



REARVIEW

By Joey (courtesy of Shelley Wood)

To my humans

Some truth telling

First let me apologize for resorting to a typed letter in order to communicate my thoughts. As you have no doubt surmised, my paws are ill equipped for pens and cursive script. My feeling is, had you not intended for me to access your computer, you would not have used my name as your password.

On a related technological note: I am not tall in stature. Can you please move the coffee table out of the sight line of the PS3? It's interfering with my daytime mastery of *Dance Dance Revolution*.

You asked me the other day what I loved most: treats or walks. Please don't make me choose! When I'm out on my trails, I feel I could run and run until my legs gave out. When I'm at home, and awake, there is little I wouldn't do to get my bacon-flavoured beggin' strips. Or a belly rub. I do love a good belly rub.

Let's get straight to the matter of my chew toys as you affectionately call them. Allow me to set the record straight. These are not playthings. When you drive away, a veritable army of Made-in-China stuffies comes to life and it takes every ounce of my strength to tear these ruthless creatures limb from limb. It is them, or me. Then, when I bring their body parts to the door to greet you on your return, I am met with confusion and disappointment. Some effusive praise, rather than exasperation, would go a long way towards making me feel you understand the perils to which I am subjected, the lengths I will go to keep harm from our door.

This brings us to the unfortunate incident of your merino wool-lined boots. Now that the cooling off period has come and gone, ask yourself: should these have been left in the front hall? Surely the right thing to have done from the outset would have been to store them on a high shelf in a locked cupboard. I grant you, attempting to bury their remains in the hydrangeas was not me at my finest hour.

If it's okay by you, I will officially transfer my napping location from my dog-bed to the mat beside my food bowl



in the kitchen at precisely 3 p.m. each day. True, I will be underfoot for at least three hours before my mealtime. You and I both know, however, once you've had a few glasses of that red liquid, the dinner hour can come and go unremarked.

Finally, let me address the elephant in the room. I'm no dummy. I know you had an older, slower, stinkier chap around who looked quite a bit like me, only far less handsome. He seems to be gone now. I don't know where, but I can see it's making you sad in the same way I get sad when you come upstairs wearing fancy clothes, meaning wherever you are going, I don't get to come. Please know: I miss him too. In every way I can, I hope I can fill his paws. I'll do my very best. Starting with eating the crusts of the sandwich you've generously left for me on your desk.

This brings me to the unfortunate incident of your merino wool-lined boots.

Sincerely,
Joey

