

From the Desk of...Lenny

This was a year of growth and change, filled with opportunities to learn about myself and my place in this world and to branch out beyond my comfort zone. You know, all that crap I hate.

In April, Eric and Lauren went to France to celebrate Lauren's mother's birthday in the City of Lights. I went to Huntington Beach to lie in the sun and lick myself. Suckers. The place I stayed at had a flap in the door that the other dogs kept going through. I think it took them to a terrifying future world where Robots rule the world and Snausages have been outlawed. That or the yard. Either way, I wasn't going to take any chances.

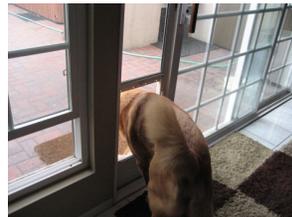
The whole thing filled me with a sense of existential dread. As a result, I decided to immerse myself in the intellectual culture of Orange County and took up the writings of it's favorite son, Jean-Paul Sartre. His view of the world as a godless morass of alienation and despair gave me many a chuckle. I've included some of my favorite quotes to get you in the holiday spirit. !



Hell is...other people.



I exist. It's sweet, so sweet, so slow...



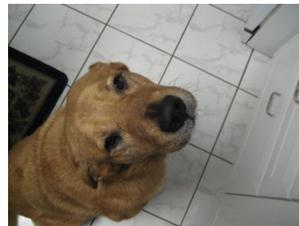
Life begins on the other side of despair



If you are lonely when you are alone, then you are in bad company



Freedom is what you do with what's been done to you



Everything has been figured out, except how to live

When we moved in August I finally learned the true meaning of his words: "A simple formula would be to say that life taught me *la force des choses* - the power of circumstances" I have a yard now so I can run around in circles and poop in hard to reach places. The neighbors don't speak English and the electricity is temperamental. Eric says it reminds him of Paris. There are plenty of children to bark at and sometimes they bark back in their native language They even have a nickname for me: Pero Loco. I'm fitting right in.

I howl at fire trucks, play with squeaky toys, and get excited when Eric comes home. It's like I've discovered the dog within. Next thing you know I'll be fetching slippers. What a gyp.



I've made my fantasy basketball picks and now I look forward to beating Eric. Life may be

meaningless but I've got Yao Ming on my team, so I think I may have a shot in the new year. If not, I can always hide in the ivy. *La force des chose* indeed.

Happy New Year!

Love, Lenny

