



# my Humans

Lucy & Lizzy Grimm

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Dedicated to my grandfather's lhasa apso, Heidi.

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# My Humans

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My humans are the best humans ever.

They spend time with me every day. All I have to do is call, and they come. My fur is kept nice and short, so I don't have to worry about tangles. During the winter, they wrap me up in nice sweaters to keep me warm. On cold, wet days when I have to go outside for a while, they bring me inside, wrap me up in blankets, and curl up on the couch.

My humans are part of my pack.

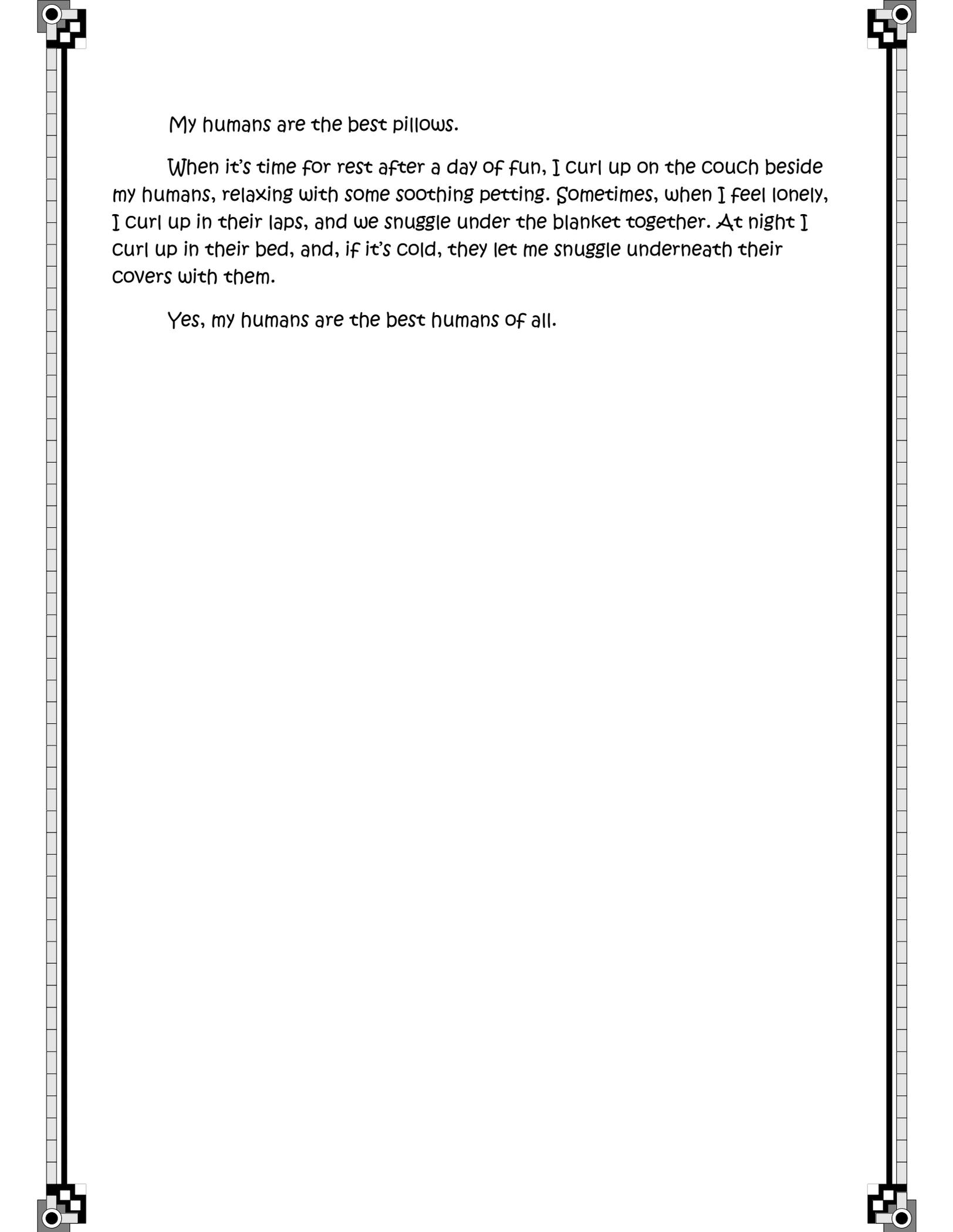
On days when I feel playful, we race around the house. My humans are huge compared to me, so I can slip into small places to get ahead of them. My heart races, and I can't keep my tail from wagging from all the fun.

My humans are quite bizarre sometimes.

We play the game my humans call fetch with my toys. It's such a silly game, because as soon as I bring my toy back to my humans they toss it again. I get them back though. Sometimes I grab my toy in my teeth, and only bring it half-way back. My humans always huff at me when I do that, but they always wear a smile on their faces when they come to meet me halfway.

My humans are my subjects.

This is not up for debate. They call me princess, and I have no doubts it's true. I dole out licks to my humans to let them know how much I love them. Sometimes, I even perch on top of their backs just to survey their bright smiling faces. It is good to remind them that they belong to me, since they sometimes forget.



My humans are the best pillows.

When it's time for rest after a day of fun, I curl up on the couch beside my humans, relaxing with some soothing petting. Sometimes, when I feel lonely, I curl up in their laps, and we snuggle under the blanket together. At night I curl up in their bed, and, if it's cold, they let me snuggle underneath their covers with them.

Yes, my humans are the best humans of all.