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Thunderstorms & Dogs in The Kitchen!

have to start of with a plea of understanding. We have a golden retriever named Moses, or Big Mo, to his friends. Ally and I say we have three kids. One is 22, named Mace and is ARMY strong and now attending college. The other two are short, furry and every bit as spoiled as their human big brother. But today I'm talking about Lucy...Fur and her big brother Moses. Yes, it's the same Big Mo that is featured in my book for kids titled Big Mo's Tennis Ball Hunt. You can tell your kids that Big Mo does exist, I'll leave the Santa issue up to you. The plea of understanding is this. Please understand that Ally and I do not generally allow the pups, Mo or his mini sister Lucy...fur, in the kitchen. They are allowed to stand outside of the kitchen when we cook inside, or on the deck when we grill. Mo tells me when to flip the burgers or add water to the water pan when smoking ribs.

Anyway, today was an exception forced by mother nature. I was working on a few recipes for the West Virginia Hometown cookbook

that were sent to me for testing from some kind foodie folk in WV when the house rumbled. It was thunder. Which is not strange, I've heard thunder before. What was strange is that it's January! I don't think I've heard thunder too often in January. Then the house SHOOK! Lightning hit somewhere pretty close.



Whaaa Whoo Shaggy!

Seconds after the claps of thunder I heard the sound of dog paws scrambling down the hallway. Moses came into view first. He over shot the kitchen and his golden weight, combined with paws on hardwood floors, carried him past the kitchen door into our small dinning room where I heard him connect with a chair. He was followed by Lucy...fur, who managed to make the turn into the kitchen. In a few seconds she was sitting on my feet looking up towards me begging to be picked up. I put down the mixing bowl and started to reach down to her when I heard the scramble of Moses running in place trying to get traction on the floor.

I wish I could have seen this because I imagine it was similar to Scooby and Shaggy running in place. Eventually Mo flew into the kitchen as if it were a safe room built for nuclear fallout. By the time I moved things around and turn the stove off I literally had two dogs glued to my legs. It was tough to walk. So... I tested it. I took a step, they took a step, I took three steps... they took three steps. I backed up. This was pretty cool! Then, BOOM, another one followed by a smack of something on the side of the house.

"Great," I thought to myself, we just had the roof and some other things finally fixed from the tornadoes last April. "Here we go again." I walked outside and found a piece of guttering off the house. Simple, I can fix that. I turned around and spotted Big Mo and Lucy frozen at the doorway. Generally when a door opens these two make a dash as if it were a prison break. Lucy heads in a circle and ends up in the driveway by our cars waiting for a ride and Mo hits the front yard in search of any of his buddies that may have stopped by while being walked. Always good dog sniffing. This time, nothing. They were not coming outside.

I Give In to The Puppy Eyes!

Things finally calmed down enough for me to get back to work, yes... this is a job - I was actually working. I was in the kitchen when I spotted Mo and Lucy sitting, as trained, just outside of the kitchen. They are trained to wait across the door jam and watch. Our kitchen is small enough without a golden water buffalo and his deceptively cute ninja like side kick to be under your feet all of the time. But this time I felt guilty, the rumble of thunder was still in the air, past us, but still audible.

These two dogs looked so sad that I broke down and let them lay in the kitchen floor while I finished up. This worked out well since somebody had to lick some bowls clean.

Instead of the normal recipe post I've decided to post a picture of the pups and let you decide if they looked sad enough for a slight bending of Kent's Kitchen Rules.

Have a great one, Mo and Lucy say "HI!"

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