

**august 28, 2006**

i can't wait to start my blog!

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**september 2, 2006**

i'm not sure exactly what a blog is, but it seems to me to be somewhere between a diary and a newsletter and perhaps a rant. in my little dog life, i've had such fun writing email that i'm hoping this can be a bit more of the same. but at least with email i have someone in mind who is palpable (smellable) to me in my memory. i know they love me and it helps me to express myself.

this seems so weird because i don't know whom i'm writing to, i mean to whom i'm writing. do you think i have to be so grammatically perfect as mommy makes me be in my email?

but if i let it all hang out in my blog, will anybody find it interesting? do you think virginia woof (woolf?) would have liked blogs? i think she would have.

and how's this for a problem i have found already: should i follow what seems to be a blog tradition and use reverse chronological order? here's what i've been reading about that, only to make me even more unsettled:

[http://sethgodin.typepad.com/seths\\_blog/2004/07/are\\_blogs\\_backw.html](http://sethgodin.typepad.com/seths_blog/2004/07/are_blogs_backw.html)

i thought this was going to be easy! more later as i search for my bloggier doggie voice.

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**september 5, 2006**

by now if you're reading this, you'll see that i don't use caps. the truth is, the shift key hurts my paw so mommy and me decided early on that i didn't have to use caps. she still makes me use perfect grammar, spelling and punctuation; so that i don't represent the writing consultants bad.

(i may have made a few little errors in those sentences. when i get excited, it happens.)

for me it all started with the sore paws but we know tons of people who don't use caps in email. mommy even knows one lawyer who doesn't punctuate he just puts two spaces between sentences. apparently there is a story by don marquis called "archie and mehitabel" about a spider who has the same trouble as i have typing capitals. but i didn't know about that when i first told mommy how sore my paws got from the shift key.

the truth is, for people who aren't good typers, it makes a lot of sense. but she's afraid to expound this too much in her professional world because she knows that her clients might think that no caps is the beginning of everything falling apart. we see it simply as convenient. not lazy. not careless. not the end of the world! not even grammatically wrong. just no caps.

but she would never espouse (whatever that means) that.

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**september 13, 2006**

well, i've made one decision. i'm going to use the combo order for my blog. that is, the most current day will be first, but then i'll paste it into the end when i do my next date. so except for the current date, it will be chronologically correct. sound good? apparently i can make all these decisions because there are no set rules for blogs. i like that a lot.

things have been a little hectic since the new term started. for one thing, she's back to her old schedule; so i'm alone a lot. my brother got his phd, whatever that means. i heard them calling him doctor griesdorf so i got quite excited because i thought i wouldn't have to go to the vet any more. if my brother's a doctor now, he could give me those awful needles. you know, the ones they are supposed to put in the thick part of my fur between my shoulders where it's not supposed to hurt. well, it does hurt. the only reason i don't cry too long is that i always get a cookie when they're done.

but anyways, apparently a phd doctor isn't the type who can give shots. i find this very confusing. no wonder people study semiotics. how can we sign to each other if words like doctor can be so easily deconstructed? whatever all that means!

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**september 21, 2006**

i think i've changed my mind again about the order of my entries. it's my pejorative, i mean perspective, i mean prerogative or whatever. that's what's good about blogs. there's lots of freedom to change your mind. anyway, it's too complicated for me to cut and paste all these entries and it kills my paw to hold that shift key for so long. so i'm going to go in plain ordinary reverse order.

it's probably not a great time for me to be making a major decision anyway. things have been terrible. for instance, yesterday was my birthday and they didn't even remember until today. and guess where i spent today? at the dreaded groomers. i know i look great afterwards, but i hate it there. there are so many dogs and one was crying most of the time. the others kept sniffing me. i hate it when dogs do that. it's so rude. i snarl back. everyone is so surprised when i do that, because i look so cute (apparently) that no one can believe i would behave like that.

anyway, all the focus seems to be on my brother. they are having this enormous party on sunday. at first, when she took me to the grooming salon, i thought it was a good sign. maybe i was going to be invited to the party. but i know that's just neurotic hope. i know i won't be there. so, it's going to be a really bleak day for me on sunday. a bummer, as they say.

sorry to rant like this, but sometimes it's really hard being a dog.

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### **september 29, 2006**

actually, it wasn't that bad a day last sunday. at one point, they even came home and brought me over to the duke pub to let all the babies at the party pat me. i liked that a lot for two reasons: (note that fancy colon; mommy calls it the colon with pizzazz – whatever that means). now you've probably lost my train of thought. you're not supposed to write in an interruptive fashion the way i just did. it's too hard for the reader. and mommy is totally focused on readers.

anyway, i love it when babies pat me for two reasons, both affecting my very keen sense of smell: their diapers (i won't give my personal reasons here) and their little baby fingers. their fingers always smell of cookies or baby fruit or baby chicken. and i love those smells, especially the cookie smell. but then, for those of you who know me, you know that i'm a cookie freak. i'll do anything, sell my doggy soul, for even a half a cookie. and i'm talking dog cookies. those cardboardy awful things!

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### **october 11, 2006**

really, this blog is getting to be a great outlet for me. very peripatetic, frenetic, therapeutic (or whatever). it seems, too, that others must be reading it because mommy received an email wondering why i hadn't written for over a week.

well, excuse me, but i haven't fallen behind. she just hasn't taken it from me yet. first there was this big "literary nites" event at uncle charlie pachter's moose factory "salon." (whatever that is. seems like a gertrude stein throw-back word to me.) anyways, you can read about literary nites on our web site. (she'd die if she knew i called it "our" web site. but let's be truthful here.)

they had this amazing evening where charlie showed his art and talked about his work and his collaboration with margaret atwood. both she and charlie are very famous. what it meant to me, of course, is that while all this stuff was going on, where do you think i am through it all? at home, naturally. she's out there with her big literary gang cultivating and culturating, and i'm at home on the couch, or my mat, or the barred-up chair. and i'm hungry, bored, unpatted for at least two hours while all this is going on.

and on top of it all, pachter has a gorgeous book that he illustrated with about every farm animal in it except – you guessed it – A DOG! and they were all raving about the book.

then she was too busy being in new york at the new yorker festival, whatever that is, and guess who wasn't there and guess who had to have two different dog-sitters plus my brother and guess who didn't even get ONE present, not even a cookie (i wouldn't have even cared if it was an old cookie from her pocket) and guess who got a gorgeous sweater from new york. you got it. he did. my winter

sweater is at least two years old. everyone has seen it for ever. i know i'm going to feel embarrassed wearing it yet again this season.

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### **november 3, 2006**

i can't believe so many days have passed since i've felt like writing. it's something mommy has always talked about, but i never believed it. when things are going good (i mean well, or do i?), who has to write! and things have been great lately.

once we got all that hoopla over with about my brother and his doctored or doctorate or whatever, i became king again. the way i like it and the way it should be. as long as they've decided to take another species into their midst, they should treat me as the special creature that i am. i know that sounds pretty spoiled. actually, everybody says i'm spoiled. people on the street look at me, fuss over me, pat me forever, and then say "i'll bet he's spoiled." i don't know how to read that. and i certainly don't feel spoiled. i just feel like a normal dog.

which brings me to hallowe'en. that was fun! i dressed up as a normal dog, naked and everything. as you might have guessed, i'm usually dressed. at the very, very least i always wear my collar and all its jewelry (tags). usually i have on a real cool scarf. often a coat or a jacket. in the winter, i wear boots because the salt just kills me. sometimes she puts everything on at once: collar, coat, scarf, boots. i know, give me a break!

so to be a plain naked dog for hallowe'en was amazing! very liberating. it also showed all the people who say "he's so human" who i really am.

the week before, or whenever, we went to montreal. they always stay at dog hotels, so naturally i'm treated special. this time they had a big bag of treats waiting for me, a huge, soft bed (not the firm orthopedic type she makes me sleep on) and two feeding bowls. anyways, it's great snooping around a new place. i find terrific stuff under the beds and in the corners. and when they go out, they always leave the cartoon channel on for me. when i'm tired of watching tv, i can roam around the whole room with no one saying "no, don't eat that!" i only bark if i hear someone in the hall and that's only about every five minutes or so.

the only tiring part about going to montreal or even ottawa is that she makes me do all my commands in french. she's such a show off, but i give in because of, you guessed it, the extra cookies. anyways, i only know how to do four things in english: sit, down, give a paw, left paw/right paw. so it's no big deal to do it in french. it's worth it in the end.

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### **december 20, 2006**

this is a really hard time of year for me. i don't feel like all the other dogs who are all excited about santa and wearing cute little santa outfits. some even have reindeer antlers on their heads. everybody on the street asks me what santa is bringing me. i never even heard of him until the other day when they finally broke

down and took me to petsmart to sit on his knee. that was okay, but scary. he had a long white thing all over his face. i didn't want to kiss him at all. so in my picture with him i apparently look "stunned," whatever that means.

they also broke down and got me a cute tshirt. it's not christmassy like the other dogs'. it just says "official snowdog" on the back of it. i can't even read it because it's on my back. how's that for inconsiderateness.

chanukah is okay, i guess. but they won't let me have any of the delicious-smelling latkas or chanukah cookies with those beautiful iced stars and menorahs on them. they say "no, not for doggies, gatsby." i hate that patronization or whatever. and each night when they light the menorah, i'm not allowed near the candles in case i get my fur scoured or scorched or whatever.

on top of it all, i got really sick this week. i didn't want to go out for my walk and i didn't want to eat, not even cookies. then I did something on the street that is apparently a really bad sign for a dog. i won't go into graphic details, but mommy got really scared and rushed me to the vet.

did i tell you how brave i am at the vet's? he always says "you're such a brave, big boy." and it's true. i let him do awful things to me and don't get mad at him or even cry. i just whimper a bit.

anyway, i'm all better now. they say it was just a doggie blip. maybe i picked something up inadventuresomely or whatever that cut me inside my tummy. now i'm fine and i'm eating my cookies again. i'm ready for a new year.

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### **february 18, 2007**

i can't believe i haven't written in so long. sometimes this blog is getting to be a bit of a bother. especially when she won't let me have any space to myself on the computer. she doesn't mind using it in my name whenever she wishes, but to give me some private time, ALONE, seems to be another matter entirely.

like on valentine's day, she must have sent out about 10 valentine's cards in my name. corny ones too. but i wouldn't have minded except she didn't even get me one. she and daddy have this whole routine where he gives her about 10 or more each year. she finds them all over the place, like a scavenger hunt, whatever that is. so he gives her two from me and she gives him one from me. but neither of them remembers (good pronoun agreement, eh!) to give me one from them. the only one i got was from mommy's friend auntie pat, who, even though she meant well, sent it to me after she received mine ("belatedly," i think is the word). but it was sure better than nothing.

one of the reasons i haven't written is that i was sick, a second time! now they're not calling it a "blip." they're calling me a "bad boy." and i'm not used to that at all. now I have to wear a lead called a "halty" around my nose when I go out. so that

I won't pick anything up. i hate it and I rub against anyone who's near me to try to get it off. even strangers, who think I'm nuzzling (whatever that means) up to them and they say "he's so cute." but I can't get it off most of the time.

what I did was i picked up the shell of a horse chestnut on the street. prickles and barbs and all. i don't know why i do these things. one reason is that they smell good. another reason is that they look interesting. my gullet is very big. so it's not hard to swallow. the problem is later. . . . i won't go into the details, but it was pretty bad, apparently. the doctor kept saying, "oh what a brave, big boy he is." and then he'd probe me. but i love doctor jim and so i let him.

but i still wish it was my brother, who's also a doctor (another kind), who could do it. he really loves me. but even he didn't send me a valentine. or my sister.

i know i shouldn't complain because people say i'm a very "privileged" (spoiled) dog. we've just come home from a very long trip. all the way down to florida and back. i, apparently, was a very good dog and stayed in my harness in the back seat most of the time. quite frankly, it's all a blur to me except for a couple of pretty worrisome incidents.

here's one:

there is this great dog shop in sarasota called "wet noses." anyways, they went in there with me. i didn't even get a cookie there (even tho part of the place is a barkery) because the sales girl was too busy reading. she had a little yappy dog that took a disliking to me, who knows why, and i had to suffer through all his or her barking the whole time i was there. it was very destabilizing.

anyways, what happened was, let me diverge. you know my beautiful burberry winter coat? well it's very old now. it has a lot of sloppiness about it. a bunch of pulled threads and even tho i still get a lot of compliments on it, it's had its day, as they say. it's about its fifth season. i think i've had it since i was one years old.

anyways, there was a gorgeous burberry one there. very heavy real wool. the girl stopped reading enough to say that it was such a good knock-off that the company who made it had been sued. need i say more to tell you how gorgeous it was? and it fit me perfectly and i'm not easy to fit because even though i'm quite slender, i'm very long (tall). have you noticed that in my picture?

daddy loved it. she, on the other hand, saw a chocolate brown angora coat with bronze sequins all over it and fell in love with it and wanted to buy it instead. they were all on sale because who needs wool coats in florida? right?

i did look good in the sequined one. it fit me to a "t." but it was really for a girl dog. daddy said immediately that he would NOT walk me in it. mommy asked the

girl, who was back reading again, and she looked up and said it was cool. anyways, there was a lot of discussion about it. a guy who was in the store with his girlfriend said that it was quite "cool." i kept walking around in it and because i couldn't see the sequins on my back, i was quite happy. it did feel very snugly and cozy. it was chilly in florida that day.

now i know i am quite urbane, but, nonetheless, this was going too far apparently. you know how much she likes sparkly stuff. just look at her own wardrobe. so her judgement was really off.

to make this very long story short, finally a lady came in who said, this would be great on me if my name was "liberace." whatever that means. so they didn't buy it and luckily i am now the owner of a VERY beautiful burberry knockoff.

but the story's not over. i hope i'm not boring you.

we went out again to starbucks on st. armand's circle. same walk each day. it's supposed to be healthy for both of us.

anyways everything was fine. it was quite chilly out so i was wearing a new chocolate brown little sweatshirt from american eagle. nice, masculine, comfortable.

anyways, out of the blue, in a little boutique, she sees a leopard dog coat in a store that isn't even a dog store. this time the owner had a white maltese. i love malteses but this one would not stop barking. it was ridiculous. nobody could think or concentrate. anyways, before i knew it, she bought this coat for me. it's very silky and has a zipper at the neck. it matches my leopard leash that she bought in key west. she likes "themes," whatever they are. i think all this literary stuff has unbalanced her.

daddy said the fabric seems like lingerie, but he isn't as upset as he was about the sequins. i heard someone say the word "leotard," whatever that is.

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### **summer 2007**

i think we're travelling again because i was tied up in my harness on the back seat of the car for a long time. what i do is i lie still for about three hours or so (not counting our walking breaks). then i start to whimper in the back seat. then i elevate, enumerate, escalate (or whatever) the whimpering to a constant crying until they can't stand it anymore. then they let me out and i come and sit on mommy's lap in the front seat. she says it's dangerous for dogs not to be harnessed in. but nonetheless she gives in.

now we're in a new place called saratoga. it's all very confusing to me because it doesn't seem like sarasota where we were in the winter. that town is warm and has beautiful palm trees. this place smells like pine trees. i don't know for sure

because i've been under the bed since i got here. in new places i always check out this area first because it's safe (except for the dust balls which make me cough). sometimes i can't get underneath the bed, but this one's nice and high. mommy says this b&b is even nicer than last year's, so maybe i'll come out soon.

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### **fall 2007**

we're back in toronto and i don't like it one bit. i've been feeling very destabilized (i think that means all mixed up). it's all because of the noise outside my place. there's hammering all the time.

i like to pride myself on being a real cool (i mean really cool) urban animal. but all the construction noise outside my apartment is way over the top. it goes on all day. so i don't mind my walk with daddy early in the morning and later at night, but i won't tolerate walking in the daytime.

mommy's all upset because i've ruined her routine. she likes to walk along all the fancy streets near us and sit in cafés and show me off. she loves it when people say how cute i am and what a "good boy" i am. i like it too, but not if it means having to be out in that clamour. so i've gone along with her walking routines up until now. but now it's too frightening out there and my fears can never end because the noise never stops. on all sides of our building, too.

i've found out that if i just sit down in the middle of the street and don't move, i can exert a lot of control. that's what it's about, eh? in fact, i think sit-down strikers learned from dogs!

mommy has tried everything. she has pulled and pulled but all that happens is that she pulls my collar right over my little head. and i'm still sitting!

she has tried throwing my ball. i fell for that one the first time because i absolutely love playing ball, even if i don't retrieve it real good (i mean really well). i chased it all the way down the street, temporarily forgetting where i was. but as soon as i realized that i had fallen for the ball trick (and i was "off leash," whatever that means), i just started to run back home.

sometimes she has to take the car. i love that because she drives away from the noise. then we get out and walk. that's fine with me, but mommy is really upset because she says it's ridiculous to live downtown and put money in a meter only a few blocks from home. personally, i think it's the answer to her problem.

the only thing that's making me think i might soon have to give in is that i heard her mention two words that sound a little upsetting: "phobic" and "dog shrink." i hope it doesn't come to that, whatever that means.

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**fall birthday, 2007**

it's the end of a perfect day. unlike yesterday. yesterday was my birthday and i never got nothing special from no one. sure they said "happy birthday gatsby" in the morning. but then mommy went all the way far on the highway to work and left me at 7:30, even before i did my morning stuff. then daddy took me to the dreaded groomer. they call it my "spa" day, but let me assure you it isn't. it's awful. it takes six hours or more and you have to be in the drying cage for ever.

then she picked me up, late, as usual, and i thought i was finally going to have some fun because she was getting all dressed up. i thought she wanted to look pretty like me before she took me out for my birthday. and then, she just left me in the front hall and went out with daddy to a party. and they didn't get home until after 10:00. sure, they left the cartoons on as usual, but it's not the same as being there with me.

so i had a terrible day for my birthday. she knew it because i heard her say "he's just a dog and doesn't really know one day from the next so maybe we should redo his birthday tomorrow. he won't know the difference."

and, yes, they did redo my birthday and it was wonderful. I spent the whole day with mommy – in the car, in the shops, all the things she loves to do that I, too, now love to do. I even got an email birthday card and a new toy. I think I turned four, maybe five, because she does lie about my birthday to forestall people saying how finite my life is. I don't care at all. I feel like a puppy!

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**winter incident, 2008**

i don't know how it happened, but mommy noticed that i was blinking (whatever that means) a lot. so off we went to the dog doctor's house and then to another dog doctor eye specialist, can you believe it? anyways, apparently i have a scratched cornea. it doesn't bother me much, except for the blinking thing. but the doctor was really serious. he told mommy that she had to put drops in seven times a day and that i had to wear this funny cone on my head for at least two weeks.

mommy says "the vets see her coming," whatever that means. also, she says, "i've just paid for their vacation to the riviera," wherever that is.

i hope it never happens to you, but, actually, if it does, it's not that bad. i've had lots of extra treats because of it and many, many cuddles. even from strangers like the japanese tourist in valumart who took my picture while i was tied up waiting for mommy to finish her shopping.

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## **summer travel, 2008**

we're here in new york and i've been a very good boy and a very healthy boy. i haven't brunged up all week. sorry to be so graphic, but i'm writing on her email and i know her style. i never get my own when we're away.

this apartment hotel is very nice. the suite is great. i have my own room, which is a relief! she has a kitchen. it's good to store water in the fridge. nothing else, naturally, except my dog food.

it rained while we were at a street festival. but we still had fun. there's tons of great stuff on the ground at street festivals in new york. but then they put that blessed halty on my snout and i could hardly get no good pieces of dropped food after that. sorry about the double negatives!

at restaurants here the people make me be tied to the other side of the railing on the far side of the sidewalk. like at a meter while they're at the cafe part. and the sidewalks here are very broad (whatever that means). it's a new york law. anyways, i cried a lot when this happened, actually i think the word is howled, and they had to leave the restaurant and try another place.

this time the restaurant girl let me be tied outside where they were stitting on the other side of some flower boxes. i didn't like this either and though i didn't know i had it in me, i actually jumped up on the flower box and onto mommy's shoulder. everyone there was very surprised to see a dog perched on her shoulder. but they didn't understand. i'm not used to being outside the railings.

we had to leave there too.

i'm writing mostly because i'm upset about something and i think if i write about it, she might see it and have pity on me. I think they are getting a stroller for me. we've been to tons of dog stores and they keep putting me in these contraptions. they say it will allow them to be freer and to keep me with them more. otherwise, i'll have to stay in the hotel while they gallivant all day.

anyways, what i'm consternated about is not the stroller as much as the colour. the only one they really like is pink. so the disconcerting, discombobulating aspect is that i heard her say, "well, who cares. we'll take it in pink. no one has to know that he's a boy."

can you believe it? i've got my paws crossed that it won't happen and that somehow they'll find one in blue. honestly, if you can't find blue in new york city, where can you?

i'm hoping it will just pass over and that it's a thing of the "moment."

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### **winter update, 2009**

it finally happened. remember in the summer they almost bought me a stroller? well, we are going back to nyc for 10 days and because i am such a bad walker and inhibit (whatever that means) their good time, they bought me this jeep. they don't call it a stroller. they call it my "jeep." see the word on the handlebar? but you and i know better. (click to see the picture.)

They say it will liberate them in new york. actually, i happen to love sitting in it because it has a snugly cushion and my burberry (knock-off) blanket. it matches my colour (beige) and is quite cool looking. very up-to-date with a cup holder for my water and her coffee. but still, it's quite mortifying. mostly for them.

they say it will allow them to "make tracks," whatever that means.

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### **spring, 2009**

well, believe it or not, we've all adjusted to the stroller. it took us right through nyc and on to montreal in may.

in new york, they even visited the museum of photography with me inside. you see, the front and top come together into a mesh cage, so once inside i can finally relax and not have to be on show. and it's nice and dark in there. mommy says that everyone "averts their glance" when they look in because they think they are seeing an extraordinarily hairy baby and are too polite to look further. for me it's a great chance to snooze or chill.

the only time i tried to get out happened when we were kicked out of the sony building in new york. mommy was trying to have a coffee in the atrium. two big guards came over and said "no dogs allowed." they escorted us to the door before mommy could even put her coat on or cover me with my blanket. she had to put her coffee down in that darn cup-holder. i started to jump around to get more comfortable because new york was REALLY cold in march. anyways, between my jumping and mommy trying to put her coat on, the coffee spilled on the "gorgeous" canvas of my stroller.

when we finally got outside, we were right in front of a hot-dog stand. the smells of the hotdogs, as you might imagine, really overwhelmed me and i couldn't stop squirming and trying to get out. at the end of the day, don't forget i am a DOG!

anyways, that was the end of the stroller for that day.

but in montreal it was great because i didn't have to walk on the cobblestones of the old city. they are really hard on the paws (you might never have tried it!). anyways, all and all, the stroller has been a great thing for me now that i've gotten over the mortification of it all!

## winter 2012

i know, there's been a huge lag in my blog. we just haven't had the heart for it for a while, but i can tell we're travelling again and it seems as if things are getting back to the old way. that is, we're in the car, i'm harnessed in the back (i know, they love me and it's for my own safety) . . .

BUT they ate party sandwiches in the front of the car with me harnessed in the back. i cried and i whimpered for miles (we're not in kilometers no more) but they paid no attention. anyways they finally FINISHED and we arrived in saratoga springs. i love it here cuz they don't even bring my cage into the room. i can sleep wherever i want. i usually take the big sofa where they have laid a towel to signal to me (all this semiotic signifying stuff) that it's where i'm supposed to be. in the mornings i can just jump on their bed without having to be unlocked from my cage the way i am most nights of my life.

they've put a chair near the bed and taught me to jump on it and then on the bed in case i miss my leap. the beds in hotels are getting higher and higher (have you noticed that?) and she's such a worry-wart that i take pity on her and relearn the trick each place we go. you know . . . teaching older dogs new tricks . . .

did you know that i am already 14? everybody makes such a fuss about it! big deal, i don't feel any different. age is just a letter or whatever.

BUT i heard her say she packed my cookies in the NYC bag and it's in the CAR, so i won't have none for two days unless one of the stores on the street has some and someone takes pity on me. there's a store called sloppy kisses where mommy buys all my hoodies. they have a bakery and it smells like doggy heaven, but she never hardly buys any of their stuff except clothing, not even toys. so i have to hope that i'll get lucky and that the lady behind the counter will give me a little sample.

how pathetic is that . . .

## **fall 2012**

this was the best day of my doggy life! I turned 15 and everybody made such a fuss. I went with my mommy and daddy to uncle j and auntie i's cottage in the country. they let me roam all over their HUGE place. i felt like the original gatsby roaming around his mansion in west egg. the only creature missing was daisy. did i tell you that my girlfriend's name is daisy?

anyways, they made me a dog-food cake and lit a candle on it. even tho i knew it was just my usual food shaped in a mound, it wad SO exciting to have a candle on it. and to hear them sing. i wore my best orange hoodie.

they were very lenient (whatever that means) the whole day and kept saying "it's okay, it's your birthday."

i cried a bit at supper cuz they tied me up when they were eating STEAK, but deep in my doggy heart i understand that i can be difficult at table.

anyways, then i had a lovely nap as they drove me home. can't wait until I'm 16!

## **spring 2014**

i'm 16 and a half, they say, and i'll tell you one thing - last week was the closest call i hardly never had before. here's what happened.

this real cute couple came walking by our house in niagara with this real cute red poodle. now I happen to know that a red poodle is mommy's favourite dog. she tries to cover my ears whenever she talks about them, but i still know. i used to be quite red myself - an "apricot" - whatever that means - cockapoo. but i'm pretty blond now.

anyways, this here red poodle walked by with his owners and my mommy and daddy got talking to them all and apparently they were looking for a new home for him. anyways, we got along pretty good, but i didn't like the way he kept climbing on my back - he is only one years old, but still ..... i think it's a dominance thing or whatever. here's a picture of him and me together. this was before he climbed on my back.

so the end of the story is that they found out that the one-dog policy in our condo in the city can't be budged - i don't understand any of it. but i think that, in the end, they were relieved. she says "we don't need a contingency dog!"

WHEW! that was one dog-gone darn close call!

fall 2014

i was really a bad boy tonight when mommy had "company" – whatever that means. for me, when she serves a tapas dinner, it's the worst. everything is just at my height and it's all carbs - which I love. even the shrimp that should really be for cats is VERY tempting.

so apparently i never gave them a moment's peace. they kept putting me in my cage and i kept jumping up and threatening to jump OUT and yelping and generally being a nuisance. they don't really help because they are so grateful that i am still around that they indulge me (whatever that means).

anyway, all you dogs out there, dog forbid that you are ever sick, but if you are, when you are all better, be sure to take them for all you can - new toys, TONS of cookies, and total leniency - whatever that means.