

Mad About Dogs

Saturday, 17 December 2011

I'm stupid when it comes to dogs - inherited from my Mum and especially for Alsatians (German Shepherds). Yesterday I stopped and petted a huge Security Guard's dog (I always ask permission first), scratching her chest and stroking her.

It reminded me of a time in prison; I started in Belmarsh and moved on after three months to Maidstone. A new Security Guard arrived with an enormous Alsatian which barked ferociously at the terrified inmates as we walked to work until it saw me. The guard let him off the leash and he rushed up to me, leapt up with his huge paws on my shoulders and licked my face.

The prisoners and officers looked horrified as I stroked him and petted him. "He recognises you from Belmarsh JK" said his Handler. I'd constantly - against instructions from officers - befriended all the Belmarsh dogs and this one - transferred the day before - knew me instantly.

I'd stroke a rabid dog. I'm that barmy. No fear and huge love for even the most distressed dogs.