

A matter of perseverance

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It's not so much a staring contest as an attention contest. Nevertheless, a pure battle of wills in which only one side can win. Either I give in and go get Zoey a doggie biscuit, or I don't and she continues boring holes in the side of my head until I do. And if I look, I'm lost.

She has several advantages. If I so much as wink in her direction, she will do her prancing, spinning Cute Dog Dance, which we both know I've never been able to resist. Another advantage for Team Zoey is that she is single minded. She doesn't wonder when Mary will be home, she doesn't want to know how the book I'm reading will turn out. She surely doesn't care if the heating system filters need changing.

Zoey has a brain the size of a walnut but that entire walnut is focused on one thing and one thing only. I, on the other hand, have a wider range of concerns and will need to move at some point. Which is not good for Team Dad because any slight twitch in her direction on my part will signal the beginning of that stupid dance. And my inevitable capitulation.

I could channel check the TV but on Friday nights the pickings are slim. I might feign sleep but that always results in actual sleep and I do not want my daughter to come home and find me somnolent and helpless with the matter of retribution for the cupcake incident (a story for another time) as yet unresolved.

Maybe I'll just...DANG! I looked!

See ya. Gotta see a dog about a biscuit.

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