My Dog

My dog is a lively beagle named **Borzoi**. Despite his elegant name, he is pure mischief wrapped in floppy ears and a wagging tail. Borzoi wakes up each morning with a mission: to sniff every corner of the house as if something new might have appeared overnight. His favorite activity is following invisible scent trails in the garden, nose glued to the ground like a tiny detective.

When he's not patrolling his territory, Borzoi loves curling up on the couch, pretending he’s too dignified to cause trouble. Of course, this charade ends the moment someone opens the fridge or unwraps a snack. He has mastered the art of sitting with perfect posture, ears perked, eyes wide, as if good manners alone should earn him a bite.

Evenings are for zoomies—short, chaotic sprints from one room to another, usually knocking into at least one piece of furniture. Afterwards, he collapses dramatically and demands belly rubs as compensation for his hard work. Having Borzoi around means there is always noise, fur, and laughter in the house, and I wouldn’t trade him for anything.

