

Sumo, the Gentle Giant

"I want a big dog!"

"I want the big jowls and slobbery lips."

"One which will roll over and let me scratch his belly."

"Do you know how big his piles will be?"

"Will you pick them up before they are stepped on?"

"Can you afford all those big meals?"

"Listen carefully"

"He needs special care."

"His legs will not support his weight for at least a year."

Alas, we found Sumo, an English blond Mastiff.

All fourteen pounds of him at eight weeks old.

He had many siblings, sort of a breeding ranch setting.

We brought him home, all \$1200 of him.

Immediately we had to protect his bod from Pi, our shepherd.

First thing inside, he dumped on the floor.

He was timid.

Strange for such a big guy.

One shake of a finger, he would cringe and hide.

He knew when he was being loved

He relished it.

Rolling on the grass, eating the watermelon rinds and beef knuckles.

Should one ever want a 210-pound giant like this?

Realize the possible frequencies and odors of flatulating he brings.

All joys come with a price!