



LITTLE JÖRÖ

Welcome home

A story about Little Jörö's very first day



It was a bright, crisp winter day. The snow crunched under our shoes. On a day like that, I,
Little Jörö, came into my mum's arms.



I got my name from a rock star. My kennel mum thought the name suited me. Maybe it did – I did look a bit like a rocker with my fluffy black coat.



Mummo, Grandpa and Dad came in the car to fetch me.

AW OOOO!



On the drive home I got scared, and I cried and wailed and howled. Nothing helped.



Not Dad's arms, not Mummo's soothing words.

ANSKU



My sister Ansku just slept peacefully in her new owner's arms. Even though Ansku is usually quite wild.



Maybe I can...
I'm a rocker after all!



I am a sensitive little puppy boy.



I came to my mum as a surprise, a present. My mum had just graduated as a nurse, and Mummo wanted to give her something unforgettable. **ME.**



So at Mummo's house, Mummo wrapped me in a soft fleece blanket so that only the tip of my nose showed.



We stepped into the house. Mum had her eyes closed and **TA-DA**, then she could open them.



My mum took a step back and asked: "What is that??" She thought I was a guinea pig. I was so small.



Then it turned out I was a puppy, a super-sweet little one.



Mum picked me up, kissed me and cuddled me.



Then I met the rest of the gang at Mummo's house: Ledi, the two pugs Nalle and Valo, and Karhu the Lapphund. My new best friends!



I romped around with my sister Ansku.



And at last I crawled into Mummo's lap.



Fear calms down with play, with my sister and friends. And in Mummo's lap.

Good night, Jörö.

▶ More Little Jörö stories: littlejoro.com

 Instagram

 TikTok

 Facebook

@pikkujoro

z
z

z
z
z

z
z
z

