

JAKE aka MisterPissant

aka *The Child* I Thankfully Never Had



Why Can't I V-O-T-E? So??? Arf! Arf! Arf! I Know Every SCROTUS* Justice And The Entire Bill Of Rights By Heart! And You? Oh, Bullshit! Do I Look Pfuckin' Stoopid To You? Are You Sure? Get the Pfuck Outta *My* Yard!

Whose Yard? Oh, Hi Daddy; Didn't See You Standing There. Howzithangin', Bro? *What? What The Hell Has Gotten Into You Lately?* I Don't Want To Talk About It — Sniff, Sniff Scratch, Scratch. *Well, Here's What We Are Gonna ... But First, Who Was That Woman You Were Abusing As I Came Around The Corner Of The Yard?* Oh, She Was Just Some Tight-Ass, Far Right GOP Vote Suppressing Bitch Trying To Feed Me This Bullshit That They Just Want

Count All Legal Votes And Disallow All Illegitimate Ones. *Oh, Good Dog, Jake.* Damn Right; I Like To Think I Earn My Keep Around Here Even If You Don't Think So. *Aw, Feeling Sorry For Ourselves, Are We? Bite Me! And What's With This Obsession You Seem To Have About Voting?* I Just Happen To Think *Qualified* Canines Should Be Able To Vote. *And What Would Constitute A Qual ... Never Mind.* But I Have Found A Way To *Participate* In The Great Shakespearean Shit Show This Fall. *Oh, Do Tell.* I've Formed A Canine Group Here In The 'Hood Called **KANINES FOR KAMALA!** *Really.* Yup. We Go Out Every Night Between 2300 — 0100 Hours Looking For **Trump** Signs On Lawns. *I Know I Shouldn't Ask But, Pray Tell, What Do You Guys Do When You Find One.* We Take A Shit On Their Lawn, Of Course. *Oh, Pfuck. You Know Your Excretions Are Commensurate With Your Size, Right?* Oh, I Don't Do Any Pooping. I'm The *Field Commander.* *Of Course You Are. How Stupid Of Me.* You Know Rocky Down At The Corner Of The Block? *Yeah, I Think So.* He's Pfuckin' FEARLESS, Man! He Doesn't Drop His Mongo Load In The Yard But Rather Saunters Right Up On The Porch And Makes His *Deposit* Right On The Doormat. Unbelievable! Rocky Did That The Night Before Last And Then, Get This, He Proceeds To Take A Nice Long Piss In The Flower Bed And Then Lays Waste To It. The Other Guys Are In Awe Of Rocky!

Listen, Buster, We Need To Talk About Lulu. Again. What About Her? *You Were Over There Again The Other Night Trying To Bone Her, Weren't You?* Of Course I Was. Why Wouldn't I? Unlike You, I Still Care About Getting Laid. *That Woman Is Giving Me A Major Ration Of Shit About You.* So? You're The Adult — Dealwiddit. That Evangelical CONTROL FREAK Has It In For Me! *I Wonder Why, Jake ... You Bit Her — Or So She*

Says. You Damn Right I Did. I Was Just About To Finally Penetrate Sweet Little Lulu When “She Who Can’t Mind Her Own Pfuckin’ Business” Swooped In Out Of Nowhere, Grabbed Me By The Scruff Of The Neck And *Flung* Me Halfway Across The Family Room. She Coulda Broke My Pfuckin Neck, Daddy! We Could Produce Some Gorgeous Offspring! Furthermore, If She Had A Fully-Functioning Brain, She’d Invite Me Over To Stud Lulu. *You May Have A Point, Jake, But Lulu Is HER DOG. If She Doesn’t Want You Bangin’ On Lulu, You Have To Respect That.*

Bullshit! Lulu’s Hot For Me And Vice Versa. Besides, It Doesn’t Hurt That I Am The George [Pfuckin’] Clooney Of Male Yorkshire Terriers! *You Know Who You Sound Like, Right? WhoThink!* Aaarghh! My Gorgeous Fur Looks Nothing Like His Messed Up Doo. How Dare You! *I Didn’t Say You Looked Like Him, Jake. Jesus! But No Matter, If I Catch Or Hear About You Being Over There Again, Your Gorgeous Ass Will Be Confined To A Chain In The Yard. Got It?* That Pfuckin’ Sucks!!! I Have Needs — And RIGHTS! *Yeah?! Now You Sound Like One Of Those Crazy Whiny Far Right Evangelicals. Pfuck You And Your Rights!* Arf! Arf! Arf! *And One Other Thing, Buster. If You Protest Pee On The Shoes In My Closet Again, Your Ass Is TOAST! Understood?* Yes, Daddie. A\$\$WHOLE! *You Say Something, Jake?* Noooo, Daddie. PFUCKIN’ MORON.

[Ed. Note: We Interrupt This Tale With A *Real Life* Moment In Jake’s Most Excellent Existence: When He Was Four, We Decided It Was Time To Have Him ... *Altered*. Seems Like Such A Benign Term For Such A Traumatic Life-Altering Event. It Was, Of Course, Taken As A

Preventive Health Measure. I Was On A Business Trip When KJ Booked The Procedure. When We Chatted That Evening And The Subject Came Up, I Realized I Wouldn't Be Home In Time To Take Him And Asked Her To Reschedule It. Having Had Dogs Continually In My Life From Age 3 To 57 When His Royal Highness Passed, I've Long Been Of The Opinion That A Male Should Take A Male Canine To Lose His ... *Doghood*. That Said, We Now Resume Our Story.]

One Evening During All Of This Hubbub About Lulu, I Asked Jake If Lulu Knew That He Couldn't Shoot Live Ammunition Anymore: No, Of Course Not. Sweet As She Is, She's Not Exactly A Rocket Scientist If You Know What I Mean. *So, I'm To Understand You Can Still Sprout An Erection?* Enough Of One To Get Into Her Back Door. I Mean It's Not Like It Was Before Some *Dishonest A\$\$WHOLE* Told Me I Was Going To The Vet For A Long Overdue Dental Exam And Cleaning And Then Came Home Without My Balls!

That Was Done For Your Own Good, Jake. Yeah, Right. *It Was Done As A Preventive Health Measure; It's Done All The Time. Your Mother And I Were In Complete Agreement.* Oh, You Goddamned Liar Liar Pants-On-Fire! You Did That Shit To Me Without Telling Mommy!!! You Bastard, Mommy Never Never, Ever Ever, Would Have Agreed To Have That Done To Me, You Lyin' Son Of A Bitch! *Look, Jake, Think Whatever You Need To About It. But It's The Truth. Are You Ever Gonna Get Over This?* Sure I Will, Daddy. Just As Soon As You Go In For Some Elective Procedure Or Other And Come Out Without Your *Cherry-Sized* Testicles, Then And

Only Then Will I Get Over It. *Well, None Of That Is Likely To Happen, Jake.* Yeah, Well One Can Always Hope.

I Mean, What The Pfuck, Daddy? I Wake Up And Immediately Know My Balls Are Missing — And My Breath Was Still Funky For Fuck's Sake! When I Woke Up In The Recovery Room, I Banshee Hollered, "Where The Pfuck Are My Balls!!!" Why Couldn't You Have Just Been Upfront & Honest With Me About It? *Had I Done That, Would You Have Gone Willingly.* Oh, Hell No!; Do I Look Pfuckin' Stoopid To You? You Could Talked With Me About It As The Spectacularly Intelligent Canine I Am And Have Let Me Made My Own Pfuckin' Decision. They Were My Balls, Not Yours, *Daddy.* *Yeah, You Have A Point Jake.* You Damned Right I Do. And Guess What, Daddy? *Whaaat, Jaaake?* Rocky? He Still Has *His* Balls. *I Have A Question For You.* Yeah? *Do You "Talk" To Your Canine Homies?* Oh, Certainly Not. What Would I Talk With Them About? Besides, I Think They'd Probably Be Jealous — Or Worse.

OVERHEARD IN A VETERINARY CLINIC RECOVERY ROOM:

Dr Cousineau, I Think I'd Like To Take Some Time Off. Well, Sure; Are You Ok, Jen? You Look A Little Shaken. Yes, I Must Admit I Am. What's Going On, Jen? You Want To Talk About It? Yeah, It Has To Do With That Obnoxious Little Yorkie We Altered First Thing This Morning. Oh, You Mean Jake? [Derisively] Yeah, *Jake.* Did He Break The Skin When He Bit You? Thankfully, No — But I've Got Quite The Blood Blister To Show For It. Anyway, Both He And That Darling Sheltie Had Yet To Come Around And I Have My Back To Them While I'm Cleaning Up And The Like. Then, All Of A Sudden — Just As Clearly As I'm Speaking To You, I Hear "Where The Pfuck Are My Balls!"
Oh, My, Jen. Perhaps You Should Take Some Time Off.

And, Now, Here's Another All-To-Real Event In Jake's Life: The Following Spring After His ...
Alteration, We Suddenly Out-Of-The-Blue Found Ourselves Facing A Life-Threatening Calamity With Jake. Being So Low To The Ground, On Walks He Was Always Trying To Scarf Shit Off The Ground. Multiple Times Most Days I'd Handle Him Like The Wriggling Furry Play Thing He Was. One Evening I Flipped Him Over To Find That His Belly Was Severely Distended. In Taking Him To The Nearest Vet First Thing The Next Morning, I Was Floored By The Diagnosis — And The ***Prognosis***. I'd Assumed He'd Just Vacuumed Up Something That Had Caused His Condition.

Turns Out Jake Had A Life Threatening Kidney Condition. In Both Humans And Canines, I Learned There Is A Critical Protein — Albumin — Which Keeps The Blood And Water From Separating As It's Filtered Through The Kidneys. And Then Came The Kick To The Groin. I Was Told That Jake's Life Expectancy Would Be Measured In Weeks — Perhaps Six To Eight. As For That Fluid Buildup In His Little Abdomen, The Vet Removed Some 560cc.

I Was Due To Return To Portland, Oregon After An Extended Time With Family In St Petersburg, Florida. I Was Running Long Haul Out Of Portland At The Time And Had An Established Relationship For Jake With Parkway Veterinary Clinic In Lake Oswego, Which Is A Well-To-Do (Very) Community Minutes South Of Portland. I Had The Great Good Fortune To Draw Dr Greg Takashima As Jake's Primary Vet. In My Initial Consult About Jake's Condition, Dr Takashima Reassured Me That All Was Not Lost, But That It Would Involve Considerable Ongoing Care And Treatment. And It Surely Did; Some \$21K Over Six Years.

During The Ten Years In Which I Was Privileged To Have Him, We Did Some 570,000 Miles Together Over-The-Road. Jake Was A Wonderful Road Companion — And My Navigator And, Of Course, Chick-Magnet Extraordinaire. Women Were Crazy For Jake — More Often Than Not As If I Didn't Exist. Fast Forward To The Fall Of 2012 And I'm In Very Difficult Dangerous Place Emotionally. One Late April *Morning* (0430 Hrs) I'm In A Critical Crisis Moment. Jake's Health Had Been Declining For Some Time. I'm Having An Intense Existential Debate About Whether To Return To Florida From Lake Oswego And Take Some Much Needed Time Off The Road — Or To Take My Life In The Here And Now. (Oregon Was Always The Place From Which I Intended To Take My Leave; Still Is.)

I Kept A Small Carrier In The Truck. I Tucked Jake Under One Arm, The Carrier In My Free Hand And Walked To The Front Of The Clinic. Jake Is Looking At Me *Very* Intently As I Ease Him Into The Carrier With His Bed And A Light Blanket. I Offer Him A Favorite Treat Which He Ignores, Something He'd Never Done. I Close The Carrier And Peer At Him Through The Front Lattice Grill. And If Jake Really Could Talk, I'm Getting An Intent Look Which Says *I Don't Know What The Pfuck Is Going On Here, Or What I'm Doing Up At The Ungodly Hour, But It Doesn't Feel Right. What Are We Doing, Daddy?* Of Course, I'm Intending To Leave Him With The Clinic, Knowing Full Well That They Will Likely Put Him Down — That His Condition Is Just Too Much For Anyone To Take On. As I Take A Couple Of Tentative Steps Away, Jake Begins Barking — Urgently. I Stop. The Tears Of Angst And Frustration Are Beginning To Flow. I'm Standing There In The Chill Morning Mist Thinking, *Whatcha Gonna Do, Bro?*

After A Couple Minutes Of Frozen Time, I Walk Back And Pick Up The Carrier And Return To My Truck. Sitting In My Driver's Seat As I Open The Carrier On The Floor, Jake (Always A Tremendous Leaper) Leaps Into My Lap And Begins Frenetically Licking My Face, His Tail Going 90 MPH. It Was Quite A Moment.

15 June 2024 Marked The Eleventh Anniversary Of His Passing. It Still Shames Me That I Very Nearly Gave Up On Him — And, In Turn, — On Myself. Literally, Within A Week Of Being Back In St Petersburg, Jake Was Feeling Noticeably Better. And I Had To Admit That Having Him On The Truck Had A Deleterious Effect. As Time Went On, He Seemed Happier, More Energetic, To Be Back In Familiar Surroundings With A Secure Yard — And A Pet Door.

By Spring Of The Following Year (2013), There Were Signs That His Kidneys Had Given Him All The Life They Could. On Friday Night, 14 June, I Resolved To Take Him The Following Morning To My New Vet Recommended By Dr Takashima In Temple Terrace, Florida (A North Suburb Of Tampa). I Knew In My Heart It Would Be A One-Way Affair.

That Saturday Morning, The Clinic Was Staffed By A Lovely Young Veterinarian Just Out Of Her Training At Ohio State University. She Did A Brief Once Over Of Jake And Gave Me A Sympathetic Look. They Had A Nice Private Bereavement Space. I Got Settled In With Jake And She Set An IV Line On The Top Of His Right Foreleg. She Said I Might Have Up To An Hour With Him. I Held Him As I Had So Many Times In The Crook Of My Right Arm And

Stroked Him, Rocking The Both Of Us. He Had A Spot Between His Eyes At The Base Of His Nose That Would Put Him In A Relaxed Almost Trance-Like State. I Put My Fingers On The Back Of His Little Head And Massaged That Spot With My Thumb. That Prompted A Very Slight Acknowledgement. Jake Was Clearly Beginning To Shut Down. After Some 40 Minutes, He Began To Stress. The Vet Came Right In With Two Syringes. The First Was A Muscle Relaxant Which Caused His Beautiful Little Body To Melt Against Me. Then Came The Lethal Dose. After 10 Seconds, His Body Spasmed One Last Time — And He Was Off On His Next Great Adventure.

I Was Very Fortunate To Be Able To Continue Holding And Rocking Jake (And Myself) For Some Time. I Had A Number Of Thoughts/Emotions In Those Moments. First & Foremost, What A Beautiful Experience — For Both Of Us. And Given The State Of My Life, I Knew In That Moment That He'd Be My Last. Second, It's Definitely How I'd Like To Take My Leave Of This Realm. I Had Canines Continually In My Life From Age 3 To 57 When Jake Passed. I Was Very Fortunate To Have Had A Multitude Of Wonderful Dogs Throughout. That Said, Jake Was Extra-Special. He Was The Most Joyous, Exuberant, And Curious Creature Imaginable — And So Much Fun! Furthermore, He Was Quite Self-Absorbed And Often Full Of Shit; It Was All A Huge Part Of His Charm. I Would Not Have Hesitated To Put Myself At A Certain Risk To Keep Him Safe As He Meant That Much To Me. Every Day Was A Great Grand Adventure. Eleven Years On, I Still Think Oh Him Most Days. Those Memories Still Provide Joy — And Even Some Healing.

On The Subject Of Things Metaphysical And The Like, There Was An Incredible Book Published In The Fall Of 2015: *The Light Between Us: Stories From Heaven. Lessons For The Living*. The Author, Laura Lynne Jackson, Is An Extraordinary Psychic Medium. One Can Learn About Ms Jackson And Her Work At LauraLynnJackson.com. For The Longest Time, All I Wanted After My Time In This Realm Had Run Its Course Was The Bliss Of *Eternal Nothingness*. While Her Book Didn't Change My View Of *SkyDaddy & Son*, It Did Compel Me To Abandon The Notion That There Isn't Any Consciousness In The Great Beyond. The One Assertion In Ms Jackson's Book I Found Most Disconcerting Is That The Human *Personality* Crosses Over With The Departed. I Mean, PFUCK ME TWICE — If Only So I Don't Forget. Think About *This*, Won't You? Think Of The Most Obnoxious People You've Had To Deal With — Be It Immediate Family, In-Laws, The Long-Term Neighbor From Hell, Who Are Thankfully Departed — And Then *You* Cross To The Other Side And Boom — Gerry??? OMG!!!

Where Canines Are Concerned, Ms Jackson Makes The Extraordinary Claim That Dogs Who Had Other *Siblings* In Their Life Here Would Be Waiting At The Crossover Portal To Greet And Welcome Them Into The Next Realm. Ms Jackson Doesn't Claim That We Humans Will Be So United With Their Beloved Canines. Ah, But One Can Hope — And Dream About That Sublime Prospect. To Be Reunited With Jake Spiritually (For Eternity?) In This Way Would Be Utterly Amazing. The Possibility Of The Very Idea Of It Gives Great Anticipation — And Joy.

If You're A Dog Person, You'll Likely Appreciate The Following Wonderful Site: DailyDigDogs.com * SCROTUS Six.