

The true story of the humorous trials and tribulations of learning to live with seven Boston Terriers. Come visit with us, and learn how you can tell if you, too, might have too many Boston Terriers.

## **YOU CAN'T HAVE TOO MANY BOSTON TERRIERS**

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VALERIE DA-SILVA CURTISS

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## **Table of Contents**

CHAPTER 1: THE BOSTON TERRIER .....	1
CHAPTER 2: THE CARE AND FEEDING OF BOSTONS ..	5
CHAPTER 3: BOSTONS AROUND THE HOUSE AND HOME.....	7
CHAPTER 4: BOSTONS AND THE FAMILY CAR.....	11
CHAPTER 5: BOSTONS AND HEALTH CARE .....	13
CHAPTER 6: BOSTONS IN THE GARDEN .....	19
CHAPTER 7: BOSTONS AND THEIR BEAUTIFUL BABIES.....	21
CHAPTER 8: BOSTONS AND DOGGIE TOYS .....	23
CHAPTER 9: BOSTONS, CARE AND PRESERVATION OF YOUR POSSESSIONS .....	25
CHAPTER 10: THE BOSTON AT BATHTIME.....	27
CHAPTER 11: THE BOSTON IN THE BEDROOM .....	29
CHAPTER 12: PUPPY LOVE.....	34

# **CHAPTER 1**

## **THE BOSTON TERRIER**

My husband received a very nice baseball hat one Christmas, a red and white cotton hat covered with photographs of dogs, along with the statement "You Can Never Have Too Many Dogs." We have dogs. We have Boston Terriers, lots of Bostons, in fact. We do not have too many dogs...yet. In fact we do not now, have as many dogs as we did, but when you begin to salivate when you hear the dinner bell, and your cat thinks it is a dog, then, just perhaps, you may have too many Bostons.

Boston Terriers have played a major role in our lives, the beautiful ones, the funny ones, the devious ones, and always the too smart for their own good ones, each one his or her own personality. Each one of them with different faults, and odd quirks, but all so eager and ready to give you all of their love,

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sharing with you their rain soaked coats, and endowing you with sloppy wet kisses.

Come visit my house and meet some of our “children.” First there was Pork, an aggressive Alpha male Boston. He was a quivering bundle of constrained nervousness with a one-track mind. He was never still, getting into such a dither with crying, dancing and shaking. Pork was always the original juvenile delinquent of dogs, so he and the husband were sent for dog obedience training. They patiently and obediently went for weeks, both the dog and his master. Pork did pretty good, but the husband didn't learn a darn thing.

Queenie the aristocrat, always the lady of the house, was petite, with impeccably good manners. She was Sam's favorite. She had the lines of a piece of porcelain china, and like most slightly neurotic ladies I know, was a collector. She collected money. She chewed on money and squirreled it away for a rainy day. She collected silverware. She chewed on that for a while, and then squirreled it away for a rainy day. She collected food scraps. She chewed on them for a while and then squirreled them all away, once again for a rainy day. It rains a lot in Oregon. One rainy day I decided to clean out the couch and wash the cushions. Digging deep, I found a baseball cap, a comb, a pair of small toenail clippers, two spoons, three odd socks, a cigarette package (and we don't smoke), a fork, two pens, five rubber bands, three

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cloves of garlic (I didn't know she was superstitious), and \$1.55 in loose change.

Then there was our largest and heaviest Boston, Kissy. She weighed 26 pounds, and was the grandmamma, and loved to drive the jeep. Then along came Rosie and Midge, two of her girls. Rosie was a regular size Boston, but Midge, as her name implied was extremely tiny. Little Missy came from Missouri, purchased to mate with Bob. Then there was Missy's son Winston whom we had such great hopes for, before we found out that he was shooting blanks. He was the "model" of the family, striking poses that were a joy to photograph. He loved it. Where was America's Top Model when we needed it.

There was fat Polly, or as she was known before we got her slimmed, up Miss Piggy. It is amazing what a breeder will tell you when they want to relocate one of their Bostons.

"She is housetrained, loves to ride in the car, and a sweetheart with the other dogs," we were informed.

Well, she had never seen the inside of a house, threw up all the way home, and really didn't think that other Bostons were her best friends. She only had one puppy, and had "female problems" the breeder also forgot to mention. Little Betty Boop, was the only puppy, and was such a darling. Later we were blessed with tiny Tink (short for Tinkerbelle).

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She was Missy's daughter, and was another tiny, tiny Boston. She was built like Queenie, looked like an exquisite china figurine, but she was equipped with the mind of a devil. From Tink, we were blessed with little Wood Sprite, another delicate miniature Boston.

The latest addition to the "herd" was Goof, who arrived from Florida to take Winston's place as the new "Sire." Goof was a loveable, goofy dog, but with the sweetest temperament of them all. He was just a total bundle of love. He loved everyone, licking and kissing each and every puppy, people, even cats, for hours on end. He was a total nutcase, and when he got excited, he would throw himself up in the air, twirling around and around like a whirlwind.



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