

SERIOUSLY, GET THIS SWEATER OFF OF ME.

by: JUSTIN WOOD



I mean it, I feel ridiculous. Get it off.

Lady, just because your boyfriend doesn't want to settle down, doesn't mean you should pretend that I'm a real baby in hopes that he'll play along in your twisted game of "house". I promise you're scaring him off, and it makes you look insane. Think about it, you dress me like a Gap employee and tote me around like a damned fashion accessory. It's disgusting, and you need to get your shit straight. Meantime, you can stop force-feeding me Altoids, you bitch.

While I'm on the record, there are some other things I could do without, you psycho. Yeah, as it turns out, I don't really care for the ylang-ylang oil massage. It's not relaxing, it actually hurts and generally creeps me out. In fact, it's damn close to rape.

I fucking hate you.

Oh, this just in, I'm not actually a fucking vegetarian. Do you honestly think that I prefer couscous and tofu over my lamb and beef nuggets? Lettuce wraps? Are you fucking serious... what is

your damage? I would rather eat my own shit, and guess what, when you're asleep, I do. Then I lick your whore face and laugh about it.

Don't even get me started on my name. Louis Vuitton? You superficial bitch. Do you have any idea how embarrassing that is? I'm already wearing the gayest sweater since the "Cosby Show", but you insist on naming me after an expensive line of European handbags. Seriously, fuck you. You make me look like a complete pussy and I hate you for it. For real, the next time you try to gel my hair, I will tear a hole in your windpipe. I swear to God I will.

Not that you'd ever fucking notice, but you continue to place me in dangerous situations. Just yesterday at the dog park, I could feel the cold hard stare from a Doberman through my Kenneth Cole double-breasted pea coat. Shit, even the French poodle called me a fag, and he was wearing a beret.

Do you have any idea what would happen to a dog like me at the pound? You don't even WANT to know. I step in there with even a whiff of CK One on me, and it's all over.

It pisses me off that you don't pull this shit on the cat (Although it's probably because she's a lesbo). I am really tired of the smug looks I get from that butch-ass feline. Just once I'd like to see you put an ascot around her neck and let her feel what this shit is like. Then she'll realize it's not funny, and I'm in real pain here. At the very least you could throw a flannel shirt on that dyke and even it up here, you owe it to me. I promise I will end all nine of her lives if I ever get a chance to chase her without these miniature Steve Madden patent leather urban utility boots strapped on my paws. Not that I'd get far; even without the shoes I still have to battle these Italian micro suede chinos.

Listen lady, I'm at the end of my rope and I've been doing a lot of thinking (Yes, there's a lot of time for that while you watch E!, thumb through your copy of People magazine, stopping occasionally to read the text message on your jewel-encrusted Sidekick). I have decided that I'm running away. I'm going to take my chances on the outside. Tomorrow morning, during doggy yoga, I am fucking gone, baby – and there is nothing you can do to stop me.

The last thing you'll see is my puckered little asshole as I'm out the door, but not before I leave a hot, soft and juicy turd pile right on my miniature doggy yoga mat – and I've got a half a pound of espresso beans and 3 bran muffins for breakfast to make sure it's a good one.

See you in hell, bitch.