

Best laid plans!

Posted on Jul 27, Posted by [Lois Lowry](#) Category [Uncategorized](#)

Well, I realize that my life proceeds in the same fashion that my writing-a-book does. I have a *p*
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, or think I do, and then something takes me by surprise and the whole trajectory of the plot changes. It keeps things interesting for me as a writer and for me as a person...but it sometimes becomes more complicated than I anticipated!

Soooo...yesterday I was heading down from Maine because I have a PEN-New England board meeting in Cambridge tonight. On the way, because it was en route, and despite the fact the litter of puppies is still very small (2 weeks old) I decided to visit my new puppy. The breeder told me it would be okay, and when I got there she had me wash my hands in a special antiseptic .. and then I went and looked at the four little males from which I would eventually choose after their personalities develop. (Right now they have the personalities of amoebae). I held each of them cupped in one hand...they are that small...while the attentive mom watched me a little suspiciously, though she seemed a pretty sanguine mom.

Then, when I was leaving, I looked over at an outdoor pen that housed three rambunctious puppies...older ones...who were wrestling with each other....and looking at me with interest. "Who are they?" I asked. Well, they were Tibetans born April 1st, almost four months old, and yes: a couple of them were available.

She let them out of the pen and they raced around the yard leaping on each other, and one of them ran over and jumped into the small pond and then sat there looking goofy. "Is that one sold?" I asked.

Nope. he wasn't. Now he is.

