



From the Desk of...Lenny

My fellow Americans (who know Eric and Lauren),

In 2008, the Sims family got caught up in all that Obama Hope and Change jive. Eric and Lauren started changing stuff, and I kept hoping they would STOP. Job changes,

home changes, exchanging my bacon flavored Snau-sages for Beggin' Strips. How much can one dog take? I mean- Old Dog- New Tricks- Hello-o? They want me to start going out the BACK door now, WTF?



The year started badly when, in February, they changed up my routine by going to Venice and the Veneto. In their minds, I'm sure they went to im-

prove the image of Americans abroad- though I don't see Eric doing so well with this crowd of locals. I guess they didn't go for his "What a spicy meatball" routine. I told him that wouldn't work. They sent me off to be a goodwill ambassador to Huntington Beach where I took part in their crazy customs like eating whipped cream from a can and going outside through a hole in the door. Goodwill, my ass.



As they year dragged on, we received a number of foreign dignitaries- including representatives from the far flung reaches of the Denver/ Albuquerque Metro

Area, and one exotic visitor from the Far East

(Murray Hill). They came to exchange ideas, get free theatre tickets and eat Pinkberry- not necessarily in that order.

In May, we decided to leave the city behind and get in touch with the Real America. We didn't want to leave LA County, though- I mean, let's not go nuts here. We ended up getting a cabin in Pine Mountain Club where we shook hands with Sally, the Sluggish Waitress (with a real estate license), Gary the Angry Gay Baker (with a real estate license) and Benny the Burly Biker (with a real estate license). What a bunch of nimrods. It's a good thing it was Memorial Day, because now I remember how much the Real America sucks. There was a dog-run, though, and the trees were kinda pretty, I guess.



In September, to get the taste of the Real America out of their mouths, Lauren and Eric went to San Francisco with Lauren's friend Sandy and stayed in the Castro District. During the Harvey Milk era, their motel was legendary for sordid gay trysts but now all that's left of that time are the stories and the stains on the carpet. Luckily they wore socks.



In August, Eric got a new job running the Kirk Douglas Theatre and decided to celebrate his shorter commute by staying at work a lot later. Yeah, it doesn't much sense to me either. Lauren quit her job in October so she could spend more time doing laundry and watching me sleep. Now that's change I can live with!

At the end of August, Eric and Lauren bought a house and, after signing the same piece of paper 10,000 times and replacing the bathroom floor with

one that doesn't have a view of the earth below, we moved in. The place still needs a lot of work. They keep saying they're making progress, but I don't see it. On the bright side, I'm now an expert on foreign policy because I can see Culver City from my back door.

All this political junk has brought out the old hippie in me so I wrote this stupid song inspired by Crosby Stills & Nash's "Our House":

*L.A. was on fire
When Russians dropped your crap off in*

*the house
That you bought today*

*You can't use the tub
For hours and hours
While you listen to me
Bark at traffic
All night long- poor me
Poor little me*



*Our house
Is a very reasonably
priced house
With two appliances in the yard
The bathroom floor in shards
A dog's life isn't easy
I don't have to tell you*

La la la la la la la- yeah, you get the idea.



Buy a foreclosure and fix it up with stuff from Ikea? Yes We Can! Well, we can't actually put the Ikea stuff together ourselves, but, you know, we

can buy it and pay someone else to do the work. I guess America hasn't changed that much, after all.

Happy Holidays! Love and Stuff, Lenny