

A Dog's Life

Another short story, although it's not very deep. But it was fun to write. It's for my daughter Emily, whose dog Abby actually is. Theoretically.

.....

I suspect I'm rather intelligent, for a dog.

I know things.

I know when it's time for bed. I get the best spot, right at the end. Except sometimes the cats try to get there first. I thoroughly despise cats. Sometimes I bite them. But only when no-one is looking.

I know how to roll over, and sit, and play dead. I think I'm supposed to know how to 'come', but I never pay much attention to that. There are too many wonderful smells in this world, and I firmly believe that a dog should take advantage of them whenever she can.

I know when it's time to eat. It's always time to eat. Eating is my favourite thing.

No, that's not true. Eating is my second favourite thing. My favourite thing is chasing a Frisbee when my Dad throws it for me. Frisbees are irresistible. Every dog should have one or two.

I call him my Dad, but he isn't really. He doesn't have four legs, and I've never seen him catch a Frisbee in his mouth. And I'm pretty sure he doesn't poop outside. But he feels like my Dad.

I know what I like. I like bananas. You may think it's unusual for a dog to like bananas, but I assure you it's perfectly normal. Bananas are good for you.

I like sitting curled up on the floor listening to my Dad talk to God. I never really understood that, but it always seemed like it made him feel good.

He doesn't do that very much anymore. I think he's sad.

I try to make him feel better by resting my chin on his arm. Sometimes that works, except when he's drinking coffee. He does get upset over the littlest things!

And he doesn't like it very much when I sneak Kleenexes out of the garbage and chew them up. I don't know what it is about used Kleenexes, but I find them irresistible. Is that normal for a dog? I think I need more protein in my diet.

Did I mention how much I hate cats? What are cats good for, anyway? Have you ever tried to talk to a cat? It's impossible! They're so conceited, and they think they know so much! I bet they wouldn't know what to do with a Frisbee if it landed right in front of them. And I hate the way they're always cleaning themselves, like they need to be perfect. Sometimes I just want to bite them!

I don't like snow much. It's embarrassing enough to have to poop outside where everybody can see me, but the snow is awfully cold. I think I got frostbite once. Don't ask me where.

I like to chase squirrels. I'm not sure what a squirrel is, but I do know they're annoying. I think they want me to chase them. It's probably good for them. If it wasn't for all the trees in our yard, maybe one day I'd actually catch one.

And I love it when we go places in the van. Especially when we go on long trips. Every once in a while we stop next to a window, and some strange person gives me a little round donut. How nice is that? Is it just for dogs?

Life is wonderful when you're a dog. Except when they try to cut your toenails.