

SABRINA: The Great Dane & the Rebellious Squirrel Monkey

If our Dane could have answered the phone, we never would have needed a baby sitter.

Our daughter was three when, on a cold winter's day, we brought Sabrina home with us. All legs and floppy ears at only six weeks of age, her size was already what most would consider appropriate for a grown dog. However, our newest family member was just getting started. We named her *Golden Sabrina of Las Vegas* — quite fitting for a Great Dane born in Las Vegas. By the time she was fully grown she proudly stood — with her front paws on my husband Bill's shoulders — over 6'3.

Over the years when I would answer the doorbell, Sabrina would always join me. It was one of her duties to inspect each who might want to enter "her" domain. What a sight: She stood quietly but impressively next to me, black ears pointed high, and the back of her large, firm body at my 5'4" waist level. Opening the door, most strangers would have a smile on their face. Their eyes would meet mine — then instantly, with a slight shift downward, they'd be looking into the eyes of this gorgeous animal. Smiles would turn into uncontrolled gasps; I think both Sabrina and I looked forward to the reactions. Bill actually stopped weighing her when he could no longer pick her up and stand on the scale. At that point — only eight months old — Sabrina weighed 185 lbs.