

Dear Suckers,

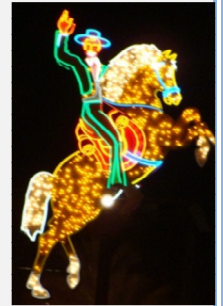
That's right bitchez (and boy dogs. I don't discriminate. Lenny don't play that) I'm back! Eric and Lauren bought my silence last year with their filthy corporate hush bacon (it fell on the floor), but I cannot in good conscience stand silent in the face of their lies and deceit any more (still accepting bacon though- let's make that perfectly clear.) I've come back stronger, wittier and loaded with more secrets than a Penn State water boy.

That's right, you heard me- secrets. You know when you call Eric and Lauren, or, maybe one of them calls you- it could happen- like maybe they want to tell you that they see pigs flying by the window or that it's freezing in hell. Anyhow, let's say you're talking to them and you ask how it's going and they just say "it's fine, it's fine" like they always do. Do you really believe them? Is it really "just fine"? Well, tune in, I'm about to reveal all the secrets contained within the incredibly thick plaster lathe walls of 9202 National Boulevard (SPOILER ALERT- It's not fine).



Secret #1: What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas while I'm stuck with the dog sitter in LA. Not cool.

Those of you who actually read Eric's "blog" (I'm really more of a Huffington Post dog, myself) might already know that Eric and Lauren dumped me off at Auntie Donna's (not my real Aunt) to take their first trip to Sin City this year. They used to proudly say that they weren't like typical Los Angelinos in that they liked to do more sophisticated and cultural things with their time off like write "blogs," drive to pseudo-Danish villages to taste wine (because there's so much great Pinot in Denmark? I don't get the connection either), and make snarky dismissive comments about the new crop of summer movies while watching *Miss Congeniality* for the 10,000th time on TNT. "Vegas" they would say while rolling their eyes and sneering and then they would have to stop talking because they actually didn't have anything to say about it.



This year, though, they took their first trip to the City that Bugsy Siegel and Fanny Mae built so that Lauren could attend a conference at the Bellagio and Eric could act like an idiot at a variety of casinos. They spent three days trying to understand the Vegas experience. For Lauren, it was sitting in ice- cold conference rooms all day trying to stay awake while people in fuzzy sweaters talked about metrics and "getting a seat at the table," whatever the hell that means. For Eric, it was drinking ice-cold daiquiris out of enormous plastic cups on the strip, riding the roller coaster at New York, New York, sneaking Abilify to the suicidally depressed lions at the MGM Grand and.

stubbornly refusing to get the point of gambling by insisting on playing the nickel slots like an old lady on oxygen. After the trip, they returned to LA confident that they had done everything there was to do in Vegas and that there was no reason whatsoever to return to such a ridiculous place. Two months later, they dumped me off at "Auntie" Donna's (not my real aunt) AGAIN so that they could go back to Vegas just to make absolutely positively sure that they hadn't missed anything and to confirm that they were, in fact, beyond a shadow of a doubt, too cultured and sophisticated to ever have to return. Fortunately, they confirmed this and now there's no reason why they would ever possibly have to go there- that is, unless maybe somebody out there has a hookup for cheap Donnie & Marie tickets? Anybody? (They made me ask this. I'm really more of a Celine dog myself. Not that I would ever be invited to Vegas. I'm clearly much too busy sniffing the carpet at "Auntie" Donna's looking for my spot to puke.)



Secret #2: I was the only member of the Sims/Fitzsimmons/Mieger/Grenon family that wasn't invited to Alan Sims' birthday party. That's racist!

Usually when Eric and Lauren get the wild bug up their asses to drive to Albuquerque, they stick me in the back seat for the ride (when I get a wild bug up my ass they treat me with Advantage). Not this time. Hmm. Well I hear that lots of fun was had by all, I wouldn't know though. It was the first time in a while that all the Sims siblings. Siblings in Law and Children of Siblings and Siblings in Law were together in one place, along with Lauren's parents and this British guy, Mike.



I just want to say for the record that I can Scream for Ice Cream too, you know, and if you put whipped cream on it, I'll actually sit for you and shake your hand, and I won't actually growl, bark, or ignore you for another five minutes at least or until I forget who you are and I wonder who the hell let you into my house. Wait, who are you again? How did you get in here? Bark, bark, bark, bark. Grrrrrrrr.

Secret #3: Eric is a professional race car passenger, and I'm not just talking about Lauren's speeding tickets on the way back from Albuquerque. Not that she got any. It's fine, it's fine!

As all of you know, Eric is about as useful in a car as an Eight-Track player that can't read a map. Despite this, he has recently become quite interested in cars and driving, thanks to largely to [Top](#)



[Gear](#) (he made me link to his stupid "blog". I feel dirty.)



For some baffling reason, Lauren decided to validate this interest by buying him a "Champ Ride" experience- three laps with a professional race car driver in an Indy car going at speeds of 180 miles per hour- the fastest any member of the Sims family has gone since Heather's Integra was stolen, thus elevating Eric's status from non-driving lame-ass to Extreme non-driving lame-ass. Just because he didn't have to drive, though, doesn't mean that he didn't have to push his body to the limit. He had to climb over a TWO FOOT HIGH wall without falling on his ass in order to get to the car and then, squeeze his womanly hips and big ass into the passenger seat of the car and, after the ride- pull himself out of the car, climb down a very short flight of metal steps AND climb over the

same two foot wall- all WITHOUT wearing his glasses- truly one of the great moments in Jewish car-racing history. This experience has inspired Eric to take a passive role in other life-changing activities like flying in the back seat of a fighter jet, reading magazines on the beach near shark infested waters and hanging out on the plane with a bunch of skydiver. Wow, what a total lame-ass. If I had thumbs, I'd be driving circles around that doofus. Just saying.

Secret #4: it's not really a secret but Lauren is still the VP of Whatchamacallit at Whosamawhatsit Korean Bank.

And despite the fact that she doesn't speak Korean, isn't familiar with Korean culture, and doesn't much care for Korean food, she kind of likes her job. She did have to take down all the pictures she had of me up around her cubicle because her co-workers kept mistaking them for take-out menus. Joke! Just a joke, Koreans don't eat dog, they eat large intestine and kim-chee (which is much, much worse) So, in case you're wondering, the work situation is, actually fine. I'm still not going anywhere near there, though. Better safe than swallowed!

Secret #5 Eric has bid farewell to the Powerhouse Theatre in Santa Monica.

Actually, you probably all thought he did this three years ago. Or maybe you don't give a crap one way or the other- I sure don't. Anyhow, he suckered another theatre company into taking over the place when he stopped running it and showed up to produce the occasional free outdoor Shakespeare show. This fall, the other theatre company finally came to their senses and left so now he's not connected to the Powerhouse at all. He's a little sentimental about the whole thing, so please resist the urge to say things like "Thank god you're out of that dump for good" and "if only you had better insurance, you could have burned it down years ago."

I mean, I say stuff like that all the time, but I'm adorable and he can't really understand me because it sounds like I'm barking at the Chinese food delivery guy. Which, actually I am. I hate that guy! (even though he brings sweet delicious fortune cookies. I'm quite complex).



Secret #6: Eric performed a wedding ceremony this year and also participated in a baptism as a godfather.

This isn't actually a secret. Eric just wanted me to include it because he thinks it makes him look all impressive. Whatever. I'd be more impressed if he could make waffles without freaking out like a lunatic. Also- just putting this out there- "God-dog" – eh? eh? Think about it, prospective parents. It's a lot more impressive than some schmo who has to take the bus.

Secret #7: Eric and Lauren aren't going to see any of you this year for Christmas, they are dragging me to the desert instead, so just mail your cards and presents already.

And if either you talk to either of them on the phone, don't bother to ask how things are cause they'll just say "it's fine." If you need to know what's really going on, just grease my paws with a little bacon and I'll tell you everything you want to hear. And if you're headed to Vegas, do a dog a favor and throw me in the backseat. Let Eric and Lauren stay with Auntie Donna for a change (not their real aunt.) I'm sure they can find a space to throw up on the carpet.



Happy holidays!

Lenny