

Let me start with saying that though my name is princess, I am no tiara wearing pansy. In fact I could never even be a princess seeing that I'm not a girl. I am an adolescent male who longs every day for a nice lady in his life. Why my humans let their eight year old daughter name me is going to haunt me for the rest of my life. My name was Butch at the humane society, but hey, change that to Princess and make your poor retriever the laughing stock of the dog park, It's all good. Do you know how hard it is to get a girlfriend with a name like mine? No you don't, I can tell.

I woke up to the sound of my kibble being poured into my bright pink bowl. (I swear, the humans are seriously trying to turn me into a woman. I'm so glad gender operations are illegal on household pets) I bolted strait up off of the worn leather couch, then stopped because a big ball of fluffy white fur went hissing across the living room, smacking into the DVD rack. I realized with glee that Solomon the most cynical cat in the world must have been on top of me.

“Will you please remember to see who is on top of you before you jump up like a total lunatic? Some of us have been up all night reflecting on the fine works of William Shakespeare.” Solomon hissed at me as he sauntered into the kitchen for his breakfast. I shook myself letting the air toss around my fuzzy gold coat. Then I bounded over to my bowl. As usual the slick linoleum caught me off guard and I skidded, sadly missing Solomon, who snickered and carefully ate his tuna in segments. I swear he has OCD.

Looking excitedly into my bowl, I immediately feel let down, because in it for the first time since they adopted me, the humans have not places Friskeys Dog Chow but the *economy* brand of dog food. I risk a lick, letting my tongue taste the rough texture and immediately get saturated in sadness for the poor animals that have to eat this on a regular basis. This is a total

outrage and it must end. There's only one thing I know to do and if I do it every time they try to stuff this garbage down my throat they'll get the point for sure. I lift my leg and think of the rushing Niagara Falls that the humans took me to last summer. Soon enough hot pee flows out of my body into my bowl. Solomon looks over at me like I have totally lost my mind and slides his bowl as far away from mine as possible.

“Dear, that there is not the lavatory. If you were as refined as I am you would be quite embarrassed with yourself right now. Oh Princess . . .” He mumbles as he goes to get hopped up on his favorite drug, cat nip. The poor cat is an addict, but he won't listen to my get clean quick lectures. I guess he can choose. It's his life.

“Remember to call me Prince not Princess” I grumble as he turns into the bathroom. Sometimes I wish I could just loose myself to the drug, but it never works for me. I hear the creak of the little girl's poster strewn door opening from down the hall and quickly position myself under the large oak table, pretending to nap. Through my squinted eyes I see a pair of neon blue bunny slippers round the corner and stop in front of my face. I let out a little snore so she doesn't bother me but the long rabbit fur is sticking itself up my nose and I can barely stop myself from sneezing on poor Thumper.

“Princess! You'll never believe this!” She screams. The girl is practically vibrating. What, is Justin Bieber performing at her school or is High School Musical making another movie? She grabs my collar and drags me out from under the table, obviously trying to wake me up. I swear, she has so not learned what animal abuse is. Don't they teach that in second grade? Finally my discomfort wins and I open my eyes and give her a lick on the hand. She tastes like maple syrup from what must have been a pancake breakfast.

“Were getting a new doggy! Her name is Sally!” She screeches. This is so much better than I could ever hope for, a lady dog to join me in this world of love. I want to ask when the hottie will be here but she can’t understand me anyway. A few minutes later, after the child goes skipping away singing a horrid rhyming song about dogs, the hulking human man walks into the room and sees the concoction in my plastic bowl.

“Princess! Bad boy, no, no” He says to me like I am his two year old son. He then snaps white plastic gloves on his hands and pours the whole thing into the sink. He flips on the garbage disposal then it suddenly hits him that he just poured my urine in the sink where you wash dishes and veggies. I’m sure it’s Karma for talking to me like I’m a puppy. He starts sanitizing the sink and I go to the couch and lay down on a soft velvet blanket, waiting for the babe to arrive. Pretty soon I’m asleep. I can’t help but sleep all the time. If I were human I would be a teenager, about sixteen and the neighbor dog who lives with two crazy teenage boys, says sixteen year old guys sleep a lot.

Suddenly I hear the sound of the trunk opening and then a bark. I quickly hop up and run to the newly refinished bathroom. I hop onto the toilet making sure my foot doesn’t fall into the water and peer at myself in the mirror. I try to side bang my fur to make me look like more of a stud and do I ever! I run back into the living room just in time to see the prettiest dame in all of Denver walk through the door. She’s an older woman but I’ve been told there are a lot of cougars around these parts. She has beautiful white fur and wise blue eyes. I run over to her and smell her butt as way of greeting. It smells like the perfect concoction of poop, water and grass.

Solomon enters the room held by the human man. Solomon has red, puffy eyes and I know he has been spending all of his time getting high.

“Hello, my name is Solomon, but you dear, can call me Sol.” He says to the cutie. He never lets me call him Sol, but who could deny this pretty lady nick names.

“ My name is Prince. I am so very pleased to meet you. We will be very happy together . . .” I say it formally so she knows I’m a mature dude. I’m a little worried that I come across a bit too intense but she just raises an eye brow and smiles.

“Hi, I’m Sally. I am in recovery from a serious chocolate addiction. I just thought you should know that this svelte figure took a lot of hard work. I had to overcome my addiction because it was not only making me sick, it was giving me love handles.” She says this all in one breath, like she just wants to admit it and get it over with. We talk for a long time but I, myself can hardly concentrate. I am feeling strange feelings in areas I didn’t know could feel.

After dinner which consists of the economy crap, Solomon leaves us to use the nip. I decide to cease peeing on my food for now as there is a lady present. She eats her food, but the whole time she is staring at the truffles on the rack above the sink like she just wants one lick. She is so hot I can’t even think straight; all I know is that I am in love. I follow her to the couch and sit right next to her beauty.

“Sally, you’re amazing.” I say trying to lead up to asking her out.

“Huh? Oh thanks I guess.” She says with a yawn. Then she falls asleep.

It’s like she isn’t attracted to me at all! It’s been a week and I have a great line. I walk over to her as she stares at the truffles and start the conversation.

“Are you in a band? Because baby you rock my world!” It’s a genius pick up line but she just starts explaining that she’s never been musically inclined. I am sitting on the floor staring up at her gorgeous figure, when the human man walks up with my leash. I can sense we’re not going to the dog park. His tone when he asks me to come with him is the same one he used when he took me to Pet’s and Paws Vet Services last month.

I let out a whimper as he clips the leash to me, but I stay cool for Sally's sake. She looks rather bored as I pull against the thick red leather.

“Don't worry Princess; I had a similar procedure done on me. After it's done you won't feel the need to stalk my every move.” I have no idea what she's talking about. The only thing I know is that stupid Solomon told her my full name. I smile and give her a wink, she just rolls her eyes. The man has to pick me up to get me into the trunk of his shiny SUV. I cry and thrash, but all he does is pat me on the head and slam the trunk closed nearly missing my feet. Driving to the vet feels like forever. I stare out the window as trees rush by. I am so nervous that I end up climbing over the back seats until I'm in the man's lap. He tries to push me away but I spread out so that my feet are in the passenger seat and my head and front legs are squished against the driver's door. Once were there he picks me up and throws me over his shoulder. The vet office is in a dreary stone building with a big red sign that reminds me of blood. The inside has carpet with a bunch of different animal foot prints and tunnels for dogs like me to play in, but it still feels like a doctor's office. A lab mix who I know from the dog park gingerly walks with his owner down the hall past me. He looks like he's in pain.

“What's wrong Felix?” I ask. He frantically shakes his head trying to warn me about something. Before he goes through the door he calls out.

“Amigo, don't let them take nothing from you, they won't give it back.” Then he leaves.

A lady calls out my human man's name and he grabs my collar and tries to pull me into the room. I dig my paws into the red carpet and pull against him until he is dragging me. The room has a metal table with plastic over it and a long pole with a loop to put my head through. We wait for five terrifying minutes then a Doctor comes in smelling like perfume and mint. She smiles down at me with perfect teeth.

“Hi, I'm Doctor Glen, I'll be doing Princess's neutering this afternoon.” She says to the man. I have no clue what that is and I hope to doggy heaven that I don't die. Dr. Glen coaxes me onto the table

and for some reason I oblige. I guess I can't deny any female what they want, be it dogs or humans. She puts the uncomfortable loop around my neck and I sit still. There is no use fighting anymore because it's already happening. She pulls a syringe with toothpaste looking gunk inside, attaches a big needle and injects it into my leg. Before I can yelp in pain I feel extremely drowsy. I start rocking back and forth trying to keep my balance. Everything is blurry. The Doctor pushes me into a sitting position, a second later I'm out.

I wake up and I'm sitting in the man's car. I feel numb in the area where I pee and all I want is some Friskeys Dog Chow. We pull into the cobble stoned driveway and the man helps me out of the trunk like I'm some sort of fragile little Chihuahua. I walk into the house and ignore Solomon's snicker. I look at Sally expecting to feel the familiar loving feeling, but all I feel is annoyance that she's looking at those damn truffles again. I suddenly realize what Felix meant. They did take something from me and I know they won't give it back. They took my love. I sit on the couch and mourn the loss of my amore.

THE END