

This Dog's Life

"My name is D-Bar Cooter Brown"

My name is Cooter Brown. And I have a Life. It's a Dog's Life for sure, but not in the way you might think. You see I have these owners, Brian and Rachael Bourque, and they're pretty sure they've got me figured out, but as you will see, if you spend a little time with my Blog, they're pretty much clueless, if not well-meaning and very friendly. But enough about the minor characters who play bit parts in my sometimes breath-taking drama ... I'm a real-deal English Bull Terrier and I'm here to tell you all there ain't no other *thing* I'd rather be and there ain't no other *place* I'd rather be, than the Great State of Texas.



So here I am at age, oh, 8 months or so, not too long ago when I was still living with my family, Daddy Najera – a big black and white dog and Moma Suzie – all white with the kind of eyes you gaze into and see nothin' but female sweetness.

Sometimes when I look in the mirror I see my moma's eyes and that helps me feel like I belong in the world, that I came from somewhere and somewhere special.

My ears were still pretty floppy then. I remember trying to hold them up, but no matter how hard I tried they would go up and down kind of on their own. I don't remember when it happened, tho', my ears started staying up and they pretty much been stayin' up since then.

Yep, that's me as a youngin' born to the name D-Bar Cooter Johnson.

My Daddy was the most beautiful black and white you're ever going to see. I learned to jump high and run hard, do spins and give hucklebutts from him. He was an arm-full of Bull Terrier, like me, and I'm glad I got this black ear to remind me of him.

There you can see Daddy Najera with Papa James Davis at some show. My Daddy won a lot of shows and he went all over telling others what it was like growing up on the D-Bar ranch down in Texas. The hot summers and the stormy nights in spring, when all us dogs would huddle up during thunder storms, wondering when the booming and flashing would calm down so we could get back to sleep.



And of course, you all probably know my Grandpa is Champion D-Bar Bodacious, a 2000 Silverwood Winner dog, and there's lots of siblings and cousins I'll end up telling you about, Champions many of them.

Naturally, we's all born at the D-Bar Ranch out in Slidell, Texas according to the wishes of my breeder and former owner, I call Papa James Davis. Those were the days, just bein' a puppy at the Ranch, where there was nothin' else to do but eat and sleep and tear things up and eat and sleep some more.

I was born in the dead of summer, the Dog Days they say, August and it was plenty hot that year. I remember lying under the shade tree and waiting for the hose turned on to spray us all down. Typical Texas summer weather hot and dry and back then there was lots to do with all the puppies runnin' 'round the place.

But the year passed in a flash and I plumb grew up. One day I remember, I was about one year old and this Britt come all the way from England to see us D-Bar dogs.

He come a struttin' up to my kennel and told Papa Davis that I was a damned site for sore eyes: "That's what a Bull Terrier is supposed to look like," he said. All the while I'm barking at him and thinking: "Heck. Look me straight in the eye mister Britt, all the way from England ... I'm English Bull Terrier through and through. I got English blood runnin' all through me. All us here D-Bar dogs look like what Bull Terriers are supposed to look like!" I guess we Americans still have something to prove to those Britts.

Yessir, I was a youngin' then and hadn't been off the ranch not even once. Back then I had no clue there's some Bull Terriers that just don't look right, small headed, scrawny creatures ... Blessed Be, thank the Good Lord I ain't one of them beasts. No-sir, ah's what you call a specimen of the breed. But I never let that go to my head because ain't none of us creatures on God's great Earth perfect. Not me, not any of us and that's just the way I think about it.

Life on the D-Bar ranch was pastoral, blissful and there ain't too much you can say about being surrounded by family and loved ones. Yea, I'm Pedigree English Bull Terrier, and ah's born and reared in Texas and there's a whole lot to be said for that. Lately I've been at the last big shows over in Fort Worth and ah seen dogs from all around the world, but I can tell the Texas dogs, yessir. Texas dogs they say got a swagger to 'em. We jis' call it walkin.

So there you have a slice of This Dog's early life, from the time Moma Suzie licked me dry out of the womb till I was all grow'd up, impressing people all the way from England with my handsome head and sweet Suzie eyes. Follow me on my journey from the D-Bar Ranch to the big city and on my adventures all across the Great State of Texas.