

Sunshine

Donald Silverman

There hasn't been much sunshine lately. And, when it did shine it wasn't particularly warm. These are two factors that clearly affect my mood. Gloomy weather makes me lazy and sluggish. I sit around, eat a bunch of crap and watch even more crap on the television. Watching the national news adds insult to injury. This idiot said that. This idiot said this and even worse than that. What's a man to do? Take a nap. Well, there goes my good night's sleep.

The morning comes and it's sunny outside. The wind has calmed down and the birds are flying around the pond. It's time to take our dog, Piccolina out for a walk. Now, you'd think she was raring to go. She hasn't been outside since yesterday afternoon. I'm still working on my breakfast. Mary Anne hands her a "cookie" and puts on her leash. Side note: Piccolina has taught us that she won't let you put on her leash unless you give her a "cookie".

And, so they head out the door and .. quickly turn around. "What's the problem?" "She wants you to walk her." "Oh yeah .. what is it about me that she needs to do her business?" "Well, I don't know but, the "business thing" isn't happening without you." Another side note: I saw a funny cartoon recently. A dog is sitting on the neighbor's lawn behind his little desk. He has a phone and a mini-computer on his desk. One neighbor is clearly unhappy and says, "Your dog is doing his business on my lawn."

Uh, where was I? Oh, yeah. Taking our dog out for her morning walk. Piccolina is definitely a sun worshiper. Or, maybe she's an asphalt worshiper. Once she hits the blacktop she's down on her back. Rubbing and twisting and turning and then putting her face on the ground and doing more of this crazy routine. Maybe this asphalt rub is her form of putting on makeup? Maybe she wants to protest her bath? Maybe she's a tomboy? Who knows?

Piccolina's "walk" is always an adventure. She always steps out the door, takes a big stretch with her head facing the sky. Ahhhh ... sunshine. Today will be a good day.

I'm not sure if she starts off with a plan or, if she just wants to dominate us. We normally head north towards the designated dog walking area. When we arrive at the corner she seems to have three choices. It's never clear which one she's going to choose. Since she always follows her nose it's never a "sunny side of the street" choice.

First her walk is a nose investigation. Who peed here? Who peed there? Who dropped a chicken bone? Can I dig it up before my humans take it away? Where's the perfect spot to do my business? This area seems to be right. I'd start my ancient dance. Pace this way and that way and this way and that way. Okay this is it. Done. Now I have to scratch up some grass to hide what I left behind.

So, what does all of this have to do with sunshine? Not much except this 11 inch tall cutie brings a drop of sunshine into my life every day. And, that's worth all of her funny and crazy ways.