

This is Bruno's first Christmas as a retired police officer. He enjoys coming inside and visiting with the family, but never for too long, because he still has to patrol the yard from unwanted squirrels, stray cats, any other varmint that foolishly wanders into Bruno's work space. Like clockwork, he runs to all four corners of the yard and lets out a few barks giving warning to all that would dare to think of trespassing.

He's picked up a new hobby digging holes in my yard and he's so proud -he's got my yard looking like the surface of the moon! I dread the spring season, for I only see it getting worse, if that's possible.

I guess the hardest part of retirement for him is seeing me off to work Every day, leaving him behind, and taking the new kid (K9 Drago) with me in the truck he went to work in for so long. I'd say he's adjusting, however he still wants to work, but his old bones need the rest for retirement. I guess that's where me as a handler/owner steps in to let him know he did a great job, and it's time to pass the torch to the younger dog and enjoy his new job of watching over the Cooper Compound.