

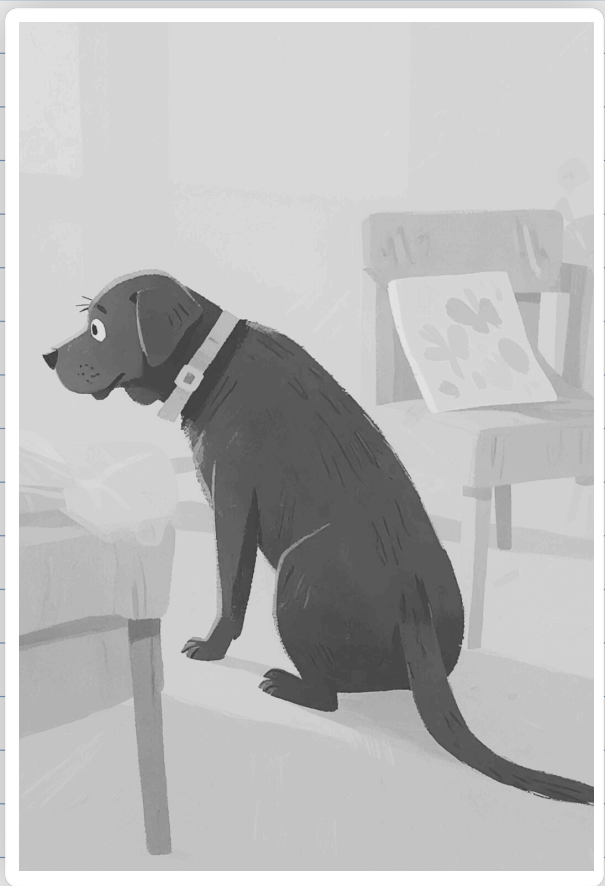
Prologue: The Beginning of My Tail

If you're reading this, you already know I'm Morris—the dog with a nose for snacks and a knack for adventure. But you might not know how I landed with this wild, wonderful family.

It started at the shelter. I was the scruffy pup with giant ears and a big bark, always angling for attention. Gina wanted an "easy dog to clean up after" (sorry, Gina), and Mark dreamed of a loyal hunting dog (my hunting skills are about as sharp as a rubber bone). Max brought a tennis ball, Emma brought a giggle, and I had a feeling my luck was turning.

Emma knelt down, looked me in the eyes, and said, "He's perfect." I wagged so hard I nearly toppled over. Next thing I knew, I was riding home, nose pressed to the window, already dreaming of mischief.

That's how I became Morris: family dog, snack detective, and star of my own story. And honestly? I wouldn't have it any other way.





Chapter 1: Meet the Royal Family and Household Hijinks

Every king needs a royal court, and let's just say mine is more circus than castle. My humans are a lovable bunch of weirdos, and I wouldn't trade them for all the squeaky toys in the world. Sure, they drive me bonkers sometimes, but hey—who else would I get snacks from?

Entry 1: Mark and the Mysterious Fence (or, How I Outsmarted the "Handyman")

Today, Mark spent hours hammering, sawing, and measuring every inch of the backyard fence, muttering about "keeping Morris safe" and "no more escape artist stunts." I supervised from the porch, looking as innocent as a dog with muddy paws can—though the muddy trail leading from the flowerbed might've given me away. Mark wiped sweat from his brow, double-checked his work, and even did a little victory dance when he finished.

Naturally, I waited until he was inside sipping lemonade before I made my move. I sniffed along the perimeter, found a loose board behind the lilac bush, and gave it a strategic nudge with my nose. Pop! Just like that, the "impenetrable fortress" was open for business. Mark came out, saw me poking my head through the gap, and just shook his head. "You win this round, Morris." If only he knew I could write a book on fence escapes—oh wait, I am! Honestly, I think he

secretly enjoys the challenge. It keeps him on his toes, and me endlessly entertained. Whiskers, watching from the windowsill, gave a slow, sarcastic clap with her tail.



Entry 2: Gina and the Secret Snack Stash (and My Not-So-Secret Begging Face)

This afternoon, Gina tried to sneak cookies in the kitchen. She tiptoed in, opened the “secret” cabinet (which, let’s be honest, is only secret if you don’t have a nose like mine), and hid the cookies behind her back. I slid across the tile, sat perfectly still, and gave her my best “I haven’t eaten in years” look—complete with a tiny whimper for dramatic effect.

She tried to resist, but I could see her resolve crumbling faster than a shortbread. “Don’t tell Mark,” she whispered, slipping me a piece. Don’t worry, Gina—my loyalty can be bought (preferably with cookies).

Whiskers sauntered in, eyed the crumbs on my whiskers, and muttered, “Amateur. I’d have gotten the whole box.” If begging were an Olympic sport, I’d have all the gold medals by now—and Whiskers would probably be my coach.

Entry 3: Max and the Flying Fries (or, Why I'm the Real MVP)

Max had friends over for a movie marathon and a mountain of fries. I took my post under the table, ready for action, tail thumping in anticipation. As fries "accidentally" rained down—thanks to Max's not-so-subtle tosses and his friends' giggles—I vacuumed them up faster than you can say "five-second rule." At one point, I even caught a fry mid-air with a leap that would've made a dolphin jealous.

Max's friends cheered, Gina pretended not to see (though I caught her smirking), and I...well, let's just say I'm still waiting for my trophy for Best Cleanup Crew. Whiskers tried to join in, but after a fry bounced off her head, she gave me a look that said, "You handle the carbs, I'll stick to protein." Honestly, I think I deserve a cape for my heroic efforts. Fries don't stand a chance around me.

Entry 4: Emma and the Brush Battle (and My Fluffy Surrender)

Emma declared it "spa day," which is code for "let's see how much fur Morris can lose in one sitting." She arrived armed with brushes, bows, and a spray bottle that I'm convinced is just for show. I wriggled, squirmed, and tried every escape maneuver known to dog-kind, but Emma's determination is stronger than my willpower (and that's saying something).

At one point, I managed to wriggle free and make a break for it, only to slide across the hallway and land in a pile of clean laundry. Emma just lured me back with a treat, and started again. Whiskers watched from the dresser, licking her paw and purring, "You call that resistance? Amateur."

When Emma finally finished, I looked like a poodle on parade—but she hugged me tight and whispered, "You're my best friend, Morris." I guess it's worth it for that. Plus, the extra treats she sneaks me afterward don't hurt.

Entry 5: Whiskers and the Laser Pointer Showdown (or, Why Cats Are Weird)

This evening, the humans decided to entertain themselves (and us) with the dreaded laser pointer. I chased that little red dot with all the dignity of a dog on a mission—skidding into furniture, barking at the wall, and nearly knocking over a lamp. Whiskers, on the other hand, stalked the dot like a silent ninja, pouncing with surgical precision.

At one point, we both lunged for it at the same time and collided in a tangle of fur, tails, and indignant meows. Whiskers glared at me, flicked her tail, and declared, "Stick to your speed bumps, Morris. Leave the precision work to the professionals." I let her have the dot—just this once. After all, it's important to let the cat think she's in charge...even if we all know who really runs the house.

Stay tuned for more on "the art of speed bumps".



Paws for Thought: Lesson from the Throne

Every family is a little weird, a little wonderful,
and a lot of work. No one's perfect—
sometimes you're the helper, sometimes the
troublemaker, but if you can laugh at yourself
and love your pack, you're doing just fine.

