

Dog's Life

Lancashire-based dog behaviour expert Alan Macfarlane MSc shares his experience and professional insight into all aspects of our canine companions



How to teach dog manners

In this week's column I want to help readers by offering some important points to remember when teaching your dog to be a well-mannered member of society.

Firstly, a really good habit to get into is to regularly praise your dog whenever you see him behaving in a way that you think is appropriate, instead of falling into the trap of only offering him attention when he is acting inappropriately.

For example, if your dog is led down quietly whilst you are eating, try to notice this and tell him that he is a "good boy".

Rewarding this good behaviour with your attention will make it much more likely to occur again, and will help to prevent him from sitting and drooling in front of you as you eat!

Remember that dogs rely heavily on interpretation of body language and are not born with an understanding of our spoken word.

With this in mind, try to keep any verbal requests short, clear and consistent.

Whenever you are trying to teach your dog something new, keep your sessions short and begin in a quiet environment with minimal distractions. Just

imagine how difficult it would be to try and learn a new language with your favourite television show playing in the background! Like us, dogs can get easily distracted, hindering the learning process.

When the new behaviour has been taught and can be performed reliably in a quiet environment, it should be attempted in areas that gradually offer increasing levels of distraction.

Dogs live in the moment, so it is important to reinforce the behaviour you want within a second of it occurring, otherwise the association may not be made.

Finally, teaching can never be considered complete. It needs to be maintained throughout your dog's life.

If it is done in the right way, using a positive, reward-based approach, you will both enjoy learning together and you will have a well-behaved, happy dog to be proud of.

● If you are concerned about any aspect of your dog's current behaviour, or have a dog-related question that you would like Alan to respond to in a future column, please email info@macfarlanecanineservices.co.uk



Reader's Story

Lancashire Evening Post readers can send us their fictional stories and we will publish them

Face what your people

I was pulled from the bed by a bodiless arm. Through the mesh of white flesh and brown cotton I could just focus on the fingers which pressed painfully around my wrist.

'Get up!' A blurred mouth, nose and eyes appeared in place of the arm. As I struggled to escape the bed covers, the fingers grasped at my night gown, ripping it as they pulled me up. He smiled. I trembled. His hand moved towards me.

The slap hit me hard, made my face turn to one side, threw me back onto the bed.

'I would not touch a dirty rat.' He leaned over and spat in my face. It dripped down from my cheek to my chin. I didn't dare to wipe it away as his eyes locked onto mine. I was supposed to look down. It was important to remember that. We are not equal. I got another slap for that insolence.

'Now, get out!' He moved to the next bed.

Clutching my nightgown at its torn seam, I saw one of the nurses being punched until she fell against the opposite bed. Her lip burst and blood seeped out; first with great urgency and then slowing to a steadier rate. The ward was filling with men in brown shirts. The sounds of cries, screams and blows building up louder.

'Here, Ida, quickly!' A whisper in my ear. Nurse Bauer handed me a pair of shoes which I put on with shaking hands. We hurried towards the door to the ward with everyone else, stumbling along the dark corridors to the main exit. Some of the younger ones cried openly, but I was just old enough to know that tears were simply a waste of salt.

Outside it was not the November night which made our teeth chatter. It was the sight of the mob, people coming to watch, lining the exit to the hospital, holding bricks and pieces of rubble.

Many of the others coming into the freezing outdoors had to use crutches or be helped along by doctors who fended off blow after blow from the wall of violence which flanked us. I was glad of the shoes as I felt them crunch against the broken glass on the floor. Keeping my head low and holding my position in the middle, where it was relatively safe, I saw specks of blood dotted across the torn skin of those in front of me.

'Hurry up!' The angry cries of a brown shirt ahead of us. Some of the mob broke into our huddle with intent to reinforce his instructions. A woman grabbed my arm and yanked me forward. I looked her straight in the eye, despite being sure I would wet my-

The Audience



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self with fear. Her face changed and she backed off into the crowd, her grip leaving a mark on my bare arm. A street lamp lit us up, ensuring everyone got a good view as we continued on our way.

A wild cheer rose up from the crowd, who had now gathered in a semi-circle around us, as we were positioned in front of a building. I copied the others who were kneeling down with their hands above their head. Stones dug into my skin. An old man next to me was pushed to his knees. The cold whipped around us, our collective breath showed in the air.

'Please,' a woman kept saying over and over as flames began to rise in front of us, drawing another wild cheer from the surging crowd. A boy of about fifteen was kicked in the head and fell face first to the ground. Boots continued to rain down on him until a girl in a white nightgown threw herself over his limp body, crying and screaming, in an act of surrender which went unacknowledged.

We were coughing with the smoke, flames licking at our face. I dared to look up and saw a fireman standing, holding a pipe, no water coming from it. He caught my eye and turned away. Next to him a woman in a feathered hat held a young boy above the crowd. His face lit up with delight at the fire. He clapped his hands together.

Objects were thrown to feed the flames. I felt a sharp crack in my skull and then wetness spread across my head. I looked up again at the fireman, noticed a gap to the side of him where no one stood baying for our blood. I made a run for it. He pretended not to notice me. A boy standing behind him did. The boy stood in front of me, jumping in my way with his

thick boots landing in deep puddles when I tried to get past. He must have been around my age but didn't uphold the ideal model as his height was small, his skin dark and his body thin. But he acted the way they did. The crowd seemed to melt away. It was just the two of us in this dangerous dance.

When I picked that rock up and smashed it over his head, I felt the anger that I'd seen in his eyes. He stumbled back like a weak baby. It was the only blood that I didn't mind seeing that night.

I ran until my head was bursting, my legs were jelly and my chest was splintering with sharp pains. All the time shouts behind me, in front of me, at the sides of me. A burning stench gridlocked the usual senses of the street.

I stopped by some granite blocks which had been heaped into piles. Then I heard them. Youths, men and women, howling deliriously as they ran towards me. I climbed over a gate, tearing open the skin on my knee and dropped myself into a small park.

Through the gaps in the gate I watched as the crowd hurled the blocks through the windows and at the closed doors of shops. In a few minutes the doors of one store gave way and the mob, shouting and fighting, moved inside and came out clutching boxes and bottles. It was hard to see anyone's face; many had their coat or jacket collars turned up. And then one of them caught sight of me.

'Look, there's one hiding!' He shouted in excitement. I sprinted to the exit at the other end of the park, my shoes slipping in the wet soil. Behind me, voices called for me to come back.

'Face what your people have done to this country!' A voice carried over the burning air, hitting my lungs harder than anything else I was breathing in.

I didn't look back. The other gate was harder to scale and I fell into a puddle on the other side, my nightdress spotted black with dirty water, drenched at the bottom. It was becoming harder to breathe. I could not imagine what it would be like for those who had been a lot sicker than me in the hospital. I had been due to go home any day.

This side street was darker than most. I kept my body pressed against the wall, creeping slowly along it, rain dripping off me, hair stuck to my face like rats tails with blood seeping from my head, knees and hands. A rattling sound and a shout made me run.

I slammed into a body. It was a man. He turned and grabbed me. My insides turned to liquid.

He spoke in a foreign language, fast snatches of words. Then he took a breath and removed his brown coat, putting it around his shoulders. Without it, he was smaller.

'How old are you?' he asked me slowly, choosing words carefully, with a flat, solemn tone. 'Sixteen,' I replied.

I heard the sounds of feet coming towards us and prepared to flee. But he pushed me against the wall and held me there, his hands on me, saying things I could not understand. Another man appeared behind him, short and stocky, wearing a hat like an extension shadow of his head and a tie. Beside him was an old woman, also in a jacket with night clothes underneath, white hair tumbling over her face and shoulders.

'Please, come with us - help you.' The new man said clearly in my language.

The old woman took my hand. 'They are journalists.' This was the most important information she had, spoken in her own voice. She didn't offer help when I asked. I let myself be pulled through the streets, heavy, heart beating fast, occasionally pausing to hide in a passing group until we reached an apartment and the men in. I paused, wondering what men were helping us and what they could gain from it. A hand on my back pushed me forward with a muffled 'hurry,' his warning for my hesitation.

It was a small room. I made out a chair and table and a sink in the corner. He didn't put the light on.

'You will stay here,' the man and stumpy man said. 'We'll be back out there. Stay away from the windows.'

They both left us there, locking the door. We stayed there, stayed silent. At short intervals I could hear the crunching of boots or the hammering against the windows and doors were visible in streets nearby.

'A great performance for the Nazi party tonight. No wonder the world will turn against them. The old woman spoke suddenly and confidently. 'They can't stage something like this and get away with it. Yes, 1938 is their final year in power.'

I looked away, taking an upward glance through the curtains from my position on the floor. The city was set with the glow of fire and the dark sky was punctuated by heavy clouds of billowing smoke, shooting like warning signals.

publish them on this page every Saturday. Send stories to helen.lindsay@lep.co.uk

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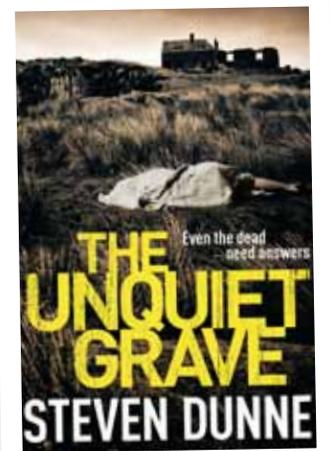
Illustration by Tamsin Adley

Book Browser

The Unquiet Grave

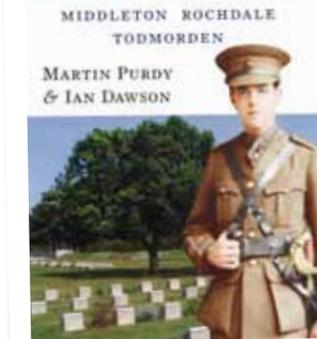
Steven Dunne

Sometimes a complex thriller can spiral into an unfathomable web of tangled plotlines... unless crime-master Dunne is directing. His brooding, maverick Derby police detective Damen Brook returns in a twisting case involving cold case child murders stretching back 50 years. Expect the unexpected in this gripping tale. (Headline, hardback, £19.99)



The Gallipoli Oak

Middleton Rochdale Todmorden



The Gallipoli Oak

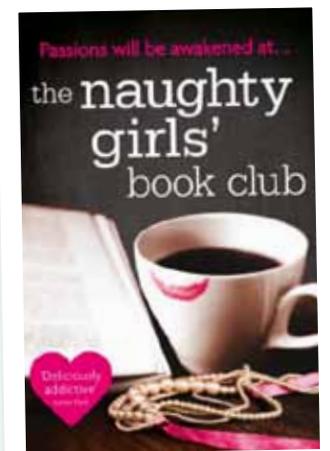
Martin Purdy and Ian Dawson

In March 1922 a Lancashire businessman stepped from a cruise ship onto the shore of the Turkish outpost known as Gallipoli. James Duckworth had brought the sapling of an oak to plant in memory of his son Eric and others who died during the Great War. More than 90 years later this oak continues to grow amid the olive groves. (Moonraker Publishing, paperback, £10)

The Naughty Girls' Book Club

Sophie Hart

Forget E.L. James' salacious 50 Shades of Grey and join the quiet small town reading group whose female members are throwing off their inhibitions with a rather naughty reading list. Hart serves up a saucy twist in this seductive story of a book group, set up to increase custom at café but become more scandalous than anyone could ever have imagined. (Avon, paperback, £6.99)



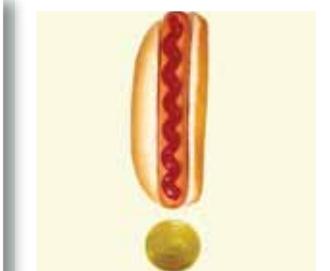
Sound Check



The Civil Wars

The Civil Wars

This self-titled second album cannot escape the ominous sense of disaster: foot-stomping opener The One That Got Away is a rail against a failing relationship, Devil's Backbone is a despair-filled prayer and Joy Williams' haunting, high vocals against John Paul White's whispered delivery on the ballad Dust To Dust sends shivers down the spine.



Enjoy The Company

The Whigs

Southern garage-rock has been done - and better, by KingsOfLeon - and The Whigs' new album offers little new to a tried-and-tested formula. Though Waiting and Staying Alive are highlights with road-trip style sing-along choruses, tracks such as Thank You and Summer Heat don't stand up against its contemporaries.