

## A Letter to My Human

Thank you for leaving your computer on last night. It gave me the opportunity to tell you some things in your own language, because you just don't seem to grasp the linguistic complexities of Dog.

You don't know Bow from Wow, Woof from Ruff, Yip from Yap, or how the growl that says, "No, I am not leaving this bed" differs from a whine that says, "If you don't get me to the lawn now you had better get out the pet odor neutralizer."

Remember, Human, when we first met at the Dumb Friends Shelter in South Denver? There you were on the other side of the glass, a right jolly old elf with a belly and a white beard that made me think of liver treats and beefsteaks wrapped under the tree. I realize now you are no Santa Claus.

Oh, you have done all right by me for a homo sapiens, but frankly, I find you boring. I hope this letter will help in that department.

Let me start with reviewing your taste in television. If I have to watch one more news show or suffer another hour of *Meet the Press*, I believe I will pee on the cable box. And there must be radio stations that do not spend hours discussing halfbacks and quarterbacks. By the way, I myself have developed quite a nose for tight ends, but that's another station.

What is it about you and Sundays nights? I hear you muttering "Gotta write! Gotta write!" then eventually you begin. You type one word, then another, going on like that for hours. Eventually you count the words on your screen, then delete a bunch, type some more, and delete some more, muttering all the while. It goes on for hours, until I hear you counting one last time, "499... 500!". Finally you go to bed, still muttering. It keeps me awake.

On another complaint, you need to know that just because I happen to be a female canine, my tastes do not automatically run to pink. Leashes and collars come in many nice shades. Maybe something in camouflage would help me sneak up on the squirrels. Rabbits single me out in that pink polka-dot harness like I was Elmer Fudd in drag.

Finally, I must tell you I could get more excited about a ride in the car if you would point it to a more interesting destination. A trip to the country would be exciting if we stopped at least once along the way for a tinkle and a sniff. The local grocery may be interesting inside, but it is gray asphalt outside. And don't go hooking me up at the entrance to Trader Joe's either, unless you want me to ruin my appetite sampling human ankles. How about for our next ride we go to a bacon factory instead?

Thank you, my human, for reading my letter. I have decided to keep the boring old you because I like the beard and the egg yolk that gets caught up in it. But for goodness sake, can't we just get a life?

Love,  
Your Dog