

# COASTAL STARS



We built our house in Porkkala in 2005. My sister said that now that we had a house in the countryside and a Volvo, all we needed was a dog to fill the idyll of a Finnish family. First I thought "No way!", but after walking around the beautiful forests and fields nearby our home, I thought that it would be pretty nice to have someone to talk to while strolling around the countryside. That's when the idea of having a dog started to grow.

I asked my co-worker to join me as I went to see some crossbred puppies – secretly from my husband. They were very cute but somehow the uncertainty of their nature and character didn't convince me. So I came home without a puppy and my husband asked me where I'd been. I told him that I had been looking at some puppies and he bluntly informed me that it was him or a dog and that there is no way a smelly drooling dog would be living in our house. First I thought it would be better just to forget about the whole thing but the idea of a dog kept bothering me. So I went to the local library and borrowed all the books about dogs and different dog breeds. First I examined the dogs by their looks and then by their personality and use. From the 200 breeds not one seemed like something that I had in mind that would fit into our family. I told my friend, who had an Australian Shepherd, this and she told me her friend had once had a Stabyhoun which they had brought from Holland. The name was so hard to spell right it took a while on Google trying to find some information on this breed. Then I finally found [www.hazebad.com](http://www.hazebad.com) and there right on the frontpage was "Male puppies available".

My hands shaking I grabbed the phone and called the breeder Anne Leppänen and asked if they still had puppies and if I was able to buy one. She said of course I could buy one but she would like to meet me first in person. So we set off to meet Anne, me and my children – my husband stayed home. The children immediately fell in love with the puppies, especially one Nala that would fetch a ball endlessly, which made my son scream of joy. I watched the dogs and asked if all of them would have a wide skull like the one named Luca. Anne informed that it's not likely, Lucas skull was an exception. Nonetheless our Nuutti grew probably the biggest skull in Finland. A skull that fits a lot of wisdom, courage and a bit of show-off too.

I told Anne that I couldn't make a decision behind my husband's back so we made an agreement that I would try to get my husband to come and see the dogs and puppies some other day. The way home I kept thinking how on earth would I persuade my husband to come and visit the breeder. To my amazement after a few days he told me he would come and see the puppies, just for my sake, but there will be no dog in our family. In my mind I was silently screaming "YES YES!" We arrived yet again at Anne's place in Hyvinkää and Anne gave me Nuutti to hold in my lap. Nuutti was kissing and licking all the perfume off my neck as if he was saying "Take me, I'm a nice dog". I asked my husband, who was leaning against the wall, if we should look at some other puppies too, to which he answered "We don't need to see any more puppies, we are taking the one that chooses us". I was amazed and stuttered out something in reply and so we made the arrangements with Anne. That was the start of a long and tormenting wait. I felt like a mother about to give birth. When the day finally came I took my friend Sari and her husband to accompany me when I went to pick up Nuutti. I of course had to have someone to drive me so Nuutti wouldn't attach to anybody else... At Anne's I wasn't able to fill out the paperwork from all the crying I had to do thinking about how Nuutti had to leave his mother and siblings. Thank God I had a secretary with me.

Nuutti was a pretty waxy puppy. He got the nickname Nylon Nibbler for his tendency to nibble on people's arms and especially nylon stockings. We had some close calls with him, one time he stole a bunch of chicken bones from a plate but was able to regurgitate them out, and once he took a couple of Ibuprofens from the table and had an irritated bowel for a few weeks and got to eat only the cooled down boiling water of rice. Also

ingested was one small battery that was also regurgitated. Once he ran off onto the road where a semi-truck almost ran over him, that time the stay-command saved his life.

After the puppytime was over i started getting interested in different canine-activities. We took part in obedience training and different Stabyhou-clubs happenings. Also dog shows sarterd to interest me, not that much the rating of dogs but more the meeting of nice Staby-owners.

When Nuutti was three we got a second dog, a queen, Ragna from Holland. A male and female dog living under the same roof turned out to be too much of a challenge for us so Nuutti was sterilised. And this paved the way for a second queen.

My dogs are people-loving, attached to their family and always there where there is people. Stabyhoun loosely translated in finnish means "stand by me", and thats what they are good at. Life with three dogs has been nice and has gone well without any big problems. The most important thing to me still is to get a new dog when there is enough age-difference. Our threesome comes along just fine together and sometimes I feel that they think they are a dog-family, where Nuutti is the stronghearted one, Ragna a motherly fuss and Ella their well-behaving daughter. After six years of experience I am so excited about the breed that I decided to keep working with it and apply for a kennel name: Coastal Stars. I hope our future puppies bring their new owners joy, happy days and new hobbies.