



I Like the Spa

Yesterday I went for the very first time. I guess they thought I was finally old enough and deserved some pampering. Also, it was probably a reward for becoming so perfectly house-trained in so short a time. Plus I had fleas.

A lot of dogs don't like the spa, mainly the ones who hate water and baths and separation. But from the second you walk in, there are all these amazing scents. Oh sure, there's the smell of fear. But even stronger is the tar shampoo and the green apple rinse and all these other smells that don't ever happen in real life.

All types of dogs come there. Some of them are kind of dumb and only want to talk about balls and pull toys and swimming. It's surprising how you can pass by someone in a car and chat through the open window and they're fine. But when you actually try to talk to them...no one home.

For the first little while, you sit in these private cages. But that doesn't stop you from sharing some gossip back and forth. Like who is starting to smell her age. And who's been seen out and about with a new walker. And who needs to get her anal glands emptied. I mean, really. You can't just rub it on the floor. It's not working.

Next they bathe you and groom you. And still everyone talks—about what they had for breakfast or what they said this morning to the dog in the yard on the corner. I pay special attention when the subject turns to boys. I just started noticing boys, and every day I seem to get more interested. A lot of the girls are more attracted to the boys with testicles. Maybe I'll feel that way some day. But for right now, I go for someone with good hair and nice teeth and a growl that's not too threatening.

By the time I finally left, I had my nails clipped and my ears cleaned and a nice pretty bow in my hair. I was the prettiest one there. Everyone said so. And as I went strutting out the door, I couldn't help thinking, "Gabby, you are not a puppy anymore. From now on, you are an adult. A real grown-up bitch."

♥ Gabby

