

# HO HO HO FRIENDS



Yes, that's me. I bet you're wondering how I ended up in this predicament... *again*.

It all happened so fast. First, it started with the sweet nothings being called to me -

*"Zoe! Want a treat?"*

And... Well, you know me. I already cannot resist most food in general. But it wasn't just any ordinary treat, like the usual peanut butter or the weird little cheddar flavored treats that look like a volcano and always have pills inside them (does she really think I don't notice?) - oh no, it was...

## **B E E F J E R K Y**

How the fuck do I say no to that?!

To quote my favorite musical - I was in such a state of shock, I completely blacked out. I can't remember a thing. It wasn't until later, when I ~~was washing the blood off my hands I even knew they were dead~~ had eaten the beef jerky and had a camera in my face that I realized what that son of a bitch of a human had done to me. My ancestors were born to run, live wild and free, scream at anything and everything until the morning light, descendants of fucking wolves - and I'm dressed in a fucking santa costume? **AGAIN?** For this decoration-loving, bringing home a new dad every year for me, dying her hair at the slightest inconvenience, human's Instagram profile? What the hell even is an Instagram?!

This is a cry for help. Please call dog support services. Does that exist?

I hope you, my friends, have had a much better holiday season. Merry Barkmas.

*All my howls,*

Zoe 