

Pembroke House Rules

I am the keeper of this house. Do not enter except with the express invitation of my human. If you enter uninvited you will be very sorry. I am a serious predator. I can instantly morph into a dangerous, ancient, Welsh warrior... very intimidating, very big and very threatening.

I am a Pembroke Welsh Corgi.

Pembrokeshire, Wales, is named after me. That makes me incredibly important, how cool is that? My ancestors were best friends about 1,000 years ago with Druids, and being of Welsh descent, I am magical, smart, funny, playful and agile. I can do impossible leaps, flips, whirls and spins. I am quite wonderful!

I am a gentle giant in a small package. I am cheeky and have tons of personality and character. I am very hot stuff. I am no-nonsense and I am spoiled. My house... my rules... get over it.

It is your responsibility to know my rules. This is my home. As the resident guardian, I run this house and I have supreme and final authority at all times. Do not come into my home and try to take over, you will just end up frustrated. Don't get fresh with me.

Everything is mine: Toys, balls sticks, bones, socks, couches, beds, treats, shoes and humans are mine, mine, mine.

If you want to play, do obedience, agility, visit people or whatever, I am your dog... just take me with you. Leave me behind at your own risk. I get bored quickly... whatever happens is on you.