

# The Tail of Lacy and the Apples

Submitted by Marne Birch

**I thought I was going to have to call the fire department. “Can you please come get my dog out of our tree?” Yes, I said dog.**

You see, we have a crab-apple tree in our backyard, and our youngest flat-coat, two year old Lacy, loves apples. Well, to be honest, Lacy loves any food, but for the purposes of this story, we'll just say she loves apples. This year was a bumper crop for crab-apples and the tree was loaded, the branches sagging under the weight of the copious small fruits. There were so many, that they were falling out of the tree and covering the ground below. Lacy could not believe her good fortune that all that food was just lying there to be eaten, and the other dogs weren't touching it. So she ate. So much so, that a certain young lady was gaining some weight, and let's not talk about the gaseous emissions coming out of her behind! Despite the family picking several buckets of apples to be made into apple jelly and apple juice, she was still gorging on the fallen apples each time she went outside, and then coming inside and releasing the resultant foul gasses a few hours later.



It was time for drastic measures. I marshalled the family for an apple clean up day. Over a few hours, we raked and bagged all of the apples from under the tree and removed most of the apples within our reach. We left the apples that were higher in the tree for the birds. Then the rest of the family retired indoors while I worked on my flower gardens. Suddenly, I could hear leaves rustling, even though it was a calm day. I turn around in time to see Lacy launching herself into the tree to pick some apples. She'd land, eat her apples and then circle under the tree looking for more. Then up she would jump to snag another apple. Apparently removing all of the fallen apples and lower apples wasn't going to deter Lacy! A six foot vertical jump is nothing for a tasty apple. A few times, she would get hung up in the branches





for a second or two. This is what made me think I was going to have to call the fire department as once she was in the tree, I was sure she would keep on climbing to get the apples that we had left for the birds. Lucky for me, I didn't have to go through the embarrassment of having to get help removing my dog from the tree....but who knows what will happen next year once those apples are back. You have to love these crazy black (or brown) dogs!

PS There are no more crab apples in the tree.

Editors Note: I am starting to think there must be something special about the apples in Thunder Bay. When former Editor, Linda Roe, heard that there was an apple-picking story in the upcoming issue of Flatout, she sent me these photos of Izzy:



**Do you have a funny Flat-coat story?  
(well, of course you do!)  
Send them to the Editor!**

