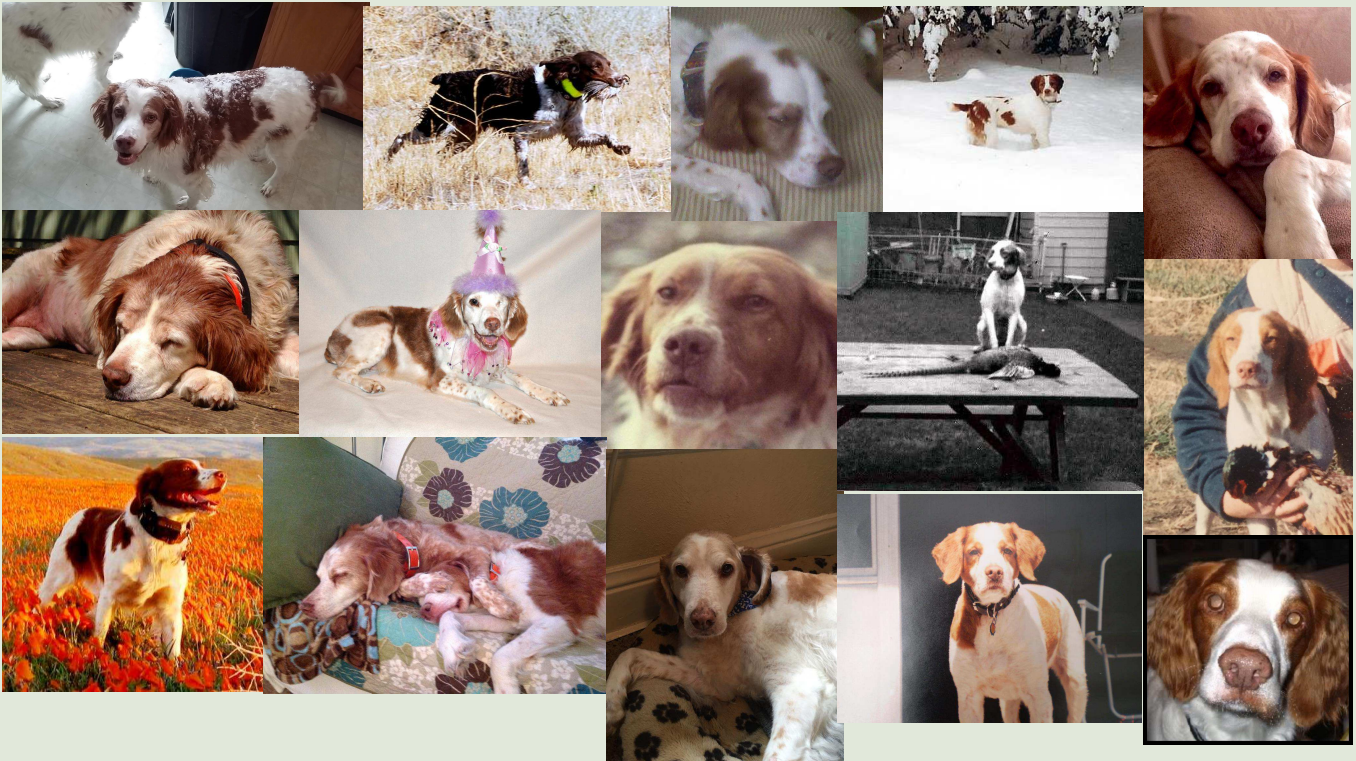
### In Remembrance

For all that have come before and paved the way for the future, this chapter is dedicated to you.

What is represented in the photos here are many firsts. First hunting dog, first dog, first dual champion, first obedience dog and first show dogs. There are many “heart” dogs who were the “ones” for their hoomons. There are dogs raised from pups and dogs that came as rescues.

What they all have in common is that they all changed their hoomon’s lives in some fashion. Life would never be the same when they came into it or after they left it.

While their time on earth has been short they have left their hoomon’s with many smiles and some tears. If it hurt when they left, you know that they did their jobs.





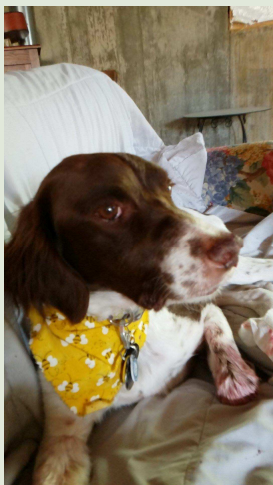




***Just know that wherever I go, your memory will be by my side.***

## Backward

Hello, my name is Wilson. My Hoomon is W Lynn. I'm not that good of a writer or as articulate as Lawya Penny, but let me woof my story.



Wilson

It started 10 years ago in Phoenix, Arizona... a hot hot place in the middle of the desert. My Hoomon got me from a lady at the doggie park; I was just 7 months old. I had been in at least 6 different homes up until then; I was lucky to have found her. It was karma, whatever that is. Somehow I had lost my papers with all my moves. So my hoomon contacted some place called AKC and found my mom and dad, Belle and Gunner.

They signed me over to her, and I have lived a great life since then. The first year I was trained to find birds. I know the hoomons aren't smart enough to know we already know that stuff and that they are the ones getting the training...shhhh don't tell them. I traveled to Wisconsin my first year to hunt pheasant and chukar.

The guys at the club were laughing and picking on my hoomon...something about a woman and a hamster. Well I showed them! The field was set with a dozen chukars for an all-day hunt. After 45 minutes, we were done with 16 chukars! They quit laughing! For the next few years, I got to hunt quite a bit.

Then one day hoomon brought home my older brother Ruger! I was so happy to see him; he told me dad had died, but mom was still doing well. Ruger didn't like birds--something about being shy around them. He was such a goofball.

Then I met this WOUEFULL little bitch. Mom let me have a date with her and along came MoJo...my only son. I had 5 daughters as well; but you know bitches--they don't hang around for long.

We had lots of fun hunting as MoJo grew older and bigger and bigger and bigger than me! Whoa MoJo; your mom was half my size!

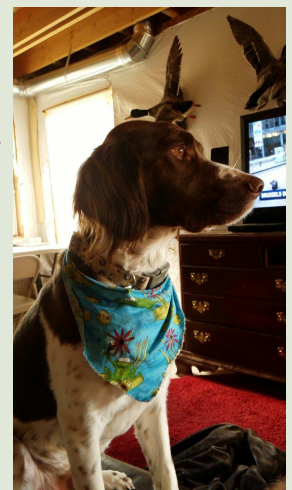
Anyways my hoodad started getting sick. Dizzy spells and something else. He couldn't hunt

with us as much. Hoomom was worried about him. But MoJo, Ruger and I were always there to help her. As the years passed, hoodad got worse and had to leave work. (I wonder what that is?) Hoomom was sad we had to move to Colorado. We had been going there for years; all three of us, but this time Ruger couldn't go. He was going to live with our mom (Belle's) hoomon.

I guess my mom wasn't doing too well, and they had no other Brittanys in the house. You know every house needs one! Hoomom was sad but happy at the same time for Ruger. We all miss him; he crossed the rainbow bridge last year. That made hoomom cry. MoJo and I snuggled her and made her better.

Hoodad still hasn't gotten any better; he has something called FTD. The hoomon says it's not the florist! I don't get it. I just know that we don't get to hunt birds anymore...we have become little hoomon babysitters and vacuums. Not a bad job to have.

So back to the Brittany Lawyers FB page. Hoomom had this idea to start the page in November of 2015. She thought of all the things we supposedly have done (never proven, I might add) and the antics of other Britts on Facebook and thought it would be a good idea for Brittanys to get representation. Since, of course, we are always innocent!



Mojo

She got it going for a distraction from her life. Life really has changed quite a bit for MoJo and I so it must've for her as well. Then one by one, Britts started to join in and chime in....and then...along came Lawya Penny! She's fantastic! And so are her associates. For me though....I may be coming to the end ...and crossing that bridge soon as well. In December I had surgery on a huuuge tumor they found in me; they say it was benign, but I've had a few issues since. Hoomom just had to take a break from writing this for me because I got a real bad bloody nose. She says the basement looks like a crime scene. I did her a big favor and was in the basement and not upstairs on her bed.

Well I told you I'm not much of a writer...but Lawya Penny and Zip are, and a whole bunch of other hoopeople and Brittanies too. We are the best.

**-Wilson**



## **Afterwards**

**By Lawya Penny**

Lawya Penny (speaking in the third dog) would like to thank everyone on Brittany Lawyers (<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1659260417624597/>) for the contribution of photos and ideas for this project. None of this could have been done without them.

Lawya Penny now has a favor to ask. As this book is distributed freely (nothing in life is really free), Lawya Penny wants to ask all who enjoyed this book to make a contribution to the Brittany Rescue of your choice. I am quite partial to old dogs so the Jake fund with American Brittany Rescue would be awesome, but all of the organizations do great work for Brittanys. This books is not sponsored by any of the organizations but wishes for them to benefit from it.

Thank you in particular to Sue Slowick (Zip and Alex) and W Lynn Christiansen (Mojo and Wilso) for their help and support of this project. Particular props to W Lynn for starting Brittany Lawyers in the first place!

Lawya Penny  
Brittany at Law

**National Brittany Rescue and Adoption Network**  
[www.nbran.org](http://www.nbran.org)

**American Brittany Rescue**  
[www.americanbrittanyrescue.org](http://www.americanbrittanyrescue.org)

**New England Brittany Rescue**  
[www.nebrittanyrescue.org](http://www.nebrittanyrescue.org)

**Brittany Rescue in Texas, Inc.**  
[www.brittanyrescueintexas.org](http://www.brittanyrescueintexas.org)

**Florida Brittany Rescue**  
[www.floridabrittanyrescue.org](http://www.floridabrittanyrescue.org)

## **Brittiany**

**Bathroom:** a room where hoomons require supervision by a Brittany

**Beds:** Something you turn into your own personal nest once the hoomon has finished making it up.

**BPS (Brittany Protective Services):** protects all innocent Brittany (are there any other kind?) from the loving antics of their hoomons

**Car Rides:** things that we think we should take no matter where the hoomons are going, other than the vet.

**Cats:** Our number ONE nemesis. Used to take all the blame for all misdoings, not that we ever do anything wrong

**Counter Surfing:** what we do when the hoomons think they've outsmarted us by trying to put things out of our reach

**Crazy eyes:** intense look given for wanted objects (squirrel, chipmunk, bird) or when disapproving of hoomons' behavior

**Dirty Laundry:** what you grab and run around inside the house with and, if you are lucky, run outside and show to the neighbors. Usually involves underwear and bras.

**Doors:** things attached to the hoomons' kennel so you can go in and out and in and out and in and out perpetually

**Feminine Hygiene Products and Diapers:** backyard flags for the neighbors to enjoy

**Forced Bath:** what may result when hoomons call us in a sweet voice towards a hose or bathtub, holding a bottle of flowery smelling shampoo behind their back.  
See Also: Poop

Frog legs: standard brit relaxation position, rear legs bent at the knee

Fur: to be applied randomly to objects. Best on dark fabrics. Great for dust bunnies

FurBro and FurSis: our siblings, by blood or adoption

FurMom and FurPop: our parents

Gates: obstacles that are meant to be jumped, climbed, or knocked over

High Chair Surfing: when the littlest hoomons are confined to those tall chairs and force fed treats meant for us. They love to sneak them to us when the big hoomons aren't watching

Hoobabies Toys: items meant to be chewed on that sometimes explode

Hoomom: The hoomon bitch

Hoomons: those things that think they own us

Hoopop: The hoomon dog

House: a large kennel we share with hoomons

Insanity: hoomons' fondness for continually buying toy after squeaky toy after stuffy toy after tough chewer toy after chew proof toy. Also known as "doing the same thing over and over again, expecting different results." Silly hoomons.

Lap: portable bed that often can fit more than one Brittany

Laundry: perfect when warm for drying off after rolling in stinky things

Leash: a device to pull you hoomons with

Little Hoomons: miniature versions of hoomons and a great source of food

Pillows: humping articles for your pleasure, the equivalent of a hoomon blow up doll

Ponds and Pools and Puddles: things containing water that we love to jump and play in. But don't think this means we like baths.

Poop: heavenly smelling pile to be rolled in, especially when it is some other creature's poop. Often leads to a forced bath.

Rain: wet stuff that falls from sky and makes yard a muddy playground

Refrigerator: where hoomons keep the crack

Shoes: pretty colored chew toys with a wide variety of flavors. Shoes come in different textures to suit Brittany moods. Examples include leather pumps for when feeling a certain frustration associated with abandonment, mesh trainers for light jovial attention seeking, and slippers for a good game of chase.

'Splouding Pillows and Dog Beds: Pillows that explode due to a factory defect

Squeakectomy: skilled surgical removal of noise maker in stuffed toys. Surgeon is paid in treats for their skills.

Squeaky toys: best used during the night or when hoomon is on the phone

Squeaky toy dismemberment time trial: amount of time it takes a brit to remove said squeaky. Objective is to do it faster than last squeaky toy dismemberment time. Goal should be under 30 seconds.

Stink Eye: a facial expression of distrust, disdain, or disapproval. Most often used when food is not shared.

Superman Pose: another common Brittany relaxation position, rear legs straight out

Table: a place for the Brittany to dance and observe outdoor goings-on. Anything left on table belongs to Brittany.

Tags: bling on collar used to jingle at odd hours to annoy hoomons

Teeth: In puppy stage, sharp as nails causing love/hate feeling in hoomon. In the adult brit, used to destroy any and every toy, even those labelled “for tough chewers” and “chew proof.” Such destruction causes hoomon fear of impending bankruptcy. See also definition of Insanity.

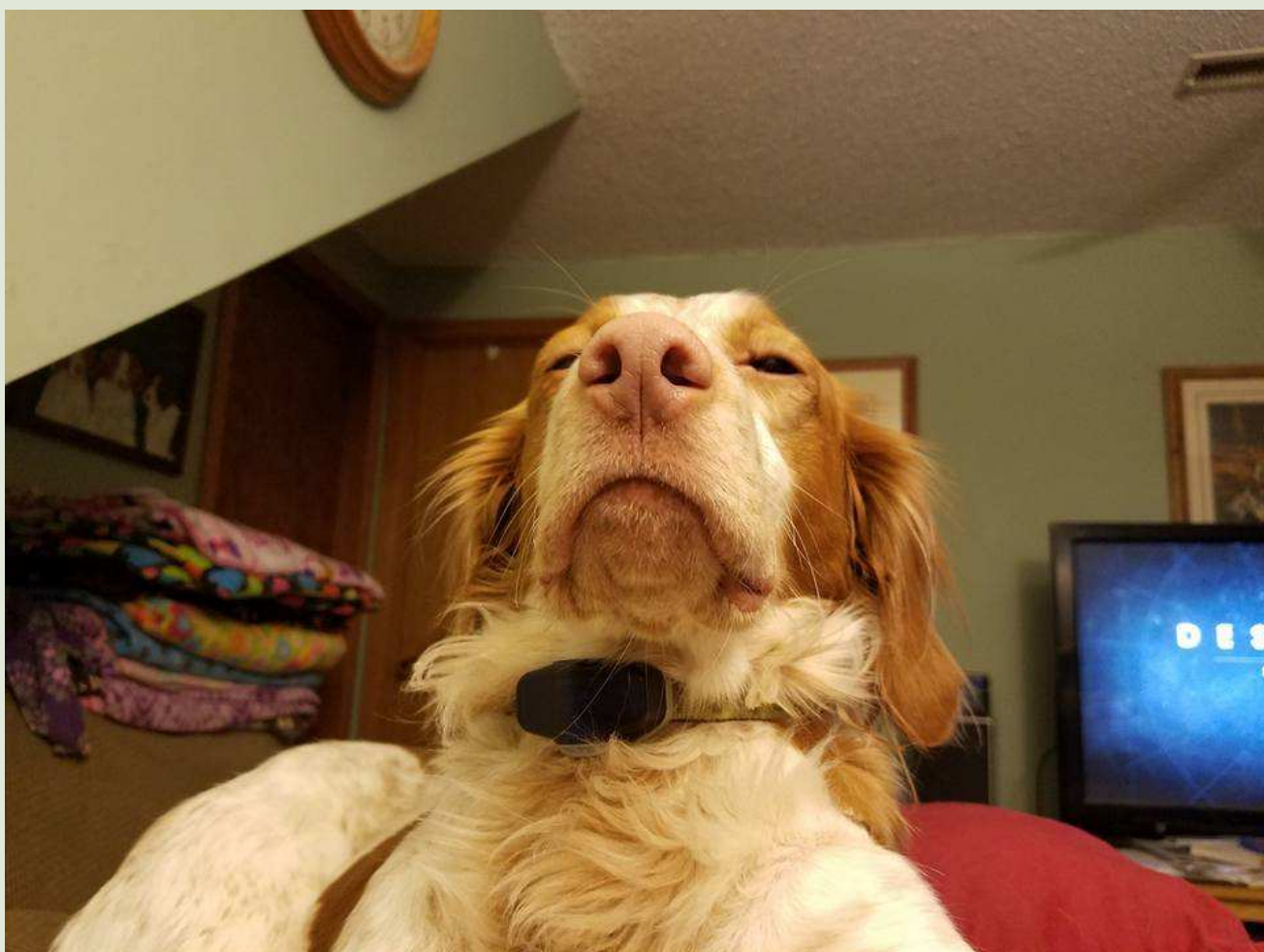
Throw Pillows: decorative items placed by hoomons on sofas and beds that can be used as projectiles during nesting/bed making. Hence the name “throw pillows.” Use caution as they occasionally ‘splode white fluffy stuff all over the house.

Thunder: appropriate reason to alert hoomon in middle of the night. Some brits quickly go back to sleep, leaving hoomons wide awake. Other brits shake and drool until noise is gone, also leaving hoomons awake.

Toilet: tennis ball washer and water bowl

Toys labelled Chew Proof or For Tough Chewers: ROFLOWNO (rolling on floor laughing our wiggly nubs off)

Trainers: bawhaha...shhhh. Hoomons who think they can harness our energy and keep us on track, but the truth is we train them with our superior intelligence.



From future New York Times bestselling author Lawya Penny comes a new expose' about the real lives of the Brittany around the world.

Lawya Penny exposes the good, the bad, and the ugly in the world of the Brittany. Everything from bathroom habits to what they do late at night when their hoomons are asleep. This chilling account will keep you riveted to your seat, if your seat is something that you can be riveted to. Oh and the thing about the bathroom habits is really a huge lie also. I was trying to be sensational; and in reading it back, it is just kind of gross.

Read this tell-all book, share it with a friend, and donate to Brittany Rescue because the book is free. You really should pay for it, but Lawya Penny doesn't want to move up out of her current tax bracket. Also your donations are tax deductible and just a good thing to do. After all, you got a \$20 book for free for Pete's sake! Give a Rescue that \$20, or you will just spend it on pizza that you won't share with your dog; and that is irritating.

Lawya Penny is the world famous author of other titles such as *Don't Barf in the Pool*, *Wasn't Me* and *Who's a Good Dog, I'm a Good Dog Stop Asking*.