



QPAH Ambassador 2022

PAW OVER HAND - A BARKOLOGY



BY

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Approximately 9,500 Words

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HIDING



This is an honest, open, heartfelt journey of personal discovery and how it is not your choice. How it is who you are meant to be, just yourself and not what is assumed or expected. How this realization, no matter when it occurs allows a celebration of self and an ability to just be. Happiness, self-aware and blossoming life wonder will follow. How being and existing is not the same as conforming with a society that has constraints on behavior and acceptance.

I, ‘*hooman*’ Paul, have never really been aware of who I was. Well not really. I will elaborate later the term ‘**HOOMAN**’ used above. When I say ‘not aware’ I mean that both emotionally and sexually.

I have always a bit of a loner, but also an imaginative, playful soul. I seemed to be happy with my own company and not entirely sure how or if I wanted to mix with others.

All I knew is that I did want to fit in. Contribute. Every human being has this urge to fit in, whether with my peers in my primary school or colleagues in the team, or later in life with the work environment. The aim to gain that social acceptance, grow one’s own experiences to then share in future conversations of acceptance with family and friends.

School Years ...

On a family note, my father is a real man's man. A footy player, worked in the Railway and later managed a hotel, well he was expecting me to be like him as many parents still do enforce their beliefs on their offspring. If only we could all be individuals, the world may grow to better understand acceptance and tolerance. I know we need discipline, that is totally different, and I agree with this to a point. That is a discussion for someone else, it is not what this journey is all about. I wanted to understand what I might be missing, what it is I could gain from this experience in the world of social interaction, so after he accepted the role of soccer coach, I asked if I could join a team.

I knew I would have to be the best I could be being the son of the coach. After some training sessions it was confirmed that my skill level was that to be of right winger or goalkeeper. This however was not the triumph of acceptance I was expecting. One reason may have been that my father was the coach of the team and just maybe I was wanting to get acceptance from him in who his son was and that it was not what he expected.

Having given this a try for a year, I advised my dad that this was not working for me and that I'd like to give something else a try. In soccer I was never really part of the team, just there as the coach's son, who at best, filled a spot, at worst lost the game if given the ball.

Tennis anyone?

I think I was trying to work out the best way to achieve this social conformity. Tennis still provides group interaction but allows the player more direct outcome of ability which I thought I had some. Oh well. I did not understand at the time, but I only played in doubles and not mixed doubles. In retrospect the start of my preferences emerging. Again, the tennis champion, not, only lasted a year.

Moving into high school years ...

I soon discovered that high school was a very different environment and if I was to survive and retain my individuality without it being beat out of me, I had to find likeminded others but where would they be, where do I seek them out without discovery?

Join the Library was my solution. Academically I was a bit of a geek in math and science so what better a place. It would surely enable me to keep a safe distance from those I thought might threaten my individuality. It also provided an opportunity to be around those likeminded souls and with an added benefit of being able to use all the latest technology in the school. Note: it was the late 1970's, whoops giving away my age now, LOL. *Woof*. I was never big in reading and writing. I was more into art and interpretation so when book reports were required, augh, I was able to use my position at the library to watch the 16mm film versions instead to do those boring book reviews. At the time I had no understanding that there was such a thing as license to interpret so that the film version might not be exact that of the book. I guess therefore I only just achieved a 'C' grade in English, which had to be fought by my then English Teacher to enable my poor grade of just 49% to be a pass.

During my time at the library, I also was asked to assist in the local school productions. I saw this as an invitation for social interaction again, so I agreed. I was set to work in the sound and lighting department. I soon discovered that the 'geeks' did this as they were good at this function and kept us at what I call a 'distance fitting', included but at a safe distance, again not wanting to be hurt, discovered, but close enough if found something. It seemed I was always trying to socially fit in, but keeping my distance so as not to allowing anyone to see the real ME.

How am I to join in and interact, be open, show who I was, it felt like I wanted to stand on a soap box and just shoutout, even though I still did not know the answer myself. Everything

just seemed a bit, well, unsettling. What I mean to say is, in any group situation I always felt like the fifth wheel, the third of two. Wanting to be able to give to the group and not just to be there to make the numbers, not being sure enough about myself to put forward my opinions, the need to be socially accepted was growing, but I also started to bury these in work.

I became a member of the orchestra to get out of the rafters and get closer to the people I was at school with. I was a master of none in the world of the instrument. I could get a tune out of many but ended up on the synthesizer. Yep, the Sci-Fi tool of the music industry at the time in the late 70's. Joining the orchestra gave me more to do, more opportunity to be involved. What I didn't realize was, it was making me too busy. The social opportunities I was striving to create were being lost. A theme seems to be appearing, right?

Now Ready for Work ...

Once school was over, I started work like we all did in those days. My first job was as a Security Door Person with TARGET. Solo again. Augh. I was now spending more time with my grandparents than my parents as now I can see that they were growing apart and what I really needed was a stable, unjudgmental environment and I knew my grandmother was a very open and loving person.

I was then presented with an opportunity to be a bank teller or a television cameraman. Well, you know where I went. "*Style over substance*". There was no choice really, TV was for me! I spent many a year in the studio doing live shows, mainly daytime women's programs with women presenters and funnily enough, got along magically with them all. I now know they must have known they were in safe hands as I would not belittle them in any way and that I respected what they did and for who they are. Some of these women I still have a great friendship with. If only I knew then what I know now.

The world of television had a lot to offer, but I was still very unsure of who I was. Many around me may have had some suspicions, but I acted in a way to fit in. So as not to be discovered. I, I was beginning to get restless. I started a small business doing wedding videos to get some of the emotional and social gratification I seemed to be chasing. It seemed to be working. More of the emotions I had been suppressing were beginning to rise to the surface.

I tried to have a girlfriend. Me. Yes, I know. Funnily enough nothing happened. I now know the term is 'Fag Hag', not being disrespectful, just the slang of the time. We had a great friendship for many years, but I believe she was after more than I was ready or willing to provide and eventually we lost contact. I hope she is ok.

Disney / Science Fiction years ...

I remember we got our first television not long after I was born, I think when I started school in 1968 and I'm told I enjoyed watching Star Trek, HR Puff n Stuff, Banana Splits and of course Mickey Mouse Club and Disney.



Working in television in the 80's was a pawesome time for Disney and I really connected with the stories and the fantasy. Same with Star Trek, the social acceptance of the Federation of Planets. It was a real place to escape into and I still do. It must strike an accord with many in the population as both are still highly rated and have survived many years. Animation became a hobby for a time and a trip to the U.S.A. and to the Burbank Studios was the ultimate experience. It did however show I was not quite ready to commit to be a fulltime animator. It did cement for me a permanent interest in Disney and the world of fantasy. It also opened my emotions and enabled them to be more on show and at the surface and

not hidden away. During the movies and shows and with times changing a little, was ok to do so in public. I just have to say that the U.S.A. trip was topped off by a visit to Disneyland in California.



In the 90's our little town with me as the President, would you believe, me, President, started a Star Trek Club with a few very close friends with similar interests and at the time when clubs were starting all over Australia. We allied ourselves with the Sydney Group who became the Official Star Trek Club of Australia later.

This gave me the opportunity to again find people of similar interests and it was during this time that I discovered my sexual preference. My Vice President and Secretary/Treasurer were of the same preference. Nothing ever happened, but it was finally freeing to start to be me. The club ran for five years, and we all had a great time. We got to meet Majel Barrett, Gene Roddenberry's wife as well as her on screen Betazoid daughter, Marina Sirtus. Talking to these amazing ladies and the philosophy behind Trek was eye opening. Meeting William Shatner and James Doohan was exciting, but even though they had time for the fans who made them, they were more part of the job people. I had the opportunity to communicate with Patrick Stewart and this really turned my life around and allowed me to finally open the closet door.

***Anyone who I knew who Gay or Lesbian was,
said it would be OK.***

I just didn't know how my family and friends would react. To my amazement, both my mother and sister said, "About time". Unfortunately, my grandmother had already passed but I know she would have been happy for me at last.

As in my early years, I still today have a continued fascination with motor vehicles, Science Fiction in particular Star Trek's philosophy for inclusion and acceptance and Disney's imagination which continues, I feel, allows me to grow. Do not underestimate these types of things in your life. It is not always the things or even the people you expect it might be.



GROWING



It was now the late 1990's and I had started to come out of the closet and a proud, still slightly hidden gay man. To fit into the community, I offered a sponsorship deal to the local football club from my small business, Paul Anderson Web

Design. Do you get it? P.A.W.D. Yep, unbeknownst to me, puppy was already here, but he was behind door number 3. Get this, my business slogan, "Are you ready to be PAWD?" Arf Arf.

Door number one was coming out of the closet. Door number two, leather, just not quite sure how far into this, but loved BDSM DVD's of the time. Door number three, the Puppy / Pet Play head space. Gosh, little quiet, introverted me. Never would anyone back then realize how interesting I would become. If only they could have seen. I guess that's why I always got along with older people and yes woman, but as their gay friend. Again, I sure many of them knew and back then no one really asked if you weren't too obvious.

Here I was, sponsoring the local football club and now I know it was to see all the boys in the footy shorts, then was just trying to fit in, not to be obvious. I had become part of a group of gay and lesbian friends and started to feel more at ease with myself as well. I just needed to ensure my coming more self-aware didn't show too much in the wrong places. My other fetish,

leather and motor bikes had emerged at this time as well. It was a great time. My parents have accepted me, I had friends and was interacting. Woo Hoo you could say. I loved my 750cc purple Honda bike and the leathers I got to wear whilst riding. I felt so sexy with the leather on my skin and the throbbing bike between my thighs. *Woof*, am I a lesbian, a dyke on a bike? No and no disrespect, this is just my emotion and feelings coming to the surface.

I now felt more than ready to explore my sexuality and to see where this might lead. My new gay friends, but old Star Trek Club friends were the first to open their arms and welcome me to this “strange new world”, Star Trek pun intended!

I was taken to my first Gay Night Club experience. Well, the best we had to offer in our little town of Rockhampton in Central Queensland. I was overwhelmed to say the least. I was very nervous on what to expect. What might happen. All I had to go on really was the pornography I have seen and stories you hear. I was soon to discover the truth.

Everyone here was after the same thing, emotional acceptance. Not many would achieve it as they were busy satisfying other urges and fulfilling the stereotypes of the time. Male urges seemed to drive the behavior and it was how many or who did whom. This is what was terrifying to me and maybe why I was a little hesitant, well a little more than that. It seemed it was almost a rite of passage. For some this must have been fulfilling, but in this time a lot of people seemed to be single and anyone in a relationship was fair target. Why? Was it because if they could not find this, then no one should have this? A question I still debate over. The Nineties’ and the Noughties’ seemed filled with these sediments.

I must have got carried away by all around me as I too started going to the gym to improve my exterior appearance and how I sought out a beautician to look after the bits the gym was not able to assist, nails, hair removal and the like. WOW, *BARK!* did I really admit this? I do

want this to be a true account of my psychological growth, so you need to see how it all came about, Wags Tail. I was not however, ready to jump bone first into the scene.

This happy circumstance, amongst the angst of the hair removal, my beautician suggest she knew someone I should meet. She had a female friend with a gentleman friend who was looking for the same as I and that we would be a great pair. Pairing is more what she was thinking. I didn't have the heart to say that I was not like the other boys and that I was looking for a long-term relationship. That feeling of not being alone, having a soul mate, someone to be a part of my life and I of theirs. Anyway, I said I would agree to a meeting.

I had recently lost both my grandparents in what seemed like only yesterday, and head space was all over the place as I did carry emotion close to my sleeve, so to add a new stressful social gathering into the mix, was I asking for trouble? I guess I'd soon find out.

The meeting had been arranged for 8pm on a Wednesday evening. It was simply to be an introductory meeting, blind date. WOW, excited, stressed, nervous, cleaned the flat, had hair and nails done. Prepared as best I could. Head was pounding, no not that one. Expectation was high, but results were not expected as in this gay world in a country town would it be possible to find someone interested in being with me for more than a one-night stand? I had to just take the word of my beautician and well 'go for it' as she said.

This was not me at all, but where head space is everything. I let myself go for one of the first times that I can remember to just say "What the hell, enjoy the spontaneity of the moment". Then it was 8 o'clock. Nothing. No SMS, no call, no message. I began to waiver in my thoughts, but no, if it is going to happen it will. Head Space. Be ready for anything and just be in the moment, everything is fine, no matter what happens. Then 9, then 10. Then finally a call to see if

it was still alright to come over. “Of course,” I said trying not to sound too eager or too cool, I just hoped I didn’t sound desperate, lol. Then he arrived.

Well, what can I say! He was handsome and holding a bottle of wine. Blond and gorgeous. How could I be so lucky. Nothing that I was told about him seemed enough. I later discovered he nearly cancelled as he too had concerns. We talked for hours about everything. Just talked and talked, was reassuring that we both had similar, goals, is the wrong word, but something just clicked, and the rest is now history. A prime example where the wrong head space would have derailed this chance meeting and that is where I used to be. This was absolutely puppy head space rising to surface from my sub-conscious.



Discovering he has been a female impersonator and a performer, he understands head space and taking on a persona and how this can affect you. He also knew me from our High School days to whom I was oblivious. I was also warned by many in the community on our first public date at a Drag Night that “Did I know who I was dating?” It almost seemed like a challenge. Eg: watch your back Bitch. He was then and has always been my “pot of gold” ever since. It’s now together for over eighteen years and counting. Like all couples, we have our highs, but we see them through and use each event as a strengthening of our relationship, but most of all, we are always here for each other. We are not part of the now throwaway society or let’s just update for a newer one.

Whoops! Off the path again, *ahwooooo*, I am not going into any more details here, as this is about my head space journey and not a sex tale book. LOL. *Woof*.

I will just add, relationships are worth fighting for. Up and downs, highs and lows will eventuate. It's how commitment, consent and respect of each other makes up the relationship in the first place, then your enduring power of love will prevail.

My grandparents were together for over 50 years of marriage, my parents lasted to see us children grow and leave the nest, they are still friends but that is all now. My lovely partners parents were also long-term lovers and married partners for over 60 years. Looks like family genes have provided a basis for the bones of a great foundation in our head spaces for a long-lasting coupling.

On an old romantic note, brought up in the times of respect for your elders, I did what I believe was the right thing to do, was I courted Scott for a time and then when it felt right and it was time to ask him to marry me and become engaged, with diamonds as requested, bark, I went and asked his parents' permission. It was one of the most nerve racking experiences but also the most fulfilling emotional experiences I have ever had. They were both amazing people who accepted me into their family without question. Of course, the answer was "Yes". They had always been open minded people with no dispersion to race, colour or sexuality identity. Well after all they had a gay son as the youngest member of their family along with two older adopted siblings.

One final note, my parents have also opened to the idea, my father was the last to come around in accepting as he always wanted me to be more like him. Finally, but I really would not have cared if he hadn't, but glad he has, to realize - love is as love is, and if we are happy, that is really all that matters.

HEAD SPACE



What does it mean to have head space?

*The dictionary defines headspace as **a person's state of mind or mindset** – something that's very important not only in life in general, but especially with technological advances making our job easier in many ways, the pace of life has increased significantly as a result.*

The term Head Space for me, is something I have only recently become more aware of again. Well, reminded of. I did a semester in University on Psychology and Body Language, and this was discussed early on where we learnt a technique of self-hypnosis which can be used to aid in self relaxation or to provide you with the tools for a power nap to refresh the body. Head Space, literally. This was something I used in my everyday life for a time. Something I seem to have forgotten.

I must admit that sometimes, peer group pressures still overtake, and like many, I do the heart thing instead of doing the more correct head thing. *Woof*. At the time the decision seemed correct, but in retrospect it was not, and some actions of the heart cannot be reversed easily or without great injury. *Naaaww*. Sometimes it can simply be the wrong word used or in the wrong

context. For example, when one partner is accused by a member of the others family that they are not the bread winner, my God, how inconsiderate, infuriating, lack of understanding the meaning of relationship. OK settle down, **HEAD SPACE!** Just because one in the relationship earns or has less monies than that of the other, wow, that does not a relationship make. It is all about the connection, the communication, the feelings and emotions. People can be opposites and still have a great relationship. In some cases, this is what keeps the spice in the journey. It can be bumpy, but that is the spice of life. The State Of Mind – Head Space - one seeks to promote, savor and relish in the relationship. *Awroooo.*

Puppy Head Space ...

As the term suggests, this is part of the kink community. Human Pet Play. In this case puppy play. There are several books written on the topic. An example is [\(Alphainu, 2021\)](#)

Puppy-Play by Tosa Alphainu 2021 - ISBN: 978-1-77136-982-4

“Once considered a marginal activity. Puppy-Play has seen its popularity explode around the world, attracting individuals of all ages, genders and sexual orientations.

Defined as role-playing, puppy-play is a state of mind and sometimes a way of life that allows humans to adopt the physical or mental behaviors of a puppy, called Pup. It also offers a role to the person, called Handler, who takes care of the pup.

As this author, who is adept, highlights its positive impacts, and then aspires to demystify and popularize a practice that is too often stereotyped and misunderstood in our society.”

We are after all, *hoomans*. Yes *hoomans*, not humans. I recently purchased a T-Shirt from an on-line Puppy Store and the print reads:



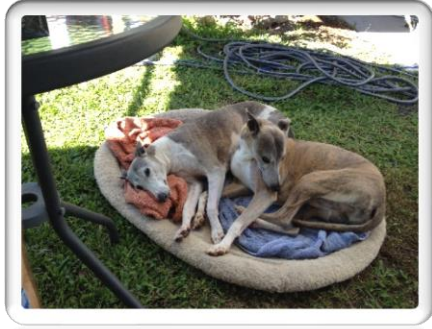
**“Always be yourself
unless you can be a puppy,
then always be a puppy!”**

If we can get into your desired ‘Head Space’ more in times of relaxation either by ourselves or with a partner, like I am now doing again, wow, it really boosts the relationship. I do still require aids at present, *woof*, like my hood and harness. You will find the release of these endorphins, and when in private and other pleasurable juices, that the stress and tension that is now an integral part of the *hooman* world will wash away. As you practice this getting into head space, it does become easier. Some people can go in and deep fast.



Pawesome. Someday that will be me too. Giving our ever-tormented minds a well-deserved and required break to recharge its’ batteries to continue again after “play” has concluded. Remember how it felt as a child playing with a ball, well some people regress to that, but I find being a puppy far more pleasurable.

Both our biologicals have been so comforting to us in their lives. I know we have been there for them in return. As you know, pet owners do tend to take on characteristics of their pets, so why should we be any different. Many in the community, “Alpha’s”, see themselves as



Huskies or Dobermans. I am definitely a Whippet. No question. Quiet. Reserved. In our boy's case, they don't bark. Me too, as I have lost half my larynx to palsy. I do enjoy people watching and now if given consent and in the correct setting, like to sniff as a hello. Roll over and expose my belly for scratches. *Ahwoo, woof!*

Why do I need my toys and garments? Let me touch on this.

Not that I suggest we forget all our human responsibility or consent to any of these actions, without these our lives today would not be manageable or excitable, if there is such a notion, but rather at times when it is inconsequential to our existence except to increase our pleasure and enjoyment of existence and one hopes longevity of existence as well.

As discussed earlier, head space can be in many forms, some can just switch it on and off and it can be as simply as imagining a grass filled hilltop, a great old oak tree with a gentle wind blowing with the smell of sweet in the air, the wonderful fresh cool, clean air and you are just lying under that tree without a thought on your mind. I know it's an example that everyone knows about, that is why it paints the right picture for the beginning of head space.

My Journey Begins ...

How it all began, looking back ...

This is how I suspect puppy started to emerge and when I started to enjoy life and push all the *hooman* stuff into the background. *Wags Tail*. My spirit finally started to emerge, and play was now starting to invade my thoughts. It was during this time I did travel experiences, Contiki Tours, ages 18-25 only, I just made the age cut as I did leave my run late. This becomes a

recurring theme in my life. Oh well, better late than never. That is message I want to impart on you, my reader.

I did two of these Contiki Trips, but puppy was there to have fun, but at this time, nothing else was on my mind due to the long period of time I was looking after my grandparents and working and still discovering who I was. I splashed out and did a couple of overseas trips,



America as mentioned earlier to cover off some bucket list items, a cruise, which back then was the old Love Boat, P&O's, the Pacific Princess. If only I knew what my bunk mates were up to.

I guess if I did and was part of all that, my life may not have turned out as it has and with the man I love.

I explored the options and moved to Brisbane for a short time working for Channel 9. Bought my first motorbike and fell in love with leather. Here we go, puppy, leather and motor bikes, but still at the time no connection. *Bark!*

My first physical encounter with my inner puppy came when I started my first business venture, P.A.W.D. (Paul Anderson Web Design) and with the then televised slogan, "Are you ready to be P.A.W.D?" My word, if only I knew then what I know now. And what the times now allow. I would have been rated (R). Are you ready to have me paw your business? Even this is provocative, but it was most likely the first real instance of my puppy coming forward, playful, unconcerned with political correctness, just here to say, I'm the puppy, it's all about me, come play with me, I'll be your bestest most loyal friend, all I need is a ball or a squeaky toy, OH and food, yep, food. *Ahwoooo.*

This mind set was probably the reason behind my sponsorship of the local football, did someone say ball, team. Lots of bones to follow and balls to play with. Sweaty crouches to sniff. OH MY. *Woof*. I really don't know how I managed to keep puppy inside at that time, except to say it was all subconscious at that time. Again, I was trying to integrate myself with a social group and providing a service, a function to improve both sides. Fail. Again! ARGH!

After three years of sponsorship, I pulled my funding and the production of their web site. Probably a good thing as they did not perform well as a team. They had a name change after but even that did not help them.

Getting back to Head Space, for me, I used to be able to get into head space without thought, but it was more the tree on the field kind, but all along, even though it worked in what it was doing, the basis of the space just seemed, not quite right. Something was still missing. Now with a more mature understanding, I can see my area of almost distraction is for a slightly of kilter, kink space.

Many younger people in the community say those in their 20's to 30's and today do we have the luxury of experiencing a greater acceptance of who and sometimes what they have become. Heck, in my day **LGBT**, Lesbian, **G**ay, **B**i-sexual, **T**ransgender, used to be all the letters we used, now it's almost an alphabet, which is pawesome. It shows inclusion and acceptance becoming greater in the society today, although not everywhere in the world has the same levels of acceptance, so this is where caution is still required. Therefore, groups have emerged and are proving safe places to experience likeminded people. *Bark, Sniff, wags tail!*

It allows for a place to practice your version of head space, your emotional requirements, your kinks if you will. My goodness, a gym junky can be a head space when they are training if

they are doing it for self-gratification and not to please others. It is when the space takes over and everything else just goes by the wayside.

A writer can be in their head space when writing a novel. Imaging how the time just disappears, they forget their bodily requirements. Bathroom breaks, food, water etc. All that matters is the words going to the page.

Many who are what society considers “normal”, probably think as a kink, we are all misfits and sexual predators. COMPLETELY THE OPPOSITE! What you do in the bedroom or in private is up to the individuals, but Pup and Handler Groups are safe places that are provided to enjoy puppy head space.

You can without concern, drive headfirst, pun intended, into being a puppy on the MOSH mats. You will have a designated Handler or Alpha there to ensure that you are looked after in every way. Play time must be managed as not to distress any pup of any level of play. To ensure that you remain watered, and fed. Proper breaks are taken so as not to stress you. Being on all fours and playing uses a lot of very different muscles. This is where the younger humans who do pet play have an advantage over us older participants. It is not strange for a 20 something Handler / Alpha to have an older in age, but younger puppy.

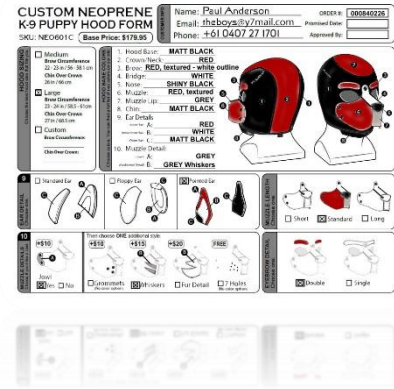
Head Space vs BDSM ...

This may not appeal to everyone. Let me explain how Puppy Head Space has progressed for me. Originally the Leather BDSM community had a sub-culture of puppy play. It was based more on male only play with Master / Slave overtones. This is still part of the Leather community but for those who shy away from this heavier style of consent, and yes, no consent here also means NO! and is not taken lightly by the community.



Puppy Play broke away to allow for the head space to be foremost and to allow everyone in the community to be able to participate. Male, Female, gay, bi, trans, whom ever you are, if you want to experience the pet play world, then you are welcome to this safe space to participate. For me, as I said, initially it was all about the head space and the freedom it provides. Now being a little addicted to the endorphins produced, I do want it more often.

I got my first lot of gear off the internet and when I put it on, the feeling gave me goose bumps. It felt like I was reborn. My partner noticed the change almost immediately. Anyone can start with or without gear. I needed the gear due to my history of hiding away, keeping those strange feelings hidden. The gear, especially the hood, puts that mask on,



allows me to present a picture to me in the mirror and I give myself consent to let go. The first time as I said, gave me goose bumps. Of course, I needed this feeling to continue. Here is where you do need to be careful.

I had to get a harness, a collar, gauntlets, new leather underwear, a leash, knee pads, oh look, a squeaky toy, puppy wants. Dog tag with my name followed. It is all about helping me release and be a puppy. Today it is far more acceptable, especially in the major cities. It is here where you will find your local branch of Pups and Handlers. Queensland Pups and Handlers, Brisbane Q-PAH. SYD-PAH for Sydney New South Wales, VIC-PAH for Melbourne Victoria, SA-PAH for Adelaide South Australia, and WA-PAH, Perth Western Australia. Regional areas are harder to find advertised groups, but they must exist in some form as the puppy or pet play movement is enormous worldwide.

I first found SYD-PAH on-line and joined in their weekly ZOOM meeting, a bi-product of COVID. They were all so supportive and welcoming, it was amazing. He's a 50 something gay man in a hood chatting on-line, zoomies, with a group half his age and just fitting in, being accepted. This is where I discovered the different PAH's so I sniffed out the local group and went to meet up.



Having enjoyed the experience so much, the meet I joined Q-PAH in August of 2021, and participated in a couple of MOSH's, COVID permitting. The pups and handlers in attendance were just as welcoming in person as was the on-line pups from Sydney and around the nation. I was so taken up with emotion and feeling, I decided it was time to go to the next step.



For the very first time, I decided to go to a Pride March, not just watch, participate. I was going to march with the pups of Q-PAH in the 2022 Brisbane Pride Festival, as a puppy, carrying a flag. Halfway down Brunswick Street on the way to New Farm Park in Brisbane, tears just

started running down my face. I started to wail, luckily, I was a puppy, and we did a lot of that during the march. *Woof. Bark*, I mean. But you get the picture. It felt like finally I was me and was where I had to be. Even sitting here typing this, the emotion returns, the goose bumps, the tears of joy. Erect nipples, *ahwooo*. Almost have to stop, but it's that head space coming,



wow, what a rush. For me it really is all about the emotion that the head space brings. **Un-believ-able. Unbelievable.** Goose bumps on goose bumps.

You will be happy to know, I'm ok. I had a drink of water, Ahhhh.

Happy to say that I have continued to enjoy the company of the many pups and handlers at the meet ups. Paw-B-Q's, MOSH's, and volunteer car wash event to fund raise for the continued existence of the club. I've gotten a bit picture happy, *woof, wags tail*, here's another one

*"AT JUST 9 MONTHS OLD,
IT HAS MADE SUCH A CHANGE IN MY LIFE ..."*

QPHC – Queensland Pups & Handlers Competition 2022

I considered running in the 2022 comp. I was encouraged by everyone. It was quite the big step for me. I had not really been in front of the public, the general public, showing off my kink, being gay and well, just me.

The rules were extensive. The commitment had to be 100%. I attended a Boot Co. event. This was the original leather community where the PAH group broke from. They were having a Hoods and Harness event at the male only bunker at the Sportsman's hotel, a kink friendly event space for over 30 years in Brisbane's Valley district. Well, I thought, if I am ever going to do the competition, I needed to be comfortable in next to nothing in a public space. With the help and encouragement of one of the committee members, here I was ...





Now all I had to worry about was the interview with the judges, Balls Out Bingo – strip bingo in a public space, limitations thank goodness, a group advertising event, a speech, a talent and a dynamic to show me as a puppy. Phew. That was a mouthful.

Highly recommend anyone do this, the self-realization for me was pawesome. I am told that they story I am writing here, which was part of my interview with the judges, brought a few tears. My talent was a simple but humorous video presentation introducing T-BOLT to the masses. The speech had to represent the ideals of the club and you fit in to those. The dynamic? How was I going to show what puppy head space meant to me?

The other four competitors were in pairs, Handler and Pup. They did the play time demonstration. Handler giving instruction and the pup behaving like a puppy. All very puppy. This was only part of being puppy for me. As you have read, I was more about the head space being freeing. What was I going to do to explain this by myself?

You will not believe what I decided. *Blushes*. I decided that the only way I could do this was to show how my dress code has changed since I found my inner puppy. What are you saying? Can you really pull this off? Pun intended. *Woof*. It had to represent my dynamic if I had any chance up against these young ones from Brisbane and in front of all their friends and supporters. My answer was to do a striptease. OH MY GOD! OMG! Was I about to do this? It was all last minute as I struggled to come up with this part of the presentation until after the interview earlier that day.

So, I started wearing a nice short sleeve dress shirt and shorts. This was to represent me before puppy. Next, I removed my shirt to revel a puppy t-shirt. Then it was time for the shorts to

shrink to a pair of gym shorts. OMG. The shirt came off to reveal the gym singlet. Then the singlet came off to reveal the leather harness you are familiar with in the above picture. Also, in that picture the shorts were removed to show the sexy brief. WHOOPS! Nearly let the puppy out, one of the clips holding the cod piece on was undone. Gave those on the right side of stage, including the drag queen host a little flash. None the less, I was supposed to conclude by putting on my hood and adding a leash, then getting on all fours and rolling on the floor, but in the excitement of the wardrobe malfunction, the later was missed.

It was a magic evening. The entire comp really had been so much fun. In the end I did not win the collar, but I did win the hearts of the judges and the crowd. It was so wonderful to have many approaches after the announcement of the winners to say that they thought I was going to win. The lovely judges advised it was a very close call and was neck a neck right to the end.

I congratulate the winners and hope they do our state proud and can continue to represent the kink to the best of their abilities and rally new members, like me, to experience the joy of the puppy head space and the freeing of your mind to be able to relax into yourself. Totally.

Committee or not Committee?

Now that I have rambled on a bit about my most recent head space event, back to the process. As already discussed, the head space ideals came forward again during my time in the management of the Star Trek Club. It was a head space where I could lose myself in other things other than the responsibility of care for a while. Leave all the stresses of work behind. Go to that fun space and just let go. It was great at the time, but I did feel something was still missing. I just did not know what.

Once the pressures of committee arose, it was time to move on. The fun head space was lost to the running of the club. Not for me anymore. Five years was enough.

That playful space disappeared for a while, and it was all work.

I could put up my hand for the Q-PAH Committee, I am just not sure. Time will tell as the A.G.M. in on early June 2022. I would still like to run in the competition again next year as it was so much fun. I just don't know. We do need a committee to manage the club, otherwise there won't be a club. Being able to represent an older gent as a young pup would be fun also. Being regional is the hard part.

Baby Photograph

MY FIRST HOOD





THE PHOTO SHOOT



Ahwooo !!! I cannot put into words even now, just how excited I was to have Pup T-BOLT on show in all his glory and get his picture taken. *Wags Tail, furiously.*

This was like the best Christmas present ever that you have ever received when you still believed in the big jolly guy in the big **RED** suit. “Ho Ho Ho”. *Lick, Bark, Sniff.* You know who I mean. Yes. I even liked red as far back as I can remember.

After the competition I felt so empowered that I wanted to capture the emotion and these surfacing feelings. Words was one way to do this, hence this Barkology, but more was needed. Emerging was freedom and confidence. This was so “light bulb” moment, that I just had to capture this feeling somehow and in professional stills was my choice. I also wanted to create something very special for my partner, my husband of over 18 years, for his complete understanding of my need to discover this inner kinky puppy journey. To say thank you for the release of my pup within. **T-BOLT**. *Nuzzles.* Little did I know just how profound this photographic experience was going to be for me and what was to follow.

It was unbelievable just how easy puppy was to emerge, to play and the willingness to be directed to pose, to strut, to, just simply be. **OMG.**



Let me introduce the photographer. One of the Judges from 2022 Queensland Pups and Handlers Competition, **Dylan**, has his own '**KINK**' photographic business, 'blatant plug' - available on Facebook,



HDGimage Photography. If you want great photos taken, seek this magical, mystical puppy out. He just knows how to get the best out of you to create masterpieces in imagery in a relaxed, professional and consensual surrounding.

Talk about being so far outside my comfort zone from just a few months ago, **Grrrrr**, but now, oh boy now, **T-BOLT** was here and here he was going to stay. **Woof!** Puppy was present in an instant. Playful and ready to obey. A good boy. Especially as I had my new Harley Davidson boots and red laces with name plates. **Ahwoooooo!!**

Before I get way too carried away, let me explain...

Here I was getting ready to go to see a photographer, a '**KINK**' photographer, in his private apartment for a one-on-one photo shoot. He is a very active member in the gay and kink community, Leather, Pup, Rubber, and BDSM communities in general. He is considered a very talented photographer in this realm and well earned. Oh, by the way, he is also originally from my hometown of Rockhampton. As I stated, he was one of the judges in the 2022 Queensland Pup Handler Competition 2022 in which I competed, so I felt like we had made a connection during the process, especially during the interview process where I did reveal



a lot of what I have written about here and therefore I did have that safe feeling of being in a safe place for a professional activity.

That Saturday I had a long drive to Brisbane straight after work from the Sunshine Coast. Traffic, *ughhh!* When I finally arrived, this slim built young man met me at the garage entrance to the apartment building where he resided and guided me to a ‘tight’ parking spot in the complex. He was only wearing tight, very short gym shorts and matching slim fitting singlet. Mind you, I was also presenting in a youthful outlook, what’s the saying, sheep dressed as lamb, lol, wearing my [Cellblock13™](#) gym shorts and a red, black, white camo pup shirt.

The apartment was typical single man quarters, but the spare room was converted into a studio. Perfect. Private. Inviting. I had requested the shoot to be all about **T-BOLT** and presenting this less than one year old puppy to the world, uninhibited. A little nervous at first, but puppy head space soon took over control of the body and dropped all the walls in my mind. I nearly forgot why I was here.

My plan has always been to start a small internet-based design business using my puppy persona, as I feel this is the true me. How’s this for a name:



PUPPY'S AWESOMELY WICKED DESIGNS

and my slogan remains as it did from back in the 1990's:


ARE YOU READY TO BE PAWD!

Back to describing the photo shoot. Where *darwooo* I start. I had taken everything in my puppy possession. I mean everything. The easy part, hood on, puppy was in the house. Select first outfit. Strip, change, ready. I eagerly said;

“As you are the expert here, please direct me and I will obey like a good puppy would.”

Of course, I will obey, and do as I was told, I wanted this session to go well and get pawesome results. Naturally, as a puppy, a little mischief never goes a stray. Things were bound to happen, butts in the air need sniffing, arousal was going to happen, but the shoot must go on.



The instruction came swift and fast. I was ready. Standing in possess, knees bent, shoulder forward, back straight, turn this way, step left foot back, turn head this way, no more over the left should, eyes on me, nose towards the light. Dylan was just incredible to work with. *Me a model.*  Let's just say, as the shoot progressed and outfit changes occurred, **T-BOLT** got very playful and looked for cuddles. Actually, I had to stabilize my balance as the base for the shoot was a mattress and all the work did make me a little unsteady on my feet. Head space re-engaged, and the adrenalin kicked in. It was just so much fun. I cannot believe this was really the real me on display. The objective started to blend away and the moment was the most important thing. This is what was truly amazing, when you can just be!

I never, ever expected in my wildest dreams that I would ever, ever be able to do this!



Quick Summery, cold drink required, here I was, competing in a Leather Kink Puppy Competition, speaking on stage in front of like-minded puppies and handlers. Bearing my soul in the interview with the judges and do a striptease on the main stage as part of my dynamic and now, now! Standing mostly naked getting my picture taken in a one-on-one session in a private studio in an apartment. Maybe this would all make sense to you, the reader, if I was in my 20's or 30's, just how easy this seems to do, but I am, at the time of writing this, 58 years young and acting only as old as my inner feelings, puppy, was now showing. Finally making the most of this short life we have the privilege of experiencing. Making the most of every moment.

I must admit that since the photo shoot I have been experiencing increases in energy, feelings, emotions and libido. Mind you, the day after, I also experienced the soreness of muscle. Some of which I have not used in a while. *Ahwoooo.*



INTRODUCING
PUP T-BOLT !
Officially.

COMMITTEE



June 12, 2022 changed everything. I was at my first AGM for Q-PAH and everyone who was nominated was successful. Now I had to put my money where my mouth was. At least I was just General Committee and not one of the major positions. Maybe next time, but definitely not this time. I needed to find my feet again in the Incorporated Club.

As in most committees there are the clicks and groups etc, but let's just see where this one goes, based on the ethos of the club, open to all, accepting of all and hopefully listening to all. The 2022 QPHC showed hope, as not only were all the contestants operating as a team where necessary, but the support from the Kennel Daddy, Pup Buster, then Handler Sir Tiggs was as even handed to all as I have ever experienced. This is why these organizations work and where the straight, or non-kink friendly community could learn from.

Introductory on-line Google Meet to set the scene and explain how all the club's systems work. Asking for volunteers for the different roles and expressions of interest in the various projects to be undertaken, like newsletter, Social Media and Events.

HUGS & SCRITCHES



Finally, I want to wrap up this little walk down memory lane with the following

... PS, I just want to remember this as I get older and to be able to pass this

important information on to anyone who might be interested in it. Mind you, pun intended again, *bark!* Who wouldn't want to be able to free their mind of all the human world worries for a short time? The ability to revitalize your spirit, your relationship, your life. I will be happy if this affects just one person to have a similar experience that I have enjoyed over the past few months.

It has been a long time coming. Nearly 59 years of life have passed before me. The puppy in me has always been there but not as in the forefront as now. This generation is so lucky to be able to enjoy this so early in life. I do believe they need it though. Life's pressures now are higher than ever and being s puppy, a handler gives then that release to blow off steam in a safe and consensual environment. I am just glad I have found it also and it is welcoming to us older folks.

I know now that there are others who feel the same or have felt this way now or in the past. Let me just say right here, you are not alone and, in this day, and age, it is still hard to find

those like you and me, willing to put yourself out there with the distress of still being stressed of discovery by family and friends who just don't or want to understand. I can still to this day, relate to and understand this predicament. How this makes you feel and where you can end up positioning yourself in these formative years.

Happy to start a conversation with anyone. I can be reached via the QPAH committee.

Facebook: [Queensland Pups and Handlers \(q-pah.org\)](https://www.facebook.com/QueenslandPupsandHandlers)

THE END



P.S. **T-BOLT** – **T** is from Star Trek,
James **T**, Kirk
and **BOLT** is from Disney.
My two most favorite fantasies.





APPENDIX

Queensland Pups Handler Competition 2022

JUDGES FEEDBACK

Pierre Vic Dylan Cyll Tim

Part A: Balls Out Bingo: Community Engagement

- Great interactions with crowd before bingo.
- Good call out to sponsor onstage.
- Great interaction with winner of the rounds.
- Good public interaction.
- Seemed very happy to participate and made the winner feel very welcome.
- Wonderful outfit.
- Great interaction with strangers.
- Helped pull chairs out – lovely gesture.
- Fun on stage.
- Liked how he mingled with people.
- Strip was good – nice mention of Soft Butch.
- Had shorter rounds but got into it.



Part A: Interviews

- What a beautiful pup.
- Kind, level, warm and engaging.
- Although very new, seems highly committed to his pup journey and supporting others in theirs.
- Wonderful open, honest and emotional answers straight from the heart.
- Lots of potential as a mentor for people of all ages.
- Very astute, loved your answers and your story.
- Addressed all the judges when answering questions.
- Confident and well spoken.
- Really enjoyed interview and story.
- Made it very personal and could see his passion.
- Great story about his journey and acceptance.
- Awesome answer about what he would do as a titleholder.
- Only criticism is the 'black and white' approach may need a little tempering.

Part B: Marketing Challenge

- Easy participant, listening well and following direction.
- Overhead creative ideas and support for others.
- Took team direction well.
- Good work thanking all sponsors.



Part B: Stage Presentations

- Great speech, very genuine.
- Great presentation visually but I couldn't hear the overall presentation.
- Honest and real dynamic, a very genuine performance.
- Great on stage with speech.
- Very confident on stage.
- Loved seeing a different talent.
- Great message of independence and confidence.
- Well-spoken, good rundown of his journey and how it blends in with QPAH.
- Talent was great number of skills but hard to understand with music/sound also playing.

