

# NabucoPugs

Memories of a kennel





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# Nabucopugs

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“This is a literary work that tells our experience with the Nabuco Kennel. A hobby and a passion. Although some references to the handling and breeding of pugs are made, this is not the goal of this book.

Angela Nabuco  
2013

**“This story was written for dog lovers.  
Because nobody but one of them is able to understand it.”**



We thank our friends who made the book possible, for their competence and tolerance towards me.

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## As a Preface

I've never written a memoir. Before the kennel, my life was linear, and not any uncommon. Never to the point of being interesting to anyone, except for my own family, or very close friends. But after the many unusual adventures with the pugs, I thought some readers could enjoy them.

As our kennel produced so many offspring, I also supposed that many breeders could have fun with their own pugs' history, or their ancestors'. I assumed that they would be interested in the way this history unfolded, the misses and the hits, and the endeavor in developing our pug bloodline, as the success of our kennel grounded the roots of those who believed in our efforts. Nowadays, we follow the Nabuco pugs that still shine all over the world, their descendants and their happy owners, and we feel grateful for the continuity they give to our work as a breeder. They encouraged us to write about our experience.

In the stories in this book we only mention our own pugs, but we included pictures from some Nabucos, sold while they were puppies.

To the exhibitors that bet on our pugs, showing them in the ring, our gratitude for having helped us to spread our kennel's name. After all, investing in a promising puppy is a vote of confidence in the genetic breeding we performed.

We sincerely pay tribute to all those who took good care of their Nabuco pugs, loving and respecting them until the end of a dog's short life.



Madonna, Puppy, Betty Boop & I







We thank Silvia and Alexandra, employees at our kennel, from the bottom of our hearts, always being part of our happiness and sadness, careful in handling the pugs. To Marcelo Coelli, skillful and devoted handler, who helped our stars shining in the ring. We also thank our daughter Leticia, who helped us in the hard task of choosing the new owners for the puppies, and delivering them. I also thank my husband that, at that time, was restless in following us to the dog shows, all over the country, and for being awake through the nights to nurse the litters, side by side, celebrating the victories and holding up the defeats.

For the dog lovers who do not know the drills of Canophilia, the art of breeding pedigree dogs, I took my time to further some details for information purposes. We apologize to the breeders for having to read about something they know by far. They can skip this part if they wish. But I believe the very same breeders, mainly pug breeders, will identify themselves reading about the hardness and joys of this challenging art.

The last litter was born at our house, in April 2008, but the kennel is still alive in the twenty pugs with whom we are happy to live with. We do our best, so that they can enjoy all comfort we can provide, and all tenderness we cherish them.



Without them, it would have been much more difficult!



Sílvia & Vicky



Alexandra & Carol

## Greta Garbo, who would say?<sup>1</sup>

Imagine yourself waking up early and wishing to stay under the blankets a little bit more, in a cold and foggy morning.

Now, imagine yourself getting up, having your breakfast and trying to perfect the garment. Linen clothes, high heels, French perfume, discreet makeup.

Then, you get into your car and drive towards the hospital. That is the beginning of another day inside the exams room, immersed in complete darkness. With the windows shut, you can't see if it's sunny or rainy outside. Total concentration, eyes fixed on the machine mirror which is between you and the patient. He has the chin held up, and you are distracted with the world of colors inside the human's eyes. Absolute precision in your hand, activating the laser. One little mistake and that's it! The citizen can go blind!

You listen, examine, care for and follow each case, used to the human suffering. And after many years, you can barely notice the burden of responsibility that you carry on your stiff shoulders.

It's the end of the day, and you go back home. There you find a stable and happy marriage, two teenagers, a pretty house. Life and career moving as desired. Everything very predictable.

That was until you leaf through a magazine and focus your attention on a picture of a woman sitting on a couch with lots of dogs, leaping over her. On her face, a big grin accusing her happiness, while the little gremlins (which you know later are called pugs) play around. And you envy the woman, enchanted by those beings. Joyful and exotic, they were pure expression of beauty.

<sup>1</sup>The title is a reference of a play staged in Rio de Janeiro, named "Greta Garbo, who would say, ended up in Irajá". Irajá is a neighborhood located on the periphery of Rio de Janeiro.



It took me a hard time to find Lolita. Where were those snoutless playful beings of the picture hiding? Not in Brazil, that is for sure. And I could not rest until I had her in my arms! Lolita was my object of desire, the wrinkled face and curly tail. Strong temper, showy, full of herself. She was so tiny if compared to our German shepherd, which stood watch at our gate. The same one Lolita started to subdue, as soon as she grew up a little.

What we did not realize was that the pug took over the entire house, specially me, whose interest was fully referred to her.

After an invitation of friends we took Lolita to dog shows. An entirely new world, pure emotion, so far from my strict work routine, and the suffering with which I had chosen to live until that moment.

She loved the game. She was a show-off in the rings, guided by the handlers' hands while I followed her from a distance, cheering in silence, not to disturb her performance.

There were numerous prizes. The winner became famous, and I became Lolita's owner. I felt strangely light. The person who wasn't aware of the weight that the white clothes used to represent.



Lolita in bed





We crossbred Lolita with a strong male named Cacá. And only after the four little balls of fur ran around the house, I understood who was going to set the rules. We lost control. We, humans.





Later we imported Vivi, which also had puppies. We kept a bitch out of the litter and named her Bonnie.

We bought a beautiful young male named Truck, due to his very strong body.





Bonnie



Truck

Now, once again, imagine yourself assuming a triple journey: medicine, litters and dog shows, everything sucking you with the strength of a huge turbine. Because you are working so hard, you are a lot more slender and dark shadows frame your eyes.

You will have to make a choice and finally decide to give yourself to the pugs: those begging eyes, the cobby body, the wrinkled face, the roll. That being so, you sell your clinic and change your white medical coat, the French perfume and the high heel shoes for casual clothes, covered by the fur they drop off all year, in an endless shedding.

How would I know about the danger I was going to face? Well, I never imagined it would end up like that. Or start. For those who considered nonsense to change the medicine for dog breeding, it was the end of the line. For the others, it was the beginning of an unusual journey. Soon after that, our kennel started to be known in Brazil for the beautiful puppies and for the many good results in the ring. It was the beginning of a saga that had already changed everybody's life in our house.

Pugs slowly take over the place. They begin subtle, but little by little, everything starts to revolve around them. Our couches were covered with waterproof material to ease cleaning. Our Persian carpets were sold to afford another imported pug. In the beginning I did not have employees, but I finally took on reinforcement, so I would not die under all the heavy work I was not used to. As a doctor, my hands could not hold any heavy object, to avoid trembling when firing a laser on a diabetic's eye. Then my hands began to carry those little heavy dogs from here to there, so they were no longer as well-kept as they were before. I could no longer remember how the aseptic routine in the hospitals was.



The whole family moved to a new house, in a big lot, next to where another house was built for the pugs. Everything was done according to the need of the animals, which increased in number and beauty, as a result of the genetic work, based on hard study and investment.

The house of the pugs







A lot of work



Days turned to be fulfilled with an endless cleaning work, care, specialized reading, artificial inseminations, pregnancies and deliveries. The phone did not stop ringing because of the requests for puppies coming from all over the world. Lots of victories and some defeats in the breeding process and in the ring. A lot of work. More than what a human being is able to hold, and a lot of joy in following the litter growing, the greatest delight of every dog breeder.

That was like an addiction, taking over my thoughts, my time, my money, leaving no space for anything else, a passion and a challenge that made me laugh, cry and grow older.

Fortunately, the whole family got involved, seduced by the irresistible dictators. Not without reasonably questioning my obsession.



## The Top Litter or Puppy, the Super Mother

That was Puppy's first labor and when she woke up from the anesthesia, she had no idea of the existence of those little rats crying out beside her. She didn't even look at them. She was the worst pug mother ever: she didn't clean the babies, breastfeed them, nor warm them up. She killed the stronger baby bitch sitting on her, without noticing what she had done. I cried a river. The others died of cold one by one. I didn't know that the puppies should be kept warm all the time. It was a rule for pugs.

Life is made of surprises. We have no doubt of it. Such statement is very banal, and it would be better if we had not said it. We have no doubt of it either. But only that statement can help us to describe the facts. That is the purest truth. Forgive the common, but inevitable place.

The expectation was big, towards so much planning. The litter was about to come, babies of an imported couple of pugs. The work was hard, many negotiations with some American kennels.

Bonitao, a young pug in USA



The male, one of the top ten pugs in the United States, in nineteen ninety-seven. At the age of two years, the super champion had cost me an arm and a leg. His arrival was unforgettable, the first time I saw him in living color. Before that, only through pictures or videos. I watched his video a hundred times before and after deciding to madly buy him. Very imposing, he looked like an English lord, like those we can't see nowadays, in our twenty-first century. I like to say that he had a posture of dignity. He walked lightly, as if he was floating, which was unthinkable when it comes to strong bodies. For obvious reasons, we named him Bonitao.

*Bonitao means handsome in Portuguese (N.T.)*



I also layed out lots of dollars on Puppy, the bitch of enviable genetics. Small, compact, and of an impressive bone structure. She was the daughter of the Number One pug in the American country. I went to New York to talk to the breeder in person. It was necessary to convince her that it would be reasonable to sell a puppy to an unknown person, born and resident in our “tupiniquim” Brazil. I showed her some of the pictures of the two only litters we had. Lolita and Vivi standing by very well treated babies. I got it!

I waited for a couple of months to receive Puppy, the sweet little bitch, for she had to finish the American Championship first.

After having the super couple, everything was precisely calculated for the elaboration of our bloodline. So silly! Nothing would go according to the plan I had traced!



Puppy & Eduardo

In a cold night of June, the top litter was about to be born, from Puppy and Bonitao crossbreeding. Increasing anxiety. Successive uterine contractions, short intervals but no puppies! Puppy would never have a normal delivery for the rest of her life. Her offspring would always be born by cesarean section. And so it was.

At the vet clinic, I attended the surgery. I wasn't having a cigarette after another, simply because I have never smoked. The intervention was a success! We went back home feeling victorious because of the beautiful and strong litter of six bitches. But as we try to plan things, we face unexpected surprises, for better or for worse. Of course we don't know exactly what better or worse represent.

At that time I was a beginner, with very little experience in the art of breeding such breed, full of peculiarities. I had no idea of the lack of commitment of a pug towards her puppies. I didn't have a clue, since Lolita and Vivi were attentive mothers, rarities when it comes to careless reproducers. I also didn't know that, when it is not breastfeeding time, the puppies should stay away from the careless mother. They also need to be properly heated with warm water bottle or heating pad. Lolita and Vivi's litters had been born in the summer, which enabled us to dismiss that device.



The days were painful and the nights, sleepless, while I mourned for the consecutive deaths, taking the remaining puppies to nurse, wiping those little red butts, tasks that were supposed to be performed by the mother, if she was not a typical pug.

As a doctor, I would never imagine myself fulfilling such task. But at that moment it was just far from my mind. It was like I had never belonged to the world of the impeccable white coats. Or that I had never handled so sophisticated and expensive equipment that was part of my routine, in times not so old.



Puppy & her 2 remaining daughters





Betty Boop at 45 days of age

To the only survivor, we named her Betty Boop. Puppy had a great amount of milk and little Betty could not suck it. The liquid became an infection inside those huge and hot teats. The small pug was raised with cow milk mixed with egg yolk, as I still did not know that goat milk was the best choice. She was an ugly puppy, weedy and big-eyed. She was also leery, and took some time to wag her doughnut tail. Her mother never cared for her, nor for any puppy from the four litters she had throughout life.



But as nothing is completely good nor bad, the survivor was slowly turning to a swan hidden inside her.

She didn't deny the excellence of her lineage, becoming a beautiful and strong bitch. As beautiful and strong as all the other puppies with which Bonitao and Puppy gifted us during their lives.



Betty at 2 months of age



Betty at 4 months of age



Best in Show Betty Boop at 6 months of age



Maybe because Betty was so spoiled, she held a record: the worse mood ever found in a pug. She used to fight a lot with the other pugs, although she was lovable with the humans in the house.

She was a victorious in the rings and won the fifth best dog show prize, among puppies and adults, being only six months old. A memorable event that happened many times throughout her life in the rings, despite her terrible habit of growling at people she should not growl at. She considered an offense to be looked into the eyes, even if the person was a dog show judge on the ring she was parading.



Just as Puppy, Betty Boob and her sisters also gave us wonderful sons and daughters, which formed the base of our stock. We learned how to raise the babies together, trying to get used to the fact that one pug is good enough, since it is an affectionate dog. They were meant to be so.



Puppy's daughters ( Helo & Betty Boop)



Puppy's daughters ( Madonna, Vicky, Helo & Flavia)



## So many tasks

It had to happen in the coolness of the morning while the birds greeted the day. Or, when the dusk fell, when it was almost time to say goodbye to the sun. One puppy was selected among his brothers, all hanging on the back paws. Each one seemed to say, me first, me first! After that I hoped he could celebrate life with me, and waste all the built-up joy. It's very common that the celebration brings a tongue out, panting, face up like a comma. That was the moment he had to return to the company of his brothers, until he could calm down. Sometimes, it happened on the next day.

Sometimes, just in front of the ready puppy, I used to be in the exact place to eternalize that beauty and that liveliness. But as I got closer with the camera, there he came, running towards me. Happy! Again and again, until the right pose happened. A fraction of a second when the angels say Amen. Up in the sky.



Black Jack

In the early years of the kennel, we still suffered the pre-digital era. Once developed, the photos were chosen and sent by mail. The suitor had to anxiously wait for them. Sometimes, from the other side of the globe. The video was also used, and the images were kept in prehistoric VCR tapes.

All the contacts were made by telephone. Clients and breeders called us daily to share experiences, to hear news from the litter or to talk about the results of a show, in pleasant, however, long calls. We needed to pick the phone off to have our meals without interruption.

-Hello, Nabuco Kennel? I wanna buy a pug.

-Do you wish a pet or a show dog?

-I want a perfect one for show!

- Sir, there is no perfect dog, we only try to breed them the closest to the standard.

He insisted: - I want the guarantee of getting a future champion.

-We can offer you a promising puppy. They are living beings, and genetics is not mathematics.



New call: - I would like to reserve a puppy from a specific couple.

-Absolutely! We will check if the breeding is compatible considering the genetics.

An usual question: - I am allergic. Do they shed very often?

-They shed all year. And it gets worse in the summer.

- Do you have many C- sections?

- Frequently.

Or this:

- I leave home to work; the dog will be alone all day.

- Sir, you cannot have a pug, this breed needs human companionship, and you'd better have a cat.

That's what happened at that time. It was impossible to turn on a computer and have the entire world in our screen. The internet happened later, and we took some time to believe in such easy way of communication.

There were people who waited for one year or more to have their Nabuco, and there were those who would never have a pug from us. One and all of the candidates had to answer a strict questionnaire, and those who had passed through the selection, the future owners, called us frequently asking for news.

We made a contract in which we committed ourselves to buying the pug back in case of waiver, despite of the reason. The kennel had preference in the buyback, at any time of the pug's life. We wanted to minimize the risk of any pug ending up in wrong hands, which was something we could not always avoid.

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Sometimes we guided well intentioned parents, like the ones with very young children, who wanted a pug to play with. We suggested that they waited a few more years until their children grew up. They would be able to understand that pug puppies are heavy, and easily fall from their laps, and can even break a leg. A dog is not a toy, but a great opportunity for children to learn how to deal with living beings.

The chosen candidate should have a very special character. We gave preference to the one who was completely dependent on a pug to feel happy and fulfilled. The one who knew exactly about the tasks and the delight of living with a pug. The one who was already seduced and subdued to his sweet power.

After picking out the owner, someone who would love and respect the dog, we had to face the problem of the delivery. It was a relief to see them leaving our home on their new owner's lap. They had to fly in cargo many times, but only for short routes. We looked for the best airline to do it, because a pug must be protected from high temperatures. The lack of a muzzle diminishes his capacity to refresh the blood, easily heated by his dense layer of fur. A double trouble, when a tropical climate is taken into consideration. The puppies were never delivered during summer, and they could only travel during at cool hours of the day. Lots of them could not be sold to a particular place because there was not a compatible route to fulfill our demanding, and that included a non scale flight.

We could protect our puppies with those arrangements, and fortunately we never lost any of them in a flight. I was a hardliner, as I felt myself responsible for that life, which welfare depended mostly on my decisions. We drove to Rio de Janeiro, which is a hundred and eighty kilometers far from our house, to ship the little pug, and it was really heart breaking to do it. It was difficult to let him go, after being the midwife and adoptive mother, after taking care of that puppy, day and night, watching him growing older until blossoming into that wonderful little pug. Back to my house, I did not get to sleep until they called with good news, saying that he had arrived, safe and sound.

In the middle of the night we also faced unexpected things. It used to happen at about 4 o'clock in the morning. The phone rings on the bedside table. I couldn't understand if I was still in the land of dreams or awake in the material world. I stretch my uncontrolled arm, dropping the phone while trying to pick it up in the darkness. I am bleary and my voice is blocked:

-Hello!

- Hello, Nabuco kennel?

Many foreigners used to forget the time zone, and scared us in the middle of the night. Those, who desired a Nabuco puppy, should come to pick it here, because we would not send them in cargo. We felt happy in receiving people from all over the world in our house. They always wanted to know all the pugs and a little bit of Brazil. After that, they would fly back to their countries, with their puppy in the cabin of the airplane. Those who could not come to us, should afford someone else's trip to take the puppy to them. Our daughter went to Russia and Poland, delivering two wonderful pugs.





Leticia, Nina & Black-Tie in Russia



Leticia & Black-Tie in Russia

Among all requests, this one became the most unusual: - I suffer from depression and I need a pug from your kennel, so that I can be healed.

- Of course madam, do you wish a male or a female?

- It doesn't matter, but I cannot pay for it, because I spent a lot of money with the medicines.

Astonishing answer: - This is an expensive dog, why don't you buy a cheaper breed or even adopt an abandoned dog?

- No, I really need a pug.

We still tried to convince her: - We can look for a puppy to adopt with other pug breeders.

-It won't fit for me, it must be a Nabuco: what if I pay for him after a while? I'm intending to get into Law school. As soon as I graduate and finish serving the Internship Program for two years, I'll try a public tender. I'll get my first salary and I'll pay you.

- Good night, madam, I wish you get over it soon.



## Best in Show

The work began early, at the break of day. We had to carry a jumble of shipping boxes, tables, fence to restrain the dogs, duvets, mats to cover the floor, filtered water, dog food, leashes, beauty products, a blower and brushes, until the car got fully packed.

We had to carefully shower the pug, dry the fur using a blower so it looked like plush. There was the long road ahead before getting to the “crime scene”. Air conditioner was indispensable.

The hotel reservation was previously made, so we could make sure the dogs would be allowed to stay in the room with us. We would never let them sleep in the shed.

At the dog show place: a hundred of dogs accommodate in the camps, people talking at the same time and walking from side to side. We used to thank God for all that didn't take place in a parking lot of a shopping mall.

We had to find a spot in the sun, or better put, in the shade, to set our “territory”. Lay the mats on the floor. Set up the fence. Take the pug out of the box, offer him water and take him for a quick walk.

Our dog, which was previously trained, would be presented by a handler, a professional of dog show rings, who guides the animal with mastery. The attempts I made to present them myself were disastrous, with results far below the possibilities. I gave up.

The next step was to look up in the flyer to check the moment the pugs would enter the ring, and pray that it wasn't at hot noon. That would make everything hard for the dogs with thick fur and short snout.

Now, we must check which rivals we have and analyze our chances before facing them.

Then, see old friends.

Some pugs liked the game only to be closer to their humans. But there were those who worshiped everything, like Lolita, Truck, Bill and Dona Flor<sup>1</sup>. During the preparations, Truck was as close as possible to the car, to avoid the risk of being forgotten. He traveled on his back, relaxing in the shipping box.

<sup>1</sup> *Dona Flor means Mrs Flower in Portuguese (N. T.)*



Dona Flor





It's show time! The pug is in the handler's hand, in front of the main ring, ready to enter. The dog waited on a little table, like an exposed trophy with a humid towel on the back to avoid overheating that would make him pant. The animal needs to get as close as possible to the pattern of his breed: strong and square-shaped body, impressive bone structure, soft and dense pelage, with no flaws. Impeccable. The round shape of the head, the correct positions of ears and tail, the paws angle, the straight and unwrinkled back. Unbelievable details. Above all, the king posture, as if he was the master of the chaotic world around him.

My heart was pounding. There went our pug, walking in the ring, guided by the handler. He is calm, the walk is right, light, delicate. He has the roll, typical characteristic of the breed. He is attentive, obedient to all the commands. It was amazing how the professional could get everything from those little rascals which never obeyed us!

Done! The competitors from the same class (same sex and age) won. He left the ring, while the other classes of pugs were judged. I tried to keep myself distant not to mess up with everything. If he saw me, he could feel the adrenaline that was taking over my body at that moment.

He's back to the ring. Strong competitors. He's feeling self-confident, competing with the others. They are all running in circles. The judge observes, very attentively. He compares, analyses, and finally raises his arm pointing to our pug.

**Best of Breed!**

I was breathing heavily, in a mix of relief and celebration.



The dog goes back in the camp. He relaxes, drinks water, wait for the next stage, while I recover from the strong emotion. Only later he would return to compete against the other breeds that belonged to the companion dogs' group.

Again in the ring, he will fight for the title of best in group! Onstage, eyes fixed on the bait, a treat in the handler's hand. He is aware of his beauty, and the majesty with which he parades. My heart is beating fast. There are dogs of all sorts of breed in the ring. Some has long fur in abundance, which is very appealing. But he's unshaken, as if the others were not there. The judge points to our little pug once more and I jump and shout, in an explosion of happiness.

Best in Group!

Last stage, the final. The Great Final! There was the cheering for our little pug. My husband gave me all the support: Calm down, calm down! Alongside enormous dogs, there he was again. He had his importance increased. There was nothing surrounding him. With eyes fixed, the little professional was either preparing himself for the stay pose or walking majestically.

It's night. Lights on the ring. Atmosphere of apotheosis. The judge had already examined each one, but at that moment his gaze was directed to some dogs. All of them were wonderful! The big wheel begins to move. What a beautiful show! The judge's arm is raised to point to our beloved pug and he screams:

Best in Show!

It's the end of the party and some people are disappointed, others are just upset. There were the resigned and also, the very happy ones, who were duly congratulated. Celebration, pictures with the judges, thanks, trophies. And I couldn't fit myself, so happy I was.



Truck & Marcelo Coelli - BIS



When the trip was long, we preferred to leave the next day. When it was short, the trip back home was in the coolness of the night, given that the pugs didn't stand the heat.

Everybody used to sleep, except the same old driver, my husband. Once we were stopped by the highway patrol, with four pugs in their respective shipping boxes, inside a shut truck. Along with them, in the back of the truck, the handler and the owner of the car were getting some slack sleep, lying on a mat, something not totally allowed. The police asked for the documents, lighted the interior of the car with his lantern, looked at my husband, looked at the back and the front license plates and returned to examine the documents. Then, the police said if it was in old times, he would not let us pass, but those days since he was feeling tired, he would let us continue the trip.

As soon as the car started, gaining again the line of the road, our handler woke up, asking about what had happened. Aware of the story, he got surprised, and said that the documents were in his pocket. My husband had shown the documents of a different car, which was waiting parked in our garage.

So it was for four years. Not even one single weekend missed, except the holidays of New Year's Eve and Carnival. We had some defeats and lots of victories that placed us as the best pug breeders for those years.

Best Group of National Breeding



Best Group of National Breeding with the winning pugs



It was unforgettable the moment that we took five pugs to contend for the prize of "The Best Group of National Breeding", the most desired by the breeders. A scream exploded from my throat when the judge pointed at our group, among many other breeds, equally admirable. The quintet of little pugs, of great beauty and similarities, was extremely harmonic, confirming the genetic selection work. We won the prize for two consecutive years.





Best Group of National Breeding - trophy 1



Best Group of National Breeding - trophy 2





During one of the few times I was a handler, showing Truck & Betty Boop

Another unforgettable show was the one in which Bonitão and Puppy received homage from many Brazilian breeders. We were very touched by the thanks they gave to the couple of pugs, for all the contribution to the improvement of the breed in our country. Both dogs paraded happily under the audience warm applause, as if they could feel the kindness and gratitude from all the people.

There was, however, this part which did not obey any fair criterion. After all, the human being is the same in greatness and misery, wherever he is. There were the opponents who always won because of merit and lost with elegance, and there were those who would make anything to win, no matter the quality of the dogs. There were the judges who appreciated the gorgeous animal and prized it with sparkle in their eyes, and there were also those who used to take advantage of their positions, to exchange political favors with the exhibitors or handlers. We absolutely didn't get along with that. We made good friends, but also, we had some opponents, which increased in number as our pugs won.









Alguns troféus

However, absolutely everything passes. The thrill of being on the rings started to cool off. I can see now all the game of the ego at every celebrated victory. All the adrenaline that made my heart beat faster. The time of the competition was like drunkenness, a sort of addiction. But the pleasure of the success was proportional to the disappointment after the defeat. The coin is not one-sided.

On the daily routine of the kennel, the litters remained in exhausting work and the bitches, distracted from their maternal instincts. The offspring purchased by exhibitors and pug breeders, has participated in dog shows and won, taking the name of the lineage Nabuco in their pedigrees. As our kennel was already renowned in Brazil and around the world, we decided to withdraw from the rings because we were competing with our customers, which was neither necessary nor wise. I have always considered the job of the creator more challenging and rewarding than the one done by the exhibitor. Even so, we indirectly continued competing, following the joy of the pug's owners at every call they gave us on Sunday nights:

“One more Nabuco is Best in Show!”



*A dream that really came true...*

Fotografia: Arthur Freixo | by www.br-project.com

# Lili

N a b u c o ' s   A n a   L i v i a

*Em 2009 Lili se despede das pistas em grande estilo:*

#1 PUG DO BRASIL 2009 DOG SHOW #2 PUG DO BRASIL 2009 CBKC  
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Grande Vencedora Nacional & Grande Vencedora Nacional Jovem

Multi BJIS | Multi BIS Placer | Multi Group Winner

#2 MELHOR PUG DO BRASIL 2007 rankings CBKC / Dog Show #1 PUG DO BRASIL 2007  
em número de BIS 2007

Agent | Handler Tony Noronha  
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# Canil Nabuco

Anunciamos orgulhosos a segunda campeã americana de nosso canil aos 7 meses de idade!

*We are proud to announce our second American Champion at 7 months old!*



## Nabuco's Memphis Belle



Em menos de 2 meses Belle fechou o campeonato americano vencendo sobre specials!

*In less than 2 months Belle finished winning over specials.*

Nabucopugs  
Breeders : Angela & Eduardo Nabuco  
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**ROYAL CANIN**

Prop (Owner):



## Preferida<sup>1</sup>

Naturally she had a penchant for fine restaurants, but that was not enough. They had to accept her sitting in a chair for children, where she could settle in a polite way.

Such a lady! She would never present an undesirable behavior, like a wild greed or anything that could sully the reputation of the kennel's little girlfriend. She would wait for being offered pieces of chicken or fish, her favorite dishes. The desert was a piece of fruit especially ordered for her. To wrap it up, she received the praise of those who passed by our table, something highly appreciated by a pug.

Her name was Vivi, but I started calling her Preferida. The other pugs noticed the affront of such election and teased her many times, claiming for the same privilege. She would always look away, very political, making use of her status. Preferida was not into fights. She would only get involved with eventual dogfights, impossible to resist.

<sup>1</sup>*Preferida means favorite in Portuguese (N.T.).*



Preferida at the restaurant

Vivi was one of the most loyal pugs we had, as they don't always elect an owner, although they can't admit loneliness: the presence of a human being is indispensable, and any person in the house can take this place. But Vivi was mine, or better put, I was hers. Like my shadow, she would follow me, a situation that changed every time we opened the door of our house to welcome a new pug.

One day I declared a betrayal. I filled the newcomer with caress and attention. Vivi maliciously took revenge, and started to follow my husband around the house, turning her head to the opposite side whenever I called her name.



Spoiling Bill



What most distinguished her from the other bitches was the extremely rare quality of being a diligent mother. It was a splendor for a tired pug breeder, used to nights of interrupted sleep, given that I had to assume the role which was supposed to be assumed by the careless mothers. Preferida dispensed our help to raise her babies and used to spoil them a lot. As a result, they got fat, became lazy and took longer to mature. At each cry, she was there tending the babies, by linking and breastfeeding them.

Sometimes, when the puppies had to move to their new homes, it was necessary to take them away from their super mother in her absence, so she wouldn't feel so heartbroken. Later, we used to cover her with pats, in order to compensate the loss.

Other pugs, even those considered attentive mothers, feeling very tired, used to hide from their puppies when their teeth began to grow. It caused pain in the act of suckling. But she remained affectionate until the end of the maternal obligation.

How many times, poor Vivi, I swapped her already grown up babies, for some relapse mothers' newborns! Even after noticing the change, she would embrace and nurse the puppies, as long as it didn't deprive the contact with her own puppies.



Vivi & puppies of other bitches

Betty Boop and Vivi got pregnant at the same time. Betty, that ugly little duckling transmuted into a swan, turning to be the most beautiful bitch in the kennel. And her babies would be the first Bill's babies in the house. Bill was a gorgeous American champion recently arrived in the place, to Vivi's dismay.

The two bitches were very close to each other at that time. They used to sleep together, in the moment their bellies and teats were getting bigger. Betty's labor was due, but the babies were delayed. The pregnancy had gone to term and she had to be taken to the clinic for a C-section. I still can feel the great expectation as well as the preoccupation of that day. I remember Betty, before leaving the house, with those big round eyes begging for a piece of chocolate I was eating to calm myself down. Piece denied, of course!



Betty Boop pregnant



I like to say that Betty's cesarian was almost a party that gave way to a big disaster: our muse came to die on the surgery table, under my thunderstruck eyes, while I watched the operation. I definitely could not believe in the trap that life had prepared for me. Pugs have a bad reaction to the anesthesia, which always involves a considerable risk.

Shortly after, we left the clinic, heartbroken. The usual way back home now seemed especially long. Many recollections came through my memory. I started reviewing the peculiar history of Betty Boop, the first daughter of Puppy and Bonitao, heroic survivor of mine and her mother's inexperience. I recollected how much she had blew us away turning from an ugly cub to a gorgeous breed specimen. Her strong personality and her first litter's beauty. I looked at the heated box on my lap, where the newborn babies gathered, the precious heritage of our Betty.

They cried, in need of colostrum and maternal warmth. I cried, mourning for the loss of such beloved and especial pug.

Vivi was at home sleeping quietly, relaxing her dilated belly, where her babies shook producing a round bulge on the skin. There were fifteen days until the birth. I delivered Betty's babies to Preferida's kindness. They were three whimpering and starving orphans. She began to breastfeed them as if they belonged to her, for my relief.



Vivi pregnant & Betty Boop's puppies





They would grow with health and beauty, doing justice to the foster mother's cares. They would be gorgeous, obeying the exceptional genetics of Bill and Betty Boop. Among them there was Victor, the most beautiful pug born in our kennel. Thanks to Vivi, the genetics would continue for long generations, perpetuated further in Victor Hugo's exceptional babies.



Vivi & Betty Boop's puppies









Preferida's babies were born dead a week later. Those days dragged on slowly and costlly. My eyes were puffy and my mouth, mute. The work in the kennel kept me busy while I tried to slowly recover myself, among tears of gratitude and longing.

## Like in the Old West

It's gonna start! Let's pay attention! Grab one and I'll grab the other. Simultaneously. Go now! Held by our hands, hanging in the air, the two angry pugs wanted to wrestle at all costs.

That is the process: at first they stare at each other. Then, they slowly move in circles, on tiptoe.

The fur on the back is bristly. They are analyzing each other in silence, without losing sight of their rivals. The others are getting closer, sniffing around to know which one is at a disadvantage. They position themselves in a way they can surround the pair. It comes the moment that one puts his paws on the other's back. From that moment on, it gets irresistible. The fight degenerates into a dogfight, and the situation gets out of control, like in the saloons of western movies. It is when all of them erupts, forming that unique mass, which snarls and gives out bites indistinctively, no matter the destination. The most important is to fight!

Pugs fight because of jealousy or dilettantism. Those who have them living with other dogs should take the necessary precautions. We hope nobody is fooled by their kindness towards the human beings. They can usually be dictatorial with their fellows, and when they cohabit with more docile breeds, they become leaders who, in most cases, impede the entrance of giant gentle dogs in a house ruled by a despotic regime. They do not care about size while challenging the bigger dogs, so they get exposed to risks that they ignore.

In big groups, their behavior is typical of a pack. They generally gather in groups forming a gang, picking a dog to attack, which we call "the chosen". We have to separate it from the others in order to prevent the bullying from being fatal.





Lolita

The matter of leadership is always unstable and delicate. The group's balance depends on the leader, which all of them must obey, in a well defined hierarchy.

The leader is threatened by a younger dog, which tries to take the control position from the older ones. That goes for both male and bitches.

Lolita, being the first pug of the kennel, was impressive in the dictatorial position, confirming the thesis that says "antiquity is a status". Everyone would obey her, without faltering. Let's start with great Buck, our German dog, moving to Seville, my mother's whippet and extending to any other pug which might come after her. The puppies should wait for Lolita to finish eating, before they start their meal if they didn't want to be severely chastened. Jokes among the pugs, no way! Subjects should not have any kind of intimacy, because they end up giving empowering each other. It was necessary to eliminate the risk of a riot, so she put an end to the joy, dispensing the subversive potentials.





That situation lasted until Bonnie was born, a bitch which wagged her tail for nothing. Since she was a baby, she has made a statement about herself. After having grown up, sweet Vivi's daughter, Bonnie, countered genetics and challenged Lolita. Each one of them used to adopt an attitude of promptness at the simple mention of their names. If they had lived together, the leaders would have fought until the death for the alpha female position.



Once my mother was found sitting on the floor near the door of the kennel. She was laughing. You scared us, what happened? Lolita was beside her, roaring towards the closed door, while another pug barked, inside. It was Bonnie. The two bitches met by accident, something always avoided. Well, it happened this time. They were caught tangled into each other in an inevitable fight. My mother, with a lot of difficulty, grabbed Bonnie on her lap without our help, while Lolita hung on the rival's cheek.

They finally released each other. Bonnie was placed indoors, and the door, quickly closed. In the process, my mother lost balance and fell down. Since she was nervous, causing her to laugh a lot, perhaps, she couldn't get up.

A boss always tries to control the effusive behavior of their subjects. When the owner arrives from the streets, where he should never go according to the pug's conception, he is welcomed with a fanfare. In this moment of great joy, the dog unrolls his tail, which is normally coiled on the back, and the pug's race starts: the hindquarters goes down, the forepaws projects to the front pulling the body down, and the hips are well fit inside and pushed forward.

In such posture, he runs making a big circle, as a celebration. It is a charming scene that attracts the owner's attention and provokes lots of laughs. Feeling jealousy, the dominant detains the exhibition. The other can either conform to the existing limit or challenge the oppressor, starting a mess.





There are also those which love to confront between the grilles, the kind of sport particularly appreciated by some pugs. Even when the gate is open next to them, they fight for the mere pleasure of being in a dispute, very similar to a quarrel between impolite neighbors.



Bebe was an expert in that issue. Although she was a nice pug, always so motherly, taking care of the others with so many licks, she couldn't resist it when facing her fellows, across the grilles. Fortunately, the bark was low and hoarse, which spared our ears of the noise.



Bebe





Fight through the grilles





Some pugs fight for food and we wonder if they can live together in harmony when they are given treats every morning. They love the chopped banana that is left on the floor. In order to bring them together we use the same noise we generally make to feed chickens: chick chick chick. They all run from wherever they are and stay in an attentive position like in the rings, in the “stay” position, waiting for the treat.





Jack going for a walk

As a solution to reduce the fights, nothing better than a morning walk. Our pugs go to the streets very early while the sun is still warm, including some of the oldest ones. Back in the house, everyone takes a nap in the corners since there so little energy left for battles.



As the pugs get old, they become calmer and wiser. They can even live with enemies from the past. There is nothing to fight for anymore. They no longer wish for command posts. All they care about is to enjoy the pleasures of life in every moment. At first the elderly leaders are reluctant but then, they happen to give way to the young ones, which are able to handle the post because they were born leaders.

However, there is an exception. Helo, when young, was not into fights. Now she's grumpy and a fierce defender of her food. She doesn't allow any of her fellows to get close to her water bowl, while she's quenching her thirst. She also doesn't like any other pug staring at her, which is something that is interpreted by the dogs as a challenge. We need to protect her from getting into trouble as it would be a fatality in her age.

Our elderly pugs like to walk slowly and sunbathe in the yard, leaned on each other like in a group of seals. Or they fall asleep at my feet, lulled by the fall of the rain outside. The youngest pugs always get to scratch the calm in the kennel, interrupting the veterans' nap with their mess. The respectable spectators, in the heating moments of the others' dispute, delightfully show, through the sparkle in their eyes, how much they enjoy a good fight.





Madonna & Helô



## Golden Girls

Old ladies bedroom. A pug wearing yellow clothes because it was cold. Everyone fed and put to nap. Suddenly, a snarl and a bark. Everybody came running to see, pugs are not reliable, not even the old ones. Helo, the pug in clothes, with the weight of her 14 amazingly-lived years, kept Carmen subdued, with her forepaws on top of the other's back, that could react at any moment. Yes, Carmen, the merciless chief, recently retired from her alpha female position. Helo lost concept of danger, what is extremely dangerous.

“Let's depart them!”

Now only Helo and Talita together, without Carmen. Helo passed by Talita, shoving her friend, without coming around or asking to pass. Talita almost fell to the ground. Then kept looking at Helo, not understanding what was happening.

We took Talita out of the bedroom. Helo was alone, sitting on a duvet printed with large white flowers. She looked at the flowers and frowned her almost non-existent snout. She snarled at the duvet and attacked it! “Helo must have got Alzheimer's, it's better if she sleeps alone.”



Helô at 14 years of age



I would run after Tieta do Agreste<sup>1</sup>, Bill and Vicky's beautiful daughter, which has added up to both father and mother energy, and was using it all to run from me. She went through every place I couldn't pass by, so I had to come around, losing time in the pursuit. I knew it wasn't a good thing, as well as I know my pug. After having run a lot, I finally caught the runaway.

"Tieta, put it down!"

As I was giving the command, I had my hands opened like a shell, under Tieta's locked mouth. After a little more of insistence she gave in, letting to fall in the palm of my hand, nothing less than a rat's head!

<sup>1</sup> *Tieta do Agreste* is a Brazilian novel from the writer Jorge Amado, with a very famous main character, known for her attitude and liveliness. (N. T.)





Tieta, stay!





“Put Flor on a leash!”

This was the advice from the bricklayers that worked in our house during a renovation. But it wasn't only Flor that would chase them, when they skipped any of the numerous short fences that divided our property. Flor led the group, but many females followed her, accompanied by only one male, Victor, an expert in this area. Visitors were allowed only to enter the fenced area, but never to leave. When they passed their legs over the fence to leave the place, the pugs would mouth the “prey” if it wasn't faster, much faster than the dogs leaps. These, much higher than one would expect them to be.



Flor watching through the grille



Crossbreeding time. The account of the days was made, the bitch in heat was already fertile. The male, very interested. She also seemed to be. They studied one another, smelling each other. The male had his body upright, seeming bigger and more beautiful. Facing each other, they played their game, of lowering their bodies stretching their forepaws. Then they ran, joking around, she ran, he would run after her. Licking, she lifted her tail, showing interest. He made his first move, putting his forepaws over her back.



Carol & Shadow

“She bit him. How come?”

He shrank without giving up. Not like that, so easily. A new attempt, she showed her teeth. Hard to catch! With his persistence, the female ended up accepting that humiliating position. She subjected herself, maybe it would be worthy. He hugged the girl, holding her with his forepaws, in despite of the difficulty his small body imposed to him. He tried a first time, she cried out and ran away.

Humans asking “Be a good girl, come on!”

All over again, now she was more condescending. He was always trying, but was taller than her.  
“Let’s help”.

But when we invaded their privacy, he shrank.

As time passed, we were getting tired. They were too, tongue out and upwards like a hook, panting.

“The mood is over, better leave it for later. Tomorrow, maybe.”

Given this repetitive agony with almost every pug in the kennel, we decided to do artificial insemination.



Two months later, the labor. They prefer the darkness of the night. I think it is one of the only remainders of instinct that they keep, the one that dictates the right time when most predators are sleeping. It was also the one that kept us awake all night long, cutting the amniotic sacs and tying the umbilical cords, since we did not want to lose the whole litter, because at this moment, the mothers never take any action. They keep looking at the babies, turning around to smell them, at best. Those were tense nights, nights of tiredness and emotion, celebrating each healthy baby born, watching so they would be warm, putting them to be fed, trying to reanimate the ones breathing with difficulty, and mourning the ones that didn't survive.

Watching, to see if the caesarian was going to be necessary, apprehensive about the shortness of breath, which always represents a burden to the pugs, due to their short snouts.





Some pugs did not hide the sacrifice that was to breastfeed their puppies and some rare mothers would cling to them.





Many bitches used to accept the help from others, and they took care of the puppies together.

We quit crossbreeding some bitches, the youngest ones in the kennel, tired of the heavy work with the litters. So we spayed Africa, Bagueera, Grauna, Tutti Frutti and Hadija.

From the ones which were mothers, only a few have shown to be as exemplary as Dona Flor, which even being tiny, had six puppies and took care of them.



Flavia, being so distractive, almost mashed one of hers, as did Puppy, her mother.

This one remained inattentive during the four litters she had. Carmen and Lola used to lay face down to make the breastfeeding more difficult.



Lola





Bete Balanço always kept the nest impeccable and took care of her babies, as if she was not a pug. What a luxury!





Gisele Bunchen would bite her puppies as soon as they were born, making some attention necessary. Only a few hours later she would recognize them.



Carol, a careful mother, used to breastfeed sitting down. Her puppies were beautiful! Such a pretty sight.

Bebe, very loving and neat, cleaned the puppies' buttocks until they got rashed.

Betty Boop used to lick her first litter until they got completely wet and trembling with cold.



Lili Shot Gun returned to our house one week before her last labor, and was gentle and attentive to the offspring.

In Vicky and her daughter Tieta we couldn't trust, for they were as childish as the puppies.

Lolita rebuked her puppies if they tried to eat her food before her, always honoring her position of alpha female.

And Vivi, the mother of all pugs, was my peace.



Lili Shot Gun



Helo was one of the least effortful. She would leave her litter to lie on my pillow. In her first labor, she felt very tired after many contractions, but nothing happened! My husband was travelling for work. There were only both of us, in a May dawn. On the phone, the vet advised us to take her to the clinic for a surgery. It was not prudent to wait any longer! I put her in the front seat beside me, so I wouldn't lose sight of her. It was cold, the winter was coming. In the middle of the way, the puppy showed up. I pulled the car over, on a desert street. In a low cry, the puppy jumped out right to my hands. It was a strong and healthy bitch. I put the little one on my chest, inside my blouse, in order to keep her warm, before taking the wheel again.

And this is how Radical Chic was born, the only bitch of that litter. She was especially beautiful. Especially loved.







After becoming an adult, she had the habit of watching the house, like a guard pug, monitoring the street from behind the bamboo bush. Every afternoon. Every time a car passed, she used to chase it with the other dogs, from inside the run, at an impressive speed, followed by other pugs, in the accomplishment of the task. Then all dogs spread out, except Radical, which stood vigilantly behind the bush. In the evening, everybody would go back to the pugs' house after our call, but there was always someone missing. It was her, never leaving the post before nightfall was complete, and the night was full.





Inseminations, pregnancies and births. Precious opportunities for the girls to live like never before with their humans. And opportunities for us humans to love even more our pugs, thankful for the beautiful gift they gave us, in the shape of puppies.



## Boys don't cry

- Help! The shout was quiet. The voice was familiar.

I was at the backyard and after sharpening my ears, I could notice it was coming from the bathroom window.

- What is going on?

- We are locked in here!

On the outside, Bonitao was advancing on the closed door, rocking his body, in the impulse of his barks, in the typical hoarse voice of the pugs.

Unbelievable! I got the “beast” in my arms and opened the door to the disappointed duo, who slipped away. He was really fancying himself. Having noticed the fear of my mother and my mother-in-law, he took advantage of the situation to have his five minutes as a guard dog.

This is Bonitao. Being very imposing, he had an attitude of dignity. He did not like to play with the other pugs, except Puppy, forever his girlfriend. He did justice to his nickname, which replaced the pedigree name, noble, huge, long, especially because of all the titles he won. He had a bouncy walk, as if he was mocking gravity. Impossible not to notice the straight back, precisely sculptured by God the Father Almighty, in some cheerful moment of life.



Bonitao



Bonitao would sell himself for a high price. Seeing him parade with all the beauty on the dog show rings, it depended on his mood. When he wanted, he raised his head up powerfully, blowing the audience and the judge's mind. But on days of bad mood, nothing could convince him to do his job.

One of his first exhibitions in Brazil occurred nine hundred kilometers away from home. Three rings and one judge in each. In the first, Bonitao paraded joyfully. He was happy showing the world all his majesty. He did justice to the "Best in Show", compensating for the long trip. On the second ring, he did not perform well, already starting to show the human beings who was in charge. On the third, Bonitao came on the ring limping and we took him out, worried. As soon as he was out of the ring he started walking normally, fleet-footed. He was then examined by a local vet, who attested the perfect health of our pug.

But Bonitao made up for his whims. He made a beautiful campaign, winning other Best in Show prizes and earning the title of Great National Winner, the most important title a dog can ever receive in our country.





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Bonitao & Marcelo Coelli



Bonitao in his dog wheelchair



His strength and determination were shown in the last moments of his fourteen years, when a herniated disc paralyzed the movements of his four members. Being too old to go under surgery, all that was left for him was a tailored little car, which would allow him to keep standing. From there on, he, still very imposing, would run the world. He did not permit the other pugs to get close to mark a territory that belonged to him. He died on his sleep, after having taught everybody how to deal with adversity.



Absolute success in the rings, the number one pug in our country! We were in the turn of the century, and the dog was Truck.

Aware of his beauty and prestige, our champion was a professional. Very serious in exhibitions, where everybody wanted to meet him. But when someone would come close to address pampering words, he would turn his head the other way. He showed he was too important to give attention to strangers. It was as if he conceded people the privilege of admiring him.

The tours with him were unforgettable. Many trips, a lot of rooting and countless Best in Shows.



Truck resting





He left many puppies, equally beautiful and strong. He lived as a powerful king, challenging every male in the kennel.

In the last years of life, Truck became peaceful. Atoned with his rivals, they were seen together, walking side by side, or taking a nap, reclined over each other, no hard feelings, while the sun warmed the cold mornings of Juiz de Fora.



It was a beautiful sight: an adult male, lying with his belly upwards. The puppies all over him, playing around, practicing for the fight over dominance. Bill was teaching them. And he would only run away when the disturbing pack was made of too many, with their pointy feet biting small holes on his legs.

There is a moment in which the breeder needs to refresh the blood of the kennel. It is when the crossbreeds become strongly blood related, which increases the risk of congenital diseases. He should then introduce a male with completely new blood and pray that the breeding is successful.

Again, it was time to invest heavily in the stock. That's how another American champion arrived at our house. Bill, a true gentleman, the happiest pug I have ever met.

I often say that our kennel had two phases: before and after this charming pug. All the bitches should breed with him, so the puppies become as beautiful and healthy as the father. Puppies he would later train patiently with his banter.



At the time of his arrival, we had already left the shows, but there was still time for him to become a champion also in Brazil. For him, the rings were always party and an excellent opportunity to celebrate life and be spoiled by humans. After all, being admired is a great talent for a pug and that's what he's meant to be.







He took the lead at the kennel naturally, since Bonitao and Truck were not so young anymore. During that period, the whole group benefit from his peaceful leadership. Just some caution was necessary: he skipped the fences to go after the bitches in heat, the incorrigible Don Juan.



Bill at 13 years of age, going for a walk



Bill, just had turned thirteen, healthy and full of energy. Still beautiful and strong, he enjoys morning walks. Every now and then he still tries to reach the birds, his favorite sport. He taught “hunting” lessons to his daughter Tutti, even though none of them, until this day, has been successful. But they have a lot of fun!



We have always been very grateful to the breeders of all the pugs which made the bloodlines of our kennel. But as we improved the genetics, we started to have breeding males born in our house. Victor Hugo was the first and in my opinion, the most beautiful Nabuco of all pugs. He was also the most spoiled one, the only male of Betty Boop's last litter, the orphan one, adopted by sweet Preferida . Even being raised by her, Victor did not learn the art of being gentle, and still a puppy, he showed he had inherited the authoritarian temper from his mother.

At that time, we rescued a puppy pug. The breeder wanted to sacrifice him, because he had turned blind due to a corneal ulcer not properly treated. We went to rescue little Magoo, which was the same age as Victor. Very compassionate with his sad story, the humans started to pamper Magoo. Victor, feeling jealous, always mistreated his friend, which screamed frightened and defenseless. Silvia lovingly took Magoo to her house, where he could live a life of peace, free from the attacks of the young tyrant.







Victor always had a singular behavior, of incisive leadership. He didn't admit the presence of strange dogs. By the simple sight of a picture, he would bark forcefully to repel the "invader", regardless if the picture was stamped in a page of a book or on someone's shirt.

At that time, we did not go to dog shows very often, but in the few times we took him, Victor used to provoke bigger dogs, what he did in an unpredictable and silent way.



Victor Hugo on the hill





Respectful of Bill, his father, he only took the leadership after he was given the possession of the throne. From then on, he began to command the group in a very severe way. He was an excellent stud. I did not get to meet any of his descendents which did not have his body structure and beauty.



Always behaving like a “guard pug”, until this day, Victor yields obedience only to us, his owners. When a visitor enters our house, he lets himself be pleased, but keeps an eye on the person. When leaving, he realizes that the intruder was shutting a door in front of him, he then attacks.

Today, at the age of eleven, Victor is calmer, though he does not give up watching the steps of our employees. Every time our cook, that he considers very suspicious, crosses a door and does not let him pass, he makes a point of letting her know who rules the house. But he never refuses when she offers the tidbits he appreciates so much. Alexandra, who he knew since he was little, our employee, only exercised the right to come and go during office hours, dressed in her uniform. At the end of the day, when she left the house wearing casual clothing, Victor barked at her, as if she was his human slave.





Black Jack, the first black pug

Curfew time for the afternoon nap. The sun was blistering and everybody walked spontaneously to the pug's house. They looked for the comfort of the soft pillow and the mild temperature inside . But one of the boxes was empty, it was Jack's.

"Where is he?"



We looked for him everywhere! Where has he gone, that nutcase? After running up the possibilities of searching inside the limits of our territory, we went to the streets, in huge anguish, in an attempt to find the runaway. After a long quest, there he was, sitting on the sidewalk of a street parallel to ours, very scared and smelling carrion. He had escaped through a hole in the fence, which he had seen before us. After the scare we had, we changed the fence for another type, safer and escape-proof.

Jack was the first black pug with the surname Nabuco. It was a challenge for us to build the genetics of black pugs, with a body structure as strong as the one of our apricot pugs. So, we took the beautiful bitch Carmen Miranda to California, where she was crossbred with an American champion, very pretty, as black as coal. Son of that crossbreeding, since he was tiny, Jack already corresponded to our *multum in parvo* expectations: much in little, a small but strong pug.

He always liked new things, like the one he was showing as a trophy, on a rainy day. I identified the tiny legs of a green tree frog, with the rest of the body inside the pug's mouth. In a reflex I shouted "Jack!", and he quickly swallowed the prey. We immediately called the vet, worried about the results of that unexpected meal. He was medicated with the recommendation to be watched closely. But what we noticed was the considerable improvement in the brightness of the fur and the willingness for new adventures.



Black Jack at 8 years of age





Shadow



A very witty and pretty black one was called Shadow. He arrived in our house in my arms. A baby coming from into the cabin of an airplane. I picked him up myself in North Carolina. As soon as he grew up, declared himself a strict opponent of Victor. But the boss only passed his scepter, and under protest, to Ziggy, one of his kin, ignoring Shadow's demands.



As beautiful as all of Victor's puppies, Ziggy puts together what is most relevant in the males of our kennel. A back as short and straight as Bill's. The prancing walk from Bonitao, the heavy bones, like Truck.

He gives me this sweet look just like Vivi used to do in the past, and always tries to be around me. In the morning walks, he insists that I have to hold the collar guiding him.



Zig Zag









Ziggy keeps leading the group and governs in a very lovely fashion with his followers. Although he has to tolerate and resist the constant assaults from Shadow and Jack, that just will never give up on the idea of taking the throne. The thing they most wished in their lives. The heavy and toilsome burden of alpha male of the kennel.



## Playing God or the Pug Breeder

Dark circles around the eyes, because of the poor sleep. With the time, patience comes to an end, tested to the most extreme limits. He gradually starts to look like a zombie, walking a bit hunched by the house, with an astonished expression. He couldn't think straight. When he sleeps, he dreams with puppies nursing, he sees his own hands cleaning that yellow poop and putting the small ones to be nursed: "This one likes this udder best, that tiny one has to be in this one, that has more milk". And so it goes.

The babies are fragile, some of them don't make it. The puppies' survival is directly proportional to the experience as a breeder. With the time, he recognizes the situations and takes the necessary arrangements. He rarely loses them. It is known that he will keep them warm and apart from their mother, which doesn't cooperate often. For her, the sacrifice of maternity is only worthy if she's very close from her beloved owner! Every two hours, night or day, he nurses them to be fed. They must be smart and calm, served puppies don't cry. He will change the sheets frequently and he will also have a lot of laundry to wash. If the mother refuses to lick their puppies so they can do their needs, he will use a chunk of cotton to stimulate them and keep them clean, avoiding rashes. And when it's really hallucinating, he sings lullabies, rocking his body with a puppy in his arms, without realizing what he is doing.







After the first and most difficult weeks, they are already standing on their own. First, they would tip to the side trying to balance. The heavier ones can't hold it, so he puts rubber flooring on the floor of the nest to keep the paws firm and make the life of the puppy easier. But it also makes his life more difficult, poor breeder, because the flooring gets dirtier, making him change it more often. One more thing to be washed. If the pads aren't the solution, then the paws must be held together, using some tape to keep their heels together, so they won't slip outwards. Yes, now standing, the happy puppy can walk and play with his siblings.



Flavia's puppy on his feet



The time to wean starts. Some don't accept the pap, just wanting the warm tasty mother's milk. She, working harder every day, wants to get away from the nest. She is tired, dodging the pointy little teeth that start to grow in their hungry mouths, hurting her udders. Like a dedicated nanny, he patiently teaches the gang how to eat, offering food to each puppy's mouth with a teaspoon, until they get some taste for it.



Flavia & Bill's female puppy







Now they are already grown up. He looks to the small pugs delighted: how they are beautiful and healthy! After all, he has spent so much time with them in the last 40 days, that he considers himself the mother of the litter. He doesn't mind if they give him trouble anymore, if he needs to clean the floor every minute, after collecting the stomped poop. He doesn't mind if he gives vermifuge and they all cough, spitting everything out. It's a pleasure to take them to sunbath every morning. It's all right if we need to keep their nails short so they don't hurt their relatives' eyes. They are so beautiful, so perfect!

Now he looks at the littler with clinic eyes, in order to choose which one he is going to be with. "This is stronger, but is it going to be too big? That one is pretty clear. One is calmer and the other one is a dominator. This female has dark nails and that other doesn't. And look at the bone structure of this puppy!"

A beginner breeder, one of those tenacious ones, always keeps the whole litter, like I did at the beginning. Gradually, the breeder develops an accurate view in relation to the future of those babies until he trains his eyes. Before that, he makes many mistakes in his prediction, but with the time he is less likely to fail. Sometimes, logics do not work, and he witnesses the little one in the litter becoming an exuberant and straight adult dog.





Dona Flor & Lex's daughters



Then we have the crucial moment of choice of future owners, science of the occult, that not even great wizards master. Worried about the future of those beloved little beings, he starts another marathon: shooting pictures of puppies which won't stay still, shooting videos, offering, making contact with potential buyers, analyzing, distrusting, and making the weirdest questions. He wants to be impossibly sure that he won't be wrong in his decision, and that the puppy will be a very happy pug, beloved in his new home, until the end of its days.

Litter delivered, mission complete. The elected little one stayed with the kennel. But, as everything goes, after a short time he forgets the hard work. Again he chooses a couple with matching pedigrees and combining characteristics. He awaits for the heat and insanely repeats it all over and over again. Even knowing it will be necessary to be always around (it's useless to schedule trips). He will have to abdicate other interests, that is part of the process. That if he doesn't fit in the profile, he will have to choose a more responsible and dutiful breed. Because commitment is not for a pug: these loving dogs are hopeless rascals, who get what they want with a great charming power. To breed them, that's how it has to be.





He also knows that resisting is useless, because being a pug breeder is a state of mind. Without a doubt, it is a pathological condition but, on second thoughts, it seems to me there is no normal state of being. One could say that his mind works on calculation, always aiming results in his litters: he reasons out pedigrees, studies breed patterns, understands genetics and tests crossbreeds, aiming perfection for the puppies. He does not achieve any perfection, of course, but he never stops trying. He feels happy by getting close, learning from the hits and misses, stumbling on them. knowing beforehand that he will need to count on a good dose of luck.



Once a breeder, always a breeder, even retired.

When I spayed the last two bitches that were missing in our house, I must confess I felt tightness in my chest, even though I was sure of my decision.

Soon after that, I had a dream, one of the very lively ones, which everybody believes to be real: Dona Flor, the silver of our house, was giving birth unexpectedly. I delivered the baby and saw a unique puppy springing up in my hands: it was a very strong little male.

However, he was not born the way the pugs are normally born, with very dark fur. His color was light beige and he had the body shape of an adult. The very thick legs called my attention.

I celebrated the birth by saying the favorite sentence of every breeder: "I'll keep this one!" I took pictures and called some friends, informing them about the arrival of the one which would be the last pug born in our kennel.

Already awake, it came to me: Flor, although full of life and joy, was already spayed and had turned ten.

I cried like a child.





Flor at 10 years of age



## Not-that-close Friends

The fight came out of nowhere, as usual. More than the pugs, they had an obstinate behavior, almost impossible to control. Very muscular, it was difficult to hold a strong body that was round, plump, hard to catch. And had to use much more strength than I was able to, because during my whole life, I have exercised something that demanded a firm delicacy, never strength. Now I needed it, at that emergency. With the situation under control, I let myself fall sit on the floor, dizzy out of effort.



Shamantha & Tábata



That's how it was with the bulldogs, for two years. First we bought the bitches Samantha and Tabata. Then Barry came along, a totally white male. Naturally, they hated the pugs. The latter, on the other hand, never missing the opportunity of teasing the big dogs the way they could, through the grates.



Samantha



Tabata



Vicky & Barry



Vicky & Barry on the sofá



Both breeds could only be together when the bulls were just puppies.



Pug & Bull



Two pugs & a bull



And such beautiful puppies!



To have them, we went through the problems we already knew with the pug: same fragile health, cesarean procedures, the nonchalance of the females to the babies.



Samantha & litter



Once, not spontaneously, of course, Tabata helped with the breastfeeding of an entire litter of pugs. Although it was convenient, we preferred not to repeat the experience, since she used to growl while doing that favor.

“Tabata, what is that in your mouth? The wings of a butterfly? Let the poor thing go!” Opening up that powerful jaw, the insect flew away, by miracle.

And what was that, coming out of Tabata’s anus?

“Don’t pull! Wait, let’s see.”

It was a leash, probably swallowed on the previous day, what hadn’t changed at all the bulldog’s mood and appetite. A surgery removed the object safely.

Tabata and Samantha were always competing against each other ferociously. When they became adults, they ended up not staying together. When we took them for a walk, they walked side by side, ignoring each other. But all we had to do was to cross the gates and they would wrestle viciously.



Breast-feeding Pugs



Barry had the terrible habit of jumping over fences. We would gradually make them higher, the same ones that kept the pugs inside easily. But he practiced more and more, jumping even higher, incredibly. Once I heard cries for help coming from the street. The pugs were barking, enraged with the uproar. We went towards the cries, to help and there was our neighbor, with her arms raised high, holding her small shitzu the higher she could. Barry, running around them, was showing off some acrobatic jumps, trying to reach for the female. I don't recall ever running faster than that, my husband and me. That bitch in heat was the call for that dedicated athlete.

Bulldogs are very lovely to humans, and maybe that's why we have resisted stopping breeding them. But we ended up giving in, dreading some casualty in their meeting with the pugs. We referred them to friends, that received them being as caring as we were, or even more.



Barry



Twenty-one years ago, still a puppy, Buck crossed the mountain ridge with us, when we moved from Rio de Janeiro to Juiz de Fora.

Living in a house required a watch dog. But a well-tempered one, because our teenage children would certainly have many friends, in and out of the house, nonstop. Thus, nothing more appropriate than a Great Dane.



Buck





Buck was like an only child, very spoiled, without other dogs that would fight him for the attention from the whole family. While puppy, he liked to sit in people's lap. But he kept growing and growing, and he couldn't fit into laps any longer. This was his first loss. The second and most painful was Lolita's arrival. As soon as she became an adult, she started to exercise leadership, submitting the giant to her tyranny. After that, the house started to pack with pugs. Besides being spoiled, Buck became grumpy and whiny.

He was especially protective to me. When we were in the car, Buck and me, he wouldn't let anyone get inside it. Just by mentioning anyone in the family, he made his bark sound in that enclosed space. So we learned it was necessary to follow an entrance sequence: everybody first, then the big guy, and finally me, his protégée.



Buck walked the streets with us, being the center of attention. One day, when we passed by two boys, we heard the following conversation:

“It’s a dog.”

“No, it’s a steer.”

“It’s a dog!”

We passed by in silence.

“Didn’t I tell you it was a steer?”

Buck accomplished his job with honors, living incredible and long thirteen years for such a big breed. Certainly due to the VIP treatment, which included sleeping on a orthopedic mattress, so he wouldn’t have callus on his elbows.



Buck & Eduardo



A stampede! Like an explosion. There was no fence to hold it. In the eye of the hurricane, barking and biting the legs of the cattle, there was the cause of everything: Seville, my mother's whippet.

She lived in our house for many years, and the farm was her favorite trip, as well as Vivi's and Lolita's. Until the day she jumped from the porch, a three meter high porch, to follow us. She left unscathed, but didn't go there again, just as precaution.

The whippet was the same age as Lolita and had absolute fear and respect for her, feelings that extended to all pugs. She avoided them, whenever she could, except for Bonnie, with whom she had no problems living with. What if reserved she was looking for support in the opposing faction, in order to find protection against Lolita? How could we know what they said in their body language, full of smells and sounds?

One day, in Juiz de Fora, Seville was walking with us in a safe area, with no car access, where we decided to let her off her leash so she could run freely. We just didn't know she had a thing for soccer. While the ball was rolling on the field, she got in the game, chasing the ball and biting the players' heels. Absolutely fair complaints, apologies, let's go home now!



Seville



Seville lived to the age of fifteen. Already mature, she was always stretched over the armchairs, making the pugs envious. According to my daughter, because they were fat and short, and she was slim and elegant.



The elegant Seville (Leo Nabuco)







BR & Leticia

There was also the little BR. She was rescued still a baby on BR-040 road, hence the name. She was skillful in her relations with the pugs. Never defying them, nor affiliating to any party. She was never involved in fights, limiting herself to being barking around the pack, while they mingled forming a shapeless jumble, biting indistinctly.

Very grateful to all and so experienced in her young age, she soon understood she would have to adapt to the rules of an already settled community to live with us.

It is quite possible that BR believed to be a pug, or even pretend to be one. Maybe that is the reason why she was so quickly accepted in our elitist dog community.





BR & Hadija



## The Prodigal Sons and the New Winds

The alarm clock rings, I can barely understand what is going on. Yeah, food day. Everything settled, we drive to a wholesale market, away from the city. A bustling place, with a lot of people coming and going, trucks arriving with goods to be delivered. We start shopping. Fifty kilos potato sacks. Pumpkin, carrots, beets and other vegetables, thirty kilos. Everything fresh. Chicken necks. Fifty kilos minced meat. Fresh fish, extra virgin olive oil. Garlic, rice, brewer's yeast powder.

Getting back home. Unloading the car. Taking, chopping, crushing. Weighting and conditioning each ingredient in one-day-consumption packs. Putting in the freezer. Everything ready to feed twenty pugs for thirty days. A kitchen just for them, everyone involved in the task. In the following month, it happens all over again. And so it has been for a year and a half.



Food Preparation



This story started years ago. Four pugs came to us and were joyfully welcomed. Already adult, three of them were born in our house: Boogie Woogie, Lili Shot Gun and Talita. And Barto, even being born in another kennel, had our bloodlines, because he was the child of Bill and Talita.



Talita







Despite the name, Lili Shot Gun was the sweetest pug I have ever seen. Along the five years she lived with us, she clung to me and came to replace some of Preferida's spot, which I missed so much. She used to stay on my lap for hours, every morning, while I typed with the others at my feet.

She got sick at the age eleven. She was prostrated, with occasional diarrheas and often vomits. The vets found she was anemic and her liver was heavily compromised. During four months we worked really hard so Lili would get better. Internations, blood transfusion, but her health was only getting worse and worse. Her legs were swollen, she didn't want to eat anymore. It lasted until she finally said goodbye to us.



Lili Shot Gun



We had other casualties in our pug contingent for digestive problems, which origin the vets could not precise. Due to the same cause, the beautiful Gisele Bünchen and Flavia left us. They were gone relatively early, at the age of nine.

In some of them, the clinical state began acutely and was degenerating into an uncontrollable food intolerance, until they passed. In others, the evolution was slower, but not any less lethal.

At an elderly age, Bill became sick like the others. Delicate appetite, thin, swollen legs due to anemia and swollen liver, despite of all the treatment that was given to him. Although he did not present an acute clinical state, he left me no hope that he would survive. But he resisted.



Flavia





Bartô at nine years of age

Barto started to repeat the same story, presenting a diarrhea that devastated him for forty days. His liver changes and anemia could already be seen, and I decided it was time to take an action for as it had happened to the others, the treatment was showing no results. In spite of the vets competence and dedication, Western medicine had failed with the use of antibiotics, hepatic protectors and the very pricy dog food, that the pugs hated, made especially for sensitive organisms.



A plausible explanation was the dog food itself, even being of the best quality. We would then try to replace it for homemade food.

Barto was offered a small amount of minced meat with well cooked rice, which he gobbled with pleasure. We gradually added up the delicacy, and he did not have diarrhea again. The problem had been definitely solved. We suspended the medication.

Since then, we undertook a frantic research, under the orientation of Dr. William Estellai, our vet friend, specialized in Acupuncture and Traditional Chinese Medicine. We searched for information in specialized books, which had a total new language for me and researched extensively on the web.

And why not extend the benefits of a healthy natural diet to all pugs? We bet on that aiming the avoidance of future problems, even if the new decision would imply a drastic change in the daily routine of the kennel. Once more, the well-being of the dogs would demand a lot of work and dedication from us. With the aid of a nutritionist, we started a real marathon to set up a proper diet. The challenge was to balance the food items, in a reliable way, to offer the proper daily needs of each ingredient, setting servings. When it comes to feeding twenty avid mouths, it was also essential that the diet was practicable, easy to do.

After many attempts, hits and misses, we finally came up with an elaboration of a balanced diet for pugs.



Bill after full cure, waiting for our home-made food



After a year and a half in the homemade food diet, the results could be seen in every pug. The fur is even silkier than before, like velvet. The skin is healthy. Renal system unchanged. Perfectly clean ears. The plump shape of some gave place to a lean shape. Bill, at the age of thirteen, had his blood tests results absolutely normal. His appetite is hearty, he put on weight and his legs are not swollen. All over the roster, no more digestive problems. And the cherry on the top, scentless feces! It's the pug breeder heaven!





Bartô at ten years of age, fed by our home-made food



The kennel had been having an unaltered routine for some years. When the sameness seemed to have definitely installed in our house, new winds came to remove the dust piled up in the corners. Corners where puppies no longer play in their eternal celebration of life, where males no longer crossbreed and bitches no longer give birth. Where pugs repeated the same routine and the elder declined, adding up more and more medicines, lots of exams and the final departure.

Acupuncture, Traditional Chinese Medicine and Phytotherapy began to precociously treat all the symptoms of our pugs, before the imbalance was installed.

An unexpected jolt of life in the elderly, in this stack where more than half of them have lived more than ten years. The excitement at food time shows the satisfaction of pugs in seeing us attending to one of their greatest pleasures: eating. Perhaps the only comparable to the joy of living with their idolized humans. No more barren and dry food, but healthy, varied and natural food.

Back to the excitement of the old times.

We became younger, them and me!







## We do something for a time

The greatest lesson I have learned with the kennel is about the imponderable. It took me a long time to realize I didn't have the slightest control over the events, although I resisted bravely, trying to make it as if I were Don Quijote. Sometimes everything seemed to be working, whether it was the accuracy with which I chose the puppies' owners, or the attentive handling of such breed of so delicate health. Was it the selection of the new ones, or the well planned crossbreed among the pugs in the kennel.

However, at other times, when everything seemed to be favorable, something unexpected always happened. That person, who seemed to be the perfect owner for a puppy, did not meet the basic requirements to fit the desired profile. Our little pug which was delivered healthy and happy, surrounded by caress and recommendations, was living a miserable life! A lot of distressing nights were necessary for me to accept that dog's destiny.

Not to mention the times when a happy and healthy pug entered the surgery room for some intervention, sometimes banal ones, such as teeth cleaning, and we lost them because of an anesthetic complication, so common among the dogs of this breed. That is what happened to Betty Boop, to Puppy and to beautiful Carol.



Carol





Nevertheless the imponderable also worked favorably, and we moved on with our passion, even being in the edge of insanity, when the stud which was acquired to be part of our stack, honored us with an excellent progeny, after crossbreeding with our bitches.

When the genetic selection work was captivating and crowned by our greatest delight: the birth of a healthy litter.

Or when the mother did us the huge favor, of taking care of the puppies, that grew exuberantly. As the years passed by, experience gave us the privilege of hardly ever losing any puppy.

The winds of luck were also blowing in our favor when we went on a long trip, taking two bitches to crossbreed with exceptional studs, residents of a distant country, and they cherished us with beautiful and healthy litters.



Carol & Shadow's puppies



The victories on the ring were unforgettable!

Memphis Belle - USA





It was also very rewarding to make friends among those who have bought our puppies and would carry on with the victorious campaigns in the dog shows. It was comforting to know that the sold pugs would be loved by them until the end of their lives.

All those moments were glorious, when everything was wishfully under control, given that nothing happens only because we want or does not happen because we can avoid it. There is no doubt that we have to do our part. After all, everything just happens or not.



Nina & Black Tie in Russia



Today I can see the history of our kennel as something that has flowed to me. Since the beginning, like a river, carrying me in a strong water stream, that not even medicine could stop.

Our pugs have become known throughout the world, and breeders from sixteen countries, besides Brazil, had acquired Nabuco pugs, and many times they had more than one specimen.

A friend, who had purchased a puppy from our house, was on a tour in Barcelona, when he saw someone walking with two pugs. Complying with the attraction that breed owners exercise on each other, they talked, until they found out that both had Nabuco dogs from our kennel.



Ariel ROM



An American judge, who was working in Europe, identified one of our dogs by the shape of the head, which meant that a type has been created in our bloodline, and it was already recognized among the canophilia followers. The breeder's mission has been accomplished.







Lola at my computer desk

Since the beginning I invested, studied and worked hard, as never before, and above all, I loved every pug that has come to my hands. It took all this effort, but beyond that, it was essential that the existence conspired in our favor. I painfully learned that it is good to do the best, for the simple pleasure of doing so, regardless of the results. The reason is that the imponderable is lurking, and it is useless to resist.



And as my heart could not respond well to so many emotions, I thought it was wise to step back. We no longer had the youth of before, which allowed us to survive the effort of putting the puppies to nurse every two hours, on the careless mothers, which peeped us with a worshipping look, throughout the sleepless nights. We, my husband and I, were tired and susceptible to losses, as well as our employees.

The litters were becoming scarce. I happened to realize a fact that was obvious to the outsiders, but far from me, during the time I raised the dogs. In the beginning there were many births and few deaths, for our dogs were mostly young. But that relationship was reversed, given that the stock was aging fast, and so were we.

I spent some time unresigned, resisting the reality of the facts, while the enthusiasm faded. Although I loved the breed very much, it was time to stop. I announced my decision, which was received with disbelief by some people and distress by others, especially for those waited for so long to have a Nabuco, and that was common.

Nowadays I miss it, whenever I see the puppies carrying our bloodline in so many countries in the world, with those distinctive little faces, structured body and strong bones. But I am aware of the impossibility of having them in our home again.

Now I also see the enthusiasm on the rings as something that had its place, and would no longer fit our actuality.







The twenty so-beloved pugs that are still with us are mostly over the age of ten. Because I watched so many pugs leaving us, I learned how to deal with death in a more peaceful way, in the understanding of life as a cycle that must be completed. Today there is a kind of peace that comes from accepting everything that happens, and I widely enjoy the company of each dog, especially the elderly. Now, like something precious, I carry the certainty that we only do what we are supposed to do, and for an expected time, never beyond it.

As long as I live, I will have a pug at my feet. One that carries the type we selected, in this handcraft work of so many years. How can we move on without the joy of such a special breed, which gives us as much love as it asks for? Without all the fur loss wherever they pass, always admiring us with big and bright eyes, while the round head tilts, trying to understand such difficult people! How would it be without these little beings which are born, live and die celebrating? Always wishing the best part of life, which is to live with their worshiped humans? It was a simple lesson, but we take some time to understand, this one of enjoying things without clinging to whatever escapes from us, trying to control the uncontrollable. Simply dance our lives, from the coolness of birth to the peace of death.





Hejo at 15 months of age with Marcelo Coelli



Helo at 14 years of age with Marcelo Coelli





## Déjà Vu

Some time ago a friend asked me if a pug with the prefix Nabuco would never be born again. For a split second, a picture of the puppies crossed my mind, those little balls of fur, enchanted with life. Big eyes, irresistible seducers!

And I remembered the pleasure of following their growth, seeing the blooming of the qualities we tried to develop and perpetuate in each one.





From the harmonic head with small and well positioned ears, to the curled tail over the short back.



Little Lola



The thick legs, as straight as short stakes, offering stability to the strong square body. The dense and soft fur, like a teddy.

How much joy in the little pugs! The unbounded litter, a gang running and exploring the world!



João Gilberto USA



I replied with a question:

“But all over again?”

And she started her lecture, filling me with surprise, so unexpectedly, after some years since the last litter in our kennel. We talked a lot, weaved hypotheses, for everything changes, all the time.

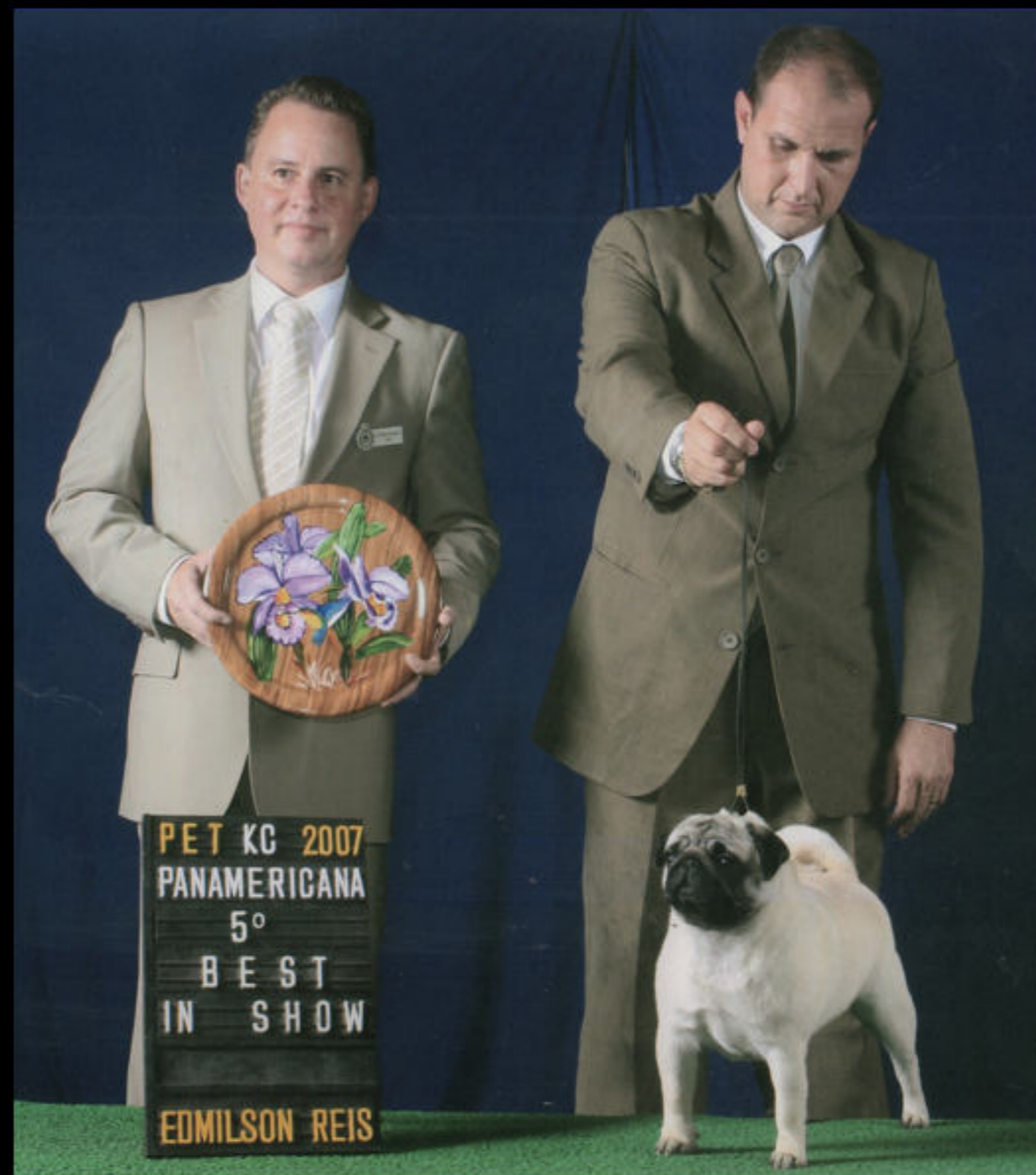
Life happens now, not in our recollections, even them being the dearest.

But that is the beginning of another story.





# Nabucos on the Ring



Nabuco's Ana Livia (Lili) - Brazil





Nabuco's Ariel Princess - USA





Nabuco's Átila - Noruega





Nabuco's Billie Jean - Germany





Nabuco's Black-Tie - Russia





Nabuco's Blackout - Italy





Nabuco's Born To Win - Brazil





Nabuco's Brazilian Buddy - France





Nabuco's California Dreaming - Brasil





Nabuco's Casanova - Italy





Nabuco's Cauan - Argentina





Nabuco's João Gilberto - USA





Nabuco´s Joe Satriani - Spain





Nabuco's Memphis Belle - USA





Nabuco's Moka - Mexico





Nabuco's Ornella - Italy





Nabuco's Over the Rainbow - Chile





Nabuco´s Playboy - Austria





Nabuco's Rick Martin - Portugal





Nabuco's Rolls Royce - Poland





Nabuco´s Tarja - Spain





Nabuco's Tequila II - Mexico





Nabuco's Thobias - Germany



**Nabuco**Pugs

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