

Nael Akchurin
Hunting stories



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Akchurin N.

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Nael Akchurin

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The first exam

Story

My wife is jealous of me to my young dog. She is jealous from the first day of her appearance in our house. She is jealous more than to mistresses. This is understandable. About lovers, she can only guess, and the dog, all time, in front of her eyes. Yes, in addition, she is sure that a person, who passionately fell in love with the hunt, and therefore nature, never change this love for the satisfaction of lust. Even with the most charming woman. In addition, if his own – “Sophia Loren” at home waiting.

Therefore, all the time, it seems to her, that, the words I tell the dog, the most affectionate; I pay too much attention and care about her mood and health, like about small child. I care it, even more, than about my health... However, well and right, but how do you will it become make?

I had many dogs. The dogs with complex the destinies the various breeds, the male dogs and bitches; came in my home, and were living the life, as, if someone had written it beforehand. I loved them all, but as a dog breeder with an experience, heart and soul, I did not become attaching to them.

“Lotta” is German breed – “Draathaar”. The dog is a hunter. It is a cop, a dog that requires training and education; daily communication, as well, and any creature that you brought into the house or tamed.

However, this is a special case. This puppy was giving to me by an old friend, on the day of my birth, who trusting me high task in cultivation and upbringing.

I was shouting: – “No.”

I was proposel him to pick back the expensive gift back. And when the two-month bitch marked the carpet, I sighed heavily. How much, I have, will be, in the future, worry in the sleepless nights and live anxieties, justifying high trust?

While the guests hugged and kissed the puppy, I sat with the outstretched face of the doomed. Then I shook himself, took this event philosophically – it means fate, then a new path, and “this road can pass, only man in going”.

On the first night, Lotta’s place was determined in special box-suitcase for convenient transportation of our “smaller brothers”. By this time in my house, there were already two “gifts” – “Linda”, a ten-year-old bitch, a cross between an “Argentinean mastiff” and a “pit bull”; and a “Murka” the cat, with different eyes, a severed tail, and a thunderstorm of mice, sparrows and small neighbor dogs. They had contemptuous neutrality with “Linda”, but when their interests intersected, they could participate. “Linda” is so jealous to “Murka” the every boyfriend. Our beauty “girl” has it is sufficient, their, even in a sterilized state.



This night I did not sleep. The puppy wanted to communicate. I had to put the box next to the bed, about through two o'clock, about one o'clock in the morning calmed down. Only, the dawn dawned, in the room, together, with a squeak of dog, spread the smell of puppy droppings, like greetings from yesterday's feast.

The puppy no doubt turned out to be smart. We placed him on a glassed-in veranda, four to four meters, and laid a carpet to lie down comfortably, thrown toys for intellectual development, and, he with zeal found and in turn gnaws through all the wires. Now in the kitchen, we began to dispense with radio, landline phone and a number of television programs. And why do to restore, if he, because of our inattention to him, began to gnaw the facing panels.

But on the street good passers-by tried to pat the puppy and say: what a beauty! And when I tried to punish "Lotta", they acted like the most zealous animal rights activists.

In the first days, "Murka" began to hunt for the puppy, giving an excuse and other fellow brothers to succumb to this temptation. Once I did not remark. When the puppy, wagging his tail, ran up to get acquainted, "Murka" hit him with claws in the nose. "Lotta" started crying and since then she has not been friends with "Murka", keeps her from a distance.

The old woman "Linda" still full of energy and strength shows Lotta neglect. Whether the owner wants it or not, he will always pay more attention to the puppy.

In addition, from the very first days, the individual feature of the hunting dog appeared. Puppy, gladly eating the rottenly and shit, when, picked up from land it. Before, I did not notice such qualities, of my dogs, the problem turned out to be new and difficult to solve.

To keep a puppy on a leash, during a walk, means to limit it, in movement and development. And to find an environmentally friendly place all more complicated and difficult.

If earlier, the people lived by the principle: let better, my conscience blow out, than a bladder. Now, with the loss of cultural values, deepens the tradition: he takes off his pants and throws with sacks of garbage in any place he likes.

It was necessary, as soon as possible to find and eliminate the deficiency in vitamins and trace elements. Everything was applying from the chitterlings to imported medicines, but it was not possible to find a worthy replacement in this way.

Puppy, on a stroll, ran headlong, unmistakably found his favorite treat, eaten, it very quickly, so with a fastidious attitude to this process, it was almost impossible, to take away this muck. Having received pleasure, the dog sweetly licked, ready to accept any punishment, head down, shyly wagging its tail, ran, and climbed kissing.

However, any breeder knows, that, if a pet does not succeed, something, it is not the dog to blame, and, in this case, owner should be punishing.

For myself, I decided that only time can cure this ailment.

With all the previous dogs, I spent most of the walking time in the city park. I could walk for hours and even train a dog. However, times have changed, what previously belonged to the people by right, now by right belongs to the new owner.

This general Governor Panchulidzev – the hero of the Patriotic War of 1812, “strangler of freedoms” and “satrap” gave, it to citizens of the city. From generation to generation, it was passing on, as a recreation area and the main attraction of the city. It is here cozy and beautiful at all times. The oak grove, planted by captives French, grew to the skies. During the period of communist rule, the park gained its importance. Now the enterprising children of the “workers and peasants”, divided it into sectors and spheres of influence, establish their rigid orders, consisting of ten items, of which cannot be done, including, walking with the dogs.



However, we in the “democratic society” for their rights began to fight. We are a dozen of breeders who, without a walk in the park, consider the day spent in vain. And, as, the guards in uniform did not try to block access to the park, nothing came of it. The case go, before came that, what, a newly appointed director of the park, a military pensioner, personally went with a rifle and fired stray dogs. However, we become lived so.

I am not a superstitious person; I am a believer, so I tried to explain to the zealous security chief, why the directors of park change, so often.

– “Breeders are not ordinary people”...

– “What, you steeper, than our director park here?” – The executive husband grimaced with disgust.

– “No, it is just that people have achieved something in life, which means that their thoughts and desires reach their goal. If all ten of us think about the same thing, then the desires are fulfilling.”

– “I’ll call the police right now,” – an old man sniffed heavily.

I did not see the security chief again. A week has not passed, since; he has been got firing from park. However, the sediment of our defectiveness penetrates deeper and deeper into consciousness. When you watch TV, it seems that somewhere, far away, taken away gas, oil, electricity, businesses, roads, and the fleet. It is all that was formerly general. But, here everything is close, the stadium is taking away, and they are preparing to build a house. Now, in addition, they are forcing, as if army system, walking, in the park us.



One day we walked with “Lotta” to the park in a roundabout way and came upon the hapless owner of the pit bull cable, who, choosing a secluded corner, trained the dog to the command of an “aport” without a muzzle. Lotta’s ear instantly become “aport”. The puppy screamed with fear and pain so that my heart nearly exploded. While the old man was gathering his thoughts, I rushed to pull the dogs. However, the gambling grip pit bull, first turned out to be dead. “Grandfather” ran around in circles, Lotta squealed, the dog wagged his tail, and I pulled the collar upward to tear it off the ground. Pit bull was an inexperienced fighter – his jaw opened and the Lotta’s ear, freed. The owner finally managed to grab onto dog collar. From fright, in bewilderment, he waved his hands: – “Do you know? She bites only domestic dogs. And the homeless do not interest her.”

Examining the bitten ear, I just, to told, to this unlucky owner: – “You look it, that this creature does not gnaw your whole family.”

For “Lotta” this is the first lesson in life, of course, not the successful. The dog experienced stress. However, you know that, not only dogs, but also people, often to meeting on the life way with of pit bulls in the human form.

Looking at dog fates, you will involuntarily become a fatalist. You can train a dog as much as you want, feed, groom, cherish. And all is in vain. It contains what is laid. A loyal friend she will always be, but an excellent hunter, bloodhound, fighter – with a certain percentage of probability. Well, if your pet’s age is long. But it is necessary to engage with the dog every day, whatever the data

in it was laid, otherwise a creature will grow up next to you, which, will ruffle your nerves and give, you a dream, – to get rid, of it, as soon as possible.

With this attitude, I started my educational work. I conducted it creatively, deviating from established canons.

There is controversy: whether it is worthwhile to take the puppy out at an early age to hunt in the hunting grounds, thereby, endangering, to spoil, the hunting qualities young dog. We did not ask this question. Every dog the working instincts, manifest themselves in different ways. At someone in three months, at someone in three years, and at someone never, and what do you order, until this time, the dog on the chain to keep?

In the field we drove off, barely “Lotta” fulfilled five months. Let dog run; get acquainted with the new situation. Of course, such an exit can hardly be calling a hunt. However, does the hunter live not only the shooting and prey?

Field, this is the cosmodrome, the launching pad for the accumulation of energy and the flight of thought into the universe. Here, in the elements of the Earth and the cosmos, lies a huge force, which places the mosaic of nature in a unique and precise pattern. Here all living things are subject only to her breathing. Only the king of beasts, person, with his an ugly steps, try to violate her innocence.

With excitement and trepidation, you stepping on the field, inhaling fresh unique flavors, you are filling with tender feelings and you barely hold back, so as not to scream off: – “Lord! How good and beautiful everything that you created”.

With joy, the dogs jump out of the car. It seems that they are filling by the same emotions and feelings. They start dancing and cannot get to end rejoice. No hunting, passion, at these moments, does not show, not only, my puppy, but his mother is an excellent hunter dog, clever, three-year-old “Dolly” bitch.

“Dolly”, she is in a passport, and in way of life, owner is – a military pensioner Vladlen Prokhovshchikov calls her “Stasi”, under the name of German intelligence. I am always amazing by the fanatical addiction of people to names and nicknames, sometimes and simply discouraging; involuntarily the thought smoothly leads to the “Bolsheviks” and revolution, ignorance and bloody lawlessness. As a result, the mood is spoiled.

In this case, covered with hunting passion, I did not focus on this particular attention. The same old friend, who presented me “Lotta”, introduced me with him. I used to believe him, so I did not look for Vladlen’s flaws in his character. We were of the same age, and in order not to overshadow the day on the hunt, if the friendship did not work out, I took with him, one of his old friends – a “novice hunter”.

Vladlen, as it turned out during the acquaintance, was a legendary person. He had a great hunting experience and a somewhat scandalous reputation among hunters, and all because of the damned vodka. In a sober state, he was a retired colonel, a good family man, a responsible tutor of two sons. But, having taken a glass, another, “on his breast” alcohol instantly transformed his into an acting general, the obscurantism, ready to shake out of the soldiers all the strength and soul. To deep regret, “with drunken eyes”, the soldiers around him became the people around, him. However, it

turned out much later. Vladlen knew his weakness and in the first days of acquaintance, he was stoic that is why in our company of dilettante – hunters were an indispensable instructor.

We left early in November, as soon as was open hunting to the hare, it was still dark. By the military accurately, we calculated the time and arrived in the field, just dawn dawned. The sky was cloudy, in the fiery glow, the lowly inclined air ships were moving to the east. Snow had not yet fallen by that time. The abandoned collective farm fields and the forest plantations that dropped the foliage had a wolfish color. The cold wind drove the withered grass waves and, to filled freshness, hurried us with the latest preparations. Yes, we ourselves burned with impatience. Vladlen arranged us at a distance of twenty meters from each other, pointed the direction, and we set off.

That the puppy did not interfere with the “Stasi” work, we tried to separate them from each other. In the middle of the line, we sent out a “novice hunter”. However, is it possible for a puppy, who, first appeared in the field, to limit the distances or cries of the host. He literally jumped on his mother, who had already surrendered to hunting passion, gracefully and meticulously searching the field in a classic search.

“Lotta” in comparison with the “Stasi” is more choleric, than, a sanguine person, with a higher and more vulnerable nervous organization, and reminds a young girl who every two hours asks her beloved person the same question: – “Do you love me? And if she does not hear a clear positive answer, she gets upset to tears.”

This is worse, than good. When raising such a dog the rule “of the whip and gingerbread” should, be observed with special trepidation and attention. On the one hand, as a result of punishment, do not must make dog of the psychopath, and on the other hand, must teach the dog, of the unconditional, fulfillment, of the necessary commands.



We went two or three fields in the hope of obtaining a hunting trophy, however, all in vain. The world seemed to die out and only the cold and burning wind drove the grass and shrubbery, forced to squint and wipe a tear. Already finally, it was dawning. The indefatigable “Dolly” as before worked well in her search. “Lotta” ran ahead, and more often tried to flirt with her. Vladlen did not like it. He several times on the radio, asked me, to take the puppy myself.

We forced to deviate from the planned path and go to the other end of the field. As in such cases, the hare jumped out from under the feet of the unlucky owner and his puppy. The nervous discount of the rifle, the unprepared shot from the “roast” flew the fluff, and the frightened bunny, pressing his ears, was quickly lost in the field. However, it does not sorrow, in our soul has returned the hunting passion and with it the fill of energy and excitement.

The only discomfort was creating by the “novice hunter”. It was hard for him, then hot, and then he rubbed his foot. At halt he was forcing to listen to unforeseen difficulties, and this somewhat saddened the rest. Next time we did not take the “beginning hunter” with us and began to travel with Vladlen and his sons.

We left every Saturday; Sunday, we prepare for the upcoming week.

We are unlucky. Each time we passed through the fields at least fifteen kilometers, and returned without trophies.

Honestly, I am a shooter no very good. The fowl seems, to feel this, and when she chooses the path of retreat from our ambushes, it flies or runs to me. I do not like to shoot, I feel guilty for every dead creature. Perhaps this is the weakness of the spirit. And this already is serious.

Among the winter, Vladlen and I went on a round-up hunt for a wild boar. Sunny windless, frosty, weather gathered about fifteen people. A local huntsman, a young, competent man in a white sheepskin coat and felt boots showed us the prey places. Each time, with the move to new land, the command of the beaters and shooters, changed places, except for me, and my dog. We did not leave our “unprofitable” place in the corral. We walked and enjoyed the breath of nature. Among the pines and firs, through the thicket in the ranks drove the beast on a shot. But it was all in vain. Echoed through the forest: – Up... up... up.

Hunters have already passed a good ten kilometers, but the networks of corral, remained empty. The huntsman was embarrassing and even justifying, showing us a new place. Before the close, of the license, there was very little time left. People are tired they began to despair. For the third or fourth time, they returned home with nothing. The morning iridescent smiles changed on grimaces of “deceived depositors”, and a former optimism were indifference and detachment now.

In the evening, “Lotta” and I lost our way. The last corral was the longest and most promiscuous. People scattered wherever. After two kilometers, I lost sight of a number of coming beaters, and then the direction of the road. Navigator, I somehow, forgotten in the car. For about an hour, I wandered about the roads at dusk with the dog. Until finally I realized that, I had finally lost my orientation in the area. Somehow I having contacted by a mobile phone with Vladlen, and went back to the camp. And there were the trophy, yes, what it!

Roe deer ran to the numbers, to the hunters places. After the fifth or sixth shot of a carbine, a bullet hit the heart of a “beautiful”. By inertia, she continued to move. If it were not for “Staci” cleverness, the hunters could not find her.



After this hunt, I realized that it was time for “Lotta” to undergo a training course; otherwise, the process of dog degradation would become irreversible. I took this decision, as it seems to me in time. By the time, “Lotta” was already eight months old, she did not show, the mortgaged of genetics, of obedience. On the last hunt, I was ashamed when I chased the dog to drive her into the car. And it, the truth, so it and was.

In the city park, in the evenings, dog lovers gathered. On the court for tennis or mini football, despite all the prohibitions, the graduate instructor Volodya taught. We were acquainted with him before. However, the illness suddenly shattered his health, very much changed his appearance, so immediately I did not recognize him.

On the training mostly, came the owners with service dogs. Less with decorative, with a hunting dog I was alone. There were regulars in the group: a girl Natasha with her Doberman and a fat Elena with an obedient adult dog of a sheepdog. They were setting the tone for all dogs. Stupid newcomers looked unconsciously, and repeated commands, behind trained dogs.

Classes lasted two hours. During training, on the hosts the sweat “ran down on the back a streams”, although there was frosty weather on the street.

– Down! Sit! Stand! – The usual commands, that any dog should perform it. But, how much work and endurance are necessary for the master, to train his pet? Half the breeders, and did not complete the full course of training, which consisted of ten lessons. Perhaps they were doing it at home themselves. After all, the training only gives the skills of education, while, assuming, a persistent and painstaking individual work with the dog.

After nine lessons, my bitch started estrus. During this time, we learned only the commands: “Sit” and “Heel”, with great stretch, of command: – “Come.”

This is, when, you, on the morning walk, shout: – “Come!”

And your dog, thinks for a few minute, whether it is to approach the owner, or it can still run.

With a dog, as, with a small child, it is necessary to engage diligently, painstakingly fixing each skill. Ideally, classes are holding for twenty minutes in the morning, afternoon and evening.

Communicate with her, to prepare of the dog companion and helper, to achieve full mutual understanding, when, she reaches her mature age, mutual understanding at the level of intuition and thought. Otherwise, hunting will not take place.

Much depends on the dog. After all, these are really “Our smaller brothers”, how people with a variety of characters, temperaments, destinies. Here the thesis is first-hand: “Everything that God has laid down.”

Brightly and contrastingly to the person show, how at good breed dogs, with excellent parameters, in one litter, the kind identical puppies, get various properties. This is the strength of the spirit, and the courage of the heart. It is to both bearing and working qualities. How would we like them to be distributing equally? However, how much effort is not applied by a person, this task cannot solve himself. We need to accept this and understand that, this is neither in our competence.

Of all my dogs, with great trepidation I remember my puppy, the girl sheepdog “Chara”. Black albino fell on my heart. Calm, compliant, in two or three months, almost all teams performed. Easily trained and with pleasure performed, what was required of her.

The people tell: – “When, you love something very much, you will definitely lose it.”

“Chara” I lost because of great love, and because of my stupidity.

Sheepdog puppies, like no other breed at an early age, are susceptible to diseases such as plague and enteritis. Breeders know this and closely monitor the slightest manifestations of certain signs of the disease. For this reason, I did not let “Chara” out of the yard. God saves man, who saves

himself. However, this did not save us. The puppy dug something in the yard and swallowed it. Then there were signs of a stomach disorder.

In the medicine cabinet, I always have a “greater burnet” let. Several tricks of broth and we stopped the course of the illness. However, a day later it manifested itself again. After unsuccessful attempts to finally defeating the disease, I decided to show “Chara” to the doctor.

In the district hospital, I had a friend Dr. Stepan Ivanovich, who successfully treated and operated many of my dogs. However, I made a fatal mistake, going to the reception on a weekend before the holiday. Naturally, instead of the necessary doctor, the young intern took the reception. Either he asked permission, or assured: – “Now I am make an injection of the serum, and everything will pass.”

With serum, he activated the disease, and, not the funds, and doctors could not help. This doctor – “botcher”, he was almost, and the second dog did not kill with a simple operation, to remove helminthes. He injected so much medicine that the dog fell unconscious without reaching the threshold of the clinic. Well, he had time to enter the antidote. Wow, went to the clinic to drive the worms.

“Lotta”, unlike “Chara”, is stubborn and willful. Must be more, than, the others dogs, genes Airedale-terrier, got in the blood, to her. To achieve the proper performance of a particular team, you need to practice twenty, thirty times a day. Do it all the time, otherwise in a week she will forget everything or pretend.

In addition to rotten and shit, she had another passion – small birds, for which she chases in excitement at every opportunity. You scream do not scream, she likes to be playing, and she appreciated my excessively mild character quickly. It will play enough. After then runs, falls in the feet and asks forgiveness for disobedience.

My nervous system and vocal cords have long required the intervention of doctors. However, what inspiration me, that the work gives at least some result. The dog has acquired a degree of solicitude, responds to the commands, even if not to the accuracy of the watch movement, but the smiles of passers-by are no longer in sight. To consolidate the existing skills, we passed the training course in another club of dog breeders. And this benefited us.

Time does not run it flies. Spring has come. It is time for exams – test for dog on the quail search. This is the base of the entire learning for the dog. However, how can a dog pass an exam for the training of something, that, it have, never seen. This year the quail did not arrive. We walked around with “Lotta” all the surrounding fields. In despair, I wanted to hire a teacher by training. However, they all just waved their hands: – “There is nothing to train.”

My active friends had an idea to send the teacher along with the dog to another, more successful in terms of game, the area. However, this venture also broke. The trainers did not want to go in another area. We were desperate. However, nothing can be doing against the circumstances. The tests dogs to the quail, for the first time did not take place because of the absence of such.

We had to exhibit at the exhibition, on the exterior of young dogs, without a diploma of field tests. Here, in the circle of sisters we took the first place in the ring. Ring of the dogs – bitches,

turned out, to be much preferable, than, ring, dogs-cables. And the dispute between the first, second and third dog, came in, an intense discussion, of the responsible judges.



Any victory is pleasantly inspiring. However, the breeder of hunting dogs knows that a diploma in the exterior without testing in the field is worthless. And already in two weeks, tests on a duck, which, “Lotta” too saw not so often, should take place. Although we went to the spring hunt in the field on a weekly basis, the trophies mined only to please the domestic.

Thinking about the trials, I walked with the dog through the city park. Hunting for the duck has not yet opened. Required exemplar for the training for dog, there was nowhere to take. Therefore, I was inclined to miss the next exam for the dog, “by work on duck”.

However, our thoughts are a product of higher intelligence, which builds our life according to our own discretion and understanding. Happy is the one who consciously or unconsciously captures these rhythms of life and, corresponds, to them.

When, we in despaired, went to the shore of the pond, before us lay, killed by a duck. The dog wanted to grab it. However, I drove it away, and then I called my dog and tied a leash to the collar. I did not carry bags with me. And to carry in the hands of a dead bird, means to give rise to gossip.

So many believed it, that, the dead in the park swans, the result to training the hunting dogs. This is nonsense, but you cannot prove it to everyone.

Usually, in the early morning, Alexander, my old acquaintance from childhood, wanders around the park and gathers beer cans. I could ask him to take the duck out from park. However, this day he was not in the park. So I had to make it myself.

Back home, I left the dog, took the bag and headed for the duck, already no longer hoping for look it there. It took more than half an hour, during this time; it could have been pecking by crows, to toning stray dogs or picking by numerous passers baying. However, when I returned to the coveted place, the duck lay in the same position, and, as a guard, on the bench sat an unsuspecting woman. She only spread her hands from an unexpected find.



What will be should be. I took this episode as a sign of fate and began preparing for the tests.

What is required of the dog in trials and noted in all the classical literature on the training applied to my hooligan puppy seems to be a fantasy. Neither that to sit down near to the owner, and to give fowl in an arm or a hand, “Lotta” did not think at all to run behind an “fetch”, that for a hunting dog, looked, at least, it is strange.

An effective tool for training, we found from the first steps. It offal, to an unclean, finely chopped, with a hideous smell, from which the dog drooled. For her sake, she was ready to run fast, to be cautious and give it in her hand. Remained the smallest thing – to explain to the dog what is required of it, at the same time to follow your emotions, that, in a fit, of rage not to down to “a dog squeal”.

Our joint work was making hard with a creak. In the courtyard a dead duck flew through the fruit trees, “Lotta” ran after it, grabbed and carried it to the offal feeder, then, wagging its tail, demanded compensation. The most difficult element in all this simple combination was to get the bird in the hand. The dog threw it, not, reaching a few steps, or then, tightly clenched jaw, did not give the extracted prey. Sometimes even a piece of delicacy could not cure a dog of greed. However, time and labor will all erase. Now the dog can be training on the street and without the offal. Moreover, unlucky dog-owners are surprised: – “It is necessary, what clever dog.”

After exam, the inveterate loves hunter dogs will tell: – “Your dog received a diploma, because you prayed to your God, otherwise, how to explain the miracles of transfiguration.”

Out of ten dogs, presented on the first day, only six received, a field test diploma, and, those who did not pass the exam were well prepared.

I do not deny it I prayed and did not just pray, but with zeal. Moreover, I advise others to do the same.



Traditionally, on the field trials, hunters drive up in the evening. They arrange camp, light campfires, prepare field dishes, and enjoy the conversation all night, remembering the history of the adventures of the past year.

Vladlen for the past ten years has not missed camp's meeting, and has always been at the center of discussions. After all, he is a dog-owner with a long experience. Prior to the Stasi, he kept a jag terrier, and came to the trials with him. This time he had a direct interest. In addition to his dog, puppies were exhibited – direct descendants, and this, with a lucky coincidence, additional points to her pedigree.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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