



The Legend of the Lost Dog

There once was a whole city full of people that had houses and cars and jobs and cell phones and friends and relatives. And, oh, did I mention rush hour? Well, several cars and several commuter routes, and car pools and schedules and overtime and, well...you get the picture.

But the busy city also had a dog.

The dog was loyal and friendly and smart. But try as he might to tell folks how to be happy he couldn't really talk. So, this dog decided to be happy himself and maybe they would just catch on.

He'd play around in the sunshine and chase a bird in the tall grass. He'd eat good food and bark at the moon. And every now and then, he'd jump the fence and be missing for a couple of days. He'd always come back with his tail wagging a little higher and with the twinkle in his eye just a little brighter.

His owners were always puzzled about where he went and why he came back a better dog, but they never really got the message he was trying to teach them.

And that's why the Lost Dog B&B was created and named—so folks would understand **you don't have to go away for a long time, or go very far to get away from it all.**

