

Party ~~DOG~~ gone wrong



Victor

If you have a pet, you know what it does. It wakes up, eats, plays, go, eat, plays, so on, or that's what you think *it does*. It was a normal day at the house, every morning it's the same, "bye Marly" says Mr. Meson, the owner of the house, to a confused, dopy looking German Shepard "I'll be gone for a few hours, so don't mess up the carpet!", and "click!" the door closes. ... going, going... gone!! Marly jumps off the window still and gives the signal.

"arooooooooow!!! Bark, AROOOOOO!!!!" she yelped

Immediately horses, cows, chickens start heading for the source of the howl. The strays from main street immediately joined the howling, turning the solo into a chorus. Soon a large party of animals had gathered at the front door, waiting to be let in. no, don't ask me how a dog manages to unlock the door and open it, maybe it nudges it open with his nose? Or it has physic powers? I have no clue. There was a crazy party involving a dozen fridge raids, a chugging contest, and finally the usage of two bags of bak'n snacks. Marly and the other were busy chugging toilet water mixed with juice powder with his friend steak and Blacky when it happened. A neighbor decided that the noise was just a bit to loud and called the police. Luckily the dogs hearing is better than humans, so by the time the cruisers parked into the driveway, most of the mess and animals were gone, *most of them*. Some decided that it would be a good idea to laze around a bit, and by some, I mean all of the dogs.

"holy... why in the world are there literally twenty strays in front of that house"

"I don't care, just call the pound!"

Three grey vanes rumbled into the bazar scene, men pouring out of one while the others were full of cages. Waving their lasso-on-a-stick-grappler-thing over their head and charged full speed ahead at the dogs. Very bad idea. By the end of the day eight of them needed bite treatment, three needed shots, and all of them smelled like a fire hydrant beside a very popular dog nursery. In other words, keeping there nose out of business, the were sprayed with it. a fierce battle with men netting animal and animal biting (the bum) of man. It lasted a long while but finally the dogs won.

"Okay, thank the bacon, no one was taken right?" the dog looks around at the sea of

black, white, brown and everything in between. “Eighteen” Marly breathed out, they netted two. They netted his friends, steak and Blacky.

The grey vanes roared down the street with its police escort running closely behind it. Several dogs attempted chase down their captured friends but it was too late, it was already turning onto the highway. They stood no chance, once everyone had calmed down they devised a plan. But it was dangerous, deadly, and completely set by the pants. Firstly, the vans probably only went on the highway only to escape the dogs, so instead of cutting the time they took a detour, so that gives us an extra ten minutes, just enough time to get to the pound before the vans do. Next we have to get past the figure scanner lock (it turns out people consider us very valuable, which is more proof that we are the masters of humans). It turns out that people builders are fairly dumb and usually leave holes they call vents in the walls they call vents, though not big enough for a human, defiantly big enough for a dopey, medium brown furred Shepard. Not that the brown fur made much of a difference. The next part of the plan is to open the cages, but the cow said it got it all worked out. I’m no sure how something considerably *bigger* than a human is going to get through the vent, but it assured us that did not involved it being inside it. once we released steak and Blacky the big doges will storm in and give us cover fire (you will be amazed how good some dogs aim is, considering our only time of practice is near a fire hydrant). All I hope for is that the myths about why dogs don’t return from there are true.

Some say they NASA owns all the pounds in the world and when they decide they need a test subject, they just randomly pick a stray, just like sputnik. Another myth is that they raise dogs like chickens for meat. But whatever it is all were the same, the dogs were treated like something disgusting that was leaking out the bottom of a trash can. The trip to the pound was rather uneventful other than the incident involved a bag of cat chow, the cat ladies cane and the dumbest dog on earth. Poor A.J, he was knocked out cold and missed the mission, still kicking himself because of him and his big mouth and appetite. After we hid him near a trash can we were back on full tilt. Twisting through legs, avoiding screaming women, and nearly being trampled by feet, the animals and I arrive at the pound (to this day I still don’t understand how the cow got here undetected, though it might have something to do with it smelling like a sewer drain). Soon we were standing, or hiding, in front of the thirty-meter building with a caged door. Outside were five grey vanes, several scratched were

scratched, dented and had an unpleasant odor. Though the humans on the street couldn't hear it, the animals heard the sad whines and howls of the sad, and for a strange reason, a happy bark, maybe they're going crazy, poor animal. I asked the cow how to open the air vent, it just simply stuck its horn into the gap between the bars and the wall and charged. With a clang, it flew off as if some one threw a stick of dynamite inside.

“whoowy! What did you just do!?! It will be a miracle that the humans didn't hear us!”
I shout when the dust clears.

“I just gave you your ticket to old steak”

After the shock of impact melted away, me and three other canines' buddies squished through. Navigating with our sense of smell.

“h'mmmmmmmmm, this isn't the one, this one smells dish soap”

“that one smells like dogfood, probably the storage”

“I say we go left; it smells like dog”

“I'm pretty sure dogs don't smell like meatballs”

“we'd work better with a full stomach. My owner says...!”

“THIS IS NO TIME TO EAT YOU ----- WITH A OVERSIZED APPITITE!!”

“whimper...”

After nearly a half an hour's worth of searching we finally found it, but unluckily the vent was located in the ceiling. So plop went us, howl went the dogs in the cages.

“Blacky! Steak! You're not in rocket ships!”

“o coarse we aren't, they treat use like kings, just look at the size of this cage! Just let us” there were only the two of them plus a couple more but it was the size of a backyard.

“why, you like it here you said”

“...They say there are to many dogs in town. There shipping us to Cali tomorrow.”

“but...”

The alarm rang off. I've gotten my self in a few fine messes, but this is the finest of them all.

“phew, I swore they saw us!” I exclaimed. The guards poured in like flood water, if it weren’t an trash can in the left corner, I’d be in a cage just like steak. The guards didn’t find anything, but they decided to ship us while they were at it. I am right now inside the Conterus, the ship sailing us to California. On the way here we had a dozen close calls. Pushing out of the cage we unlock the others, soon the hold was full with thousands of dogs, all from different pounds across the US. I explain the new one, one even more crazy, deadly and seat of the pants than any of the others.

“hoom a dee dum, nothing ever happens around here” hummed first mate sharp. It was his shift to patrol the hallway and had just noticed that a faint scratching sound was coming from the door. “oh great, one of the dogs escaped” he grabbed a fishing net and opened the steel open way. the next thing he knew, the world was involved with paws, fur and wagging tails. Advancing towards the control room, no amount of the ships crew could stop so many dogs. Soon I was at the wheel, sailing towards main land. I just flipped into my bed when my owner arrived. Me looking as innocent as a dog that saved a hundred more dogs could look.

“this is Kathy Donatello, channel 17, reporting in. two days ago the liner Conterus made an unexpected docking, or crashing, into the dock of Hudson. Inside investigators found signs of poached dogs, as well as files and bribes to the many of pounds of this state. Many of the dogs still had collars with name tags on them. It is expected that the pound’s workers were not responsible for this. Investigators also state that this could lead to an international pet smuggling organization. More coming up soon. Kathy Donatello, out.” Marly looks up at the television and blinked. “humans, how’d they go without me”