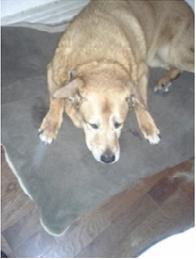




Dear Suckers,

If you're reading this then the Mayans were wrong and the world didn't end. Drat. I was really counting on that. Now I've got to think of something to say to all you people—except everything is crap and don't trust a Lyin' Mayan. There—letter done. Happy stupid New Year!



OK. Let me give this another try. So, 2012. Yeah. What a sucky year that was. I mean, sure, I'm not exactly known for my sunny disposition and optimism, but this year could test even the fluffiest of bunnies. It's hard to be optimistic when every year my joints get a little stiffer and the bed gets a little flatter. (Why is my bed on the floor? I don't get it. And why does it get so flat? I try and fluff it up, but it doesn't work). Best to just give up and lie on the floor next to it. Trying is overrated.



Anyway, here's my strong side/weak side assessment of the goings on of the year:

Multiple Trips to the Desert

Strong side: This year, whenever Eric and Lauren didn't feel like sitting around their small house in southern California all weekend they would get in a car, drive two hours east, and sit around in another small house in Southern California all weekend. I guess it feels like a vacation because they shop at a different Trader Joe's. Whoopee.



Then again, some of these little houses have some nice benefits. Like indoor plumbing for dogs—or as the website for the house referred to it—an "Indoor Zen Garden". Potato, potahto. You want to meditate in it; I want to crap in it. Eric does all his meditating in the bathroom, so why shouldn't I?

Weak side: Sliding glass doors. Whoever invented these hates me. Oooh, look—I can see the sun and the sky, I'll just go outside. Ouch! Crud. That's it, I've had it, I'm out of here. I'll just go through this open door. Ouch! Crud. That's it I've had it, I'm out of here. I'll just go through this open door. Ouch! Come on people! Old dog...new tricks- what do you want from me?



Summary: OK, so I guess the desert isn't so bad. It's quiet. It's pretty. I can see why Eric and Lauren like it. I can lie around in the sun all day staring at the sky and nobody cares cuz it's too hot to do anything else. Actually that sounds really lame. So Eric and Lauren like it cuz they're a couple of big lame-o's but you knew that already. Whatever, I'm going outside. Ouch! Crud. I'll be in the Zen Garden if you need me.

Growing Older



Strong side: I turned 12 this year, which, in dog years is "Old". Eric turned 40 this year, which in people years is "Old". He got a reunion with a bunch of old high school friends in a big house in the desert with an Infinity pool and a hot tub. I got my ears cleaned out with peach scented goo, half a Beggin' Strip and a trip to the vet. Who has no thumbs and got totally gypped—this guy!

I suppose it wasn't all bad, though. I got another trip to the desert for the stupid reunion party and even took a dip in the infinity pool – and by "took a dip" I mean fell into the stupid pool because I couldn't see the stupid edges because it GOES ON TO STUPID INFINITY. I hate infinity. It's my least favorite mathematical concept. I know all about math because I'm reading *Freakanomics* in the Zen Garden. Well, not really reading it because I can't turn the pages. Or read. Or care enough to bother trying.



Weak side: Children. What's up with that? They're like little person puppies only they take forever to grow up. Seriously, by the time I was 2 I was fully grown, neutered and filled with

ennui. 2 year old children are like miniature Godzillas in diapers that stomp around screaming and crying and trying to touch me with their sticky little hands—terrifying. I suppose they do get kinda cute as they get older. Then, around 13, they stumble and squeak their way into adulthood. 13! I'm 13 and I've been a Mature Adult for years (at least that's what it says on my dog food). How you slow-poke species ever took over the world is beyond me. Stupid thumbs.

Summary: Getting old. Blerg. There is one person who's happy I'm getting old—my vet. I'm like a fuzzy slot machine that keeps paying off for her. Liver enzyme test—ka-ching! Bile acid test—ka-ching! No wonder she named her boat Lenny.

Jobs

Strong Side: Eric and Lauren still have 'em. Eric continues to do whatever it is he does at the Douglas. I think it involves lording over the Downtown Business Association and singing karaoke with Richard Simmons. It's frightening how he's gone mad with so little power. Lauren continues to sort of like her job—which is good, cause they really like her and keep promoting her and stuff (Now she's the FIRST Vice President of whosamawhatsit at whatchamacallit Bank). I spend a few hours a week with my Aunt Donna (not my real aunt) "playing" with other dogs and puppies. If you don't think that's hard work, then you've never spent any time around puppies—worse than human children. In the profound and immortal words of Taylor Swift: "it's exhausting".

Weak Side: Eric and Lauren spend a lot of time at their jobs which means I get left alone in peace to sleep. So, not really a weak side here.

Summary: Eric and Lauren continue to maintain my cushy lifestyle, though I do wish they'd spring for a cushier bed. I'm gonna lie on the floor in protest.

Home Ownership

Strong side: Eric and Lauren renovated their kitchen. The cabinets no longer look like they were built by hobos in the 30's in exchange for whisky and biscuits. Actually, the whole room looks pretty good. I'm amazed they didn't screw it up. Amazed, I tell you. Eric has taken over the Board of their Homeowner's Association. His first acts as President were to suspend judicial power, rewrite the constitution and fix the lights in the parking lot. He's out of control and must be stopped. I'm gonna lie on the floor in protest.

Weak side: Still no Zen Garden. Maybe when they redo the bathroom—I'm not optimistic, though.

Summary: Another year and Eric hasn't burned the house down in some sort of wacky Hanukkah candle lighting incident. I'm Amazed. Amazed I tell you.

Looking back on it, 2012 wasn't actually so bad. I guess its ok that the world didn't end. I mean, it's been 40 degrees in Southern California, so the apocalypse must be close, at least all these lightweights around here seem to think so. Surely I can wait a few weeks?

Anyhow, have a Merry Christmas, Happy New Year and Happy Hanukkah (even though that was like back in October). Eric and Lauren send all their love and I send grudging acknowledgment and muffled barking—which, I suppose, is all my love too.

Until next year,

Lenny

