

**VIC; THE
AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
A POMERANIAN DOG**

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Vic; The Autobiography of a Pomeranian Dog by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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A POMERANIAN DOG**



V I C ;

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
POMERANIAN DOG.

(A TRUE STORY.)

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To

THE LOVING-HEARTED AND GENTLE

GERTRUDE,

THE TRUE FRIEND OF EVERY ANIMAL WHICH HAS COME UNDER
HER CARE,

AND PRE-EMINENTLY THE FRIEND OF "VIC,"

THIS TRUE STORY IS INSCRIBED.

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CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

I ONCE heard my mistress say that "A great modern writer remarked, 'It is the ambition of most men to write a book.'" Now, I am only a dog; yet I have the ambition to write you the history of my own life; and I must therefore beg you to excuse numbers of errors which many a boy and girl would never think of making.

On both my father's and my mother's side I came of an old and noble family, and on more than one occasion in my life, as you will see hereafter, my foolish pride for family connections has not only stood in the way of my forming some true friendships, but has even hindered my own happiness.

For many generations my ancestors have resided in England, but our true home is in Pomerania, a province in the north part of Prussia. Although my relations have for so many years lived in a foreign land, yet, like certain royal families, they refuse to marry except among their own kin, or into some equally noble and aristocratic house. Doubtless, for this error in judgment, if it be one, we have all suffered much; for every cur and mongrel we meet on the road make some cutting allusion to our "family pride," which we are forced to swallow with apparent unconcern.

My mother was a true lady, and even now tears fill my eyes when I think of her dear memory, and what her love has done for me. Well would it be for many a family if the sons would hearken to the warning words of their mothers; the blessing of happiness would then rest on many a home which now we see so full of misery.

My father was certainly not endowed with the same genial disposition as my mother; yet so long as he lived I always endeavoured to treat him with that respect which a son ought to give to his father. His name was Squire Punch, and there are ill-natured people who say that his character in more than one respect resembled that of the first owner of his name. My father's snappish temper was, doubtless, occasioned by troubles of which the general public knew nothing. When I notice persons whose greatest delight seems to be to make unkind remarks of others, I call to mind a