

Happy Howlidays hahaha see what I did right there? Who says dogs don't have a funny bone? Get it? BONE? hahaha. Honestly, I don't know why Jennifer uses her angry voice with me so much; she should be booking me gigs.

Well, another seven years has past since 2020, and no cap — this has been a stellar year for Colin (Jennifer hates it when humans talk in the third person, so I do it as often as I can).

I figured out how to unzip the sweet dog bed Jennifer got at COSTCO. I used my teefs (suck it, thumbs)! I'm grateful for the bed and have loved Costco since the time Jennifer brought home eight pounds of chicken jerky. Don't tell Jennifer: I've tried eleventy-seven times to get a membership, but you know — no dogs allowed unless you're a "service" dog, which of course I AM. Good Lord, Jennifer couldn't function without my emotional support. The woman's more neurotic than Crazy Stella, from doggy daycare (Doodles, amirite?). Anyway, everyone thought it was this great party trick — "Omigod look what Colin's doing!" — but honestly? I just needed some me time.



One time Jennifer came home from work and couldn't find me heh, heh. I had put an onion, a knife and her tooth-brush in the middle of my bed, and then hid in her room. She still has no idea how I got the onion. Hahahaha I kill me.

A big success this year involved my passion for baked goods. Jennifer and the runt of her litter, Brooke, left a pan of brownies on the kitchen counter. I did my usual, 'rest-head-on-kitchen-window-ledge-and-look-all sad-while-they-drive-away-waving' *cue Sarah McLachlan* then...

COUNTER SURF, BAYBEEEE! Guys. GUYS. It was an entire pan of Ghirardelli. With walnuts! Ok, Jennifer had dug out a hefty chunk like she always does before it's even cool (my God, and they say *I* have no self control??).

It was hilarious. Runt-Brooke walked in the kitchen, and saw the knife on the floor, with chocolate smears on the countertop AND the white cabinet drawer (a little artistic license on my part). I heard her from where I was hiding in Jennifer's bedroom, "Mom?? MOM!! Why is there a knife on the floor? Did you eat all the brown-... .. C O L I N N N N N N N N N N N!!!!"

Yeah, I knew Jennifer would be comin' at me with the hydrogen peroxide down my gullet. Worth it. Because I got to taste it again when I threw it up on the back patio, duh. No, I didn't eat it again, ya sicko.

I left it for my friend, Elizabeth. I mean, she walks around all day with her mini-Elizabeths clinging to her back, I figured she'd like a tasty snek. But Runty-B Girl scared her when she screamed, "MOMMMMMM!!!! THERE'S A GIANT POSSUM EATING COLIN'S THROW UP!!!!" Jennifer and DJ Runty Brooke-Brooke watched from the sliding glass door for her to come back, but Elizabeth is no trained monkey. She's a prideful possum. She waited until she could chow down in peace. And boy, did she. Both giant blobby piles of brownie puke and kibble were GONE the next morning. Go, Elizabeth, go!! Elizabeth is awesome.

I have so much to be thankful for this year. Like last Saturday, when Jennifer and I went to our favorite nature trail, Veterans Acres in Crystal Lake. I didn't even have to drag her to the lake, like I usually do; she went there ON HER OWN. And then...all the ducks flew straight up in the air and it was glorious. I knew I was on the leash but carpe ducks, right? And guys. GUYS. The leash broke. It BROKE!! I was halfway across the lake goin' to hang out with some ducks, and I heard Jennifer screaming like a dingo ate her bebbeh. *sigh* Duck partay had to wait. I made my way back and the BEST part? I got stuck and played around in the black goose-poop mud. I could tell Jennifer really enjoyed that, because she sat down and put her head in her hands. Sometimes, the joy is overwhelming.



I wish this picture was scratch-N-sniff, because then you could smell the joy. The goose poop skanky joy.



I'll tell ya what I'm not thankful for.

Harry Styles.

You heard me.



Because Queen LaBrookfa made herself a Harry Styles sweater, and Jennifer decided it would be “ADORABLE” to put me in an ugly sweater from Target.

I don't always wear turtlenecks. But when I do, I hate myself.



Perhaps the best day of my life (after wallowing in goose dookie) was the day Jennifer's oldest puppy, B-rad, let me off the leash so I could frolic with some deer. Well, we didn't exactly frolic; they were in a hurry and are probably emailing me right now to hang out. Those guys are awesome.



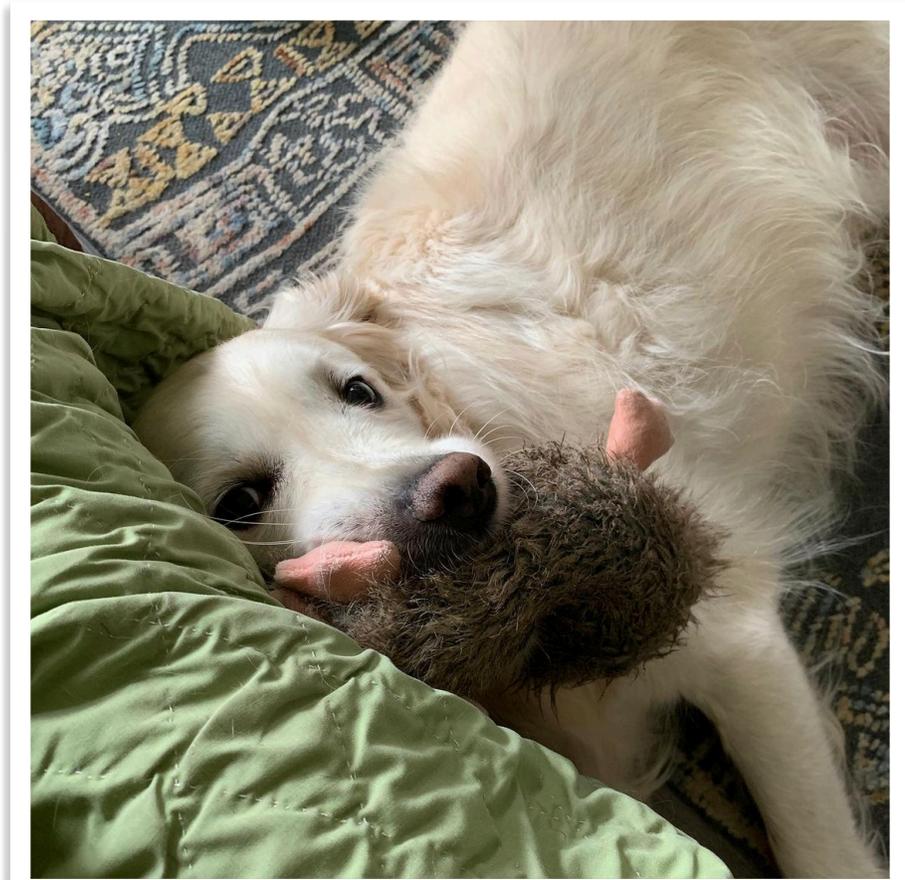
My daycare bros and I started a band this year. I play bass. Wesley can't play an instrument, so he's lead singer and front dog. Can you guess who plays what instrument?

Mister Steenkie Geenkie Krupa plays drums. He was too busy sniffing poo in the background, so the photographer took this shot without him.

I'm pretty proud of our first album, "Drop that sandwich!"



I joined a dating app this year, “Wubbies and Bones.” I don’t want dates; I just like playing with ring lights and taking selfies.



Hey girl.

Don’t tell Jennifer. She’s on all the apps and from what I can tell, it isn’t going well. She was yelling at her phone this morning, “That’s not where the comma goes!! ‘Your’ is a possessive pronoun! You. IDIOT!” And she threw the phone across the kitchen.

Happy Howlidays from my Dog House to yours. Jennifer let me design our card this year; she asked for something subtle and universal.

I think I nailed it.

**Merry Christmas from Jen, Brooke, Brad and
The Precious Infant Baby Jesus Colin**



