

Foo and Friends



The Fake Foo

J.H. Sweet

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To good neighbors

Foo and Friends



The Wishing Well
The Garage Sale
The Fake Foo
The Porch Swing Ghost



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Chapter One

Big News

Mr. Crisp's garden gnome, Mel, was fast becoming the biggest gossip in town. This was probably because he got around more than the other magical lawn and garden ornaments in the neighborhood. Today was no exception to his normal roaming and gossiping routine. In the wee early hours of the morning, when the dew was heaviest and the sun was still a ways from showing itself, Mel came trudging across the lawn to tell Foo some extremely important news.

Foo, a magical foo dog, had only moved to his new neighborhood two months before. But he had made many new friends since that time. Since Mel and Foo spent so much time together, they were probably what most people would call best friends.

Breathlessly, Mel told Foo, “Two new foo dogs have moved into the red brick house on the next block.” Mel was very excited to be able to share this news with his friend, and his face was very red.

“That’s great!” responded Foo. “The more foo the better, I always say! And foos should always be in pairs, if possible, because they work better that way.” Foo himself was no longer part of a pair because his former partner, Foo-Too, had gone to the Resting Place of Retired Foos.

“I think I’ll stop by to say hello to the new foo tonight, after dark,” said Foo.

“I’m sure they will like a welcome to the neighborhood.”

“I thought you might want to head over there tonight,” said Mel. “I’d like to go with you, but I can’t. It’s the full moon, and that is when garden gnomes are always busiest.”

“Oh, it’s too bad you can’t come,” said Foo.

“But I talked to Spence,” added Mel, “and he said he can go with you at midnight. He wants to meet the new foo too.” Spence was the gigantic bronze gorilla statue inhabiting Mr. Spickley’s spacious front lawn. Like Foo, Spence often enjoyed roaming the neighborhood late at night, since he couldn’t very well roam around during the daytime without alarming people.

Since the sun was starting to rise, Mel made a hasty departure, tossing over his

shoulder, “I’ll meet the new foo later in the week. Just send my regards, for now.”

“Will do,” called Foo.

For the rest of the day, Foo sat smiling in his spot beside the porch steps. And his smile was even bigger than usual because he was excited about meeting the newcomers. It made him very happy to think about having other foo dogs around because he missed Foo-Too very much.



Foo wiled away the daytime hours much as he always did, keeping watch for evil spirits while counting crickets, bird chirps, and clouds. When the sun finally sank for the day, he counted the stars as he waited patiently for his friend.

Spence arrived promptly at midnight, and barely had time to say hello to Foo because Gilbert, the wire reindeer, bounded up about two seconds later.

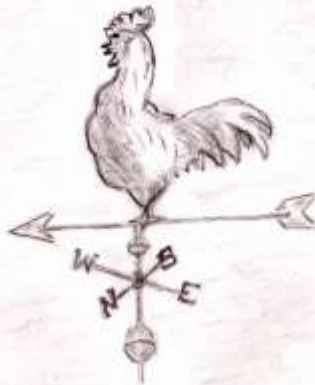
“I’d like to go with you,” Gilbert said breathlessly.

“Sure,” said Foo.

As the three friends trudged along the sidewalk, Foo’s smile was so large it made his cheeks hurt. But it couldn’t be helped because the Dog of Happiness had more to be happy about than usual.

When they turned the corner to the next block, Rockwell, the iron weathervane rooster on Miss Little’s house, crowed

hello to them. The three below waved to their friend. Rockwell didn't very often get off his perch to join in the neighborhood activities. He liked his view too much and didn't really see the point of coming down.



The house with the new foo dogs was all the way down the block. But the friends walked briskly and soon found themselves standing on the sidewalk

directly across the street from the red brick house.

However, Foo, Spence, and Gilbert didn't cross the street right away. Instead, they just stared, speechless, for the time being. And Foo's smile was now quite a bit smaller than it had been before. After a long span of silence, he finally said, "Those are not foo."



Chapter Two

Jack and Tessie

“Even I know that,” said Spence, shaking his head.

“Maybe Mel told us the wrong house,” suggested Gilbert.

The friends paused to think for a few moments, after which, Spence shook his head again and said, “No. I think Mel just needs some eyeglasses.”

“They’re collies!” exclaimed Foo.

Spence was now nodding. “A pair of stone collies,” he said.



Sitting on either side of the wide stone steps leading up to the front porch, the collies looked very regal. They also looked hopeful, at the moment, because they thought the reindeer, gorilla, and foo dog might be coming to see them. However, the possible visitors were staying put, in the distance, for the time being.

After nearly two full minutes of awkwardly staring across the street at each other, one of the collies raised a paw slightly and hesitantly waved to Gilbert, Foo, and Spence.

Since this was basically an invitation, and because it would have been very rude to ignore the gesture, the three friends slowly crossed the street.

The collies were very excited to have visitors and breathlessly introduced

themselves as Jack and Tessie. They had just moved from Virginia.

Spence, Gilbert, and Foo were very polite as they introduced themselves and quietly welcomed the collies to the neighborhood.

As they exchanged pleasantries, the collies noticed that their new friends seemed to be holding back somewhat. Although Foo, Gilbert, and Spence were very nice, they didn't seem to want to share very much.

Nevertheless, Jack and Tessie wanted to get to know their new neighbors. After a few run-of-the-mill comments about the nearby park and school, the collies asked about the people living in the corner house with the wading pool and swing set in the yard. Jack and Tessie were confused because there didn't seem to be any children at that house.

“Three kids live there,” said Gilbert, “but they are away visiting their grandparents for a month.”

“Oh, I see,” said Tessie.

The collies were overjoyed to meet some of the other lawn and garden ornaments of the neighborhood, and they didn't understand why the visitors were being so reserved. They didn't know that Foo, Spence, and Gilbert were slightly disappointed not to find two foo dogs living at the red brick house.

After a somewhat awkward comment by Spence's about the recent rainy weather, Foo decided to cut their visit short. “Well, we have to be going,” he said.

“It was nice to meet you,” said Gilbert.

The three were anxious to leave. However, Spence made sure to tell the collies about the midnight tea party

scheduled for Saturday in Mrs. Hubbard's side yard, next to the cedar bench.

"We'll be there," Jack and Tessie said together. They were very happy to be invited to a party.

As the friends slowly wandered down the block, Foo shook his head. He didn't know what to say.

"Boy, oh boy," said Spence, "Mel is way off his game these days."

"He's just busy right now," said Gilbert. "You know...the full moon thing."

"Never mind Mel," said Foo, finally able to find his voice. "What could those *people* be thinking?" As his friends looked questioningly at him, Foo scornfully added, "Stone collies can't provide protection for them."

“Who knows what people think these days,” said Spence, shaking his massive head.

“Jack and Tessie seem very nice,” said Gilbert.

“I know,” said Foo. “And they’re large, and pretty. But they’re not foo.”

“They’re Fake Foo,” joked Spence.

“I guess if people can’t get real foo, they’ll settle for fake ones,” offered Gilbert.

Before heading to their homes, the three friends had fun playing in the automatic sprinklers in Mrs. Heiner’s back yard. After shaking off in the front yard, and spraying each other with a good deal of water, they said goodnight and headed to their homes.



Chapter Three

Chats with Foo-Too

Foo felt very lonely after he returned home. He was sad that he hadn't met two new foo dogs as he had hoped. Whenever Foo felt lonely and sad, he liked to call on the spirit of his former partner. He had a magic blue pebble to use just for that purpose.

Clutching the pebble in his right paw, Foo called to Foo-Too, who appeared in a shimmering blue halo of light before him in just a few seconds. "Hello, partner," she said.

“I’m so happy to see you!” Foo exclaimed. (His smile was now very big again.)

Foo-Too listened as Foo told her all about the new additions to the neighborhood.

“Collies can’t do anything about evil spirits,” Foo said. Again, there was scorn in his voice.

“Were you nice to them?” Foo-Too suddenly asked.

Foo answered rather slowly. “As nice as I could be.”

“But were you friendly?” said Foo-Too.

“Well...as friendly as I could be...” Foo was answering slowly because he wasn’t sure that what he was saying was true.

“You need to visit them again,” Foo-Too said strongly. “And this time, make them feel more welcome. Remember how

you felt when you first arrived?” she added.

When Foo didn't answer, Foo-Too went on. “They had a party to welcome you. And that made all the difference in the world.”

Foo was now nodding. He did remember how it felt to be new, and the party in his honor really had made him feel welcome.

“You should make sure there's a party for the collies,” Foo-Too said firmly.

Foo agreed.

Just before sunup, Foo made the rounds to talk to several of his friends. And everyone agreed to make the Saturday tea party extra special, as a welcome for the collies.

That afternoon, when his owners away from home, Foo snuck over to visit Jack and Tessie again to make sure they would

be coming to the party. And he let them know that the party was especially for them.

“We are looking forward to meeting more of the neighborhood friends,” said Jack.

Tessie nodded earnestly. “Yes, we’ll be there,” she said.

As they talked, the collies noticed something odd about Foo’s smile. It seemed a little too big, even for an ever-smiling magical foo dog.



In truth, Foo was very nervous; and he was trying a little too hard to be nice. So his smile was definitely off, and lopsided, so much so that it made his eyebrows look uneven.

On the way home, Foo stopped to talk to Henrietta, Mrs. Shear's plastic owl, to make sure she knew about the party. Anton, the neighborhood gargoyle, was there as well.

They ate pistachios as they talked.

"That's exactly right," Henrietta told her friends. "Stone collies aren't much good for anything because they are just for decoration. At least we all have important jobs," she added. Henrietta puffed up her chest feathers as she said this. She took great pride in her work of scaring real birds away from Mrs. Shear's porch and plum tree."



Like Foo, Anton’s job was that of protector.

“They’re Fake Foo,” said Foo, borrowing Spence’s words.

When they finished their discussion, and their snack, Foo and Anton bid Henrietta farewell. Then the pair rounded the house to place the pistachio shells on

Mrs. Shear's compost pile before saying goodbye to one another.

As Foo headed home, he waved to the stone angel in Mrs. Hubbard's side yard. Sophia already knew about the party because she usually organized their neighborhood get-togethers.

Later, in the wee early hours of the morning, Foo called to Foo-Too again. She looked shimmering and beautiful in the faint moonlight.

Foo-Too was delighted that Foo had made such a big effort to welcome the collies. However, Foo was still complaining somewhat. "Those people don't even have a real live collie," he said. "I wonder why they picked something so useless for their steps. They would have been better off with a gargoyle, if they couldn't manage to get a pair of foo dogs.

A couple of stone collies aren't any better than a planter full of geraniums."

Foo-Too had to agree with her former partner; however, she told Foo, "Maybe the people just like the way they look."

"That's exactly what Henrietta said," Foo replied. "Jack and Tessie are evidently supposed to be just for decoration. Whatever," he added. "I just think things should have a purpose. Spence is at least valuable, because he's made of bronze. Mel helps out in Mr. Crisp's garden. And he can scare off boggans and ballybogs if any happen to pass by. Henrietta keeps birds from building nests under the porch eaves. Sophia protects people from accidents. And even though Gilbert is just for decoration, he at least lights up when he's plugged in."

Foo-Too had to admit that lawn and garden ornaments with a purpose were better than those without.

After a long talk about all sorts of other things, Foo-Too returned to the Resting Place of Retired Foes just before sunup.

As Foo gazed up at the sky to count the fading stars, he muttered to himself, “There’s nothing better than a True Foo. Fake Foes are just plain silly.”

Chapter Four

The Night of the Party

Foo arrived at the party early to help Sophia set up. Two tiny figures from Mrs. Hubbard's snowglobe were also there. Sophia had snuck skaters Margaret and Charles out of the house through the window so they could join the party. The pair had left their snowglobe through a plug in top. After drying off with a dollhouse towel, they took off their skates to sit on a branch and have a cup of hot tea. Sophia had procured tiny doll teacups and saucers for them.



The early arrivals shortly welcomed Pinkie, the plastic flamingo, and Neil, the tiny stone snail. Henrietta, Anton, Spence,

and Mel soon followed. Gilbert, who was usually very early to parties, hadn't quite made it yet.

After rearranging and double checking everything, and adding a few napkins to the pile of napkins, the partygoers waited patiently for the guests of honor.

However, at ten minutes after midnight, the collies still had not made it to the party. And the other guests were beginning to worry.

"I wonder if we offended them," said Spence. "Maybe they could tell that we were disappointed when we met them."

"But I talked to Jack and Tessie again," said Foo. "I told them this party was especially for them, and they said they would be here."

Just then, Gilbert loped up to the gathering. He was very upset. "The collies don't know what to do!" the

reindeer announced. “Mal Ablak is trying to get in one of their windows!”

“The Window Monster!” exclaimed Mel.

“I don’t know what to do either!” Gilbert helplessly added.

Most of the partygoers were familiar with Mal Ablak, the evil wandering spirit who liked to break windows, especially in empty houses and buildings.

“I chased him away from the park pavilion last month,” said Anton. “I thought he passed on to the next town by the time the red brick house was sold.”

“But what should we do?” Gilbert pleaded urgently. (He was now very much in a panic.) Foo stayed calm, but took off right away. And it only took nine *Foo Leaps* for him to reach the front lawn of the red brick house.



Jack and Tessie were running in circles on the porch. Gilbert had been right; the collies had no idea what to do. And Mal Ablak was about to break the kitchen window. He had a giant rock clutched in his prickly mitts. Raising the stone above his head, the monster spirit prepared to hurl it.

Meanwhile, a small puff of *Foo Magic* was forming beside Foo's left ear. However, the puff wasn't going to be necessary because Mal Ablak suddenly noticed Foo. The Window Monster took one look at the grinning foo dog and dropped the rock. With whining screech that sounded like fingernails on a chalkboard (or maybe chalk on a window), the nasty spirit took off down the street. Foo followed for a short distance to make sure that Mal Ablak was truly well on his way to some place far away.

Returning to the red brick house, Foo tried to comfort Jack and Tessie. They felt terrible that they hadn't been able to do anything to scare away the Window Monster.

"Don't feel badly," said Foo. "It's not your fault. As far as protection, you can't do much if you're not a foo dog."

However, the collies were too upset to take comfort in anything Foo could say.

“What if he comes back as soon as you leave?” whined Tessie.

“He won’t come back tonight,” Foo assured her. As the collies looked at him skeptically, Foo added, “Mal Ablak never visits the same house twice in one night. So we can all go to party.”

However, Jack and Tessie didn’t want to leave their house unprotected, even if they couldn’t provide very much protection. In order to reassure them, Foo decided to leave a *Foo Watcher Wisp* to guard the house for the next two hours. He didn’t often use this particular *Foo Magic* because it took so much energy to produce the wisp. However, he wanted to help the collies feel better about leaving their house. So he summoned up a tuft of lion’s mane and a scale from a dragon.

Then, with a long string of *Foo Breath*, he wove the tuft and scale together to create the magical wisp.

As they were leaving for the party, Foo told the collies, “The wisp will bark very loudly if it senses danger. The bark will sound like a cross between the roar of a lion and the cry of a dragon, so we will definitely be able to hear it.

Foo continued to visit with his new friends as they padded along the sidewalk toward Mrs. Hubbard’s house. “We’re lucky that the ruckus with the Window Monster didn’t wake the people in the house,” Foo said.

Jack and Tessie agreed.

“No offense,” Foo added, “but real collies instead of stone ones would have been better for protecting a house. Or even a smaller real dog, like a Pekinese or a Pomeranian.”

“Mr. and Mrs. Allen don’t want to get a real dog,” said Jack.

Tessie nodded as she told Foo, “That’s because they travel a lot with their work. They don’t know anyone who can feed a dog while they’re gone, and they don’t want to have to take it to a kennel.”

“I guess they don’t know about automatic feeders,” said Foo. “People have invented machines that drop out food every day at a particular time,” he explained.

Jack and Tessie hadn’t known about automatic feeders either.

The partygoers were very relieved that Foo and the collies were safe and sound. And they were happy to hear that Mal Ablak had not succeeded in his mischief.

The party was very festive with smiling faces and bright balloons bobbing about. Colorful paper lanterns and streamers

adorned the trees, and shiny paper moons and stars were scattered over the lawn.

The friends had really outdone themselves with the refreshments. Gilbert had made an assortment of Christmas candies and cookies. Mel brought a huge fresh vegetable platter. Pinkie had brewed up a large bowl of her special tropical fruit punch. Spence brought an enormous cheese and cracker platter, with a gigantic bunch of bananas on the side. Sophia had whipped up tea cakes, crumpets, petit fours, and fancy gingerbread cookies. Henrietta brought a large bowl of pistachios, with a side of cashews. And Foo had made a red velvet cake shaped like the head of a collie.

Though the party was fun, Tessie was still shook up over the experience with Mal Ablak. “We lived in an atrium at our

last house,” she fretted, “and nothing like this ever happened.”

Jack wanted to comfort her, but he didn’t know what to say. And he was upset too.

Sophia spoke reassuringly to them. “Anton is close by, and Foo. And we all keep a close watch on the goings on in the neighborhood, and anything that might be passing through.”

“Yes,” agreed Pinkie, “we are all here to help.”



The colliers went home feeling a little better, especially since they were very full from the refreshments. But they were still somewhat worried about how to protect their house.

Chapter Five

Rozul and Kosi

The next day, Foo couldn't get Jack and Tessie's problem out of his head, and he felt bad for the collies. He could imagine how helpless and frustrated he might feel if he couldn't protect his house from evil spirits.

Foo was especially worried because two more evil spirits were rumored to be in the neighborhood. Rozul and Kosi liked to let the air out of car tires and tamper with the brakes. And although they preferred to target cars, the nasty creatures also enjoyed messing up things

like bicycles, scooters, wheelchairs, and motorcycles.

The pair mostly liked to hang out at the rest areas along the highway. In targeting travelers, their evil activities were less likely to arouse suspicion. However, they often took vacations from their highway spots to head into various towns and cause trouble.

Mel had told Foo that he thought he saw Rozul and Kosi two days before the party. Since Mel's eyesight evidently wasn't very good, Foo, at first, was skeptical.

However, the growing evidence of the spirits' presence in the neighborhood was hard to ignore. The spokes on over half of the bicycles parked at the school bike racks were either bent or broken. The starter on a power scooter outside of Dr. Rayburn's office was messed up. And

someone had let the air out of the tires of about twenty cars in the grocery store parking lot.

On the day after the party, in the breezy afternoon, Rozul and Kosi were having loads of zany fun. After loosening the bolts of a wheelbarrow, so the wheel would fall off as soon as the wheelbarrow was pushed, the pair headed down the street to search for other things to mess up. Giggling, they stopped in the Carlton's driveway to gunk up the wheels of a skateboard with chewing gum before heading across the street.

“What a wonderful vacation,” snarled Kosi.

Rozul grunted in agreement.

The spirits were about to loosen the wheels on a baby stroller parked next to a tire swing. Unfortunately (for them), a woman came out of the house and pushed

the stroller into the garage, shutting the door.

This didn't bother Rozul and Kosi. There were plenty of other things around to mess with. However, they were going to have to wait until nightfall to mess with any of the cars near houses. A lot of people were using their cars in the afternoon, and cars were too hard to tamper with when they were in motion.

The people in the area had no idea what was going on, other than mischief and bad luck. But Foo had a pretty good idea of what was happening, and he became more and more worried as the afternoon wore on.

He didn't usually call Foo-Too in the afternoon. However, since he needed some advice, he decided to use his magic pebble.



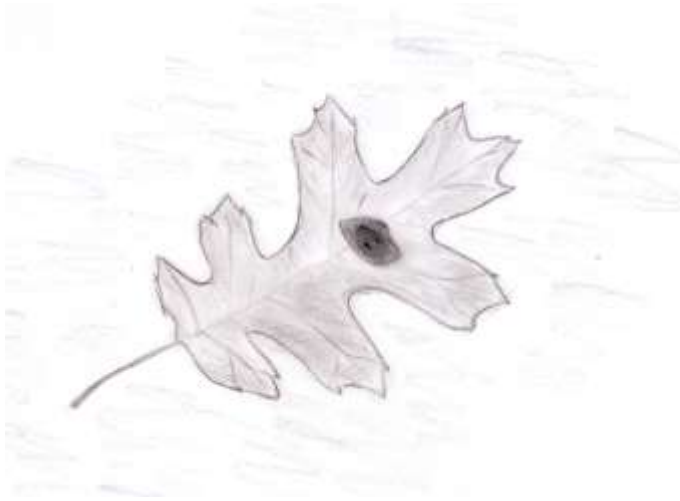
“What’s up?” asked Foo-Too when she arrived.

Foo explained his worries to his former partner. “Jack and Tessie’s house will likely be a prime target,” he said. “Their garage is full of boxes because the people

are still unpacking. So the car will be parked in the driveway all night long.”

After talking with Foo-Too, Foo made an early evening visit to the red brick house. He picked up a small pebble on the way. Foo-Too had agreed with Foo’s plan to share a single *Foo Secret* with Jack and Tessie, so they could do something if Rozul and Kosi arrived.

The collies became very worried, and panicky, when Foo told them about the pair of nasty spirits. But they calmed down very quickly as Foo shared the *Foo Secret* with them. Foo rehearsed the instructions four times. He wanted to make sure Jack and Tessie understood exactly how many times to tap their paws on the granite pebble, now sitting atop a dried Spanish oak leaf, and what precisely to do after the puff of orange smoke appeared.



They couldn't rehearse any longer because Foo needed to get home before his owners arrived, so they wouldn't notice him gone. However, Foo was confident that the collies would be able to handle things if Rozul and Kosi showed up at their house.

Though they were still somewhat worried after Foo left, Jack and Tessie felt better about the possibility of facing the evil spirits because they now had a plan.

Chapter Six

The Wild Night

Shortly after dark, Foo heard a ruckus down the block in Spence's area of the neighborhood. However, the noises died down quickly, so Foo was sure that Spence had things under control. Foo never worried much about Spence because the gorilla could pretty much just stomp on anything causing trouble in the neighborhood.

As midnight approached, Foo wondered if Jack and Tessie were okay. He couldn't leave his spot to check on them because he

needed to stay put to protect his own house, and a few nearby neighbors whose houses lacked magical lawn and garden ornaments.

Foo had been right to worry about Jack and Tessie. Sure enough, just before one o'clock, Rozul and Kosi slinked and slunk up the driveway of the red brick house, where they started fiddling with the air valves of the car's tires.

After letting the air out of one of the tires, Kosi spied a screwdriver sitting on a bench beside the driveway. He thought it might be fun to stab the car tires with the screwdriver, so he started to reach for it. Rozul egged his partner on. "Oh, good idea," he cackled.

The spirits noticed the collies, but they weren't afraid of them. Little did they know that Jack and Tessie weren't as helpless as other stone collies because they

knew the secret of how to enact a *Foo Spinning-Wheel Apparition*.



Even though Jack and Tessie were nervous, they managed to do everything Foo told them including tapping their paws on the pebble six times, breathing air through their nostrils only, and quickly drawing a circle in the dirt around the

orange puff of smoke as it appeared. The circle forced the puff to build up energy as it tried to escape. When the puff broke free of the circle, it immediately split into a hundred separate smoky puffs that quickly turned into the images of a hundred spinning wheels.

Rozul and Kosi had no idea what the collies were up to until they were surrounded by the giant mass of spinning wheels. Only four of the wheels were the kind that people used long ago to spin thread for weaving cloth. The rest were of many different types that included car wheels, little red wagon wheels, tractor wheels, tricycle wheels, ship steering wheels...the list went on and on.

So that they would not become dizzy, Jack and Tessie quickly closed their eyes as the *Foo Spinning-Wheel Apparition* formed.

The evil spirits were not familiar with *Foo Magic*, and they basically thought that all the wheels they had ever tampered with had come back to take revenge upon them at once. In less than a minute, Rozul and Kosi became so dizzy from the spinning wheels, they wandered all the way out of town, in a zigzag.



Chapter Seven

Sharing Secrets

Very early in the morning, Jack and Tessie came to tell Foo what had happened, while a robin kept watch at their house.

“Thank you for helping us, Foo,” said Jack, shaking Foo’s paw.

Tessie was so grateful that she nearly cried as she hugged Foo and said, “Yes, thank you so much.”



Foo tried to wave off their gratitude. “Don’t mention it. I’m just glad it worked.”

The collies had a surprise for Foo, a large piece of candy wrapped in a special red and yellow paper.

Foo was speechless as they presented it to him because he knew exactly what it was. When he finally found his voice, Foo

said, almost in a whisper, “Sarcuko is so rare.”



In truth, sarcuko was one of the rarest candies in the world because only a few people could master making it. In addition to two highly secret ingredients, sarcuko was made with coconuts, mangos, chocolate, saffras, pecans, and molasses, all wrapped up together inside a blanket of creamy candy coating.

“How did you get this?” exclaimed Foo, still in awe.

“We collies have our secrets too,” said Tessie, smiling.

When nighttime rolled around, Foo once again summoned the spirit of Foo-Too. He wanted to talk to her about a plan to continue to help the collies.

“Yes,” said Foo-Too, “I think it is a very good idea for you to teach Jack and Tessie a few of the *Lesser Foo Secrets*, so they can keep their block as safe as you keep this one.

Foo was glad that Foo-Too agreed with his plan.

“And if you share a few secrets with them,” she added, “they might share a few with you—like how they got their paws on that fabulous hunk of sarcuko.”

Foo had only eaten half of the candy and was saving the rest for later. Foo-Too

looked wistfully at the treat, but she was not able to have any because ghost foo dogs never needed to eat.

Foo had already decided that an ongoing partnership with the collies was a good idea. And he was happy to have Jack and Tessie as friends because they seemed like very nice dogs who really liked their owners and were very concerned for them.

The next night, Foo made a visit to the collies to teach them one of the *Lesser Foo Secrets*. And Jack and Tessie ended up sharing one of their secrets with Foo. They got the sarcuko candy when the grandfather of the woman living in the house came to visit. The man had been a professional candy maker before he retired, and he still liked to cook on occasion.

“So we might even be able to get more for you sometime,” said Tessie.

Now, it was Foo’s turn to almost cry. He turned away as he wiped a tear from his eye and coughed to cover up his emotion.

The next week, Foo found a pair of eyeglasses on the ground in the park, and he gave them to Mel. The glasses were a perfect fit, and from then on, Mel was easily able to tell a foo dog from a collie.

