

Anthropomorphism

THOR

By Kasey Lane

Right now I'm on the run. Full speed ahead. For some reason rangers hate huskies. They just can't stand us, well me in particular. There I was, not bothering a soul wading around in the shallows of Stagecoach Reservoir minding my own business when I saw them in the parking lot across the cove. Which, by the way, is way more my cove than theirs; I mean it's basically in my backyard. I figured I had plenty of time because they were all the way on the other side of the lake so I lazily sauntered off with my tail held high, still sniffing the grounds. In the canine world, these actions are equivalent to the middle finger. I was pretty sure I had all the time in the world to wander off. What I didn't know was that they had ambushed me, like cops or something. They thought they had me but I could smell the stench of a ranger with my super powered nose long before she leaped up out of the grass along the trail. But when she did leap up, it set something off in me and I ran like the wind.

My humans try to keep me in most of the time due to the number of pickles I've gotten myself (and them) into with the rangers, but every once in a while I just can't resist. As a matter of fact, my owners had threatened not to pay any more fines and just let me go to the shelter if it ever happened again, and frankly, I loved this place. There was no way I was going to take a chance with a ranger and end up living in the city or something. When this thought occurred to me I picked up my pace a bit.

The ranger knew me by name. "Thor!" she screamed as she ran towards me in that clumsy human bipedal way. The sound of my name coming out of a ranger's mouth scared the hell out of me and again, I picked up my pace. By now, I'm sprinting and panting. I glanced over my shoulder and knew I was pretty much in the clear but I kept up a sprint until I saw my favorite deck in the whole neighborhood.

As soon as I saw it, I knew I'd be fine. If I could just make it to that deck, I'd be better than fine. It was the perfect retreat and safe house while I waited out the dog cop. I sprinted around the corner and into the bushes and watched as the ranger scratched her head and looked utterly ridiculous and lost. I giggled a little sly giggle. Then that dim witted ranger finally threw her arms in the air and left defeated.

The deck could not be seen from the lake so I knew I could lay out there and sun myself dry in peace. Plus, the humans that live in this house have a really hot dog, and once in a while they forget a piece of meat on

the grill, or throw some scraps out and I get lucky. I could really go for a snack after that adrenaline rush!

When I get to the deck, I collapse. My wet fur leaves both a huge wet spot and a pile of hair where I lay. The man comes out for a cell phone call on the deck and notices me. He calls his dog out to play. She acts like she's not happy to see me but I know better, she really likes me, who wouldn't? I'm quite debonair.

Eventually, the lady of the house makes it out for a good morning kiss and goes back in to start her day. I realize no one is looking and she has left the door

open so I take it upon myself to check the counters in the kitchen. Unfortunately, these people have not made breakfast yet and they actually remembered to clean up after dinner last night. So, I come up empty pawed. I start to leave and figure the sun will feel good on the deck anyway, so it's not a total loss and then I smell it. There is bacon, I can smell it, it's all I can think about. I sniff around violently and my nose leads me to the garbage. These people are fools, they didn't even bother putting a lid on it. I pull a few things out of the garbage, then, Bingo! There it is, a tin can with bacon grease in the bottom! I can't think straight, I've never been so excited!

"There is bacon, I can smell it, it's all I can think about. I sniff around violently and my nose leads me to the garbage."

"THOR!!" the lady of the house screams. She seriously came out of nowhere. The rangers thought they were ninjas but this lady of the house, well she's a ninja! I run out the back door with the can in my mouth. Again, I'm on the run but this lady is quick, like ninja quick. Somehow she's there on the deck. "Drop it," she yells. I put it down on the ground but keep my head down to guard around the can. She reaches in to grab it and then I growl. I knew I shouldn't have, but I mean, it's bacon! This is a pretty rare find! I couldn't help it, I growled, I would have put my paw over my mouth when I did it but it was busy guarding the tin can. She reached in again and yelled "No," and again, it slipped, like Tourette's or something. By now, there's a bucket of water in her hand, which I swear, materialized out of nowhere, and it comes crashing down on my already wet coat. She grabs the tin can from me and yells at me to go home.

So there I am, banished for the second time of the day and it's not even 9:00 am yet. I saunter on home, slowly, with my tail high and still sniffing the grounds. One last final canine middle finger saluted directly to the ninja as she watches me from my perfect deck.



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