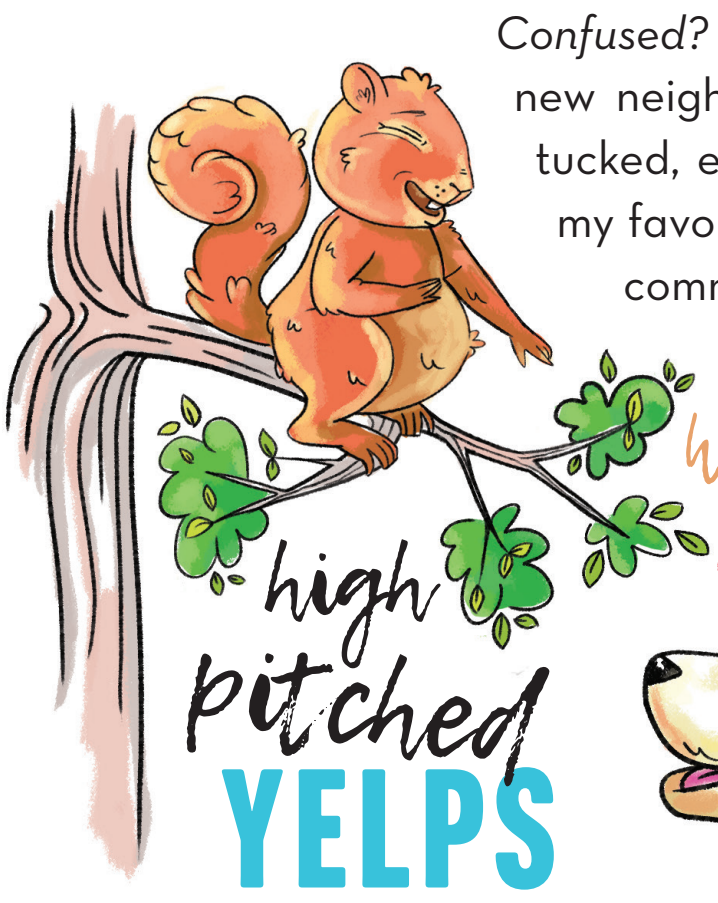
PETS welcome

Dogs Mostly

A Quintessential Gentleman's Guide Special Edition

Listen, whether you're a *cat person* or a *dog person*, we can all agree that people are a little partial to one or the other. I'm not going to try and convince cat people that us dogs are way better. I'm here to tell you about a life best lived at my owners' community.



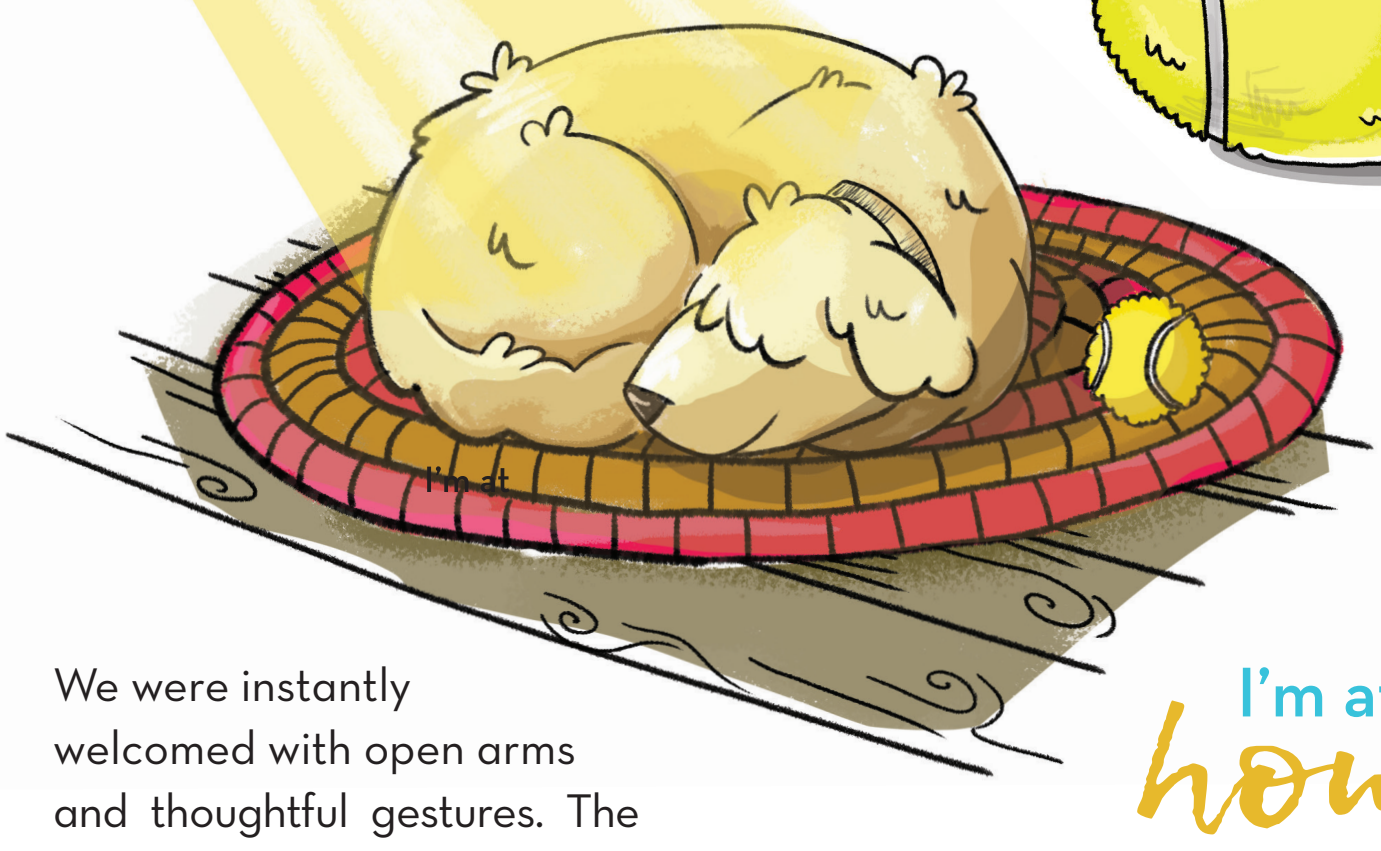
Confused? I was too when we arrived at our new neighborhood. My nerves were shot, tail tucked, ears drooped low. I was sad to leave my favorite walking path, wonderful smelling community shrubs, trusted play pals, and even the chatty squirrels that forced

high pitched **YELPS** *from deep* **within my FUZZY BELLY.**

Why would I want to leave all that?

I don't know the number of ear rubs & compliments I'm showered with in a day. Okay I can't count, but I know it's enough to keep me happy, wagging, and smiling. The endless cuddles, scratches, and secret treats fed to me when Mr. Rose isn't looking are *legendary*.

Whether it's trying to grab a tennis ball stuck to the bottom of the walk sticks, to perfectly angling myself in the sunray highlighting the reading room floor as the Roses catch up on the daily news, I'm at home.



I'm at **home.**

We were instantly welcomed with open arms and thoughtful gestures. The Roses went to a bunch of food gatherings, sometimes with me and sometimes not. Either way, I would always get some tasty scraps. I was given new toys from people I didn't know. Their scent is familiar now, so I look for them whenever we head down the halls.

Best of all, the Roses are as happy as I've ever seen them. We go on more walks, see more people and do more outdoor things than at our other home. For the first time, The Roses tire me out, though nothing could make me happier.

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