"The life of a good dog is like the life of a good person, only shorter and more compressed," writes Pulitzer Prize-winning author Anna Quindlen about her beloved black Labrador retriever, Beau. With her trademark wisdom and humor, Quindlen reflects on how her life has unfolded in tandem with Beau's, and on the lessons she's learned by watching him: to roll with the punches, to take things as they come, to measure herself not in terms of the past or the future but of the present, to raise her nose in the air from time to time and, at least metaphorically, holler, "I smell bacon!"

Of the dog that once possessed a catcher’s mitt of a mouth, Quindlen reminisces, “there came a time when a scrap thrown in his direction usually bounced unseen off his head. Yet put a pork roast in the oven, and the guy still breathed as audibly as an obscene caller. The eyes and ears may have gone, but the nose was eternal. And the tail. The tail still
wagged, albeit at half-staff. When it stops, I thought more than once, then we’ll know.”

Heartening and bittersweet, Good Dog. Stay. honors the life of a cherished and loyal friend and offers us a valuable lesson on our four-legged family members: Sometimes an old dog can teach us new tricks.

Features:
* ISBN13: 9781400067138
* Condition: NEW
* Notes: Brand New from Publisher. No Remainder Mark.
* Click here to view our Condition Guide and Shipping Prices

Heard GOOD DOG. STAY., written and read by Anna Quindlen . . . it is a short, touching book that recounts the life and death of her beloved Labrador retriever, Beau, about whom she writes:

* The life of a good dog is like the life of a good person, only shorter and more compressed.

I felt like I got to really know the dog and was moved when I heard this passage:

There came a time when a scrap thrown in his direction usually bounced unseen off his head [given that the dog once possessed a catchers mit of a mouth]. Yet put a pork roast in the oven, and the guy still breathed as audibly as an obscene caller. The eyes and ears may have gone, but the nose was eternal. And the tail. The tail still wagged, albeit at half-staff. When it stops, I thought more than once, then well know.

I liked finding out about what Quindlen learned by watching her dog: to roll with the punches, to take things as they come, to measure herself not in terms of the past or the future but of the present, to raise her nose in the air from time to time and, at least metaphorically, holler, I smell bacon!

My only regret is that this is one book that probably would have been even more enjoyable had I read it instead of listened to it, given that I understand there were many beautiful pictures that went along with the text.