Dude, listen….

I know there’s a lot going through your mind right now.

There’s a lot of people telling you to do this. I beg you; PLEASE, man, just give me a couple of minutes to state my case. Ok?

I know I need to change, Ok? I get that. Trust me. I am more than willing to put in the work.

But listen, I want you to think of the big picture for a second. Think about what I represent. Think about the title my species has EARNED, man! We have been labeled as man’s best friend for over a thousand years! History cannot be ignored. We have a working relationship here. Always have! Ever since we were wolves! In those early days, WE recognized that YOU were the superior “killer”, and that WE were the superior “trackers”. So, we would track down game, you would kill it, and leave us some for us to eat. Now, I’m only telling you this so you can see that the relationship between us goes waaaay back.

And look, I get it. It’s not like I lead you over to delicious meat every day so you can eat it. Things are different now. But man...ALL the love that I give you; you just can’t turn a blind eye on that!

Dude! I smell you coming home like a mile away and I get ready for your arrival. I literally get ready. I stop whatever I’m doing and I get AMPED! WHY? Because when you come in through that door, I want you to feel SO good about yourself. I want you to FEEL all of the positive energy I can possibly give you. That’s why you always find me wagging my tail, running in circles like an idiot, barking, but not too loud so as to not annoy you. I think about ALL this shit. Why? Because we STILL have a working relationship. MY job is to give you all the love and attention I have to give. And I KNOW just how much you do for me as well. You feed me, you give me toys, you give me shelter….hell, you even take me out for walks in times when, I can tell, you’d rather not. Like when it’s SUPER cold out there, or SUPER early; or even when you just feel tired. I know that, more often than not, you’d rather stay inside and watch some Netflix. I get it. And, bro, listen to me: if it were up to me, I wouldn’t have you picking my shit up and carrying it around. I know that it has to be super uncomfortable, not to mention degrading, to have to bend down to grab a hot turd….especially if it’s a bit runny.

Listen, I want you to know that I appreciate you SO much! You are my homie! And I hope you’re able to see that. That’s why I try to give you EVERYTHING I’ve got when you walk through that door. That’s why I let your girlfriend dress me up in stupid-ass clothes. I let that shit slide because you’re my friend. My BEST friend.

Just think about the times when you have thrown me a ball, or a stick, or a frisbee - do you ever see me jogging to go get it?! Nah, son! I HUSTLE! I run my ass off to go get the object you’ve just thrown and bring it back to you. Why?! Because I know it makes you happy; AND I also know that it makes you look good to the other people in the park. Imagine if I were to half-heartedly trot to go get the ball. Or if I didn’t even try to catch the frisbee in mid-flight. You would look like a LAZY person. I know that because I am AWARE that I’m a reflection of you; and bro, I want to make you look GOOD!! That’s why I try to be so fucking cute whenever I see a hot lady walk past you. Three out of five times they will stop and go: “awwww! He’s sooo adorable!” Three out of five times, bro! Shit, isn’t that how you met Julie?! And you guys have been dating for how long now?! Look, I’m not saying you owe me anything. All I’m saying is: take a second to reflect. We have a great thing going on. Our friendship, is AMAZEBALLS!

And, look, I know I haven’t been perfect in the past few weeks. I know I shouldn’t have humped that little boy playing in the park the other day. Although...that shit was funny though, right? I mean, no...no...of course it wasn’t. I am sorry. Also, I will do my best to not mount ANY of your pieces of furniture. I am truly sorry about what I did to your couch. It won’t happen again. Oh, and that time I snapped at that other dog? Well, you don’t understand, because you don’t speak our language, but that fucker whispered some racist bullshit as we walked past them. If you ask me, he had it coming. But, I know how that made you look - so I will try to NOT overreact next time. Finally, I will stop chasing bitches. Even though there are some FINE honeys around this neighborhood, I will live by the code: “bros before hoes”. I promise.

Look, I know all of this behaviour may SEEM like it’s driven by my very recent increase in sexual drive. And that may be true. After all, hearing you and Julie go at it in the other room DOES have an effect on me. But think about it, bro! I KNOW I can find ways to control it! Trust me, I can get my act together. I can go to yoga classes; I can take up meditation. I will do whatever it takes!

Hey, look at me. I know that you used to have the same issues with the cat, and that all those issues went away as soon as you neutered him. But are you really going to compare me to that fat fuck?! I mean, look at him! He just sits there all day...oh! And you should hear all the shit he talks about you when you’re not home! He actually makes FUN OF ME when he sees me getting ready to welcome you home! Like the KING you are. Can you believe that shit? So, trust me, in his case...I get why you took his balls. But me? bro? You’re thinking of doing the same thing to ME?! Come on, dude! Don’t do this to me! Hell, don’t do this to US! Let’s just get back in the car and go back home. Ok? I’ll pretend this never happened and we can go back to being homies. Cool? Is that cool?