A dog's problems

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As I type this, Mary is watching her playoff game and the Chihuahua is ensconced on her lap. Christmas decorations are finally all boxed and binned, lunch dishes done and the laundry is clean. It's been an awful week following the news and the stress of current events took its toll on us. But today is a family day and we're settling in, having a quiet couple's day.

The only member of the famille who seems at all upset this afternoon is the larger of our dogs, Zoey. She's sitting on her sleep rug, burning holes into my head as she wonders what went wrong, how she could have been so betrayed. She manages to make her countenance express both sadness and pique and it's clear that for the moment I fall far short of being her favorite human.

Okay, I admit it - I failed her. Made a sandwich using the last of the ham and – oh, the horror! – ate it all myself. No fallen fragments, no goodies slipped to her underhand while Mary's gaze was diverted. No morsel of honey-basted hog to reassure her that she's my fave. She is that. But folks, a sandwich made from the last of the ham, grainy bread and Swiss cheese is a special concoction, almost a holy thing. Not to be shared with an animal that would be just as thrilled with half a bowl of dry kibble. Ham sandwiches are people food, period.

Nevertheless, as misdirected as it may be I understand her displeasure. Zoey knows nothing of political machinations, pandemics, lost jobs, seditious rioters or any of the problems playing on our psyches today. All she knows is that today, her Dad failed in his duty to share. And then threw away a perfectly good hambone while she looked on.

In the time it took me to type this, Mary began assembling her own lunch. Accordingly, I'm apparently off the hook as both canines scrutinize her every move.

I wish all our problems were as transient and relatively minor as a dog's.

Sigh...

I hope this finds you well and secure. With the events of the past week, 'happy' is something we'll have to work on.