

Hey, Fido here.

When I go out of the house I'm on a constant search to find the best spot to do my business. One can only hope there will be some great smells to get the engine movin.'

Us dogs are kinda particular of how we go about our business. There's a lot more at stake than just taking a dump any ole place. We gotta know that this spot will be known to all other dogs as "Fido Was Here."

I used to love walkin' around Del Prado with so much green grass, flowers, lots of trees to pee on, and an occasional squirrel to chase. Walkin' on a leash sort of cramped my style, but I get it. Sniffin' all the other dogs' leftovers was the best part of my day.

Well now that's all changed. Del Prado has doggie doo-doo stations—four of them to be exact. There's no more piles of you-know-what because all the big people are bagging up the evidence and throwin' it in those little trash cans on the stations. There's even a law that says the poop has got to be scooped. And someone is spreading rumors that our waste can make you sick. Pllllease.

This is so upsetting for us dogs!

This is going to change the entire dog world and how we go about declarin' ourselves to each other. When there's no "evidence" there's no Alpha, no Big Dog, no Fido. We're all the same on the food chain. Life will become boring; a walk will be just a walk. The air will be fresh with no smells and grass will be greener with no brown spots. What's a dog to do?

Maybe I'll chase a cat or two.



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