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I Can Poop the Second I Start My Walk



I shouldn't be telling you. This is a closely guarded secret in the dog world, a secret so big it could change the world as we know it. A huge scoop. And yes, I am

aware that "scoop" has two meanings.

When we started doing this walk thing, I was young. You brought along the tiny treats and I was a good girl and then we went home. And then one time I got distracted. Before I knew it, we'd gone around the block twice. What a discovery. I could actually control the length of the walk. In theory, we could go forever, maybe as long as Sherman's march. (Sherman is the basset hound down the block with hemorrhoids. He can be out there for hours.)

Those first long walks were magical. We would go and keep going and you would sweet-talk me like it was you who wanted

the tiny treat, not me. Then I finally pooped and you got so excited, like I'd just sat and rolled over and played dead all at the same time.

As time went on, I got a little bolder. How long could I drag this walk thing out? Not forever, after all. At some point, you lose your patience and just take me back inside. Then a little while later, nature calls and I have to do the whole hiding-the-poop-under-the-table trick, which never works. I don't know why I even try.

So we came to this kind of compromise, the kind where you don't know it's a compromise and I try to time out just how long your patience is. I'll sniff around and squat a few times and keep walking. And you'll keep your eye on my rear end like it's some kind of wrapped-up birthday present.

Now that I'm getting up there in dog years, the game isn't quite as much fun. The acting isn't really acting anymore. It does take me awhile to get my business done. And the nice thing is you're just as patient as when I was a puppy.

Maybe even a little more so. That's nice.

Sophie