



APRIL 9, 2021 | BY LUCIE FROST · FAMILY

For National Pet Day, a Woman and Her Dog Exchange Love Notes—and Gripe Lists

In the spirit of the day set aside for the bond between the species, we are publishing these intimate missives that show even the deepest love has room for improvement and how to properly respond to a doggie high-five.

Dear Miley,

OH GOSH, what am I thinking?!? I should *not* tell you to shut up and take it. #metoo #metoo #metoo x 100. Okay, could you growl?

The nails. So, I understand that long nails are all the fashion, but yours aren't painted and they're on your feet. Long toenails. Not a good look. On *anyone*. And they clickity-clack on the hardwood floors. Again, we're sleeping. Would you mind cutting them back a wee bit? That's *my job*, you say? What am I your mother?

And another thing I'd really appreciate—you know how I used to give you your *heartworm medicine* whenever I started my period, so we were both on a 28-29ish day cycle? Well see, now I'm not having those periods anymore, so it's making it hard for me to remember to give you your pill on time. Would it be too much to ask you to calendar it and remind me?

And speeeeeeaking of the heartworm pill, could you just fucking swallow it, instead of eating the cheese, hiding the pill in your cheek, and then spitting it out when you think I'm not looking? I'm kinda on to you, you know, and it's getting annoying.

Just two more things, promise.

One, the housekeeper comes every week. Her name is Adelina. You know her. Please stop barking and growling at her every week, the entire time she's here. She's not even five feet tall, for gosh sakes. I *promise* she won't hurt you. Oh, and the mailman too. He's the guy who comes by in the 9-10am window, every Monday through Saturday, and stays outside of the house. His name is Santos, as you will recall. Please leave the poor man alone. He's just doing his job, so he doesn't need you startling him every. single. fucking. day.

Two, and this is the last thing, I promise. Stop eating other dogs' poop. That's just sick. Just stop. Seriously. Stop.

So that's really it. I sure do appreciate your help with these.

Who's my good girl? Who's my good girl?

Love—Lucie

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For National Pet Day, Miley Speaks

Dear Lucie,

You know I love you. And this is the best family I've ever had, really. But there are a few things you could be doing that would make me love you *even more*.

You know how in the morning you like to shower? And how I sit on the mat right outside the shower door looking at you longingly? That's because—one, I want to be closer to you, and you're fucking shutting me out—and two, I like water, and you fucking know that. So please, either stop it with the showers, or let me in, for God's sake.

And another morning thing. When I wake up and start click-clacking back and forth on the hardwood floors, it means I want breakfast. You know how you lie still and pretend to be asleep, hoping I'll give up? I'm not a one-year-old baby who will fall for that shit. I'm on to you, and it's getting annoying. Wake the fuck up.

Another thing. You always shush me when I bark at the mailman. I hate the mailman. He tiptoes up to the house, so I don't even know he's coming, and then he slams the mailbox shut, scaring the shit out of me. So yes, I'm going to bark. Please understand that.

Also, that lady who lives a block over and always calls me her fur baby? I'm not hers, I'm yours. I'm not a baby, I'm a dog. I'm not even a baby dog, but a grown ass



canine. Please. Make. Her. Stop.

And now on to something I shouldn't even have to explain. When I roll over on my back, stretch my legs in the air, and stick out my tummy, it means I want my belly rubbed. I don't want to lie there like that and have you do nothing. It's like someone trying to give you a high five, and you leave them hanging. It's not how it's done. You slap their hand. You rub my belly.

One more thing—the heart worm pill. So imagine this. You're eating a grilled cheese sandwich, and you bite in to a dime-sized rock. Are you going to notice? Hell yeah, you're going to notice. So when you hide the heart worm pill in the cheese, it's not like I don't know it's there. I *feel* things in my mouth, just like you. So just make it easy on the both of us and give me the cheese without the pill. I'm going to spit it out when you're not looking anyway


Finally, and I know this is an age-old complaint with dogs, but the vacuum. Good God, the vacuum. We have concrete floors. Have you not heard of Swiffers?

So that’s really it. Thanks for hearing me out.

And don’t forget, I love you. I really, really love you.

Miley

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 About the author: *Lucie Frost*

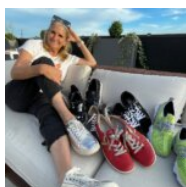
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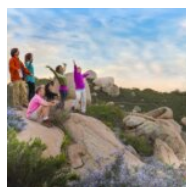


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