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0.1 | My Shaggy Dog Story

I used to own a dog that was uncommonly shaggy. Many people remarked upon its considerable shagginess. They would say things like, “man, that dog is really shaggy,” or “I’ve never seen a dog so shaggy.” One time, on a walk, a lady said to me, “that dog is quite uncommonly shaggy.” I continued for a while with my shaggy dog, getting remarks on its shagginess. After all, it was uncommonly shaggy. However, it all changed when I learned that there are contests for shaggy dogs. So, of course, I entered my dog. The dog won first prize for shagginess in both the local and the regional competitions. I continued entering my dog in shaggy dog competitions and my shaggy dog kept winning them. One time, a judge, after the competition, remarked once again on the uncommon shagginess of my dog. He then offered to buy my shaggy dog from me. I, of course, given how shaggy my dog was, declined. I then entered the dog in ever-larger contests, until finally I entered it in the world championship for shaggy dogs. This competition was the cream of the crop when it came to shaggy dogs. It finally came to the time of competition. The judges brought me and my shaggy dog in, and when the judges had inspected all of the competing dogs, they remarked about my dog. They said, “He’s not that shaggy.”

This is Huxley, and my shaggy dog, with a perspective.

Stylistically inspired by the works of Ted Cohen.