

WOOF WOOF--CHARLY HERE.....

As a reader you can call this a memoir, a biography, or just a short dog'gerel story, your choice. Yes, I am very short compared to the two, two-legged employees of mine, whom I tolerate in my house and who are largely responsible for the fact that I am named Charly. But more on that later.

Regarding those employees of mine, I sometimes feel that they think that they own the place. As long as they provide my food and treats on time, I just let them believe it as it seems to make them feel good. Also, it's important to me that I take them for walks on a regular basis so they stay healthy with adequate exercise, etc. It might be quite expensive for me if something healthwise or other were to happen to them and I was forced to replace them.

I was woofing to myself about that dire possibility the other day and I came to the canine conclusion that if something were to happen to either one of them that I would make an effort to find some, should I say, 'Super Humans,' who had evolved to the point where they, at least, had four legs. Not only do they look silly as they 'dog-trot' along, but they simply can't move as fast as I would like when I bark for something, especially food and treats.

Oh well,I suppose mother nature thought she knew what she was doing when she created them that way, even though, in hindsight, it seems quite dogmatic, possibly even for her, I hope. Another minimum improvement that she could have made would have been for them to have been provided with tails. Since people usually, but not always, have a major hair growth only on the top of their heads, a nice tassel on a foot or two of tail would have been a nice balance, not to even mention, an evolutionary move in the right direction. There are obviously limits as to how

far humans could have been improved on first try, considering what mother nature had to work with as a starting point--woof:-).

Oh well, a dog's life isn't only about barking and woofing about improvements for our 'master-servants,' once in a while we do need them as their talents can't be completely ignored.

Incidentally, more about my name Charly. I know a few doggie friends who also have that name, and I even know a few people who sport it. But similiarly, as a politician said to another politician who was trying to put on the dog in the presidential race in 2012, I must say: "I know a few Charly friends of mine, and those human Charlys are no Charly!"

And so, time is of the essence and need my man Norb to bring this woof to a computer for printing. I hope, for once, it isn't out of black ink again. I heard that he is going to a Writer's Group meeting soon and I wouldn't be surprised if he uses my creation as his entry of the day. I would certainly call that doggone plagiarism--grrrr!

Charly Woof Woof

PS: I am descended of the genus Canis, to which I attribute my foxiness.

5 hrs ago