

Cold Noses

It was one of those days. I woke up when Alf stuck his cold, wet and seemingly enormous nose fair in the middle of my right eye, thankfully shut at the time. To be fair to him, that was probably the only part of me that he could actually see, as the rest of me was covered by blankets, pillows and sheets. Whilst I could have applauded his accuracy, I was more preoccupied with dealing with what seemed to be a large sponge soaked in ice water that had taken up residence on my face. Sitting up and glaring at Alf only made his tail wag faster, and then he appeared to say "Well, now that you are up..."

Agreeing with him, I woke up a bit more to just above zombie level, and prepared to play swap the dogs, as we have two bitches in season at the moment. I slipped on my sandals, the only thing that I was wearing at the time, and went to the door.

Now, I have to ask you, why do Mals always have to sniff groins and butts? I was comprehensively goosed from both sides, the cold noses causing my toes to curl and for me to try to levitate above the range of the icy noses that were trying to get very intimate, only making me go from zombie to wide awake instantaneously.

Again, I have to ask you, has anyone tried to open a door, herd happy dogs out and happy dogs in, defend various bits of your anatomy that are not happy about having cold noses in close proximity to them, giggle, then try to shut up and stand on one foot all at the same time? And all without waking up your better half? All without even having a morning cup of coffee?

It was not fun trying not to laugh at this vivid mental picture of a naked gyrating loon, all the while the dogs were going "What a great game! More!" I have to thank my sense of humour for that one, as it was very Pythonesque.

Well, I got through that little event eventually and was left wide awake, wondering what the rest of the day was going to throw at me...

Kindest Regards,
Andrew Gaynor, Australia