



Good 'ole Pirate... First and foremost, he's a thief. He stole our hearts for sure.

My wife and I lost a Beagle in 2010, our Basset Hound was lonely (so were we) so off to BREW we went. My only requirement was that our next Beagle be very affectionate. Lovey dovey, a cuddler, however you'd like to say it. I found my notes from way back then, and under Buddy's (Pirate's) name it said "big time cuddler". Oh yes. Good lord, what a cuddler!! Perfect. He joined our family in April of that year, he was a little unsure of daddy at first, but quickly realized he was the primary "petter". Silly daddy would sit and pet Pirate for hours....sucker! As is the case with many rescued pets, poor Pirate had a rotten life prior to coming to reside with us. When healthy Pirate was a 35lb 15" Beagle. Big boy. When he was rescued he only weighed 18 lbs (he was about 7 years old)!! His life did a 180, and now he was livin' the high life! Pirate lived on a lake and got to go fishing with daddy, "wooning" at all the passing boats, he really gave it to em!! We had a wonderful 7 years with Pirate, adding another BREW Beagle "Cloey" when his Basset buddy passed on. Pirate didn't have an aggressive bone in his body so Cloey was in charge from there on out, but he didn't care. Just keep petting me, silly humans.

For maybe the last year Pirate started to get "old dog syndrome" as our vet put it. He started to lose weight, his back legs were getting progressively weaker, and he just slowed down in general. The upside for him (is there one?) was he got to eat fancy "sled dog" food and whatever else he wanted! He gained some weight back, but alas, the final blow was yet to come.

Around six months ago he began to wander the house and act confused. Dementia. Boooo!! It worsened to the point where he was up all night getting stuck everywhere, and whining all the while. He was difficult to console, as the poor boy was constantly confused. Not sure he even knew exactly who daddy was anymore. His last day he couldn't even eat nice succulent brat chunks with pain meds in them. Daddy couldn't get him to drink water no matter how hard he tried (they forget how). The dreaded appointment was made, the balance of the day spent hugging and kissing our wonderful "Beagle Butt"....

During my grieving process, I became aware of Pirate's twin brother Scoobie (from the Rainbow Bridge). The similarities were eerie, and just knowing I wasn't the only one to go through what I had was comforting! Thank you Jim and Carol (and Scoobie). There will not be a day that goes by that I don't think of my boy Pirate, we miss him very much, and always will.

*"There are things that drift away  
like our endless, numbered days"*

-Sam Beam - Taken from the song "Passing Afternoon" by Iron & Wine.

*Jason and Bridgette Bonifield*