



Goldlabel Apps



Who are Wizards?

Arthur C. Clarke said that any sufficiently advanced technology is indistinguishable from magic. He was talking about progress—the kind that sneaks up on you. One day you’re rubbing sticks together for fire, the next you’ve got a pocket-sized rectangle that can summon food, light, or a hundred strangers willing to drive you anywhere for money. But he could just as easily have been talking about my dog. Dog just knows that when I open the fridge, food appears. When I leave, I vanish. When I return, I reappear. I must be a wizard.



Who is Dog?

Dog is..... obviously... a dog. She's a nice dog, but not very bright. When we meet her she's about 11 years old. She's never been trained and being a Shitzu Maltese cross, which are supposedly hard to train she's not going to be learning anything new anytime.

She's nice, though. Show her a ball and she'll have no idea what you mean. She'll just try to lick you. Because licking humans is what she lives for.

Name: Dog (because what else would you call her?)

Breed: Shih Tzu-Maltese cross

Age: 11 years old

Personality: Endlessly affectionate, completely clueless

- Has never been trained and shows no particular inclination to start now
- Responds to most situations with either enthusiastic tail wagging or mild confusion
 - Absolutely no concept of fetch—show her a ball, and she'll stare blankly before deciding to lick your hand instead
 - Licking is her one true purpose in life; if there is a human nearby, she must lick them
 - Can be alarmingly persistent about getting close enough to deliver licks, even in situations where it is neither appropriate nor wanted
 - Not particularly aware of personal space, frequently found sitting on people rather than next to them
 - Barks at seemingly random things—air, distant sounds, the concept of existence—then forgets why and settles back down
 - Grooming is a lost cause; even on a good day, she looks slightly disheveled, like an old mop that's given up on life
 - Deeply content with the simplest pleasures: a warm lap, a kind voice, and unlimited licking opportunities

Not a guard dog, not a working dog, not a particularly useful dog in any capacity—but she is a nice dog, and that's all that really matters.

Dog is the kind of companion who brings zero practicality but 100% unfiltered love. She may not fetch, heel, or do anything remotely impressive, but she will sit by your side (or on your foot) and lick your hand with the unwavering devotion of a creature who knows that her only job is to love humans. And in that, she excels.

I am Dog.

Usually, when the wizardz start waking up, I am on the bed. If they are not too grumpy, I might try lickin. Lickin is my faaaaavourite thing.

In the morning, it is very important to follow the wizardz closely because sometimes the fluffy wizard gives out bisskits. Bisskits are crunchy and mouth-happy and my faaaaavourite thing.

The wizardz have a loudbox called Van. It is mad. You get in it, and everything goes mental for ages. Windyface! Too too too many smells! Then it stops, and you could be anywhere. Most of the time, I don't know where I am.

Some days we go to beach.

Oh, I luuuuuuvvvv beach.

It is sandysalty and wetsmelly and birdychasy and otherdoggy. But when we get home, sometimes I have a bath. Bath is not my faaaaavourite thing.

I am digging a hole behind the shed under the ropeytreevinefing. Today, I got stuck in the ropeytreevine and had to wait for a wizard to come get me out. That kind of thing happens a lot when you are Sillydog.

When it is darktime and the wizardz have humanfood, I stare at them until they give me some. Sometimes, if I am very lucky, I get a fing.

Fings are great.

I do not normally have fings.

Usually, people take fings away from me.

When I get a fing, I like to take it away and look at it. Then I like to show it to the wizardz. Then I eat it just in case it is food.

My bed is on the floor next to the wizardz, but as soon as big wizard snores, I jump on the bed.

In the sleepworld otherplace, I chase rabbits and bark a little bit. But that is a whole other story.

Fluffy wizard says I snore as loud as big wizard, but I do not believe her.

I get in the way a lot. Wizardz accidentally boot me in the gish. Dun't matter. It's pretty good being Sillydog.

The only thing that ever troubles me is...

What if I never find out who's a good doggy?

Wigglepud Lady.

I have heard a fing from the wizardz.
A lady got a baby little Fing. A wigglepud.
And she picked it up.
This was VERY BAD.
I do not know why.

Sometimes, when I find a baby thing, I lick it. That is my job. I am the best at licking. But wizardz say not all baby things want licking. This is very hard to understand. Who wouldn't want a lick?

But this lady did a worse thing. She didn't just lick the wigglepud. She lifted it up! And then she did the human proud bark on Insta thing and showed all the other humans. And then the big angry noise started.

The wizardz say she had to run away because the other humans wanted to bark at her. A lot. Like, BIG barking. Like when Not-Nice-Cat sits on my bed. That kind of barking, but from a whole country.

She got on a fast-loud-human-thing called Plane. The wizardz say she left

as quick as she could. Like when I am near the bath and then I am NOT near the bath. Like that.

The wizardz say the wigglepud needed to be with its mum. That makes sense. When I was a tinydog, I needed my mum. But now I have wizardz, and I need wizardz. And I need biscuits. And bellyrubs. And sleeping in the big soft bed that is supposed to be for wizardz but also for Sillydog.

Wizard says humans do not always know what is good for wigglepuds or doggies or anything at all. This is why wizardz have to tell other wizardz not to pick up wigglepuds and why I have to be told not to steal sausages from plates. I know this is a rule but sometimes I forget. Maybe the lady forgot too. But now she remembers because the big angry noise was very, very loud.

I still think licking is always okay, though.

Unless it is bath.

Then nothing is okay.

The End.