

Dogs Sniff Butt... Cats All Suck!

The old Bloodhound looked at the pup and barked at him, "We all sniff butt; that's what we do... we're dogs right?"

Sammy was about to bark back with a loud 'RIGHT!', but instead stopped to scratch. Flopping to his backside he began digging at an area behind his right ear with a back paw. "Sure sure General," he responded without looking up, "We sniff butt cuz we're dogs... and dogs are... are... ahhhhhhh," his voice waggled with the scratching. "Dogs are not cats," he finally said.

"That's right," replied the battle scarred old veteran. "We're not like those damnable cats..." he said loudly, "All purrs and soft fur... FLUFFY STUFF BY GOD! They don't sniff butt like us. DAMN THEM!"

"Yeah... that's right... damn them," responded Sammy, now working on his other ear. "Ahhh... General?" He stopped scratching and looked at his elder. "Why are we damning cats again? What's damning anyways?"

"Cuz we hate'em... they're disgusting... and because we can; that's why." He took the time to adjust the pup's collar, and then added, "No self respecting cur likes a cat."

"Oh... ok... I was just wondering. My mom's a cat ya know? Do I have to damn her too?"

The bloodhound looked mortified and quickly looked around to make sure the yard was empty of any other dogs. Turning back to the pup he said softly, "Shut it ya stoopid booger brain pup. You want us ta get banned from the ranks of the hallowed grounds of Dogma?"

"Huh?"

He hiss whispered, "I was asked ta show yu the ways of the world Samuel... and the ways of the world... of our world; is to hate cats."

"Why?" Sammy whispered back. He gave a puppy's happy look, panted, sniffed at his butt, and then made a quick 'peeuee' sound. "Are you sure we have to sniff butt?"

"Because we do, and yes I'm sure!"

"Why?"

“Because we’re dogs,” the General told him again patiently, “And your mama wants me to teach you... to... be... a... dog.” He accented his last words with a chewed on old claw poking the puppy’s chest as each was spoken.

“Why?”

The General caught sight of another dog and let out a strong ‘brawl’ to chase it off the property. He followed its retreat with a; “CAT’S SUCK!”

Sammy bounced up beside him and did a fair imitation of the older dog’s ‘brawl’ and then happily yelled out, “CATS SUCK CATS SUCK!”

Leaning on the Bloodhound’s leg, he whispered, “Hey General... how come I gotta say ‘cats suck’?”

The old dog looked down and winked at him. “Cuz ya just gotta,” he whispered back. “If’n ya let the mongrels think ya haven’t got brass balls then you’ll have ta fight for your entire life just ta stay alive.”

Sammy looked between his legs and gently patted at where his testicles would eventually be. “I ain’t got brass balls General... I dunno if I even got any at all... but if I do I think they might be rubber like my tingle bell ball.”

The General sighed and looked up towards an empty plant shelf on the wall of the porch. He shook his head in a fashion that told the big orange cat laying there that this was possibly a lost cause from the beginning.

Myra was a good friend... an old friend, who had helped him out of more than one scrape in the past. When she came to him with her newest kitten he was almost beside himself. “You can’t be serious,” he told her. “He won’t survive a week with your stink on’im.”

She purred and brushed up against the old dog in a way he would only ever allow for in the most secret confines of privacy. “I’ve never been more serious,” she purred. “As I recall you did pretty good for yourself with my stink on you.”

“I rolled in dead stuff,” he retorted, “To cover it up. Where did ya find’im?”

“Back by the trash cans about a month ago. I raised him up best I could... but he’ll need a male’s paw in his life if he’s to grow to be a proper dog.”

“I don’t know...” the old warrior began, but she cut him off.

“Just think of him as the son we always wanted.”

“What are you talking about ya crazy old cat?” His jaw dropped slightly.

“Come on,” she purred. “All the adventures we had together... all those times we were personal like?” She rubbed up under his chest just the way he liked. “He coulda been ours right enough... don’t cha think?”

The old dog snorted at that one and would have laughed except she just kept purring and rubbing against him. “Old friends”, he muttered. “That’s all we is... old friends... and don’t you be telling any of yur cat friends otherwise cuz I’ll jest deny it.”

That was when her paw brushed up against his nethers; and he shivered. She still had that spark. He agreed then to help... but just for old time’s sake. It had been almost forever since he’d even so much as licked himself he pointed out to her; so she was ‘jest a wasting her time.’

The old cat only purred and touched him again; and he was putty in her paws.

As he looked back down at the pup, Sammy flopped onto his back and wiggled his paws around in the air. He then licked one and began washing his face with it. As puppies will, he fell fast asleep with the one paw slowing until it finally wasn’t moving at all.

The old Bloodhound just shook his head and lay down next to him. This was going to take a lot longer than he’d initially considered. Looking up at Myra, she smiled back; her expression telling him he was doing just fine. He sighed, placed a large paw over the puppy’s chest and pulled him a little closer.

He always knew Myra was more than ‘just’ an old friend; he’d just never figured her as the marrying type.

He snorted at this thought and then closed his eyes for a little cat nap.

That, he reflected as he dozed off, and he damn sure never expected a kitten.