

A Shih Tzu's Memoirs  
[by Wicket Martz]  
*Ghost Written by Nancy Martz*

I sense significant movement and suspect Nancy is waking up, and it makes my ears and back itch. I snort and take a good roll and squirm while I'm watching to see if she puts on shoes. Shoes mean my riding shotgun in the basket of blankets or mincing along beside her to the canal. My back legs tingle, so I stretch them out behind and yawn until my eyes are slits and my mouth grins ear to ear. She glances and I quickly turn away. But damn, I can't keep the top of my tail from moving although I've gotten proficient at controlling my wag.

She's near and I shudder in delight as her fingers massage my ears and neck. I can't help but lean into it, but I stand on all fours and stare at her when she quits. I try to dig a hole in the bed and notice her leaning down which means she's putting on shoes! I jump down from the bed and snort and sneeze, and before I can control myself, I'm dancing on my hind legs around her. Oh arf, arf, I can't wait and rush off to the front door wiggling my fluffy butt and my tail wags uncontrollably. She leans down expecting me to step into the blue halter that looks like a bra. I hate the cross dressing, but it means I'm going out. She opens the door, and I lunge out while she's still looking behind her for me. I rush to the tree and immediately pee. I sniff at the grass around the tree and recognize Moe, Butch, Hank, Canterbury, Skippy, Porgy, Johnson, Capshaw, and Grindle.

After our walk during which I tug at the leash, stop often to sniff and lift my leg even if I have no pee left, and study the ground for just the right spot to drop my gift, we return to our door, which I lunge through before her. I have great expectations for a treat; after all, I tagged along, ran ahead, and produced my treasure for her blue bag, and she must show appreciation.

I growl almost imperceptibly, then look away when she bends down to my level and murmurs, massaging my ears and chin and slipping me the treat. I'm in heaven, but I feign indifference, yet damn, the top of my tail moves slightly and she laughs. The only thing I really despise about life with her is when the cat saunters across our room and jumps up on her lap in our recliner. I always growl, dig my paws into the floor, and nip close to him when he passes, making sure we don't touch as I've actually suffered his arrogant needle jabs at my nose. I try not to look when she strokes him and coos, but I can't help but stare in disgust until my lids droop with the rhythm of her strokes on his hellish black ears and chin, and I drift off morosely for a nap.