

## Dear friends and dog friends,

I hope you remember me, it is Strubel, you can see my picture nowadays on the header of our home-page! [www.streetdogcare.org](http://www.streetdogcare.org)

**Seems like I became the head of our organisation?! 😊**



Strubel

It has been a good while since I wrote you the last time. In these few weeks many things happen and I am happy to share these events with you. The reason I could not send you my letter earlier was a very serious one, namely I was in the hospital!!!

On the header of the home page you can see also a picture of my friend Tashi whose story I will tell you first. I will paste one of his newest pictures in his new home otherwise you won't believe me how much he has changed!!! Tashi (He used to be called "Mingyur" - lit. "the one who does not change" and in fact his condition was not improving or even getting worse. Therefore, my human friends changed his name into "Tashi", "the fortunate one", a name that suits him much better nowadays.)



Tashi before and after his treatment

Anyway, in brief, if you ask me, Tashi is just too much involved into fights about girls and that is why he had almost a continuous member-ship for the treatments of his sever wounds at the Bouddha Camp every Saturday!!! 😊 But then, one day, he was found and the healing soar was bleeding again and looked really scary: It was very deep and must have come from a knife or another metal instrument! We heard rumours that Tashi had been attacked by a meat seller. This is a sad thing. Of course, my friend is not a saint he must have tried to steal away some meat or bones... but, well, this is what we all are trying to do!



Tashi in serious condition

In any case, our 2-legged friends decided that since his life was in danger they would immediately search for a new home for him. As his name already tells, a place was found. First when I heard it, I was very upset because they told me, he is now at the end of the universe!!! Only upon thorough investigation, I finally found out that Tashi is now in charge as the guardian of a famous and beautiful resort - which is called "end of the universe" in Nagarkot. (Famous tourist mountain-view point near KTM) I doubt he cares about snow mountains but as you can tell from his big head in the picture, the food he gets there must be quite good, and he told me that everyone is really nice with him up there!



Tashi at his new home

As for myself, it has been a tuff time: Not only are they really insisting with giving me these scary white and yellow capsules twice a day! They think I am dumb and hide the white stuff inside a piece of meat or butter. Of course, I know what is going on, but I let them in their believe, a piece of chicken is tasty anyway ☺ It seems like slowly slowly my beautiful golden hair is growing a *little* bit!

But what was much worse: the other day when suddenly my... you know this part of the body that only we, the male ones have... became swollen and got bigger and bigger every day!!! I could not even sit down anymore and my friends told me I should better see a doctor because such things (they call it "tumour" I believe) are really dangerous! Because these two "balls" were at the point of exploding, they took me for an emergency operation. That was nothing fun, I promise! The doctors, well, they were nice, but the vaccination or whatever that scary needle was good for, was not strong enough and I swear, I saw everything they did!!! Well, I am a brave guy, but still, I mean, wouldn't anyone cry out if they cut you in pieces alive?! ☺

Anyway, they say, the operation was "successful", whatever that means! The hardest part came afterwards: Instead of bringing me back to my beloved stupa and all my friends to whom I was going to tell my success-story, they took me to prison!!! (Andrea's house) The whole day I was enclosed in a small room and they were doing turns in surveying me and as soon as I wanted to check how the soar was doing they would hit me on my nose! Can you imagine this?! ☺ It got even worse, during the night time they put me some strange basket around my neck - no idea what that was good for - and even though I tried really hard to get rid of it, there was no way.



after my operation in the prison

The good thing about this awful place was that there were some of my friends, Lilly a nice dog lady with whom I shared the bed and then there was "Struppi" but that one was really boring because he could not walk. Taxi-drives to the clinic became my daily routine, and finally after more than two weeks they took away my stitches and I gained back my freedom I have been missing so much!

And you won't believe what I found when I came back to my wife (white-socks): My sons have been born! The smartest one just looks like his father and I have already taught him to shake hands with our human friends!



Strubel Junior shaking hands like me, he is learning very quickly!

This much for today, they told me I should not always steal so much of your precious time - especially our friends in the west, who are always so busy.

Thanks Franziska in helping me to write this letter!

