

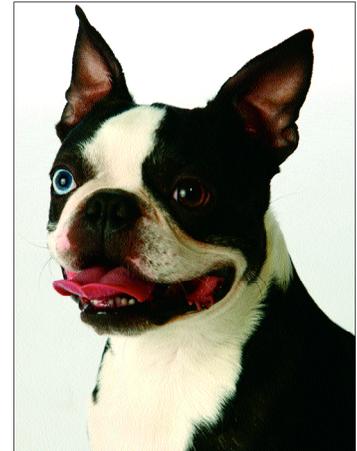
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## Select excerpts from **My Buddy Butch: Confessions of a New Dog Dad**

### From Chapter 5: The Terminator Puppy

...Not knowing much about taking care of a little puppy when I brought Butch home for the first time, I was consumed with reading everything I could on the subject. Naturally I narrowed my research to Boston terriers because they do have some very breed-specific characteristics that need special consideration. Their “pushed-in face” and their flat muzzle tend to make this bulldog-like creature have trouble breathing. In addition, they cannot tolerate extreme heat or cold very well, so you really have to be careful with them when going outside. I guess, being the new dog dad, I tended to err on the side of caution even if it did curtail our fun every now and then. On the positive side, these dogs shed very little if at all and they are generally very clean as house dogs go...I also read a few books on training dogs in general to see how Butch would stack up and to see if I could actually teach him tricks that other dogs could do. Taking in as much information as I could, I started to understand that the conflicting information I was reading was based on (1) the experiences of the people writing it and (2) the fact that the personalities of these dogs can be very different. I decided that too much information could be a bad thing because it starts to get confusing, and then you spend most of your time worrying. I shelved the books, threw caution to the wind, and started taking it a day at a time. ...



### From Chapter 9: The Smartest Dog of All Time

...Butch decided he “had enough training for that night” and just laid down “frog-legged” on the floor. In the following couple of weeks, he decided that he was not going to walk at any time for any reason. Leslie (the instructor) would even change the routine and make us walk first but Butch had decided that he was not going to walk until he was ready. Did I mention that Boston terriers can be as stubborn as bulldogs? Many mistake this stubbornness for stupidity in these breeds but let me tell you that they are not as dumb as they want you to think they are! We were sequestered to the outside of the ring and I literally had to drag Butch around each lap on the smooth floor like a dust mop while he was frog-legged flat on his stomach. Sometimes I think he did it just for the attention. He would pop his head up as he went sliding past customers and onlookers as I dragged him across the floor. Much to their delight and amazement, they all would burst out laughing while Butch just hung his tongue out and went along for the ride. He would walk at home just fine and he understood my commands when we would practice but he just would not listen when we got to that training ring. As plainly as I could see Butch’s defiance, I could see the lesson in patience that I was being taught. It was a battle of wills and I kept reminding myself that there was no hurry for him to learn and that he would lose this battle but I kept telling him that he would lose! This only seemed to strengthen his resolve...It was a total of three weeks before I finally “broke him!”...Once he realized that he could not win the walking battle, he began to walk on command and did just fine....

### From Chapter 10: Size Matters

...In my current circumstance Butch is exactly the right size for my lifestyle. He is small enough that he is very easy to take care of and big enough to play rough, catch a Frisbee, or chase a ball. He is small enough to jump up on me and curl up in a chair and big enough that I can pet him if he lies next to my recliner on the floor. He is small enough to move around the house very quietly yet big enough to jump on my bed in the middle of the night. He mainly does this during the winter months when he gets chilly at night. Having the thermostat programmed to go down to sixty-five degrees all night long, Butch will burrow under the covers and snuggle up next to me. He is small enough to push his head up under the covers without waking me up and big enough that I can’t roll over on top of him and squish him while sleeping. What is really funny is that I have a giant, king-sized bed on which I pile all of the pillows that I don’t use on the opposite side. Most mornings I will wake up and hear Butch’s distant snoring thinking he is in the next room sleeping on the chair. When I get

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all the way out of bed I cannot quite tell where the snoring is coming from until I look down at the pile of pillows and see one little dog leg sticking up through the pillow fort that Butch had fashioned during the night. Other nights, he will just burrow under the covers and as I roll over he follows which leaves me sleeping on the smallest edge of the bed and him continually trying to push me off. Other nights, he will burrow under the covers and turn around laying his head on my pillow so that we are nose to nose. Then he wakes me up when he starts snoring. It's not that he is claiming the bed for himself. He is just being a dog and when dogs get cold at night they huddle together for warmth...He has a heart as big as an elephant in a gallon-of-milk sized body. He is the perfect sized little buddy.

From Chapter 13: The Tri-Athlete

...There are many days when I come home really exhausted from work and just want to sit in the chair and vegetate. Well, Butch will have no part of that, running to get his football so we can play as soon as I walk in the door.

As he hands me each of his toys and I drop them to the floor one by one, he still doesn't get the message. He thinks, "Oh, he doesn't want to play with this one, I'll just bring another one until he likes it!" About the time that he has transported every toy from his room into the den, he starts to understand that I don't want to play. He begins to snort in disgust and circles the room in front of my chair. He then meanders over to the door, stands up on his hind legs, and rings the bell to go outside. Knowing that I will get up from the chair to let him out, he usually has a plan to do one of two things. He either jumps into my chair as I am putting my shoes on to go outside with him or he will grab a toy and jump up putting it in my hand. He can be a little shy if he wants to be. In either case, I have to laugh. It is very amusing to see him demonstrate how his mind works....

From Chapter 24: A Conversation with Butch

...Dad tells me how Butch will sit by the door for a long while after I drop him off to play with Buttons and Bosco, and how every day he knows about what time I come to pick him up. He will sit by the door for about thirty minutes before I get there, waiting for me. He will ignore Buttons and Bosco and just stare out the sliding glass door. He will not even eat until I arrive. Dad will put three bowls of food down and Butch doesn't even care. At first, I thought that this could not be true but as time goes on, I can see that he sticks to me like glue when we go anywhere and he is always waiting for me to decide what we are going to do next. He is a true friend and shows it everyday. Sometimes, just sitting and watching Butch sleep or chewing on a bone can remind me that he relies on me for everything and that, so far, I don't think that I have failed him....

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To request a review copy of **My Buddy Butch**, to arrange an interview with Jeff Marginean, to receive art electronically, or for any additional information, please contact Kate Bandos at KSB Promotions: **800-304-3269** or 616-676-0758 • [kate@ksbpromotions.com](mailto:kate@ksbpromotions.com)

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by Jeff Marginean

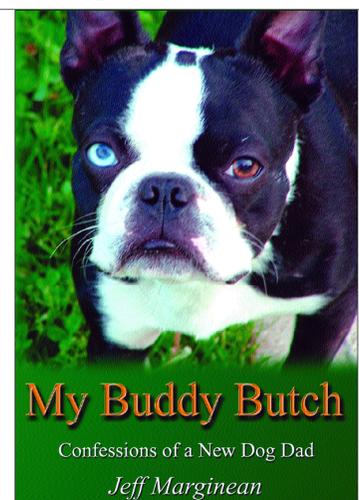
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