

December 11

One of the humans wants to get a pig. I know of a farmer that shot a pig once. That's not unusual; maybe he wanted fresh bacon. What's strange was that it was three in the morning and the farmer was falling-down drunk.

But, this is not a big house. Maybe pigs have gotten a bad rap concerning a general slovenliness but I certainly don't want to wake up to a big, steaming pile of pig shit first thing of-a-morning. Or are the humans, pooper scoopers at the ready, going to take both their dog and pig for morning and evening walks? (Why do I have visions of Suzanne Sugarbaker and her maid, "Con-su-ela"?) I'm certain the neighbors wouldn't even notice or make some sarcastic comment.

December 12

Christmas tree day. Oh...I'm so excited. No, really. Dropped some tinsel there. Well, maybe the dog will scarf it up and be all Christmassy when he has a shiny shit later. *"Here's your present."*

December 13

There's been an addition to the group. Apparently that little reddish thing (except for some weird bright white stripe thingy on its head. Must be a "banger" or "pig with a mohawk") is called a "guinea pig." Awfully small for a pig. The entirety of all she does is stay in her cage the whole day long.

She sure is a lot of fun.

December 14

That dog's getting on my last nerve. Think, boy, think. Dog. Cat. Natural enemies. Not friends. Foes. Adversaries. L-o-n-g distances apart are best. Is any of this registering?

Today he wanted to play. Big, drooling, lumbering ox. Now I have dog spittle all over me.

"Isn't that cute?"

No, it's not cute. It's disgusting.

"You just can't get mad at him."

Give me a chance; I could.

December 15

It, apparently, has been "Procrastination City" for the humans. Why do I get the feeling that Walgreen's and Target are going to do a brisk business?

No embarrassment of riches here.

December 16

I just paid the pig a visit. Her name is Erin Molly Maguire (funny, she doesn't look Irish). I only wanted to say hello and shake her paw; I reached through the cage; she squealed bloody murder then tried to bite me. Jesus! Take a pill. Wonder how that will read in her diary? [*"The cat tried to kill me today. I yelled 'Attack!' and launched my counteroffensive."*]

I'll have to say she's very well organized, though. At the front, one quadrant is the living room, the other fourth is for sleeping; the left rear is her kitchen; the right rear is her "private" area. Yet, for some reason, I still don't trust her. It's always the quiet ones....

December 17

If that dog whines and jumps on me one more time I'll cut his nuts off with my bare claws. I'll give him something to whine about. Merry Christmas, buddy!

December 18

December 19

Oops, missed a day.

One of the humans is watching World War I documentaries. All that blood and guts – boy, that’ll sure get you right into the Christmas spirit. The shows are interrupted by some pudgy, bearded guy screaming, “*Hi, Billy Mays here....*” Jesus, how loud and annoying. Am I supposed to know who this imbecile is? Basically, he’s just a Rula Lenska for the 21st century.

December 20

God, that dog is so damned dumb! At least he gets to go out and about twice a day but only after the human puts a rope of some kind around the dog’s neck. Doesn’t Hoss know that’s s-o-o-o-o demeaning?

December 21

The humans left. Something called “last-minute shopping.” Well, I won’t be the one to tell them that their precious little dog peed on the dining room table leg while they were gone. Serves them right.

December 22

Will this be the best Christmas ever? You just can’t imagine how little I care.

December 23

It’s called “Christmas Break” which means, so much as I can tell, they’re not going back to work anytime soon. Oh...all day and all night with the keepers of the keys. Be still my heart.

December 24

They’re watching the movie, *It’s a Wonderful Life*.

Oh, please, allow me to ruin it:

“Teacher says every time a bell rings, a drag queen goes straight to Hell.”

Tomorrow's what they call "Christmas." Wasn't it what comedian Jeff Dunham referred to as "horrible" when discussing *The Night Before Christmas*? Let's see: a morbidly obese elderly man with a red nose (an obvious drunk) piloting an unregistered, unlicensed vehicle commits Breaking and Entering through the fireplace so he's covered with soot. And parents just can't wait for this old, drunk, dirty, overweight man to meet their children. Dunham's right; it's an awful tale. And it's also a pretty piss-poor choice of role models. Humans.

December 25

Today's "the big day." Wait! That present is labeled as if it were from me. First, I did no such thing and, second, I most certainly wouldn't give that one a gift! Good God, they're like drunks with a new bottle. We do get to eat, right? Maybe they'll get all caught up in the holiday spirit and I'll get something more than a bowl of dry kibble. You know, I'm a natural predator and I do like my bird, now.

December 26

The neighbors are all in a tizzy. Nobody told them you're supposed to defrost the turkey before you deep-fry it. Suffice it to say, the bird exploded and set the house on fire. There's a middle-aged woman yelling assuredly, "I called 911." [She sounds like Bette Midler in *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*.] That'll sure put a damper on the frivolity of the season.

All those pretty red trucks against a snowy background and flashing lights. Except for the screeching sirens, this could be a Norman Rockwell moment.

The humans are going to visit family. That one's parents are a laugh a minute. They're just so old! You never know when they're going to nod off – at the table, midsentence. They're not still allowed to drive are they? Talk about schadenfreude.

Yeah, dinner with the folks. Those people don't know if they've had a seven course meal or a rice cake. Nobody asked me to go. No, that's all

right; I don't mind staying behind; feel free to take the dog, though. Or at least, keep him the Hell away from me. Erin's always quiet, anyway. My kind of guinea pig.

December 27

I think it's fair to say I've reached "Christmas music overload." I also think it's been established that there's no L in Christmas. Was so relieved that it's really *Hark! The Herald Angels Sing* and not *Hark! The Hare-lipped Angels* [although an array of about 50 of the Heavenly host belting it out with a speech impediment could be good for a laugh]. But there's one song I still don't get. After listening to *The Little Drummer Boy* for, oh, I don't know, about the 40th time, I thought, "*Forget the musicality of it and all that stuff. Just consider the story. It's precisely what a new mother needs – a little kid with a drum set.*"

December 28

Approaching year's end. Apparently, a New Year's Eve party involves lots of liquor, whistles, assorted noisemakers, confetti, champagne [over and above the original alcohol] and a slurred singing of *Auld Lang Syne*.

*"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne."*

Does anyone really know what that means? C'mon, it's some 200+ year old Scottish song. (I think the secret died with Guy Lombardo.) Relevant.

December 29

Forget Christmas; there's a new party on the horizon. I'd only want to go so I could use the Jack Nicholson/Shirley Maclaine exchange from *Terms of Endearment*.

*"You're gonna need a lot of drinks"
"To break the ice? "*

"To kill the bug you have up your ass."

December 30

Preparations are underway to "ring in the new year." Suppose they'll prop up Dick Clark again in Times Square. How old is he now? 100? Still looks 40-ish. Does this story somehow involve an aging portrait in an attic somewhere?

December 31

Yeah. "Happy-fucking-New-Year." Another holiday already? (Don't these people ever go to work?) Didn't we just have one? How about spreading them out some? In summer, it seems to go on almost forever without a day of celebration. After tonight, it's on to MLK Day and President's Day. Thrilling, truly it is.