

Pick Me Up! Happy

GRRRR! OUR DOGGY DOUBLE

Toby looks like a sporting legend

You know that feeling you get when someone reminds you of someone else, but you just can't put your finger on it?

Well, it's exactly the feeling I sometimes got, not with a person, but when I looked at my dog, Toby.

He's a gorgeous cocker spaniel with a thick, black, curly coat, and I couldn't shake the feeling that his hair was similar to someone else's.

Then in February 2009, I worked it out.

Toby was outside playing with tennis balls with my husband, Simon, 30.

Simon and I are big tennis fans ourselves, we have been for years, and watching Toby leaping in the air after the tennis ball,



BEVERLEY ALLEN, 31,
Tring, Hertfordshire

I suddenly made the connection. 'He looks just like a young John McEnroe!' I cried.

With his mop of curly hair, Toby's resemblance to the former world number one was uncanny.

So when we heard about an annual dog fancy-dress competition, Dressed To The K9's, organised by pet care company Walk The Dog, in March 2009, we knew we had to



Our Toby: tennis champ, and (left) little chef!

'He looks like John McEnroe!'

enter Toby as John McEnroe.

Simon and I had great fun dressing Toby up as the former tennis ace, complete with little sweatbands. He was the spitting image! And we weren't the only

ones to think he was a dead ringer as he actually won the competition, landing himself a hamper of doggy goodies.

Now that's what you call game, set and match! ●

THE BELLS! THE BELLS!

Alison's lad has a strange hobby

ALISON EDMONDS, 42,
York

OK, it's not the coolest hobby in the world but it rings my bell. In fact, I've been standing at the bottom of church towers, ringing bells, since I was a teenager.

I'd met my husband, David, 45, at a bell-ringing competition, and it was no surprise that we roped our little lad Ewan into it too. Every Sunday morning, we'd bring him along in his carrycot to

St Wilfrid's Church in York.

Then, as soon as he could talk... 'I want a go,' he announced, looking up at the giant, 32st bells above.

'You're too small to reach the ropes, darling,' I explained.

But in June 2008, not long after his 5th birthday, we took him to the bell tower.

'Hold the rope in both hands,' I said, showing him how it

was done. A look of intense concentration spread across his face, then the bells echoed out.

'Well done!' David laughed.

'I can't believe it,' I gasped.

At 7, Ewan was a qualified bell-ringer. And recently, he did something ringers rarely manage: a quarter peal on 10 bells. It means he rang a continuous piece for 45 minutes and it's very difficult. We're so proud of him, we're ding dong merrily on high! ●



Meet our baby bellringer

Show us the ropes, Ewan

