Buster, the Bad Office Dog: What’s in a Name?



Hey! You up there! Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Buster, the Bad Office Dog. You heard that right, I said Bad. I figured since I’m in the office with Joette all the time anyway, I may as well make myself useful and start earning my keep. Plus, why should Joette be the only one who gets a blog? I have some great stories, too!

Like my name, for instance. You’re probably wondering how I got it, and even more why my loving human companions would ever assign me that moniker. So here goes …

I’d like to say I got it because I’m the dog your mom warned you about; the one who rides a motorcycle, listens to rock & roll music (think “Bad to the Bone” by George Thorogood) and chases a lot of “tail.” But alas, no such luck. I’m actually a really *good* dog.

Except for that one time when I wasn't.

I was lucky enough to be born at home into the best family a pup like me could ever hope for. When I met Perry, well … let's just say the old saying is true: he really was my best friend. Don't get me wrong, I loved all my family, but there was something special about Perry. On most days, you could find me by his side, whether playing outside or curled up by his feet under the desk.

I've always been an active pup, which means I spend a lot of time outdoors. As you all know, Joette is a Master Homeopath (Good news for me! No trips to the vet disguised as a car ride!) and knows exactly how to treat not only her human friends but her furry ones, too. I have to say, it's a pretty good life!

But then there was that one time. The time I got shot.

Not SHOT, shot … but that sure did sound exciting, didn't it?

Several years ago, the local dog catcher had been coming around our place for some time and kept telling my family that unless I had a rabies shot, I wouldn't be able to live with them anymore. Joette did her best to keep him at bay, but I was willing to do anything to stay with my family, so we all reluctantly agreed that I would make that dreaded trip to the vet. Before going, Joette gave me a dose of *Lyssinum 200C*, which is made from the rabies virus and diluted 200 times to the hundredth power. The vet gave me the same thing before giving me the shot. Joette gave me one more dose when we got home, but something just wasn't right.

I started to feel funny, which led me to act funny, too. Not funny "haha," funny "bad dog." I stopped acting like my normal self and started growling, snarling and even lurching at Joette, her dad and even her son if they tried to get anywhere near Perry. I was acting like I actually *had*

rabies.

But wait. I thought the dog catcher insisted I get that shot to *prevent* such aggressive behavior? Joette later told me she should have kept up with the *Lyssinum* 200C for a few more days and that I was *this close* to a trip to the "glue factory" after going after my human brother. I couldn't believe I was acting like this. It's just not in my nature. Lucky for me, Joette had homeopathy on her side.

She started me back on *Lyssinum* 200C for a few days, and I was back to normal for about a month. But all of a sudden, I started acting bad again. Growling, snarling, not letting anyone, and I mean ANYONE, near Perry. I was pretty upset with myself. Why couldn't I be Buster, the GOOD Office Dog, like I wanted to be?

But Joette refused to give up. (I told you I was born into the best family a pup like me could ever hope for!) For the next month, she gave me *Lyssinum* 200C two times a day, and when the month was up, she brought it back down to once a day for the next three months, and also added *Stramonium* 200 to the mix twice a day to correct my violent behavior. It only took a few days for me to get back to my normal self after Joette reintroduced the *Lyssinum* 200C and added the *Stramonium* 200, and I've been a good dog ever since.

I know they still call me Buster, the Bad Office Dog to remember what they went through, and I can understand why. It also reminds me how lucky I am that Joette is so skilled at what she does and that I'll never have to worry about acting that way again.

And after all, what's in a name?

P.S. I hope you enjoyed my very first blog post! Stay tuned, because you'll be hearing a lot more from me (my paws just can't stay away from this keyboard!) I think I hear Joette coming, so back to under the desk I go.

Until next time!

Buster (The Bad Office Dog)

