



I'm living the good life. I've claimed a prime piece of real estate on a hill just out past the city park, underneath a pile of old timber and rusty sheets of tin—I think it had once been a henhouse. It might not be every dog's dream kennel, but I like it. It keeps me dry when it's raining, and warm all winter, and I've cozied it up with a couple of fluffy towels I snagged down at the local laundromat.

And the adventures I've had...my heart beats faster than a downhill greyhound just thinking about them. One that I remember was my run-in with the local dogcatcher. He had me dead to rights, but I outfoxed him.

After he'd caught me with his animal snatcher, I pretended to be happy to see him. I licked his face and sat as docile as a sleepy bunny—till he relaxed his grip. Then I took off like that greyhound I mentioned earlier.

