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Disciplinary action (5/11/95)¹

While walking with the dogs this morning on the Flagstaff trail, three young ladies came jogging up toward us from the general direction of civilization. All of them, I'm afraid, had been smitten mightily by the mammary stick, and one could only hope their jogbras had not slipped past warranty, since, given the severity of their affliction, embarrassing accident was a real and present danger. — Boris, as is his wont, picked out the leader and did his best to knock her down and lick her face; I restrained him after a decent interval (one just sufficient to discover whether he might, in fact, occasion some such embarrassing accident). — And chewed him out, of course; vehemently. — He simply doesn't listen. — Time and time again I have told him: Not the first one; the one with the biggest boobs. — And she was certainly the third. — I don't know what I'll do with this dog. I just don't know.

¹ Alas, this is probably politically incorrect. But still —