

An Afternoon at the Park

We're goin' to the damn doggie park. Again. Yippee. I can hardly wait. Happens every couple of days. Drag me off **my** sofa and stick me out here with a bunch of canine misfits...just look at 'em. Bunch of barking uber-happy dumbass dogs. Man's best friend. What a joke. It's pitiful, that's what it is. Makes me ashamed to be a dog. But do I get a choice? Hell no. Pisses me off.

We're here. Hurray. Ok, ok, I'm gettin' out! Son of a **bitch**, take it easy! It's bad enough ridin' in this stupid car, this rhinestone and leather collar chokin' the hell out of me, but now I get the exalted privilege of runnin' around in a tenth-acre of overwatered crabgrass and smelling the ripe reminders of every dog who ever shit here.

Oh this is rich. Look over here. (sniff, sniff) Doberman, male, black and brown, with one lazy eye. (sniff) Oboy...this was a poodle, female, in heat, just ate a toad and a three month old Twinkie, and over here....ahh, fuck this!

No, I don't wanna chase a goddamn frisbee. Suppose I just bite you in the crotch, motherfucker? Yeah, I understand. Chihuahuas don't do that kind of shit, we're too damn cute. Man, are you gonna get a wake up call. And soon. Lardass. Hey, here's a thought. Why don't I throw the frisbee and you drag your oversized torso through this shit covered grass and bring it back to me. Yeah. Good boy! No?

Fuck you.

Hey, who's that over there? In those bushes. Hey you! Yeah, you! Son of a bitch, you're a coyote!

Hey homes, whassup? I'm good. Hey, can you help a brutha out? Get me the hell out of this motherfuckin' place? No?

Shit.

Hey, hey, listen. See that blue Honda parked over there with the back window rolled down?

No, that's a Land Rover.

No, not that one, either. That's Animal Control.

Yeah, that one. Anyway, jump in and hide on the floor in the back seat. Why? Food, dude. You look like the Barbi Twins on a bad day. Barbi Twins? Well see they're these Hollywood celebs that... Hollywood? Well, see...oh hell, never mind. Anyway, there's food, see... No! Not me, bro! See that temptingly delectable blubbery haunch sitting on the bench over there? Yeah, that's my warden.

Oh yeah, sure. No problem, bring the family along, too. Wait, don't start howling just yet, OK?

What? His name's Harry. Yeah. Harry. Now listen, when I give the signal, you run and hide in the car. I'll head that way in a few. I'll be bringing dinner. (Laughs maniacally) See you in five, my brutha.