

q diary: ASTRO MAXWELL - THE DIARY OF AN OVER PAMPERED POOCH

Woof woof, well well well, what can a dog say that hasn't been barked before? Not much is the answer to that question. Firstly though, I'll tell you about a typical day in my life, and hopefully you find what I call everyday life, more entertaining than I do (which isn't going to be hard given the low levels my feelings of entertainment are at).

To begin a typical day, that could be any day of the week or weekend – it doesn't matter as I have no idea what day it is. The first, and most important part of the routine, is something you humans only wish you could do. My Daddy says he got within an inch of being able to but fell off the couch right before he could reach (silly idiot he is). So, after giving my 'unmentionables' a decent going over, I usually make my way into the backyard, where I'll relieve myself after a long sleep.



Now if you're anything like me, which I doubt because if you're reading this, firstly - you're reading, something I don't do because I'm a dog, and secondly - we are best friends, not relatives, so how much alike can we really be? For arguments sake, however, let's say we're alike. Right after my relief I like to go back inside for some breakfast. Now, if I'm lucky, I can scab some of Daddies breakfast, but normally he's a tight bastard (unlike my Auntie Brett), with food, oops, with food! I should've said that fist, oops I mean first. (Editor: shocking – Astro, I thought better of you than to be so scurrilous LOL).

Once breakfast has concluded, sometimes I get to go across the road from our house to the dog park, where I get my latex jumpsuit, leathers, and my gimp mask on, cause its fetish time in the dog park. All the intoxicating aroma's, from bums to balls, shear bliss, and what I believe doggy heaven will be like when I get there eventually. If I'm lucky, Daddy lets me stay over there for a couple hours, so I can taste and sniff all the neighbourhood's colourful variety. Again, just heaven! Woof Woof!

When I get back from the satisfaction and excitement of the doggy park, I usually have a nanna nap - because all that stuff gets a little guy like me all tuckered out, ya know.

Now, being the busy man whom my daddy is, he's always doing something, or seeing people, for some strange reason he sometimes doesn't have clothes on when some people come over (I don't know why). I think this afternoon Daddy is taking me with him in the car, another one of my favourite things, especially when I get to hang my head out the window and try and catch bugs as they fly past my nose. So tasty when I catch them. One day Daddy said he might let me drive if I'm a good boy, I can't wait, I'm sure I'll drive better than Daddy (hehehe).

Not long 'til dinner time now, I'm having braised beef with pasta, and a small tin of tuna, which is my favourite. After dinner I'll jump into my doggy bed, (really Daddies bed, but I call it mine cause I'm the boss) and if I lay still, Daddy won't kick me out. There I'll stay until I need to pee, which happens at least twice, then before I know it, it's time to get up and lick my unmentionable's all over again. It really is my favourite part of the day. Don't judge me, if you could, you'd never leave the bedroom doing it!

Until the next diary entry, I bid y'all a goodnight, and may your unmentionables be serviced, and all the smells that go with it be plentiful.

