



## Pet of the Month June 2025

Hello, I'm Wookiee!

I'm an eight-year-old female Havanese. I was rescued from a puppy mill in Auburn, CA, in 2017 by the Sierra Humane Society. I was named Wookiee by the SHS because, ungroomed, I looked like the Star Wars character. I was adopted by my Mom and Dad, (Linda and Larry Nathan) shortly thereafter.

We have lived in Pebble Creek for four years. I love my Mom and Dad. I walk nearly every morning with my Dad. We always start out to the right of our house. We have three different routes, a short one of about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, a middle one of about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, and a longer one of about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile. Unless my Dad is in a hurry and tells me when we leave the house that we need to do the short walk because he needs to get to his golf game, I get to choose which route we take. When we get to the first intersection, if we are doing the short walk, I go to the right. I don't need to be reminded he has a golf game. If Dad doesn't care, he tells me to choose, so I can go right or go straight. I decide depending on the weather and how I am feeling that day. If I go straight, we come to a second intersection, where I ask him which way to go. He either tells me to go right (which would be the middle walk), or he lets me decide, right or straight. Sometimes I choose right, but if I choose straight, we do the long walk. Sometimes I run into my dog friends: Riley, Sandy, Ollie, Teddy, or Divot. But sometimes other dogs don't want to get acquainted with me. On occasion, Mom takes me for a walk. But then I start left from the house, and go a completely different route. I also love to ride with Dad in his golf cart to get the mail, because he takes the long way home throughout the entire neighborhood.

My best friend is MY cat Buddy. He is eleven-years-old and was adopted by Dad and Mom as a stray. He was very welcoming to me when I joined the family. We spend a lot of time together. Sometimes he chases me around the house; sometimes I chase him; sometimes we lay quietly next to each other; sometimes we leave each other alone. I like to bark a lot, maybe even growl, when people come to the door, but I know I shouldn't bite. These people don't need to ring the doorbell, because usually I can hear them coming! I have a good life, thanks to Dad, Mom and Buddy, and I am thankful.