

HARD KNOCKS

by Sean

“Stewie!” Oh no, they caught me again. So, there I was sitting behind the couch hoping they wouldn’t find me. “Stewy! Get over here!” They’re onto me! Oh sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Stewart, or as my owners, Rob and Jane, call me, Stewy. I’m a Labrador, I live in a condominium, and the voices you’re hearing. They are Rob’s and Jane’s. The reason they are screaming their heads off at me is because ... well, let’s just say I have a bad habit of peeing in the front room. Thump, Thump, Thump. Oh no, here they come. I hope they don’t find me because I think I just had another accident. I felt the couch move, and there I was sitting in plain sight, right next to the newly stained carpet. “Get outside, Stewie!” Rob commanded. “But can I at least...” “NOW!!!”

This is torture. I can’t survive out here without any food or ... wait a minute. I slowly walked under the big oak tree making sure not to burn too much energy. Then, I started digging, and digging and digging until... I had found it! My most prized bone, the chicken leg. Suddenly, I heard a rustle in the tree. I looked up and an Egyptian cat came screaming down on me. When I looked back down my bone was gone. But in the corner of my eye I saw a bald cat running away with my chicken leg! “Get back here you bald headed brat,” I barked at him. “For your information, I be not bald, but simply hairless” The bald cat said in his annoying British accent as he climbed up the the fence. “It’s the same thing, meat head! Now give me back my bone!” I barked at him again. “I’m sorry, I’m afraid I can’t do that, ta ta now.” he said, as he leaped off

the fence. On that bad note, I sulked to the door, and gave Rob and Jane the pouty face. They fell for it, as usual, and I got let back inside.

The smell of steak and corn filled the room as I strolled inside, but, I got the usual, dog kibble. “Aw man,” I thought, “why can’t I have normal people food?” But on the other hand, this does smell pretty good, so I dug into my dog kibble. While I was doing that, Rob and Jane must have been setting the table because I heard a crash and a couple of words I’d rather not mention. (They’re planning on getting plastic plates for that reason alone.) Finally, when my pile of dog kibble was gone, I went and laid on my bed next to the table so I could pounce on ‘ground scraps’ as I call them. But then, I remembered that the bald cat’s favorite spot to lay is on his cat bed, which is across the wall in the drinking area. So, I got out of my bed and snuck over to the drinking area.

The sweet smell of acid filled the room as I walked into the drinking area. There it was, the drinking bowl. I took a couple sips and had to remind myself that wasn’t what I’m here for. Then I did what I always did to get the cat’s attention, I wound up and slammed my head on the wall. I heard a muffled “reeear” from Sir Charles, and I knew I had gotten his attention. Then I heard a, “Stewart you know the leg is mine now.” I growled then said, “Listen Chuck, give me the leg or my head’s going through this wall.” “Go ahead,” he exclaimed “let’s see how hard your head is.” “Chicken leg here I come,” I thought. I wound up again and WHAM! I made a crack on the wall, WHAM!! I dented it, WHAM!!! My head went right through the wall and hit the cat

bunk bed Sir Charles was laying on, breaking it in half. I heard some screaming and cat squeals all over the place, but all I did was stick my head through a wall, no biggie, right? Fortunately, the hole was big enough to fit through, so I casually hopped through the hole, strolled over to where the leg was lying and took it. On my way out I said to Sir Charles “I’m a dog of my word.” Then hopped back through the hole.

Surprisingly Jane and Rob weren’t happy about my strategy to get the leg back. “Stewie!” Jane said as she inspected the hole. “Drop the bone and get outside,” said Rob in a frustrated tone. So, I did what he said, not trying to push it and went back outside. I walked back under the oak tree and laid down. I thought to myself, well, at least I have life lesson number three hundred twenty seven. When trying to get something back, always knock on the door, and bolt in right when it opens.

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