

Dear Suckers,

Another year, another retrospective of all the stupid things Eric and Lauren do. It's exhausting keeping up with these two, I'm telling you. It's like herding cats who are also idiots. 2013 will forever be known as the Year of the Bathroom. You may notice that I didn't say "A" bathroom as in "Just one of the countless bathrooms on this vast and palatial estate- The Kennedy Bathroom if I'm not mistaken", but rather "THE" Bathroom as- "THE only 50 square feet of space in this unbelievably small house where a human being can pee, poop or shower (in a socially acceptable way)" So why on earth would any sane, rational, thinking human being (or dog) cede control of it for three weeks to a group of crazy Israeli contractors? That's not a rhetorical question. I'm seriously asking. It's very dumb.

Because Eric cannot shower in the backyard due to all the pesky Sasquatch hunters, they shared a shower for three weeks with Val Kilmer. That's not as weird as it sounds. Val (I call him Val) was doing his original one-man show about Mark Twain at the Kirk Douglas Theatre and he used the backstage showers each night. He even brought in his own towel and bathmat which was very generous of him. Eric and Lauren would then use the same shower every morning at 5 AM. Huh. That's actually much weirder than it first sounded.

I'm not complaining, I spent almost every day of this fiasco hanging with my homies at Auntie Donna's (not my real aunt) Canine Senior Center (her apartment

So, yeah- renovating their only bathroom. GREAT idea (it's not a great idea). It made me yearn for some of their other GREAT ideas from the past (none of them are great ideas):



This hat



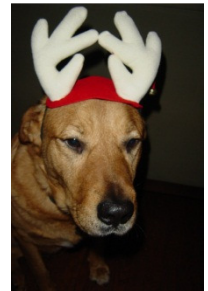
or this one



or this one



What happened here?



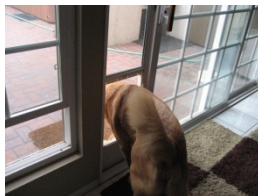
Every freaking year with these stupid antlers. Look how miserable I am.



Trip to the "woods" (don't be fooled by the picture. These woods sucked)



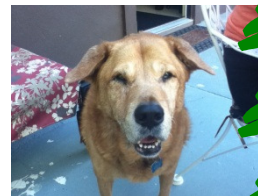
Taking me to the dog park to "play" with other dogs



Making me stay somewhere with a dog door



Dragging me to the pier. Freaks.



Taking me to the desert- Wait! Good idea!



Giving me a bunny.



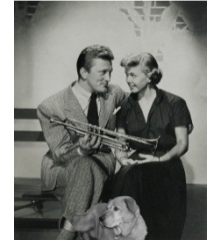
Photoshopping me into pictures with family members I never met.



Not taking me to Tijuana with them. Bastards.



This was kinda awesome.



My short-lived Hollywood career.



I don't know what the heck's going on here, but this is the latest dumb thing.



Nothing says "happy holidays" like adding insult to injury. Look how miserable I am

So, there you have it, just a long line of questionable decisions. However, even though we all questioned it at the time, they did decide to bring me home from the pound. And one homemade quilt, 3 pairs of Lauren's (not Eric's) shoes, and an antique compilation of Edgar Allan Poe later, everything worked out just great! Right? I mean, yes, right. I have 3 beds right now and I don't sleep on any of them. I'm the luckiest dog in the world.

Those of us that aren't cynical might interpret this catalog of bad decisions as good memories, and I guess you can do that, freak. But what are memories really but an opportunity to revel in failure? Wait, no, that's not totally true. I mean the bathroom is done now, and I suppose it's lovely though I still poop in the gravel out back. That didn't need renovating.

In other news, they're both still working at the same jobs. They took a few trips to the desert, Eric went to New York and they got a new chair. Whoopiedoo. And I thought they were boring before they turned 40.

There you have it, fellow friends and family of Lauren and Eric, some I've met, some I haven't. And despite all the cynicism and collective failure, I think we are all feeling pretty damn lucky to be the Sims family right now.

Hugs (one of the good snuggle ones) and kisses,

Lenny