



my Humans

Lucy & Lizzy Grimm

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Dedicated to my grandfather's lhasa apso, Heidi.

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My Humans

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.

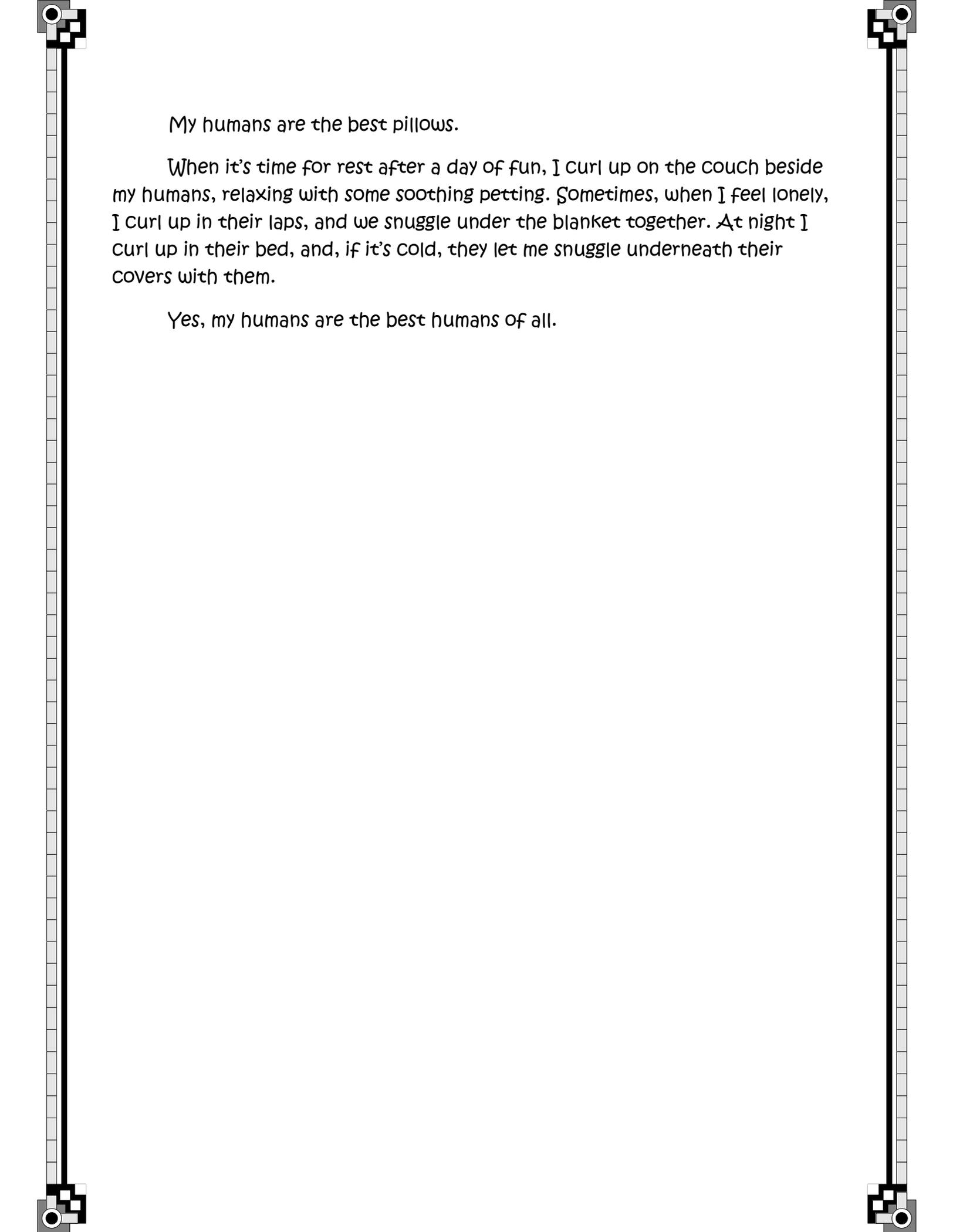
On days when I feel playful, we race around the house. My humans are huge compared to me, so I can slip into small places to get ahead of them. My heart races, and I can't keep my tail from wagging from all the fun.

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 doubt 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.

More, My Humans

My humans want to hear more.

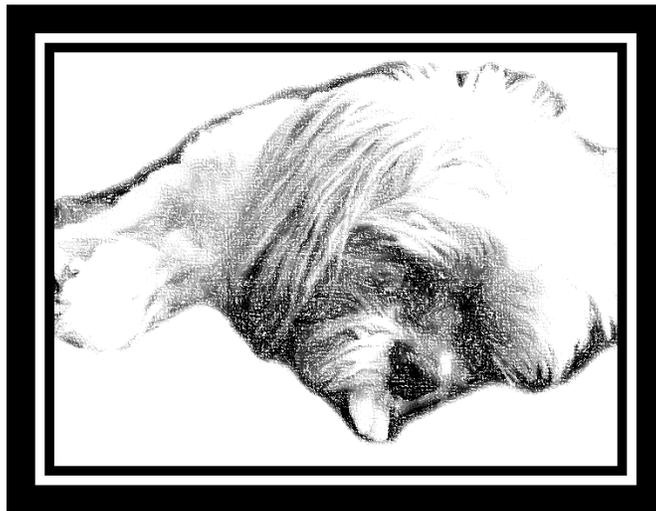
By the request of one of my humans, the tale shall continue. I suppose I cannot blame them. They spend an extensive amount of time talking on and on to other humans about me. It's only fair I return the favor. Ahem. Where to begin. Ah!

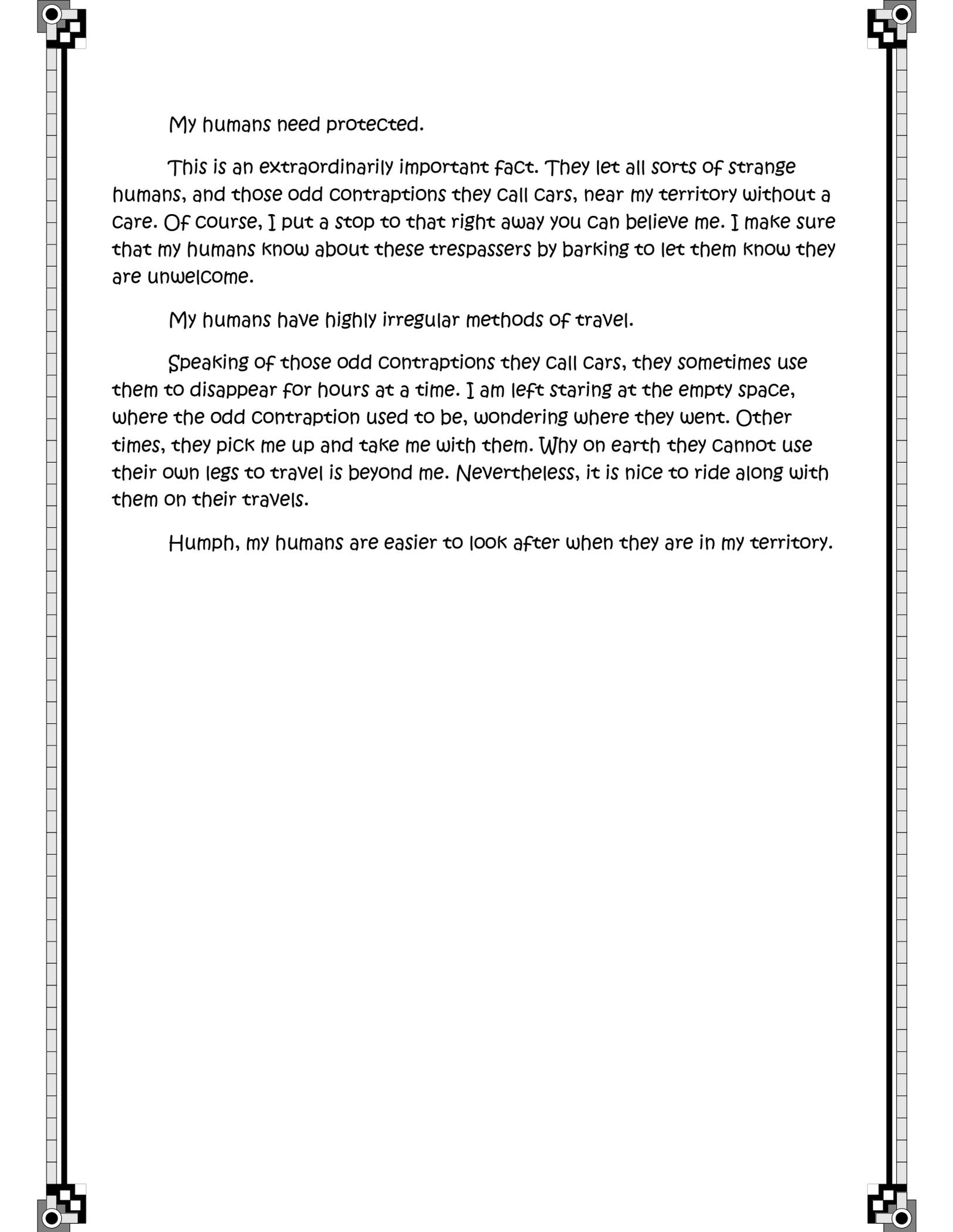
My humans have delicious smelling food.

Most of the time I must settle for only smelling the delectable morsels, and imagining the divine taste. But sometimes, sometimes they share with me. My humans will put scrumptious meat on top of my kibble, which makes a tasty treat.

My humans have this wonderful creation called ice cream.

Not human ice cream, but special ice cream just for me. In these summer months, it is especially delicious... at least until I start making myself cold. I tried to give my humans a dirty look as they laugh, but then they curl up with me until I'm warm again so I cannot complain.





My humans need protected.

This is an extraordinarily important fact. They let all sorts of strange humans, and those odd contraptions they call cars, near my territory without a care. Of course, I put a stop to that right away you can believe me. I make sure that my humans know about these trespassers by barking to let them know they are unwelcome.

My humans have highly irregular methods of travel.

Speaking of those odd contraptions they call cars, they sometimes use them to disappear for hours at a time. I am left staring at the empty space, where the odd contraption used to be, wondering where they went. Other times, they pick me up and take me with them. Why on earth they cannot use their own legs to travel is beyond me. Nevertheless, it is nice to ride along with them on their travels.

Humph, my humans are easier to look after when they are in my territory.