

Anthropomorphism

Woofie

By Kasey Lane

I am Woofie. I am about a year old now and for my whole life my day has pretty much started the same each day. At exactly 5:00 am, my eyes spring open and I see my human laying there all peacefully on the bed beside me. He looks so cute as his drool runs out the corner of his mouth and puddles on the pillow under his head. Oh he's just so cute that I can't take my eyes off of him. I sit there and stare just inches from his face, breathing on him for what seems like an eternity, but is really more like an hour. Finally, the sweet, sweet sound of his alarm. Sometimes this means he's going to get straight out of bed but other days it means he's going to hit that snooze button over and over again.

He heads first to the little bathroom and takes his morning leak. I find this kind of rude for a few very simple reasons. First, he doesn't seem to care that I, too, have been holding it all night and that the sound of the tinkling pee is going to make me have to pee even worse and that I've already been up for an hour thinking about it. Second, if I were to go about this house marking on things, I would get a swift one way ticket outside and a heavy scolding. But there he is, marking up his favorite daily marking spot. I mean, if I were the one that got to pee in the house, I would at least spread it around a bit! The whole rest of the house is pretty much unmarked. I let this slide, though, because he's still just a big, loveable, cuddly human and he can't help it! Plus, he doesn't keep me waiting too long; he takes me out to mark the WHOLE lawn right away.

Although my human makes me wait to pee, his table manners are impeccable. He always serves and prepares my breakfast first. I mean it's no culinary masterpiece or anything, just some dry food in a bowl. None-the-less, the sound of dry, overcooked, uniform, tiny little wafers hitting my stainless steel bowl is enough to make my face drool! At once, all 2 cups of kibble are suctioned down in one fluid movement. I'm not exactly satisfied but appreciative. I toast my morning meal with water from my huge water bowl. I usually get kind of carried away about this and water gets pretty much everywhere. I never worry about it too much, I have a sweet, waterproof coat, and the floor, well, that's the human's problem!

Now, phase two of my day begins. Human starts to prepare his OWN breakfast. Which, I must point out, is WAY higher quality than my own. First, the cracking of two eggs on the edge of a delicate porcelain bowl, followed by the gentle clank of said porcelain bowl. Then, two elegant plunks of egg into the bowl; the dainty swirling of a fork mixing the egg whites and yolks together; the

tiny whisper of spices hitting the eggs. Oh spices, even just salt and pepper are enough to make me soft in the knees. The toast pops and it is golden brown, perfectly golden brown, then the slide and grind of a butter knife, oh butter, being drug across the hot toast. By now I am drooling. The sizzling of the eggs in the pan. It's already almost too much to handle.

Finally, he sits. I lick my lips and stand next to the table. Luckily for me, I am tall, really tall, so I get a first row view, up close and personal with egg and toast! I am literally inches away from this mouthwatering breakfast. I am so close, but still so far away. He is reading the paper and seems distracted, but I know better; as soon as I make my move, that paper will be twisted into a stick and I'll be popped on the nose. All I can do is stand here and watch and pray that I get at least one savory bite.

His first bite is cause for great concern. Although he doesn't say it out loud, this bite means "Back off dog, this is mine!" The second one worries me a bit more but there is still a good chance that I might luck into a bite of my own. My eyes get really large as he places the third bite in his mouth but there's still a chance that I might get a taste. It's happened before. It happens at least once a day, usually; maybe this is my meal! By the fourth bite my mouth fills up with drool. I can't help it, it just happens. Human food has a power over me that I can't explain! The fourth bite is brutal, I can't handle it any longer, the drool fills my mouth and strings down about 6 inches. Bite number five continues the torture and the drool finally hits the floor at my feet. Six is no better, by now there is less than half left. My chances of getting to taste this delectable meal are now 50 percent slimmer and I know it. I'm doing all I can to fight back the tears. I'm trying not to whine because he hates when I do that. But when he picks up a little bit of egg and puts it on the remaining quarter piece of toast and puts it to his lips, then lowers it to turn the page in his paper, then eats it all in one huge bite! I can't handle it; I let out a whimper! I'm so disappointed. Normally I would have at least have scored a rogue crumb by now, but nothing, nothing I tell you! I rest my head on the table and watch. He chews in slow circular motions that seem so cruel. Finally he makes eye contact and I think I'm finally going to score. He places the empty plate on the floor in front of me and I get three, count them, three crumbs and one drop of melted butter. That's it, just one measly droplet of butter and three crumbs? What a rip off!

So, I wait until he makes his lunch, and steal it off the counter.

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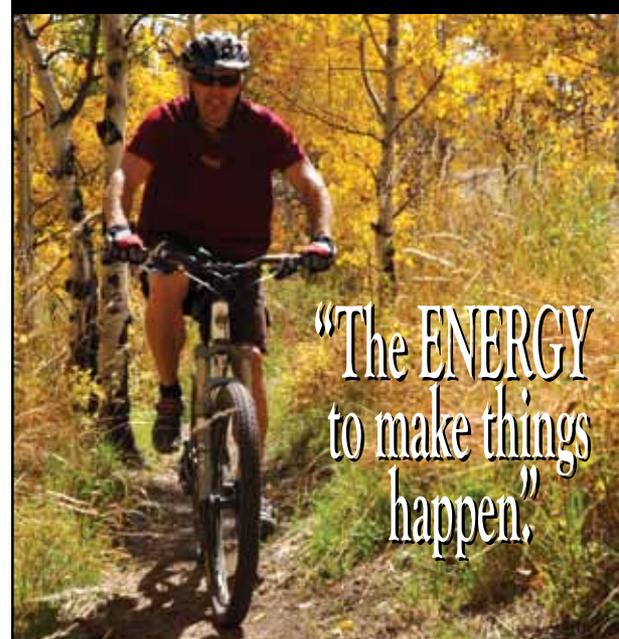
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