Buster & the Battle of the Fleas



It's me, Buster, "The Bad Office Dog," here. I was thinking about you recently. Remember last year when I told you I had never had fleas? Well, guess what?

Yep, you got it!

About two days after I was bragging to you that I had never had fleas, they were all over me. It's like they read my blog post or something.

I hate fleas.

Boy, were they itchy! Mom assumed it was my allergies acting up – maybe I'd had too much raw milk. Believe me, I tried to tell her, "Mom, I've got FLEAS!!!!" But apparently, all she heard, was "Bark, bark bark BARK!" (This language-barrier

thing can be very annoying.)

Luckily, because I was persistent, Mom figured out I had become a little white playground for an entire community of ravenous fleas. And you know my mom; she didn't waste any time. She went right to work, giving me relief without exposing me to toxic chemicals.

What did she use? Well, for my itching she used *Antimonium crud 6* mixed together with *Arsenicum album 6* twice a day. Let me tell you, those medicines made me feel so much better!

Some dogs might need to have it dissolved in their water, but I just lick the little pellets up off the floor. (I know they work, so I'm always happy to take them … besides, they're pretty tasty).

And then Mom went to work killing those annoying little fleas. She sprinkled something called food-grade diatomaceous earth everywhere my little hitchhikers and I usually roamed. There was dust sprinkled in every nook and cranny of the house – the carpets, floors, bedding, chairs, and couch. Everywhere I went, the dust went.

She even sprinkled it outside on my favorite walking paths, where I lie in the grass and … ahem … my toilet area.

Mom was relentless. She even sprinkled the diatomaceous earth on me!! It was kind of dusty and dry, so I gave a really fast shake when she was finished. I might have shaken a little too hard because the diatomaceous dust "poofed" out all around like an explosive dust cloud and then fell to the floor in slooooow motion.

Mom laughed super hard (which was a good thing because at this point dust was everywhere, and I thought I was about to get in trouble).

She vacuumed the house – every day. Then re-sprinkled the diatomaceous earth – every day. It seemed like a lot of work for her, but she said not exposing my family or me to chemical flea killers and foggers was worth any amount of work.

And sure enough, it got rid of those fleas! Believe me, I've never been so happy to see visitors go.

Mom said she's going to start early this year and sprinkle some diatomaceous earth around my areas before the fleas get any ideas. She used a really big word to describe it. Um, "prophylactically," I think she said? Anyway, it means to stop the fleas from coming. (Why humans have to use such big words is beyond me.)

I'm just so glad my mom knew what to do about the fleas and most importantly, knew what remedies to give me to stop that terrible itching.

Thank goodness, as always, for Mom and homeopathy!!

Bark, bark,



Buster

P.S. Speaking of big words, if you want to know what all those long, Latin homeopathic remedy names mean – and what illnesses and symptoms they treat – I think you would like Mom's new book, *A Materia medica: Practical Homeopathy® for Busy Families*. Instead of being complicated, it's written in Mom's voice, so everyone can understand it.

I’ve overheard people say it is so useful to have on hand when someone in your family isn’t feeling well, and you need to decide between several potential remedies.