

From the Desk of....Lenny

I don't approve of this, but the task has been delegated to me. I don't understand the purpose of a Holiday Letter and I don't like them. I'm not even sure what the purpose of holidays is—and I don't like those either.

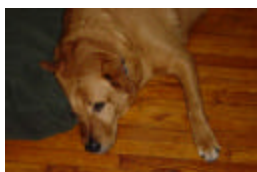


2005 has been a very sad year for me. Full of all sorts of changes that I didn't ask for and I don't like one bit. Early in the year, things were pretty ok. My biggest accomplishment was walking Eric and Lauren to the Santa Monica Pier safely. That was quite an adventure—all sorts of people rolling around on all sorts of different wheels like a bunch of crazy idiots. Sometimes the big people push around the little people in carts. I really don't like that. A leash would be a lot easier, if you ask me. There were times when Eric and Lauren wanted to turn back, but I wouldn't let them—I pressed on. We started taking this daring trek on a weekly basis, and despite their fears, I am able to stave off danger and bravely lead them safely to and from this strange landmark each time. I have no idea why we do it.

Mid-year things started getting screwy. First, Lauren's parents visited from Denver. I didn't invite them here, and I didn't like having them here, but Lauren and Eric seemed to have "fun". They left me at my "Aunt" (she's not really my Aunt) Donna's so they could go to Solvang and taste wine. I don't know why they couldn't just lick it up off the floor. Humans are weird.



Next Lauren got a new job. She's closer to home but I hear her complaining that she actually has to "work" at this job, so I see her less. Then just as I was adjusting to her new job, Eric got a new job too. They tried to explain to me that Eric finally got the full-time job in theatre that he always wanted, but that's just gibberish. He used to be home two days a week but now he's not. In fact, he used to get home at the same time as Lauren and walk and feed me, but he doesn't do that anymore either. Lauren explained to me that he works downtown now and his hours are later, but I'm still very worried about the whole thing. It's very stressful for me to have to spend more time sleeping on my tragically flat bed and laying on the bathroom floor without Eric and Lauren in the other room calling me for no good reason. They don't seem to get that. Humans are weird.



We had more houseguests in October. Who invited them here? They were certainly not welcome by me. I think it was Lauren's brother and sister-in-law. They were here once before and I didn't invite them then either. I tried warning Eric and Lauren that they were up to no good, but they just told me to stop barking every time they go to the bathroom. They all went to the King Tut exhibit at LACMA and seemed like they had "fun", they came back with all sorts of Egyptian crap from the gift shop. No meat. Like I said, weird.

Now we are at the end of the year and things have gotten even stranger. Lately there has been a lot of pounding and construction around the house. I have been losing hours of valuable sleep. Eric and Lauren keep telling me that when the crazy landlord is done there will be a second bedroom. They said I could have the room if I wanted it. I don't get that. Why would I want my own room? I like my flat bed where it is. Have I mentioned that my bed is too flat? They gave me an extra pillow, but it doesn't really help. Now it's flat, too. If any of you out there really are "friends" or "family" maybe you can let them know—help a poor dog out.



Happy Holidays!