

Sniff, Snorf, Snuff

by

Vixyy Fox



My name is Charles Barkly. That's my former owner's strange sense of humor. She wasn't even a basketball fan. Actually, she just calls me Charlie and that's a cool name. She dumped me; the bitch.

So... being a canine hero, as the media types now call me, I have been asked to tell my story.

SQUIRREL!

Sorry about that. He was just taunting me cuz he's jealous. If it wasn't for this damned leash I would have got him. Hey fat guy, is that camera positioned correctly? You are getting my good side, right?

[Camera Guy growls something about keeping the leash tighter.]

OK Happy Guy, I am not sitting on my good side. That joke is just too old and it ain't funny no more. I couldn't wag my tail if I was sitting as you just suggested, now could I? Right then, back to my story.

I suppose it all began when I was just a puppy. Let's see... that would be about three years ago now. The first thing a Dog learns is the smell of his mother. You types have all sorts of expressions concerning that starting with 'PEEEEE EWEEEE' and 'OH MY GAWD SHE'S EATING THE POOP!' Humans just have no appreciation of a talent you guys lost eons ago. I don't know why you lost it so don't ask me. All I can tell you is you stink. I'm told...

(spies a tennis ball and barks) That's not funny kid! You're doing it on purpose! How are we going to get this story done with you causing such a distraction?

Ahem... Ok then, I'm told you guys really really stank not all that long ago. These days all of you take a bath or shower every day now. Heck, you even wash the dog more frequently, and here I will protest because...

OK, OK, OK... keep it on point. Yeah sure. Sniff, snorf, snuff, I got it, and that's what I did. Stick to the story, right. By the way, Camera Guy, do you remember the smell of your mother? Yeah, I thought not. Mine's imprinted on my brain. It's stamped there by nature. One whiff and I could tell right now who she is, unlike you morons. You're all sight based unless the odor is really really pungent, but your memories are crap so even if you saw her you'd probably never recognize her.

So, at any rate.

(AHHHHH...SNEEZE!) [Camera Guy has to paws to clean his lens.] *yes it was a pun*

Sorry, but that wasn't my fault. It's your aftershave... and that's another thing! You guys have so little fur left on your bodies and so many of you just shave it all off. Why is that?

Story... right... OK then. I was running about the park after getting dumped, enjoying the sunshine and fresh air. I was chasing the occasional squirrel and chewing on a stick when this one bucket butt caught my attention. He was skulking about in the bushes like some... some... Foxes skulk don't they? Well... whatever. There was this bloke in the bushes and he was watching the kids. That struck me as odd so I snuck behind him and cold nosed his backside. He jumped but not before I got a snoot full of talcum powder. Now ya just gotta ask yourself; why would a grown fella powder his own backside?

(Jumps up and licks the camera lens.) [Camera guy makes a noise and takes a moment to clean the lens again. He asks the news girl to hold the leash tighter.]

So... long story short, I kept my eye on him. Sure enough he tries to snatch one of the human pups and I knew that wasn't a good thing. Running up behind him, I chomped down on his tush with just a bit of jealousy I might add. Mother screams. Bad guy screams. Abducted kid screams. Kids in playground all scream. The police even screamed after they got here; but their's were more like, 'DON'T MOVE!' and, 'SOMEBODY GET A COLLAR ON THAT DOG!' Funny, but they smelled a lot like doughnuts.

Wow, that was a lot of screaming.

Then they called Animal Control. But that's OK cuz you're gonna tell my story and everything is going to work out fine, right camera guy?

[OK, I think I got enough footage. Give him back to Animal Control.]

{So what do you think, Stan, 'Huggable Mutt Saves Day'??}

[Oh hell no! I see, 'Dumped Dog Bites Butt'.]

{But he's a hero! You heard the mother say that before taking off, right??}

[You work for the news, right?]

{Yeah.}

[Then you know it don't matter what actually happened, it only matters what we present. We work in the entertainment industry and we get recognition through the story. It's gotta be sensational. Dog saves day... not so much. Uncontrolled Dumped Dog Chews Off Man's Buttocks... that's got class.]

(Looks from news girl to Camera Gut and back to news girl.)

Ah come on, there has to be a happy ending in all of this. I did the right thing and that's the gratitude I get?

{News girl leans down and asks the Dog, 'You want to go home with me?'}

[No time for that crap, we have to film you doing the story. Remember to act all disgusted.]

{That's fake news Fred. I'm not doing it. I quit! Film your own damned story and wait till the police see what you did to a real hero.}

Happy days! Happy days! In your face Camera Guy! Happy dance! Tail wagging happy dance! Baby let me wash your face with my tongue!

So, as you can see, sometimes the news is truly fake; and yet there is a happy ending. I am pleased to close this story with Charles Barkly and the News Girl lived happily ever...

SQUIRREL!