

**Spot the Dog (7 September 2011)**

I often walk along Main Beach here at Merimbula. It's beautiful and quiet during the off-season - just a few locals and their dogs (why are they all Maltese Terriers?). Last week I saw a large young frisky Dalmatian dog at the beach. The owner let it off the leash and off it went. Bounding down the beach, trying to run in all directions at once. Down to the water's edge - barking at the waves, then along the beach stopping to examine every piece of flotsam and jetsam. Then it scampered up to the dunes running along the line of the undergrowth, sniffing here and there and cocking its leg here and there. Then bounding back to circle its owner before heading off again down the beach. Eventually its exercise resulted in an urgent poo on top of the sand. Its owners pretended not to know what the dog was doing and so absolved themselves of any responsibility.

The poor bathers who wore the sand kicked up as the pooch passed or the salt water shaken off its body were not so impressed.

**I asked myself what was the difference between the Dalmatian and Tony Abbott and the only thing I could come up with is that Abbott seems able to change his spots.**