



# DOG TRAINING

*Helping you and your dog become best friends for life.*

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## CLICKER TRAINING - A DOG'S POINT OF VIEW

I groaned in disgust when my mom came home and announced I would be attending an obedience class. Wasn't she aware that I already knew everything? Why was this insane woman putting me through these nonsensical commands all over again? She even seemed convinced that this "new style" of training was going to be fun! UGHHHHH...Oh well, I realized that mom was determined. At my age, I was going back to school.



The first day of class arrived much too soon. Mom packed me up in the car and off we went. The previous group was just finishing up as we arrived - a bunch of immature pups. I could comprehend the logic of their being in class, but surely not me! My class was up next. They called it "Click N' Trick." I found it unbelievable that these humans thought they were capable of teaching me anything new. Aside from all of the basic commands, I had already taught myself to open windows, doors, even kitchen cabinets. And they thought they could train me to do more! Well, I decided to show them. I made the decision to do a perfect down stay for the duration of the class. That would definitely teach everyone that I had nothing left to learn. Maybe then mom would give up this ridiculous idea.

Everything got quiet as the instructor started explaining to the people about animal training and some weird device called a "clicker." (Humans need lots of explanations!) This clicker thing was made of metal and plastic and the instructor was periodically pressing down in the center of it. The clicker made an interesting noise. Against my better judgment, I was actually beginning to get curious about it. SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF, I smelled food!! I am blessed with a very sensitive nose, among other things, and knew for a fact that it was good stuff. All of sudden looking bored was not so easy. I HAD to figure out how to get that food!! Thanks to my extreme intelligence it only took me a couple of seconds to make the connection. When I heard the click that the piece of plastic made, I knew food might follow. Now, if only I could discover how to make the clicker work...

The next step was the hardest. I wanted my mom to make that plastic thing click, but she was not telling me what to do. I tried sitting - that did not work. I tried laying down - that did not work. I even tried speaking - still no click. In my confusion, I started to walk away and all of a sudden CLICK! What was going on here? Mom was clicking me for going away? That couldn't be. Then I saw it. There in front of me was a ladder. Now I understood. I was being clicked and rewarded for going to the ladder. Next I decided to see what she would do if I put a paw on the ladder. CLICK! It was unbelievable. My mom was actually encouraging me to climb ladders. I had never been to such a weird dog training class before. It was actually kind of cool!

I really like this new style of training. Nobody is telling me what to do or placing me in awkward positions. Instead, I have to figure it all out for myself, and as we all know, us hound dogs are independent thinkers.

Mom is now teaching me how to shake my head "NO" and to walk backwards (Mom is a bit of an oddball.) My sister learned how to close the refrigerator door and sit in chairs (The sitting in chairs helps her when visiting people at the nursing home.)

By the way - mom got really well trained in this class- now she has to always look to make sure there are no ladders for me to climb on when she is not around.

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