

Suicidal god

by Julie Ann August

My dog's on suicide precautions. I had to take away all her eating utensils--even the chopsticks. So now she has to eat directly from the bowl. It doesn't seem to slow her down. Then I hid the dirty shirt that she likes to drag around. Figured it could be a potential hanging hazard. It's just that all she does is eat, sleep and lay on the couch with those sad eyes. Anytime I don't do what she wants, she threatens to kill herself. She says she'll do it too.

I tried to spend extra time with her. I let her know that I was there for her anytime she wanted to talk. But she wouldn't talk to me. Just laid there and stared at me like she was dying. Then I thought, they have drugs for this sort of thing. Puppy Prozac. Doggy Diazepam. A Canine Cocktail for happy wagging tails.

So I took Judah to the doggy psychiatrist.

"I think she may have a drinking problem," I explained.

The psychiatrist frowned and wrote something down.

"So she's been drinking a lot of water?" the psychiatrist asked.

"No, not water." I glanced at the dog and whispered. "You know an *alcohol* problem."

Judah rolled her eyes.

"I noticed that there were several wine bottles in the recycle bin," I said.

"And she has access to the wine?"

I don't think the psychiatrist believed me.

"She spends a lot of time home alone," I said.

"Is there anything else that makes you think that Judah is depressed?"

"She sleeps on the couch all day."

I looked at Judah. She denied everything as we sat there in the office. She was even smiling and wagging her tail.

"She chews her nails too. I think she might be anxious."
The psychiatrist recommended diet and exercise for us both.

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As soon as we got home, Judah started to make threats. If I didn't take her outside or give her breakfast or snacks, she'd slit her wrists.

"Whatever," I said. "You don't have any thumbs."
Then she said, "Down the street not across."
I handed her another biscuit.

The next day she spit out her doggy treat. It was one of those green dental ones.

"Who do you think I am?" she asked.

"The dog," I said.

"That's right. Thee Dog. Capital D. And everyone knows what dog spells backwards."

"God. Little g," I said.

"I'm calling the animal cruelty hot line."

"Don't," I said. But I only half meant it. I was thinking about calling animal control myself. I'd slip her tags over her head and claim that I didn't know whose she was.

Judah stared directly at my plate at my half eaten Porterhouse, medium rare. I was forced to saw off half a portion.

"It's a little overdone, don't you think?" she asked.

You eat rotten things. You fall asleep with your nose in your ass. You roll on dead things. But I didn't say any of those things, because of her delicate condition.

"Be sure to make me dessert," she said, eyeing the chocolate chip cookies.

"You can't have those," I said.

"Why because I'm a dog?"

"You're allergic."

"Pick the chocolate chips out."

"I'm not picking--"

"I'm good friends with PETA. I'll tell them you're poisoning me."

"You wouldn't."

She glared at me. These weren't the sad eyes of depression.

I spent 20 minutes picking out chocolate chips. Her cookie was nothing but crumbs.

"Next time why don't you make peanut butter cookies?" She licked her paws.

"Yes, Dog," I said.

