

The Bad Dog List Contents

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--- Introduction---

This is a list of things dog owners would have their pets write on the blackboard, like Bart Simpson, if they could get them to write. This list was begun November 22, 1993 and is copyrighted by Harold Reynolds (the creator and maintainer), though animal shelters may use it for fundraising purposes. PDF file created September 3, 2007. Latest update: January 5, 2025.

--- [xxx] is not a toy:---

aquarium plants; flashlights; laundry (dirty OR clean); mice; miscellaneous insects; my human's "electronic husband", good party-hose (used for tug-of-war and chewing practice), ferrets; newly planted iris bulbs; paper products such as napkins and paper towels; pillows and blankets from the bed; plastic bags; plastic soda bottles; rocks; spiders; stuffed animals from on top of the chest of drawers; the hose that's filling the kiddie pool; the human's cats; the human's underwear; the humans' Nerf footballs; the humans' pet cockatiel; the humans' shoes; the other dog while she is sleeping; the siding of my human's house; those jiggly things hanging off of my humans; toilet paper (especially a brand new double roll);

--- [xxx] is not food:---

2 pounds of raw hamburger; a basketball; a brand new baseball glove (entire webbing consumed); a roll of quarters; a six-pack of yeast; a whole watermelon (rind and all); After-sex Kleenex; all the carpet in my (the dog's) bedroom; aluminum cans or foil; any and all wood trim in the house; Aunt Jean's make-up; balloons; bandaids; bar soap; bizarre plants; blue tempera paint; books; cat litter box contents; caulking; CDs, and other thin plastic things; chicken wire; crayons (no matter how pretty it looks coming out the other end); credit cards; deflated balloons; dental floss; dirty Kleenex; disposable razors; drywall; eyeglasses; fiberglass insulation stuffed up the chimney; finishing nails (ouch); flies; frozen chicken breasts; Grandma's prickly pears; Grandpa's cat; hair brushes; hot chocolate mix; human food; human's dinner, lunch or breakfast (especially right out of their hand even if they aren't watching); insulation; ivy and air plants; kitchen scrubbies; laundry detergent boxes (esp. not when full.); Lego; linoleum; live flies; logs that were once nicely stacked for the wood stove; marbles; masking tape; my crate; my ear medicine; my human siblings' favorite stuffed cat from Build-a-

Bear even though it is annoying; my human's bras, catnip teabags, coffee on the coffee table, fancy craft markers, favourite stuffed teddy bear; my human's driver's license (especially on Good Friday, so she can discover it 30 minutes before the office closes and have no time to put on make-up, do her hair, put in contacts, take a shower...); my human's hair accessories, new box of condoms, new jungle boots, pantyhose, power tools, especially the metal ones; my human's self pleasuring devices; socks; underwear; my own poop (even though it is homemade); other dogs' frozen feces (we call them "poopsicles"; packets of matches; pencils; plants from the aquarium; plastic switch plate covers (screws and all); play dough; prescription medicine (or the bottle); remote controls; rocks; socks; soda pop cans; sofas; spiders; staples; stockings; tables; the \$380 cash we were saving towards rent; the baby's used diaper; the bedroom doorknob (in case you're wondering, I own Great Danes.); the Bible; the carved jack-o-lantern; the cat's food; the corners of my human's waterbed; the dentures (even if they do come out intact, no one will use them...); the entire box of raisins; the entire loaf of bread; the garbage; the hand rail on the basement stairs; the legs of the sofa; the messy poop under the bushes in the park; the metal vent over the heat duct (I have a male Dane with a metal fetish, go figure.); the neighbour's golf shoe; the oak dining room chairs; the plaster on the walls; the tar shingles on my house; the toilet plunger; the wooden window frame; tomatoes from the vegetable garden; toothpaste (tube and all); underwear in the clothes hamper; unopened honey packets; used condoms; videotapes; whole package of cinnamon rolls (plastic and all); writing utensils (especially red magic markers); my human's ATM debit card (especially late on the Friday evening before the Saturday she is about to leave on a 2 week vacation); my human's pin cushion; the shiny balls on the Christmas tree.

--- I recognize that [xxx] has a right to exist:---

3rd grade art projects (even if they are made of macaroni shells); the other dog(s); Rolling Stone magazine; large patterns on wallpaper; any throw rug in the entire house; the humans' shoes; the human's cats; children; couch cushions; the aquarium; the squirrels in the back yard; the big Old English Sheepdog who keeps trying to herd all the other dogs in the park; the TV remote control; the human's little humans; the bath mitt;

--- I will not bark at [xxx]:---

absolutely nothing (especially after 11 pm); cartoon black cats in Halloween displays; every little noise I hear; garden hoses; humans who are too slow eating their spaghetti, which is my all-time favourite food and I want to lick clean the plates; humans who are too slow giving me a boost onto their bed; Japanese kabuki music; my human's new Santa bear toy (which was innocently sitting on a chair, and had been there for hours before Molly noticed it and took umbrage); my humans when they are mixing my food so that they will HURRY UP; my mother's clean laundry thrown on top of the bed, even if the room is dark and it looks like someone sleeping there; my own reflection in the store mirror; my own reflection whilst walking through the town centre on a busy Saturday; other dogs 8 times bigger than I am; plastic bags on the ground; plastic duck lawn ornaments; the answering machine lady when she says the date/time; the ball I just pushed into an inaccessible crevice all by myself; the ball which is 4 inches in front of my nose but I want YOU to push it to me; the car radio; the cast on the neighbor's arm; the fire hydrant on the corner when out for a walk at night; the fox/skunk/cat/deer out in the yard at any time after midnight, especially on a work night; the ice cube that slid under the fridge; the invisible enemy which only I can see but which appears in the back yard at least 5 times per day; the landlord's security guard who is checking to make sure no dogs are barking loudly in the apartment building; the lizards sunning themselves in the backyard; the new plow blade on my human's truck when it is parked; the northern lights; the paintings on the wall at the vets of cats; the planet Mars; the rawhide chewbone that I'm making no headway on; the road grader; the Santa Claus lawn ornament; the slug crawling across the patio (He was determined to warn us of the danger that slug posed.); the spring doorstep when I or the kid flips it and makes it go DOooooiiiiinnnnng; the surf when it dies down to foam as it reaches the shore (where did it go??); the thin metal pipe which we walk past every day but which suddenly resembled a snake; the tiny old woman at the vet's who is sitting under a poster of a cat (I had to warn her); the wind; thunder; tissue paper being blown along the floor by air from the furnace; TV dogs that I hear barking; at the other dogs at the dog park because I don't feel like they are paying enough attention to me; the tired dogs that are resting on the grass, even though they are easy targets.

--- I will not chew the [xxx]:---

a corner of the throw rug in the living room until my human spotted me and pulled a length of cord out of my mouth more than the length of my body; all the leashes left hanging at the basement stairs to various lengths depending on how far I can reach except mine, then after my human orders 3 new ones I chew mine forcing her to call and add another to the list; bowls; cardboard around the laundry detergent; carpet; corners of couch pillows; couch; cups; deck; everything that comes near my mouth; expensive paperbacks; food left within reach on the couch; garage door; handles to the lawn tools; hole in the bottom of the dry food bag; hole in the garage wall; horse's new saddle; hose; human's homework; human's papers s/he has to mark; kitchen cabinets; metal cans; my human's \$250 dental appliance (Bridgette ate 2 of these.); my human's antique spinning wheel, Birkenstock sandals, body pillow, leather briefcase; my human's new custom made leather purse (I had to send it back after having it only 2 days and explain what happened to the designer. He had to replace 8 sections of the purse.); my human's new expensive feather duvet on the bed, dog-walking sneakers, new pine armoire; my water reservoir; patio furniture; peanut butter jars; pill bottles; Pine Sol bottle; place mats (even though they smell like roast beef); plastic back scratcher; remote control; rolling pin; seat belt; sofa cushions; spatulas; stick for the door; Styrofoam; tape measure; tea strainer; the cats; the mini-human's *full* bottle even though it conveniently fell in front of me from the crib; the phone cords; the vacuum cleaner as my human cleans up; Tupperware after I find out how to open the kitchen cabinets; wall; the bingo dabbler; the head and lid off a highlighter;

--- I will not dig [xxx]:---

the carpet; a hole under the porch and then get stuck under it; under my human's pillow at 2 AM to retrieve the bone I hid there earlier; a swimming pool in the back yard; under the stove (and through the linoleum); under the sidewalk until it collapses; in the center of the queen size mattress (the one that the human still think is hers) whenever I am not completely buried in sheets and blankets. (For some reason, I think that I will be able to dig some kind of groove into the mattress that I can snuggle inside after I have done my "turn around in a circle at least twice before I can lie down" routine.)

--- I will not lift my leg to the [xxx]---

anything growing in the vegetable garden; anything that is both vertical and indoors; car tires; even if I'm all excited from playing with my buddy Amset; good-looking neighbour man that my human is trying to impress; Grandma's plush chair; house corner; in my human's closet; living room corner; mailman; my human in the lawn chair; my human's briefcase; my human's legs while sitting in a large circle at dog obedience class. (A very embarrassing exit...); my my human's foot as she stands there talking to a friend; my side-kick's food bowl; new boyfriend; subordinate pack members; the conformation judge; the five-gallon water bucket; the human's toilet; the meditation mat; the next-door neighbour's lawn (the dog killed the grass); the one couch I'm allowed on; the rug in the back bathroom where I thought no one would EVER check; the washing basket full of wet, clean clothes, lying on the ground; under my human's desk chair; while my human is hanging it out on the line (aaarrgghh.); wood stove;

--- Annoying/Embarrassing Habits---

1. "Come." means I go to my human, not the other way around.
2. After 8 weeks of agility training, I will not decide that the last day, when my human's friends come to watch me, is the time to go running off all around the field. If I do run off, I will not come running back to my human 5 minutes later, smiling happily at her.
3. After a large snowfall, I will not pretend I do not like the snow by only staying on the sidewalk in the yard, only to take off in 3 graceful leaps to the other end of the fence when I feel the need to protect the yard.
4. All six of us do not have to go outside at *exactly* the same time as my human. She does not need to have her feet trampled, especially by the bigger dogs.
5. Although I am a retriever, I do not need to "retrieve" my human's arm whenever he returns from an absence. This will not help to eliminate those absences.
6. Although I am a retriever, I must not bring home one of every single pair of gloves in the neighborhood. It is embarrassing when they all have to come and ask my humans if she has their gloves. (And she only brings ONE of each pair, no pair, just one glove from each.)
7. At the beach, I will not wait until I am next to a person who is sunbathing or sleeping to shake water and sand off, especially if I don't know the person.
8. Begging for someone to take me for a run then stealing their sneakers is counter-productive.
9. Being patted on the head is not a signal to roll over on my back so the patting hand can then rub my belly.
10. Chewed up underwear/feminine hygiene products/poop from the backyard is NOT a "toy" to be offered to guests.
11. Even though I am a pointer/retriever, I don't have to bring all those bright yellow sacks into the backyard that the nice neighbors leave on the curb every week for the big trash truck.
12. Even though I am a retriever, I will not greet my humans at the door carrying underwear, socks, gloves, or Christmas tree ornaments in my mouth, especially if the humans are bringing guests home.
13. Human hair is not a tug toy. When my dog walker bends down to fix my leash, I will not grab her hair and play tug-of-war with it. (This was a largeish Rottie mix I used to walk.)
14. I am a big tough bull terrier. I do not have to cry, whimper, and solicit affection from passing humans when my human ties me up outside the store for just a *minute*.
15. I am a Border Collie; I must realize that my human cannot always keep up when I race her on the agility field.
16. I am NOT a lap dog. (Nobody wants 55 pounds of four-month-old lab puppy on their lap, especially since she won't hold still.)
17. I can walk faster than one inch an hour.
18. I can't play Catch and Retrieve if I don't give the toy to my human.
19. I do not *have* to place my throat across my human's mouth after they've fussed at me. They're not really going to bite my throat out.
20. I do not have to mark my human's car as my territory.
21. I do not have to run over my human for the privilege of being the first one in the front door.
22. I do not need to bite my human's arms even though I hate it when she pets the cat.
23. I do not need to come inside just to vomit on the carpet.
24. I do not need to dig to India and afar from under the deck. My humans really hate the mud in the house.
25. I do not need to puff and snort because my humans take too long to warm my blankie in the dryer at night. I require my blankie to be white-hot and the humans are doing their best. (This is from one *very* spoiled Chihuahua mix.)

26. I know what the command “NO” means. From here on I will obey it.
27. I should learn how to open both the glass door and screen from the outside and inside.
28. I should realize curling up at my human’s feet and peering up at them with big brown eyes will only show them my guilt, which causes them to give me a dirty look and search around to find what I have eaten or used the restroom on.
29. I should not scare the neighbourhood children.
30. I will leave my “hearing aids” turned on at all times. (My toy poodle Katie has a habit of not listening at crucial moments, so we all joke about her “hearing aids”.)
31. I will not act as if I don’t hear when my human yells “Rags, there’s a ferret escapee; find him NOW.”
32. I will not act insulted when referred to as Numb Nuts. It could be worse--they could be calling me “No Nuts”. I also will not act insulted when referred to as “Pig Dog” in any language. I earned that nickname.
33. I will not act cool and ignore my human whenever I am at the dog park, but then listen to other human’s commands to me just to show off how cute I am.
34. I will not act like I belong on the bed, and that I can’t understand why I’m not allowed on the bed even though it’s been the rule, day in and day out, for the past 3 years.
35. I will not act super scared when my human takes me to the groomer, only to buddy-buddy up with her by the time my human comes to pick me up.
36. I will not ask to be let outside in less than 20-degree F weather only to play in the snow or take a stroll in the yard, causing my human to nearly freeze.
37. I will not assume the reflection from my human’s hand-held makeup mirror is an intruder and try to attack it.
38. I will not be friendly to my human’s boyfriend when he is sitting down, and then cower from him when he does something scary like stand up.
39. I will not become too attached to my human’s leg (I am neutered).
40. I will not beg to go outside only to stop at the edge of the patio, bark once, and want to be let back in.
41. I will not bowl my human over and run into the house before she bends over to wipe all my muddy paws.
42. I will not break into the swimming pool that was designed for humans only at the campground and go swimming.
43. I will not bring my super heavy duty kong upstairs just to let it bounce down the stairs & into the wire crate below, thereby seriously irritating my human and the dog in the crate.
44. I will not bury my gooey chewy in my humans’ bed.
45. I will not bury my human’s underpants in the flower bed.
46. I will not camp out under the same tree, guarding all of the gifts, even though I know which ones are for me, and what they are. I will also not open them until Christmas Day.
47. I will not carry my Chewman by the crotch. It makes male guests nervous. Especially when the female guests begin to chuckle.
48. I will not chase all dogs out of our yard and the neighbors’ yards for two houses around us.
49. I will not chase cyclists. Especially children.
50. I will not chase the windshield wipers when it is raining and I get to sit in the front seat of the truck. (This is a Chesapeake Bay Retriever).
51. I will not chew my chew hoof under the middle of my humans’ king-sized bed at 2 a.m.
52. I will not chew on my human’s eyebrows like she has a whole family of fleas in each one.
53. I will not chew through the power cord on the box that is controlling the electric fence just so I can dig under it and escape from my safe yard.
54. I will not climb over, nudge, pester and demand to be petted by every guest who comes to visit, especially the one who has made it clear to me and my human that she considers me one of the world’s great pests.
55. I will not consider it my personal duty to search all handbags, diaper bags or suitcases that visitors may bring into my home and leave unattended.
56. I will not curl up in the basket while my human is trying to fold the laundry.
57. I will not dig to China through *anybody’s* garden.
58. I will not do the “dog sled” (drag my behind) across the carpet while guests are present.
59. I will not drink sloppily from my water bowl and then run up to my human to give her a big wet kiss.
60. I will not drool over the computer keyboard while my human is out of the room getting a beer.
61. I will not empty my glands while we are all in bed under the covers at 6 a.m.
62. I will not expose myself to female visitors.
63. I will not find and open the exit to the fenced dog park.
64. I will not follow my human from room to room just to keep her in eyesight, especially when she is trying to get ready for work and goes back and forth from the bedroom to the bathroom. This annoys her and sometimes I (accidentally) trip her.

65. I will not get in the dryer and steal all the clean underwear to make sure it is really clean.
66. I will not get jealous and demand a backrub when my human's getting one.
67. I will not get up and leave the room when my human hits a sour high note during her opera coaching. (Delilah was my dog, but she had the run of my opera coach's apartment and studio, and she got to sit in on the lessons, including mine. One day my coach decided to stretch my upper voice to its extreme limit, resulting in a sound best described as indescribable. Delilah gave me a "What the hell was THAT?" look, got up and walked out of the room.)
68. I will not give my human a big sloppy kiss after licking my no-no for 10 minutes.
69. I will not go swimming in the lake immediately following my bath.
70. I will not go wiggle-butts and act happy when my human's jerk ex-boyfriend walks down the hallway of the apartment building.
71. I will not gradually lean all of my 170 lbs of weight on any person my human knows, talks to or invites in the house.
72. I will not grumble loudly when told to "down" and respond by flopping myself to the ground violently and chomping on my human's hand, grouching the whole time. (He bites lightly, but enough to get his point across).
73. I will not guilt my human because she will not let me outside. She knows it is too hot out and I will get heat stroke. I should know this also.
74. I will not hang halfway out of the car window during traffic jams and try to kill the driver of the car next to ours. It is a highway and they DO have a right to be there.
75. I will not help raise postal rates by retiring every mailman that slides mail through the little door in the living room, and viciously ripping the mail out of his hands while my brothers re-enact their version of the hounds of hell (I have two Brazilian Mastiffs and an Irish Wolfhound.)
76. I will not hide my human's slippers any more.
77. I will not hit the automatic window button on the car door and jump out of the car when my human stops at a red light (no matter how cute that female looks).
78. I will not hump my stuffed animal every afternoon in front of visitors/my hosts.
79. I will not hump the feather duster whilst making ungodly noises in front of my human's friends. It is not lady like.
80. I will not ignore the humans when they are calling me.
81. I will not insist on getting under the covers, staying under them ten minutes, then come rushing out because I'm too hot.
82. I will not jump into bed, flatten my ears, lick my human's face and look searchingly into his eyes to see if my human has permanently damaged him immediately following my humans doing their thing.
83. I will not jump on guests and boink them in the groin with my nose.
84. I will not jump on the bed and wash my human's pillow anymore.
85. I will not jump onto the bed to watch when my humans begin to buck-n-snort with one another.
86. I will not jump out of the 4-foot ex-pen at daycare and be the only dog who has to have a 6 foot one.
87. I will not jump the three-foot fence, then stare at it like it is 12 feet high, until my human comes over it, scratching herself (requiring a tetanus shot), and then jump back to my yard, clearing the fence by a good 8 inches (And my human wants to take me to agility training? What is she - crazy?)
88. I will not knock my human in the head while she bends over and tries to wipe my muddy feet.
89. I will not leap up on my human and shred her with my long claws.
90. I will not leave balls on the stairs.
91. I will not leave my toys in the middle of the lake when my human throws them for me to retrieve.
92. I will not leave the Agility Ring to greet humans I know that are just arriving at the show.
93. I will not lick my human's ear while she is driving. This tickles her and we may not be so lucky (avoiding an accident) next time.
94. I will not lick my human's toes while my humans are doing their thing.
95. I will not lick the wet spot on the bed after my humans have done their thing.
96. I will not lie down on the floor or couch with my back legs spread open, especially not in front of guests. This is not ladylike.
97. I will not lie on my human, pinning her to the floor.
98. I will not look out the window when my human is cutting the grass.
99. I will not love my "Grandparents" so much that I try to sneak out with them to go home in their car. I will not then sulk in my basket for the next 3 hours that I was left behind. I will learn this upsets my humans, and I will remember who pays the bills.
100. I will not make my human feel guilty about "abandoning" me to go to work by giving her "the Big Sad Eyes" through the back door. Dog food doesn't grow on trees you know.
101. I will not make my human get off the couch to let me out, per my request, just so I can have the warm spot she is in.
102. I will not make my human stop traffic so I can play "Chase Me" down the middle of the street.
103. I will not masturbate in front of new guests.
104. I will not open the bedroom door and set off the motion sensor to the alarm system (just after my human leaves the house).

105. I will not open the box of Valentine chocolates and eat every piece but one and then lie around like I am dying all day so I can get the attention and sympathy from the entire family, only to miraculously recover when my human heads to the kitchen.
106. I will not open the upstairs fridge at 2 a.m. while my humans are downstairs watching horror movies (The light came on and my friend almost screamed.)
107. I will not pant enough to shake the car when my humans are trying to take a nap while travelling.
108. I will not pick up a pair of panties on our afternoon walk, carry them home and then refuse to give them up.
109. I will not place my chin on the foot of the bed while my humans are doing their thing.
110. I will not pounce on my human's stomach when she is napping on the couch.
111. I will not press my face piteously against the hatchback window while we are driving so people think I am being abducted. (With two 125 lb dogs in a small Mazda hatchback, this really is pitiful. I've had people glare at me and honk.)
112. I will not press my little Chihuahua face up against the window by the driveway and scream like I am dying when my humans are leaving.
113. I will not pretend that it wasn't me who had a dump in the conference room at work. I'm lucky that my human found out before her boss did.
114. I will not proudly carry out my human's dirty underwear and parade it in front of her new boyfriend.
115. I will not pull out of my collar, run down the street, and make my human yell at me. It puts an end to the walk really fast.
116. I will not pull the plug on/turn off/reset the computer/Sega while a human is trying to do work/play a game.
117. I will not put my food bowl next to the bed so that my human steps in it when she wakes up, and cuts her foot when it breaks in half.
118. I will not put my head through the mini blinds when my human forgets to pull them up.
119. I will not put my toys in the clean shirts.
120. I will not remain quiet when my humans are frantically calling me because I have "disappeared" by locking myself in the back-bathroom, in the back bedroom, behind both closed doors. (I did this twice.)
121. I will not roll my toys behind the fridge.
122. I will not roll the ottoman around the house humping it while the priest is visiting grandma. [My brother's malamute-German Shepherd mix did this to my mother -- I thought my human would die of embarrassment.]
123. I will not run away from my human, causing all of the neighbors to laugh as she chases me. The neighbors all know I just finished lessons with my third trainer, I guess I should also.
124. I will not run up and lick my human's face after having slobbered all over the dead bird to whom I gave a heart attack.
125. I will not scamper under the bed after triumphantly snatching my human's dirty underwear.
126. I will not scratch my balls, butt or any other part of my rear end on any piece of furniture, leg, arm or lap. (My French bulldog loves to do this especially in front of people.)
127. I will not shake hands with a guest, then flop down onto his feet while I clean my No-No.
128. I will not shake my head near my human right after I've finished drinking from the water bowl.
129. I will not shamelessly exploit the fact that my human won't scold me in front of the adoring college students. It's not my fault they're late to class because they were petting me and it's not my fault that my human's late for work because I refused to be dragged away from the petting.
130. I will not sit at the back door whining to get out every time my human appears in the kitchen, nor will I do this the instant I have eaten my dinner. Food does not move through my stomach that fast.
131. I will not sit on guests' laps after I have taken a dump.
132. I will not sit outside the plate glass back door when it is 50+ degrees F outside and shake as if it is 10 below and I'm freezing to death. I may look cute, but I won't get any sympathy from my human. If I'm outside, I'm out there for a reason.
133. I will not sleep with my butt on my human's pillow just because her breath is so bad I want to move my nose.
134. I will not sleep with my eyes open and my tongue hanging out. If I do, I will wake promptly when my owner shakes me; otherwise, she will think I'm dead.
135. I will not sneak over to my neighbor's house when they are away just so I can take a swim in their kiddie pool.
136. I will not sneak up behind my human's father and lick his hand, even though I think it's funny that he jumps and yells every time.
137. I will not sniff around than lick my human's crotch after she and my other human have just finished making whoopee.
138. I will not sniff every tree in the yard just to pee on the potted flowers inside.
139. I will not solicit attention by waltzing up to the nearest human, rolling over and spreading my legs to reveal my dingie.
140. I will not stand and stare at my human as she wheezes for breath after chasing me to put me back on the lead, only to run off and instantly become 'friendly' with the dog she was trying to keep me away from.
141. I will not stare at my human while she drinks her bottled water. I do not need the bottle to play with and eat because I have many other toys that are made for dogs.

142. I will not stare at my humans while they are eating until drool runs out the corner of my mouth because I know that they will give me the last bite when they are done.
143. I will not steal hard candy, crunch and munch on it and leave candy-coated drool to dry into the rug.
144. I will not steal the attention away from my human's sister, making sad eyes so that my human has to stop what she's doing and pet me out of sympathy. I will not then proceed to bite her and then look forlorn when she stops petting me.
145. I will not steal used condoms from under my human's roommate's bed.
146. I will not stick my nose in guests' crotches and get under them.
147. I will not strain on my leash and not make noises like I am gagging and about ready to hurl my doggie biscuits.
148. I will not swim in the duck pond after a bath.
149. I will not take excessive delight in pushing around a guest's smelly boots.
150. I will not take my girlfriend (blanket) into the back yard and hump her during the day in front of the neighbors.
151. I will not take myself for a walk when the kitchen door blows open.
152. I will not take off while on leash to chase squirrels while my human is standing on a slippery grass slope.
153. I will not tear off at 80 mph every time I catch a new smell to track, especially when my human is holding my leash.
154. I will not threaten to chomp the tops of the flowers my human received as a gift when she nicely lets me look and sniff.
155. I will not thrust my snout into the crotches of visitors, and when they try to shoo me away, turn right around and do the same thing to their butts.
156. I will not trick Grandma into opening the back door for me every 2 and a half minutes so I can chase every bird that flies by. I will not beg for my human to pick me up, then refuse to put my feet down when she is ready to put me back down.
157. I will not trot along the very edge of the sidewalk and act as if I'm about to dash into traffic whenever a car goes by. My human knows I would never go in the street, and I know I would never go in the street, but the motorists don't.
158. I will not try to bite the priest when he comes to visit. This will make my human very unhappy.
159. I will not try to break down the door when the UPS man visits.
160. I will not try to climb on the human's lap when he/she is using the laptop computer.
161. I will not try to herd cyclists. I'm not even a working dog (king Charles Cavalier).
162. I will not try to hump my humans after I see them doing it to each other.
163. I will not try to retrieve my once gooey chewy from my humans' bed in the middle of the night.
164. I will not try to run after each and every squirrel or other animal, especially when I am in "Heel" command.
165. I will not try to smell my human's visitors' private parts.
166. I will not unplug the phone from the upstairs bedroom.
167. I will not use my human's antique classic 1969 Camaro as a lookout post, leaving puppy prints on the hood, roof, and trunk.
168. I will not wait until bed-time to start incessantly licking myself because my human hates the noise and can't sleep.
169. I will not wedge myself between my human and the steering wheel and hang halfway out of the window in an effort to kill the drive-through person. I am a big, heavy dog and my human drives a small car.
170. I will not whine at my human to lie down and play with me but then ignore her and go eat my food.
171. I will not whine nonstop from 6 in the morning until well past midnight.
172. I will not, in the wee hours post midnight while my human is up late reading a horror novel, stare at the front or basement door, ruffle my fur, bare my teeth, and alternately growl and whimper.
173. I will realize that some people do not like dogs. These people do not want me to climb onto their laps.
174. I will try to remember that just because I can jump an 8-foot fence effortlessly doesn't mean that I should.
175. I will walk my humans on all four legs instead of two.
176. I, being the largest breed of dog, will refrain from licking everyone in the face while all four feet are on the floor.
177. If I am swimming with humans, I will not try to climb them when I get tired.
178. If I find a cat skull in the coulee, I will not give it to my human as a present (there are coyotes about, and sometimes they eat cats and leave the bones behind).
179. If I jump up on my human, I will knock her down, getting me scolded.
180. If I must whip my head around frantically to try to smell the hand that is petting me, I will do it with my mouth CLOSED. I will get whacked if I draw blood again.
181. If I trip my human so she falls on her face, slobbering all over her face does *not* make her happy.
182. If my foster human places me in the back yard, she has done so for a reason, so finding ways around all the hole blocks she has set up is not the best idea. I need to stay in that yard.
183. If my human lets the man in, and tells me it's okay, I will not insist on barking and snarling at him continually while he is in the house.

184. If my rump itches, I will not go up and start hitting people with it in order to get them to scratch it.
185. If the human in the wheel chair says “move” I will not stare at her as though she is speaking in a foreign language.
186. I will not tread on the car’s electric window switch just as my human is paying at the tollbooth.
187. It is not necessary to always do a “random walk by licking” to anyone lying on the couch/floor/ground. (You are lying down, you hear a clomp, clomp, clomp. The sound stops briefly, you feel a slurp on your face and hear the clomp, clomp, clomp walk off.)
188. It is not nice to hit the end of the leash at a dead run when my human is on her new Rollerblades. (My friend had to have stitches in both knees.)
189. It is selfish of me to run circles around my human when she is chaining me to the tree, thus chaining us both to the tree, when it is snowing and 10 degrees F out.
190. It’s not necessary to growl at the small children who walk by the house on the way to the bus stop.
191. Just because I can open every door in the house doesn’t mean I have to prove it in front of my human’s friends. (I was having a party one night, and two of my friends were getting drinks in the kitchen when my dog walked up to the fridge, opened the door and started browsing.)
192. Just because I can’t SEE my human doesn’t mean I can’t HEAR her.
193. Just because I have large pitiful eyes does not mean that I have to make every passer-by think I am pathetic and abused. I am really a well-loved and adored little doggie.
194. Just because I hear my human’s car doesn’t mean I have to scream at the top of my little doxie lungs.
195. Just because it rings, there’s no need for me to knock the receiver off the phone and breathe heavily into the mouthpiece. [This can lead the caller to get the wrong impression.]
196. Just because my name is Packer does not mean I should leg-tackle anyone I see in front of me.
197. Just because someone is sitting on the ground at Dog Park, does not mean I can run up to them and wipe the lake water from my eyes on their shirt.
198. My brother and I don’t have to tag team everyone who comes to the door. (Picture two 85 lb. German Shepherds, one coming from each side, and both VERY glad to see you.)
199. My harness is not something from which to escape. My humans put it on me to save me from my nasty habit of running away at high speed and forgetting which way home is.
200. My head does not belong in the refrigerator.
201. My human doesn’t like it when I carry her undies around the apartment, and then proceed to wash them in front of company.
202. My human gets embarrassed when I stare at his peeper when he is getting ready for a shower.
203. No matter how *ripe* my human’s armpits are, they are not for rolling in like your common puddle of street trash/dead animal/etc.
204. Not everyone loves me, so I will not fling myself at all and sundry. Especially when I have been eating/rolling on week-old bones.
205. Once I have been returned to my chain, I will not try to dig my way under the barn door because the humans whom I have annoyed are in there. It is my own fault that I got chained up.
206. Rolling in unmentionable things does NOT make me smell attractive.
207. Running off with my human’s underwear is not a good thing when she’s taking a bubble bath. Wearing them around afterward on my head is an even bigger no-no.
208. Stepping on the car’s window switch and scaring the people at the drive through window is NOT funny and I shouldn’t laugh.
209. Strangers do not like it when I leap into their cars uninvited.
210. Taking a bath should not need the entire family. All four of us.
211. The back yard is not a prison camp. I will not dig escape tunnels under the fence. (On his last trip out of the yard, Pudgy did not make it back home. He was found on the highway, having been hit by a car and killed. It has been many years, but we still miss him. He was a great dog.)
212. The computer keyboard, mouse, modem, or other various cords and connections are not stepping stones or items on which to sit or curl up.
213. The neighbors have lived here longer than I have, I know them and they do give yummy treats, so I will not play rabid dog every time they come home and walk in their yard. They have a right to be in their yard.
214. The sofa is not a face towel. Neither are my humans’ laps.
215. The space under the couch is not a storage place for my toys or bones.
216. The three of us do NOT have to go outside one at a time. We can all go out together and not play tag-team-potty.
217. The wood in the woodpile is not fetching sticks and I will not dismantle the pile 50 times.
218. Trying to dig to China before I lie down merely annoys my family.
219. Walking though the muddy flower beds will not help the flowers to grow.

220. When at the family drive in theatre, I will not perform lewd lesbian acts on my older sister in the back of the station wagon while my human goes for popcorn.
221. When I am told to “go outside and go potty” I will not try to turn around and go back in. I must not bite the foot that gently turns me back around.
222. When I break my tie-lead, I will not run away when I see my human chasing me in the van, then wait for her to catch up and take off running again. After 45 minutes of doing this, I won’t come running happily to the van expecting to go for a ride around town.
223. When I go to Dog Park and my human has to leave early, I will come when she calls me instead of making her chase me all the way down to the lake, put the leash on me and drag me to the car.
224. When I have come very close to knocking the fragile human down in the pasture, and I have spooked the one-eyed stallion several times by bouncing out of nowhere and jumping up to lick his face, I will not whine, cry, bark, and groan, when the human that I almost knocked flying returns me to my chain.
225. When I jump the fence, I will return when called and not make my human have to drive around to the cul-de-sac behind our yard and have to chase me to get me in the car. (Aelish seems to have a hearing problem when she clears either fence - side or back - and so one of us has to cross into the other yard before she can hear again.)
226. When I sleep under my human’s truck, I will not position myself directly under the oil leak. It is bad enough that his truck always smells like oil; his dog shouldn’t have to.
227. When in the car, I will not insist on having the window rolled down when it’s raining outside.
228. When my human is nice enough to take me with her to the Pet Shop, and the man there is nice enough to let me in, I must NOT: set the three NOISY “Land Piranhas” (Chihuahuas) to barking so loudly that within a few minutes the poor things have lost all capability of relaxing within the next few hours, or decide that the buckets of Dwarf Hamsters, mice, small rats, and mini Rabbits are there to provide me with my own “living lunch buffet”. When the man finally makes my human leave, I will not make my human drag me for the first 300 yards and then continue to bark non-stop all the way home. When I get home, I will not be so eager to get inside that I fall off of the porch and make my bad hip even worse. This will make sure that my human NEVER, EVER, takes me to that shop again.
229. When my human shouts at me to stop licking my toes, I will desist for more than 5 seconds. (lick lick lick lick lick lick).
230. When my human takes me to play frisbee in the coulees, I will not bite her to make her throw faster. If I do it again, I will have to find my own way home.
231. When my human walks me on or off leash I will not stop and turn around every 5 seconds, causing her to trip over me, to make sure she is still there.
232. When my humans take me out, I will not take half an hour to do my business when it is below freezing and in a wind storm.
233. When neighbors are over I, will not run around the house with my human’s new, expensive, and partially consumed Wonder Bra hanging out of my mouth.
234. Whenever someone comes to visit, I will not jump up on the car door and leave pretty claw marks on the shiny paint.

--- Bathroom Misbehaviour---

1. I do not have to be in the room when my human goes to the bathroom.
2. I do not have to open the bathroom door, then walk off just to prove I have a right to go in if I want to.
3. I do not have to sit on my human’s lap when she is peeing.
4. I do not need to dribble my last drink of toilet water all over my human’s bed.
5. I do not need to immediately find my human and give her all kinds of kisses when I have just had a drink from my favorite water bowl in the bathroom.
6. I do not need to soak my Vermont Chewman toys in the toilet.
7. I do not need to watch and whine incessantly while my humans are using the shower. There is no water monster.
8. I understand that while I think it’s great fun to drop my rope/ball/bone in the toilet while my human or a male guest is using it; my human doesn’t like it and will fuss at me.
9. I will not bark and growl at my human when he is sitting on the toilet.
10. I will not bark at my human when she gets out of the shower. That hair is attached to her; it is not a small animal attacking her.
11. I will not chew my human’s toothbrush and not tell them.
12. I will not drink from full bathtubs, especially when it’s a bubble bath.
13. I will not drink out of the toilet no matter how thirsty I am.
14. I will not drink out of the toilet right after it’s used until my human flushes it.
15. I will not drop a (rubber) ball in the toilet while it’s being flushed. (We had this happen to us 3 times -- shame on us.)
16. I will not drop my human’s pager in the toilet, even if he told me to ‘drop it’.
17. I will not drop soggy tennis balls in the underwear of someone who is sitting on the toilet.

18. I will not dry my human's legs with my tongue when she emerges from the shower.
19. I will not go and lick, sniff, or disturb my human while s/he is sitting on the toilet.
20. I will not join my human in the bathroom when she is on the potty. It embarrasses her.
21. I will not jump into the human's bubble bath and go for a swim.
22. I will not leave my rag toy in the bathtub in the middle of the night. My humans don't need to find it after they have already started the shower the next morning.
23. I will not lick lotion off my human's legs. She doesn't need my help.
24. I will not peek my head around the shower curtain and a week later hop into the shower with my human.
25. I will not play tug-of-war with my human's underwear when he's on the toilet.
26. I will not sneak my way into the bathroom, steal my human's maxi pads from the trash, then shred them at the top of the stairway. This is not a good way to say "I love you" and the adhesive leaves tell-tale pieces attached to my fur.
27. I will not steal things from the bathroom trash and try to sneak downstairs with them. If caught, I will 'fess up instead of trying to suck the object into the back of my mouth.
28. I will not try to lap up the water in the shower while my human is taking her shower.
29. I will not use my nose to peek around the shower curtain while my human is washing her hair, causing a slight cardiac arrest.
30. It is not pet the dog time when my human is having a shower; I do not need to hop in with her.
31. It makes my human nervous when I rest my head on her knee while she's on the potty.
32. My bath time is not during my human's shower. I will lie quietly guarding her until she's finished. I will not attempt to join her.
33. My human can take a shower without having my rope/ball/bone with her.
34. My human knows her way around the house all by herself. She doesn't need me to herd her into the shower, into the bedroom, back into the bathroom, and into the kitchen every morning.
35. My human will not fall into the toilet or drown in the shower-I do not need to start howling when she locks me out of the bathroom-there is no room for me in her shower anyway.
36. Only humans should drink straight from the sink faucet. I should not try to every time my human washes her hands.
37. The bathtub is not a water bowl. I will not jump into it and drink from the faucet, leaving muddy paw prints. If I do jump into the tub, I will not jump out after a guest has come in and closed the door.
38. The space right in front of the toilet is not the only place where I can sleep.
39. Toilet paper tubes are not special snack treats.
40. When my human is trying to take a nice relaxing bubble bath (after a rather rough day), we will not sit outside the door of the bathroom crying and whining.
41. When my human's sister is having a bath, I do not need to jump in with her.

--- Bodily Functions---

1. After Grandpa meets me for the first time and tells me that I am beautiful, I will not loudly belch in his face to thank him.
2. Cold (60 F or less) and/or drizzle and not valid reasons to avoid going outside to relieve myself.
3. Even if it is raining, I am still required to go outside and go potty. I am not allowed to hold it till I look like I'm going to burst and then dash out, lift my leg and dash back. This is not good for me, as I have other bodily functions that require relief as well, and when I hold it, I get sick. Rain will not melt me. (This dog refuses to go "do his business" if it's raining. I literally have to drag him outside and listen to him bark and yip for an hour before he does anything.)
4. I can hold it until I get into the yard. I do not need to pee on the floor of the new wooden porch, especially if it hasn't been water-proofed yet.
5. I can wait until my (female) partner finishes her poop before peeing on it (and her). This makes our human have to give her a bath (these are miniature dachshunds).
6. I can, and will, go potty outside of my own yard.
7. I do not need hold my bladder for over twenty hours on an overnight trip. I can go at a park or the beach just as easily as at home. (This is in reference to our sheltie who refuses to eliminate anywhere but in the farthest corner of our back yard. Our vet is amazed at this behaviour.)
8. I do not need to hump the German Shepherd that comes to visit because he is fixed and I can't tell what he is.
9. I go outside to mark my territory, not my front leg. (Our Jack Russell has bad aim).
10. I no longer have "them". I will quit trying to lick "them".
11. I will not barf in the car just after my human got it detailed so she can take it back to the dealership to trade in.
12. I will not be reverse housetrained (Our Shepherd-mix Sara actually waits for hours until she gets back inside so that she can pee on the floor).
13. I will not be so pleased to see my "Grandpa" that I run round and round his neck while peeing with excitement. (If you sit on the sofa, Bert will run up your body and then round your neck. If you're really lucky, he'll pee while he does this)

14. I will not be so submissive that I piddle whenever I am scolded.
15. I will not blatantly and loudly “gobble” on my “wiener” in front of my human, while he looks on in envy.
16. I will not commit a vengeance puke or poop on the floor when I am mad because my humans left for a vacation.
17. I will not crap in the middle of Aunty’s shiny new white rug.
18. I will not drag myself to the carpet to avoid throwing up on the easily-cleaned linoleum floor.
19. I will not embarrass my human when he says I’m not in heat by mating with the neighbour’s hunk of a black lab on the front lawn.
20. I will not fart loudly, then chase my tail to catch the noise.
21. I will not fart loudly, then look at my human like she’s the culprit. My other human believes me and it causes an argument.
22. I will not fart loudly, then wag my tail and *smile*.
23. I will not fart when I am under the covers with my human. She doesn’t appreciate being awakened in this fashion.
24. I will not get a hard-on whenever my human’s friends are over.
25. I will not get mad at my human because she won’t let me out of the house when I am sexually frustrated. She knows the Golden Retriever next door is in heat, and my sitting by the front door howling for days won’t convince her I need to go out into the front yard to slake my carnal urges. She also gets really mad when I try to let myself out of the backyard by digging under the fence.
26. I will not get so excited that I piddle whenever I am greeted by humans I know.
27. I will not hump my human.
28. I will not hump my human’s friend cocker spaniel; I am a fixed female.
29. I will not hump my stuffed animals (love puppies) in front of the television while the humans are watching TV.
30. I will not hump my teddy bear and/or the cocker spaniel when my human has friends or company over.
31. I will not hump my teddy bear on a regular basis.
32. I will not hurl my putrid tuna-breath at my human’s sensitive nose. It makes her eyes water up and I get yelled at.
33. I will not jump onto my human’s chest when she is lying on the couch, lean over, and belch as loudly as I can right into her face. Being hurled across the living room is not good for my health.
34. I will not leave a poop trail five miles long when it is hot outside and my human has to clean it up.
35. I will not leave a turd at the foot of my human’s new date.
36. I will not lick my paw after scratching my ear with it.
37. I will not lie in front of my owner, fart and refuse to leave while she and a potential boyfriend are doing homework--for 3 hours. (It was so bad.)
38. I will not lift my leg and pee on my human’s neighbor when they are outdoors talking and my mother doesn’t like the neighbor very much.
39. I will not lift my leg on my human while he is asleep. (Oops. I got neutered for that one.)
40. I will not lift my leg to my human’s new suit from Nordstrom’s.
41. I will not lift my leg to pee on the wall when our big dog is between me and the wall.
42. I will not lift my leg to the pile of fabric that my human is going to sew with.
43. I will not lift my leg to the tub when my human is taking a bubble-bath.
44. I will not pee as soon as the vicar leans down to pet me. (An excitable 2-year-old lab. The vicar diplomatically ignored the puddle).
45. I will not pee everywhere BUT on the peepee pad my humans just bought, even when they line the entire floor and leave only one square inch free.
46. I will not pee in the bedroom doorway of my human’s new boyfriend the first time I visit his house.
47. I will not pee on my human’s shoe when we are out for a walk and everyone can see.
48. I will not pee on the brand new carpet in my humans’ parents’ home.
49. I will not pee on the couch just because I am mad at my human for not getting out of bed to take me out at 4:00 a.m.
50. I will not pee on the floor/couch/bed every time my human’s new boyfriend tries to pet me and make friends with me.
51. I will not pee on the pile of unmarked student papers on the floor in my human’s office as I am not qualified to editorialize on their writing.
52. I will not pee on the visiting mathematician before he has a chance to get out of bed and have his first coffee of the morning.
53. I will not pee or even think about peeing on the baby Jesus in the Nativity Scene on the church’s front yard.
54. I will not pee right on the remote controls just because my human locks me out of her room. (This was a Pomeranian.)
55. I will not perform lesbian acts on my doggie sister in the middle of the living room. (These were a ten-pound terrier and a thirty-five-pound Shepherd mix. It was quite a sight.)
56. I will not poop in the back seat of my human’s brand-new truck on the way to obedience class. (Especially after a 10-minute pit

stop with “All systems cleared” before we leave.)

57. I will not poop in the car.
58. I will not poop in the kitchen 2 minutes after I was outside and then try to eat it quick before my humans notice.
59. I will not poop in the exact same place in the house repeatedly, nor will I pee in said spot.
60. I will not poop on the carpet and then take the most expensive books in the home to cover the evidence.
61. I will not poop on the new carpet while the installers are still there.
62. I will not prove my human’s statement that I wouldn’t know what to do with a bitch in season completely wrong by jumping out of the car and leaping straight on to her cousin’s bitch.
63. I will not relieve myself in the dog show ring.
64. I will not scratch in dog class.
65. I will not snore so loudly and fart so frequently that my humans don’t know which end of me they want on their pillow.
66. I will not spend all day licking the wiener of Grandma’s visiting dog Barney.
67. I will not spend more than 5 minutes trying to find the “perfect” place to poop.
68. I will not stare stupidly at my human when she takes me out for an hour to go potty, and then go on the floor in the middle of my training class.
69. I will not take a dump on my mother’s non-dog loving younger sister’s sleeping bag. (Jake, my last German Shepherd, was a pound dog and was having some digestive difficulties when this occurred.)
70. I will not throw up in my human’s \$200 cross trainers.
71. I will not throw up in the car.
72. I will not use the pillows on the bed in the guest bedroom as my “lover”.
73. I will retain control over my bodily functions while rough housing with my human.
74. I will scotch my bottom along the grass to rid myself of hangers-on.
75. I will stop trying to find the few remaining pieces of carpet in the house when I am about to throw up.
76. I will try to hold it until I am outside; I will not pee on the guest.
77. I will wait until we are at least three feet from the doorway of the apartment until peeing.
78. I will wipe my butt on the grass, not on the carpet. They’re both green, but I know the difference.
79. I won’t lift my leg on the police horse.
80. If I absolutely must poop in the floor in the middle of the night, I will try to refrain from walking across the entire living room while doing so. (My beagle/basset mix cannot poop while standing still.)
81. If I dare to leave one more puppy pile for my foster human to pick up, he has threatened to make me an appointment with Dr. So-and-So, the local taxidermist. This will effectively end my need for foster care.
82. If I fart, it is polite to either excuse myself or turn on the fan (leaving the room is NOT acceptable).
83. If I must barf in the car, the barf will not be straight liquid, but something compact and chunky that is easy to clean up.
84. Making a mess in the human’s shoes, making a mess on the carpet and using one’s hind legs to make a streak on it only gets my human in trouble.
85. My failure to do what needs to be done at 10:00 p.m. does not constitute an emergency in the eyes of my humans at 4:00 a.m. If I did my stuff when I’m supposed to instead of chasing shadows from the street light etc. I wouldn’t be in pain later.
86. My foster humans’ bedroom is not my bathroom.
87. My human gets really mad if I mark her leg, especially in front of eight people, in the house.
88. No matter how frustrated I am, I will not leap over the six-foot wall and fence and ravish the neighbour’s un-neutered standard poodle. (Patrick the Poodle’s Human says that the funniest thing was seeing Donna the Doberman sitting there with a pair of white woolly paws draped over her and the look on Patrick’s face saying “Mom, she sat on me.”)
89. Relieving myself on the computer keyboard is not recommended. I can thank my blessed stars (and anything else you like to thank) that it didn’t short out, or else their soft, kind hearts may have been turned to cold hard stone, and I may have become a stuffed toy for the neighbors’ baby. (No, we really wouldn’t have, but the temptation...)
90. The lawn is huge. I can use more than 1 square foot of it for relieving myself.
91. We will not fart and burp when we are in bed with our human.
92. When assisting my human demonstrate the principles of Pavlovian classical conditioning to Psychology 101 students, I will refrain from pooping in front of the class.
93. When I am in Church for the St. Francis Blessing of the Animals, I will not leave my own offering.
94. When I am let out to do my business, I am not permitted to wander half way up the next block to do so. I almost always stay around home, so the human trusts me, and if I wish to keep that trust and not get tied up like a silly puppy, I will never do this again.
95. When I am caught farting, I will not try to blame the innocent by giving them dirty looks.

96. When I kiss someone's ear, I will remember that I have been fixed.
97. When it is cold outside, I will not take my sweet time walking around until I find the perfect place to go to the bathroom, especially not when my human is still in her pajamas and would really like to go back inside and have a warm breakfast.
98. When pulling into the driveway with my human in the car, I will not pee on her, causing her to drive through the garage door. (Story: My mom was bringing her dog home from getting groomed, he got excited and started to pee on her, she tried to park the car too quickly, and her foot slipped off the brake.)
99. When the helpful policeman comes to take a report about a disturbance at my house, I will not piddle on his boots, no matter how dominant he may seem.
100. When the hot spots on my back start to itch really badly, I will not chew and rub all of my hair off. Instead, I will find one of the adult humans and ask them to smack the itchy spot till it quits itching. This way I will still have some hair left after flea season ends.
101. While loving new people is nice, I should not be so excited at meeting someone new that when they pick me up I piddle on them. I should also realize my humans will never let me live this down, because come on, I was only a few months old at the time.

--- Children---

1. Every child in the world does not need for me to wash his/her face.
2. I am a big dog, so sitting on the kids when I want to lie in front of the fire where they are will only get me told off.
3. I really shouldn't lick all the soap off of my little human brother when my human is trying to bathe him. It makes me nauseous.
4. I will not attack the cute neighbor boy after running over my human and making her look stupid.
5. I will not break my chain to go play with the neighbour's kids. (the kids love me). Being a big German Shepherd, their mothers will call the Military Police. And when the MP's get there, I will not play chase the MP around the car... Even if my human got me from them because they could not obedience train me. (We no longer have him. Can not have MP's mad at you when you are living on base.)
6. I will not eat the chocolate rabbits in the little human's Easter basket. It will give him a complex and make him think his parents do not love him.
7. I will not get loose and sneak into my neighbor's house, jump in bed with their son and awaken him by licking him in the face (especially when they do not have a pet) and then run wildly through their house. The ride with the police officer may have been fun, but my human was not happy when she had to come to the police station to bail me out of jail.
8. I will not go into my human brother's room and retrieve his underwear after he has had an accident in it, and take it downstairs and leave it in the entry hall for visitors to enjoy.
9. I will not jump up and knock my human's braces off his teeth. (My 3.5-month-old German Shepherd puppy did this to my son this morning, causing my son to miss a day of school and have an emergency visit to the orthodontist.)
10. I will not knock over the little neighborhood kids when I greet them.
11. I will not lick pudding/ice cream off the neighbor's kids' faces.
12. I will not rush up to toddlers to say hello, since it tends to upset their parents when a big, wild looking dog is headed straight for their child's face.
13. I will not scent-track my human "brother's" fart back to his butt and thrust my nose sharply into the source, causing a world-class, deep wedgie.
14. I will not steal the baby's sock from his foot while his Mom is holding him.
15. I will not visit the next-door neighbours to play with their children at every possible opportunity.
16. I will notice small humans are not just other dogs and will not try to exert my dominance on them.
17. I will realize that no matter what I do, there will continue to small children in the world. I should let them live in peace.
18. Infants who have just finished their cereal (and they aren't really good at it yet.) have the *best* faces for washing.
19. Just because that mini human offers food to me doesn't always mean I should take it.
20. The baby can eat just fine without my nose on his highchair.
21. Trapping the child human under the covers that he is rolled up in is not nice and I will refrain from doing so. It only gets him in trouble with his older human.
22. When the children are camping in the garden, it terrifies them to have a big grunting snuffling thing charge into the tent in the middle of the night when they are asleep.
23. While the adults can cope with my weight on them, visiting children can't. I should not suffocate them to prove my love for them.

--- Christmas Related---

1. Christmas is for humans, and I will not ruin the surprises by opening all their presents.
2. Christmas light bulbs, Christmas ornaments, Christmas stockings, and tinsel from the Christmas tree, are not food.
3. I am the alpha dog. Therefore, I do not need to protect my new Christmas rawhide from the omega dog by taking it outside to eat

when the wind chill is -10 F.

4. I shall not “trim the Christmas tree” by chewing and eating all the lower branches off of it (although the humans agree I did a good job of doing it evenly around the tree.)
5. I will not bark and wag my (Rottweiler) “nubbie” at my Christmas stocking, even though it’s empty.
6. I will not climb halfway up the Christmas tree, get stuck and scream my little Basenji lungs out so that the neighbors call the police, thinking that my human has murdered someone.
7. I will not demolish the Christmas tree and drag the string of lights out into the backyard through the doggy door.
8. I will not dive into the Christmas tree to get the candy canes (which I will eat -- paper and all).
9. I will not eat my Christmas doggie treats until after they’re out of the stocking.
10. I will not even THINK about going underneath the Christmas tree and piddling on the dining room rug.
11. I will not get into a fight with the bigger dog next door, making my human have to call the vets at Christmas. It costs too much. (My friend’s dog did this and it ended up costing them over 500 dollars.)
12. I will not get tangled up in the Christmas tree lights and pull the tree down while trying to get at a cat through the conservatory window.
13. I will not go into the closet when the Christmas presents are hidden, find, open and start playing with my toys (and fortunately leave the rest).
14. I will not help myself to broccoli off the veggie tray at the Christmas party.
15. I will not open any presents before Christmas.
16. I will not pee on Grandma’s Christmas presents that are under her tree as soon as we enter her house.
17. I will not pee on the Christmas tree.
18. I will not search the Christmas presents under the tree looking for mine.
19. I will not sleep under the Christmas tree, then try to act like I did not. My human can tell because I walk around the house with ornaments clinging to my long fur and tinsel in my teeth.
20. I will not steal the neighbor’s Christmas light bulbs.
21. I will not tear apart Santa Claus leaving only the beard as evidence that he existed.
22. I will not unwrap all the Christmas presents while my humans are away at work.
23. If I absolutely must eat all the Christmas baking my human stayed up all night to do, I won’t run up to her and burp contentedly in her face.
24. The balls on the Christmas tree are not dog balls.
25. The bowl underneath the Christmas tree is not a dog dish. I will not drink from it. It will make me sick.
26. The child’s Barbie doll has a right to exist. (Especially the day after Christmas and the she only got to play with it for a few hours.)
27. The Christmas tree was NOT put there as my own personal ‘relieving’ post.
28. The shiny glass balls on the Christmas tree are NOT my toys, and they will not squeak if I squeeze them.

--- Destroying---

1. A multi-colored ink pad is NOT food and will cause my paws to be green, my mouth to be blue, my tongue to be orange...and the carpet in the office to be all different colors.
2. Although canines need a lot of exercise, it does not count as exercise when you eat the human’s weight bench.
3. Chewing through the drywall is not an alternative route to get outdoors.
4. Even though it hisses, the garden hose is not a snake, and so does not need to be chewed every six inches along its length to keep it from attacking me.
5. Even though my human’s sister’s underwear is new and fancy, she would most prefer that I did not chew them in half.
6. I am a German Shepherd, not a spider. My human’s embroidery floss is not good web material.
7. I am an 80-pound dog, not a 10-pound cat. I will not sit like a cat on the back of my human’s grandma’s couch, ripping the curtains off the wall in the process.
8. I can allow the kitties to play with their furry toy mouse for at least 24 hours before I chew it into an unrecognizable pulp.
9. I do not need to kill my new toys within 12 hours.
10. I have several toys designated as mine, and I know what they are. I must chew and take out my separation anxiety on them, instead of all the things I AM NOT allowed to have, like electric cords, and cooking utensils.
11. I must not break through the glass on the back door in my efforts to escape from the basement while my human is at work. I also must not then try to chew my way through the wood on the door, as this still has glass pieces on it and it cuts my mouth. After she takes me to the vet for emergency checkup and cleans up all the glass and blood I left in the house, I will not refuse to eat my antibiotics just because there is no peanut butter on them. This causes my human to worry about me and think about murdering me simultaneously. This also causes her a great financial burden, since a vet visit for a 100-pound dog isn’t cheap, and neither is

a new back door.

12. I shall not eat the crotch out of my human's dirty underwear when she forgets to close the closet where the laundry basket sits.
13. I will acknowledge that there are nails holding down the carpet for a reason.
14. I will curb my taste for British books, especially big, hardcover, over 700-page ones personally autographed by the author (J.K. Rowling, of Harry Potter fame).
15. I will not bite a hole in the can of upholstery cleaner that my human left out (bad human) because I look very silly covered in white foam. I especially won't do this when it's 20 below outside and the water heater's broken and my human has to stand in the cold shower in order to rinse the nasty stuff off me.
16. I will not bite my human's cellular phone every time it rings. [So far, Bob has destroyed 3 phones this way].
17. I will not break any windows in the house when I see squirrels, raccoons, or other birds or animals in my yard. I can get hurt by the sharp glass when it cuts my paws. (I was smart enough to then go into the bathtub, which was cool metal, to cool the "burning" from the cuts.)
18. I will not bury all the expensive doggy toys my human bought me so that I may spend my days eating the landscape lights.
19. I will not chew a hole in the rug, inducing my human to go out and buy a latch hook kit to try to remedy this problem before the landlady sees it.
20. I will not chew a hole in the screen door to let myself out.
21. I will not chew a hole in the wall all the way to the insulation and act like it was not me. Once I poop the secret is out anyway.
22. I will not chew a hole in the wall to get outside when my human leaves me in for a couple of hours.
23. I will not chew a large hole in the living room carpet while the human is gone.
24. I will not chew and mangle my human's gold necklace just because it's really pretty and shiny.
25. I will not chew holes in my human's socks.
26. I will not chew my brother's leather collars off while my humans are gone.
27. I will not chew my human's car seatbelt ever again (because there is basically nothing fun left to chew).
28. I will not chew my humans' digital camera (even though it's in a tasty leather case).
29. I will not chew my human's lead on the control pad of his game and snap the wire, making him think that someone unplugged the control.
30. I will not chew my human's stuffed animals. If I do, I will not pout and sulk when my human locks me in my crate before leaving the house.
31. I will not chew on any book, especially if it is a classic. They are tasteful, not tasty.
32. I will not chew on my human's underwear, whether clean or dirty, and leave them lying around the house.
33. I will not chew or claw holes in the futon cover while my human is not home.
34. I will not chew or shake full cans of beer.
35. I will not chew the computer disks or the high-top shoes.
36. I will not chew the dog training book, especially when it is a library book and my mother is a librarian.
37. I will not chew the door frame off the wall, even if I was locked into the room.
38. I will not chew the hockey puck off my throw dummy just because my human left it out (throw dummies are not cheap and we try to make them last as long as possible. Once all the sand is out of it, we taped a hockey puck to it to give it weight. And well...)
39. I will not chew the leather binding on a brand-new set of Encyclopedia Britannica.
40. I will not chew the screen door. This will not get me inside any faster.
41. I will not chew the waterbed because I am thirsty.
42. I will not chew the wooden handles of the rolling pin.
43. I will not chew up my human's completed jigsaw puzzle after s/he has spent three weeks working on it.
44. I will not chew up my human's spinning that she has been working on for months. (Especially NOT the Angora spinning.)
45. I will not climb through the fence (it's almost like chicken wire, but square instead of octagonal) of the backyard, dragging my 35 feet and 15 lbs of chain behind me. When I do get through and I see the object of my desire, the cat, go darting under the house, I will not then proceed to chase it and pull my tiedown stake out of the ground to try and chase the cat, thereby getting the stake stuck in the fence and causing me to be stuck as well. I will not then try to run off into the street when I see my humans come out to place me back into the yard, making me hurt myself even more, because I KNOW I'm stuck in the fence.
46. I will not crash through the gate when the coyotes are singing. (Crashing in, that is, to escape from the coyotes. Some guardian.)
47. I will not de-flea my Mum's pillow in the middle of the night while she is trying to sleep on it.
48. I will not destroy eight toilet rolls (after taking them upstairs so I don't get caught) complete with paper.
49. I will not destroy every doggie toy in less than five seconds.
50. I will not destroy the cabin for no apparent reason other than being left alone for 10 minutes, including all the blinds, dish towels

and couch cushions. Nor will I eat a hole through the screen door (including the wood) when my human has friends out for the weekend. (This is a 7-lb Shi-Tzu.)

51. I will not dig under the cherry tree, chew on the roots, and kill it.
52. I will not dig up the portulacas (flowering succulents) or the tomato plants.
53. I will not dismember children's dolls and leave the room looking like the aftermath of a hatchet-murder.
54. I will not drag logs from the wood pile and then hurl them at the glass doors just because I am bored/want to be let in. Neither will I shred these logs to splinters for my human to clean up.
55. I will not eat every pillow in the house.
56. I will not eat all the Spanish dictionaries in the house.
57. I will not eat my human's new white high-heeled shoe. If I do, I will eat the other one next time I want a nice raw-hide snack.
58. I will not eat off the ends of my human's shoelaces.
59. I will not eat only the tags off of my human's new Beanie Babies.
60. I will not eat or bury every potted plant that is within my reach, and then drag the pot onto the back porch so I can distribute the dirt and make paw prints.
61. I will not eat the apple tree, roots and all. I will also not encourage my brothers to help me do it.
62. I will not eat the chocolate my human bought for my other human and had hidden in his closet, then breathe in his face so he can smell the chocolate mint and know who did it.
63. I will not eat the couch anymore, or all of the couch cushions.
64. I will not eat the human child's Harry Potter library book, (while we were gone for only 15 minutes).
65. I will not eat all the letters off of my human's PDA.
66. I will not eat the corner of a new textbook on the first day of the semester.
67. I will not eat the running boards off my human's new sport-utility vehicle. (Took 15 minutes.)
68. I will not eat the telephone cord to my human's computer. This makes my human insane and is therefore hazardous to my health.
69. I will not eat through the sheetrock in the kitchen.
70. I will not eat wall-to-wall carpet. (My German Shepherd ate all of the carpet in front of my front door, ARGGGHHH.)
71. I will not express my displeasure when my humans go out for the evening by eating my human's book, my other human's book, and a great deal of the living room sofa. (This happened to my parents. The offender was a Pharaoh Hound puppy who grew up to be the most neurotic dog I've ever known. Hmmm, wonder if the revenge dining incident was an omen?)
72. I will not get so bored with my 300,000 chewing toys that I'll gore antique chair legs as substitutes. (Cost me \$400.00 in repairs to the chair. Fortunately, the (Irish Wolfhound) puppy was unharmed; unfortunately, our nerves weren't.)
73. I will not have a pillow fight (with the down pillows) with my doggie sister while my human is at work.
74. I will not jump through the living room's picture window just because I don't want to be left alone. (That happened two years ago. My dog Zach is a very lovable but neurotic 52 lb. Australian Shep/Terrier mix. We have since broken him of his separation anxiety -- we adopted another dog.)
75. I will not jump up and bite other dogs' dog leashes when they are in their humans' hands. I will not just chew someone else's dog leash because my flashy blue one got replaced with an unchewable metal chain.
76. I will not kill the neighbor human's blow-up pool and drag it triumphantly around the yard as the air comes out of it.
77. I will not knock my human's truck out of gear and send it rolling through the garage door. (Try explaining that to the insurance company.)
78. I will not lick wet latex paint off the walls.
79. I will not make a dirt track around the whole yard this summer.
80. I will not pee into the container that has the central air conditioning unit inside. I will rust out the coils and force expensive repairs to be made.
81. I will not peel wallpaper off the wall, then try convince my human it wasn't me, even if I have drywall on the end of my nose.
82. I will not perform autopsies on my soft toys. The stuffing is bad for me, and my human doesn't like white fluff all over the room.
83. I will not pick through the mail and eat my humans' rebate checks. (Our JRT knocked a pile of mail off the table, found a rebate check and shredded it)
84. I will not play tug with the beanbag chair causing the cellar to look like an indoor snowstorm had just occurred.
85. I will not pull out all of the stuffing from my bed and string it all over the floor.
86. I will not pull the cookbooks off the bookshelf and eat them.
87. I will not pull the frame off from around the door when we're really mad at my human for closing us in the bedroom. (Like when company's over, and she thinks we can't be trusted not to run out the door and down the street trying to start a game of chase.)
88. I will not rend the humans' stuffed animal to shreds while they are asleep so that they wake up to a snow storm through out the house; they are not amused. I also will not do this while they are away and have company coming home with them.

89. I will not rip the fly-wire door apart so I can break into the house and spend the day on the couch.
90. I will not rip up large areas of new carpet just because my humans have to work more than 2 days in a row. (Our golden was great being out the first 2 days, on the third the carpet would be gone, we attempted this 3 times, once every 3 weeks or so before we gave up).
91. I will not shred and eat my human's cherished and only half read gift copy of the book "Marley and Me, life and love with the world's worst dog" simply to prove I really deserve to be called the "worst dog".
92. I will not sleep under the kitchen table only to unbend during dinner, and walk away with the table on my back. This makes a mess and eating broken dishes along with the food hurts my mouth.
93. I will not smash our sliding patio doors when I want in NOW, even when it is snowing.
94. I will not sneak into the guestroom and steal the human's guest's upper dentures off the dresser, and eat all but one tooth, thereby causing him to be put in the embarrassing position of having to deliver a lecture next day in front of an audience of two hundred - toothless.
95. I will not stand out at the fence in the pouring rain and whine in a vain attempt to make my human feel guilty. If I do succeed and my human puts me up on the enclosed patio, I will not then rip a hole in the screen so I can get out and go play in the rain or under the house.
96. I will not steal and unstuff the retrieving dummy that my human just bought. It is not cheap.
97. I will not suddenly dig up the entire garden, ruining all my human's plans for a beautiful flower season.
98. I will not take such a fast run up at the new, fancy, expensive fly screens covering the patio doors that I make all the pretty panels tie themselves in knots, thereby rendering it useless. My female human freaks out at wasps and can't understand how they keep getting in.
99. I will not tear apart the cat bed when the humans put it in my crate because I like sleeping in it so much.
100. I will not tear out the linings of all the shoes in the house so I can collect them.
101. I will not tear the fabric skirt off the chair to get to my little puppy brother who is hiding from me.
102. I will not tear the screen door off of the hinges and run after my humans when they leave in the boat without me.
103. I will not tear up my humans' brand-new sofa and shred the interior stuffing and try to tell my sister that it is snowing.
104. I will not throw a tantrum and tear up the bedding every time my human walks out of the house. He may only be going to the curb or the trash cans. I will wait until I hear the car start throwing a tantrum.
105. I will not try to climb the screen door, especially if I have already wrecked the screen, and my humans have replaced it with glass.
106. I will not try to lick all the dirty dishes in the dishwasher (even though I know I'm not supposed to), and then jump back when I am yelled at, catching my collar in the bottom rack and scaring myself, causing me to try and run away dragging the whole (full) bottom rack with me, and breaking my human's mother's crystal cake platter that she got as a wedding present. (It had survived three kids, but not my dog.)
107. I will not unstuff all of my stuffed animals just to kill the loud squeaky thing.
108. I will not use all of the door molding as a chew toy.
109. I will not, when I hear the sound of fireworks outside, try to claw my way through the sheetrock wall holding me back, thus leaving a gaping hole that the humans must attempt to fix when they return home.
110. I will recognize that my human has no further use for earrings after I've mangled them.
111. I will remember that my tail can be lethal and will refrain from wagging it furiously inside the house.
112. I will try not to pull up any of the newly planted bushes and shred them all over the back yard. (Rocky has been absolutely perfect since we brought him home at 8 weeks old. House breaking was a breeze. Chewing, not a problem. He's a dream. Loving and a big baby. But plant something, and he's going to pull it up as soon as he thinks we're not looking. All we can do is laugh to keep from crying. When a plant goes in the ground his other toys (and there's A LOT of them) don't exist. And he doesn't just pull them up. He SHREDS them. You'd think we were out there making our own mulch.
113. I will try to enjoy my new bed for at least one day before I rip it to shreds.
114. I will use only my own pillow for humping if I decide not to use my male partner. My humans do not like chewed, slobbered, and torn pillows to sleep on.
115. I will walk ten feet to the open gate rather than crashing through the garden fence right where I am.
116. I, Sampson the St. Bernard, will not eat my human's shoes or leather vest, my human's boots and socks, every basket in the house, the electric plug off the \$600 stereo component that I somehow managed to get out of the stereo case, the new kitty, while I keep all of my toys (stuffed animals, balls, etc.) in pristine condition.
117. If I should happen to become bored while lying under my human's truck, I will not pass the time by chewing up ALL of the electrical wires that I can reach and losing/eating pieces of them. My human loves me a great deal, and it is not good for his state of mind to find himself seriously contemplating murdering me.
118. Ink jet cartridges are not chew toys. If I must think they are chew toys, I will try cleaning the carpet myself.

119. It is not a requirement that I take and destroy the tops of soda bottles as soon as my human removes them. They will not hurt her.
120. It is not necessary to kill, maim, or otherwise destroy items that “speak” to me, like empty 12-pack cartons, stuffed toys, or the “cute dog” toys from Taco Bell.
121. Just because I can see onto the counters does not mean I have eat/hide/destroy whatever is up there.
122. Just because the remote-control turns on the TV when I chew it does not qualify it as a ‘squeaky toy’.
123. Just because there’s a small rip in the sofa doesn’t mean it has been designated as my own personal chewing pad.
124. My human’s “new” mattress and box spring are not one really big chew toy.
125. My human’s favorite gloves are not toys.
126. My human’s pager is not the enemy, (actually, that is debatable), and I do not need to chew it when it goes off.
127. My human’s wedding shoes are not a chew toy, even if she has just come back from her honeymoon.
128. My neighbors do not want me to break down their screen door to go “visit” their dogs. (My dog is a Rottweiler, and the neighbour has a fear of big dogs.)
129. Plastic tent stakes are NOT chew toys. Especially those buried in the ground with ropes attached.
130. Regardless of the fear and trepidation I feel at being left in the station wagon while my family goes into a convenience store to purchase refreshments during our cross-country trip, I will refrain from blaming the dashboard and chewing large chunks out of it, forcing the human to place a band-aid over the largest hole in order to try to gain some humor from the situation. Furthermore, I will also refrain from blaming and assaulting the passenger side visor at the Grand Canyon.
131. Running full force through picket fences is only cool if your head doesn’t get caught. (This happened to our Husky, and he kept going with the fence on his head. It was a sight to behold.)
132. The big rawhide softballs are meant to last longer than a couple of hours.
133. The crotch of my human’s pants is to be left alone. (Our Doberman puppy ate these in a pair of my husband’s trousers one night while we slept. Unfortunately, they were brand new and my husband was going to take them back because they didn’t fit. He didn’t notice she had taken a big bite out them, and he took them back to Sears where the sales clerk (a girl) showed it to him. Talk about embarrassed.)
134. The footboard of the human’s bed is not my teething ring.
135. The singing, dancing toy chameleon is not a threat to my humans, and as such, I don’t have to kill it.
136. The various cords belonging to the foster humans’ phone, T.V., stereo speakers and other appliances are not toys.
137. There are no moles living in the bed. I do not need to destroy the sheets to verify this.
138. There is a distinction between chew toys and compact disc jewel cases.
139. Those funny metal things on my human’s teeth are meant to do something. I will not try to remove them when he falls asleep with his mouth open. (My orthodontist did not believe me when I said that the dog tried to remove my arch wire and broke off several brace platings. My parents did.)
140. Throwing all of the pillows off of the couch does not make it significantly larger; however, digging at the cushions and pulling the stuffing out does. I will refrain from doing this.
141. Uncle Billy’s extensive hat collection is not a chew toy. (Well, now it is, but it wasn’t supposed to be.)
142. We will not dig under the above ground swimming pool and through the liner. (The resulting wave pinned them against the fence 50 feet away.)
143. We, (all eight 5-week-old German Shepherd/Husky pups), will not climb over the gate that separates the whelping room from the rest of the house. Furthermore, we will not eat the stereo’s speaker cabinets, woofers, or tweeters and then play with the magnets. Nor shall we eat the collector’s set of Beethoven’s Nine Symphonies or the Beatles’ White Album. Henceforth, we shall abstain from eating new couches or chairs, since the evacuation of foamy products is excruciatingly painful and deleterious to our health. Also, we will not eat coffee tables or tables of any sort, including entertainment centers. Lastly, we will not look absolutely adorable after having done so many dreadful things. (Yes, it really happened. I came home from shopping with my husband and was no longer able to recognize the living room. Also, pulling foam from screaming puppies’ butts was no fun. Luckily, the pups were no worse for the wear, and they all found happy homes.)
144. When my human goes to work, I will not do the ‘Escape From Alcatraz’ act over the gate in the kitchen, chew the wicker coffee table, dining room table and chairs, poop in the bathtub, eat 2 stuffed animals, drag all the clean and folded laundry out of the bedroom and pee on it, rip the top off a box of Triscuit and eat the whole thing, and then greet my human at the door with a grin and a look that says “I had a great day. How was yours?”

--- Food / Water---

1. All three of us promise that the next time my human brings leftovers home from a pot-luck and mixes them in our dinner, we will not pick out the carrots, lick them clean and spit them out beside our bowls.
2. An entire new tube of KY jelly is not a food item.
3. Anything inside the just perfectly sealed garbage bag inside the perfectly sealed garbage can inside the perfectly closed closet in the backyard is not food.

4. As a boxer I can't eat bones, I will stop trying to steal any my humans are having for dinner.
5. Bubbles in the bubble bath are not food.
6. Caterpillars are not crawling hors d'oeuvres.
7. Concrete, mortar, brick, and plaster are not the four basic food groups.
8. Counter surfing for pineapple is better left to young children and not dogs. It's not worth the effort, especially if the pineapple hasn't been peeled yet.
9. Crinkling cellophane is NOT a food sound from the wild and I will not come and hunt it when I hear it.
10. Dogs do not like catnip. Really. I will leave the catnip toys to the cats.
11. Dogs do not like jalapeno peppers. I am a dog.
12. Dogs do not need rice pudding. I don't need to con old ladies out of it when my human visits old ladies to cheer them up.
13. Eating the innards of a stuffed animal makes for a very thirsty dog with quite a tummy ache.
14. Even if I do eat the top layer of off the lasagna, my human will hide it by adding more cheese.
15. Even though I'm a springer, I will not spring through the open car window and into the fast-food restaurant, no matter how good it smells.
16. Even though she is getting quite adept at using it, I will not eat the toddler's food off of her spoon.
17. For at least 24 hours prior to any road trip with my humans I will abstain from eating: almond Rocca from the cat box, any rodent (or portion there of), used Barbie beds, or anything that is apt to give me horrible diarrhea.
18. Horse grain and cat food are not dog food.
19. Humans do not need help eating their salad.
20. I am a Chihuahua and only weigh 6 pounds. I will not eat the German Shepherd's canned food, which is in a bowl that is larger than I am, because I will just vomit it all over the house sometime around midnight, in various huge piles, including whole pieces of beef, and then have to be rushed to the hospital when I start acting all strange because of the huge aspirin I also ingested. I understand that spending the night with the veterinarian and being poked, prodded, and x-rayed is my punishment each time I do this. I will not make the veterinarian question my human's ability to take care of me.
21. I am a dog, not a cow; grass is not food.
22. I am a dog. Chocolate is not good for dogs. I therefore will not eat dark-chocolate covered espresso beans, no matter how good they smell, because they make me run around like a lunatic for hours and poop like some horrible poop monster.
23. I am not a cat. I do not have to insist on being fed cat food just because my last human let me get away with stealing it from my partners in crime the cats. Also, when my human calls "Here Kitty, Kitty, Kitty" She does not mean me.
24. I am overweight. I do not need to eat everything that my human does. She is kind enough to give me one little bite of things, and I must learn to be content with this. I am not going to starve because all she feeds me is dog food and a few treats. Until I lose a few pounds, I'm stuck with it.
25. I can not eat the Betas. I can NOT eat the Betas. I CAN NOT EAT... (the Betas being fish in a fish tank)
26. I do not have to be fed every time someone opens the fridge.
27. I do not have to get a dog cookie every time I come inside. They are treats for when I do my business in the coulee and not the yard.
28. I do not need to bark excitedly at my food, "play-bow" to it, remove it one kibble at a time, and toss it around the kitchen before I eat it.
29. I may be a Bird Dog, and a turkey may be a Bird, but the turkey that just came out of the oven is not fair game.
30. I must not drink olive oil from the bottle. Also, the party invitation my human got in the mail was not in an olive oil bottle, just a water bottle, so why did I try to open it?
31. I must not jump on the table when my human accidentally leaves the chair pulled out and eat all the sugar from the bowl, even if it is 3 a.m. and I am bored.
32. I must not open cans of anchovies. (Can I have anchovies if I can get them without opening the cans and leaving little strips of metal everywhere?)
33. I must realize that just because Mom has put me on a diet, I am not starving to death. (He is one fat little Doxie mix-18 pounds.)
34. I must remember that 3/4 of a pound of butter makes me sick.
35. I really don't need to supervise the preparation of, or inspect *everything* that my human feeds her daughter. My human is quite capable in the kitchen, and the kid is smart enough to eat what she likes and leave the rest. (He comes in and watches me very intently while I'm cooking, if he could talk, I wonder what critique I'd get.)
36. I shall graciously refuse offers of wildlife killed by the cat and brought to me for disposal by the boy human.
37. I should not eat apricots off the tree in the back yard. They don't taste good on the way back up, and my human doesn't appreciate the apricot-colored stains on the tan carpet.
38. I should not eat peaches when they fall off the tree. It scares my human when I poop nothing but peach pits, and it doesn't feel too good, either.

39. I will chew my grilled hotdog carefully so that I don't vomit it up whole later.
40. I will desist from flipping the kitchen trash can lid up can every time I walk by to check for a free snack.
41. I will eat dog food. I will not eat guinea pig or rabbit poop. (It's not funny when my human catches me and I have a piece stuck in my nostril.)
42. I will eat the good food that my human puts in my dish. If I do not eat what is in my dish, my human has a right to assume that I am not hungry, and that she does NOT have to give me any of her food, which I am shamelessly begging from her.
43. I will learn to chew my food. When my human is nice enough to bring me a hamburger patty from Burger King, I will make it last more than 1.5 seconds. After all, it takes HER at least 3 minutes to chew that much meat-and she is much bigger than I am.
44. I will never take the turkey off the table again. (This was a Great Dane.)
45. I will not assume that the large bowl of pasta on the stove is for me and help myself.
46. I will not attempt to eat inedible thing such as light bulbs, electrical cords and batteries.
47. I will not be a selfish jerk and hog the water bowl. I won't be so anal and paranoid that I can only take one slurp of water from the communal dog bowl at a time, just so I can look around me and see if I need to discipline any of those other thirsty dogs.
48. I will not beg for food my human knows I hate, and then spit it out onto the floor when my human gives in and gives me some.
49. I will not clean out the cat's food dish whenever I get the opportunity. My human will yell at me. Cat food is neither a canine appetizer nor a dessert.
50. I will not climb up on the dining table when no one's looking and eat out of the serving bowls.
51. I will not conspire with the cat to get the roast thawing on the windowsill.
52. I will not crawl up on the table and eat only the meat (leaving the veggies, of course) on my family's plates.
53. I will not devour a snack sized O Henry bar and puke up peanuts, doing this only earns me a trip to the vet.
54. I will not drink out of my human's wine glass when she's not looking.
55. I will not drink the water (and fish) from the aquarium.
56. I will not drop my food bowl on my human's foot in the mornings to remind her how empty my stomach is before breakfast.
57. I will not dump out my food/water out of my bowls so I can bring it to the table to get it filled up with better human goodies.
58. I will not each half a box of chocolate turtles. Chocolate is bad for me and my human gets hysterical.
59. I will not eat (peanut butter, suet, ...) because it makes me throw up, even though it usually stays down the second time.
60. I will not eat a whole loaf of bread; it only makes doxies look shorter.
61. I will not eat ALL of the grapes from the vine just because my human was nice and gave me one.
62. I will not eat all of the Lifesavers off the "Suck for a Buck" bachelorette party shirt that my human stayed up all night sewing on for a party the next day.
63. I will not eat all the cat's food every time the cat ticks me off by trying to eat my dog biscuits. The prime word in here is "cat" food.
64. I will not eat all the pasta and rice out of my bowl while leaving the chicken kibbles.
65. I will not eat an entire stick of butter that the humans carelessly left on the dinner table.
66. I will not eat dirt from the house plant pots, which I then throw up in piles in various corners of the house.
67. I will not eat Duraflame logs. I already have enough fiber in my diet.
68. I will not eat kitty litter.
69. I will not eat my food so fast that I don't even bother chewing and I risk choking on it. I am the only animal in the house. Nobody is going to take my supper away from me.
70. I will not eat my human's big jar of Vaseline and then keep him up all night having to go to the bathroom.
71. I will not eat my human's hair clips for dessert.
72. I will not eat my human's lavender seedlings, nor will I rip up the "dog-proof" fence she put up to prevent me from eating the tomato plants (which I did), nor will I devour the stripping on the bungalow door.
73. I will not eat my human's marijuana or depression medication ... it gives my human a heart attack.
74. I will not eat my human's plants.
75. I will not eat my kibbles a few at a time by dumping them from my dish and eating them from the floor. I will not forget I can't do this with water. If I do forget, I will not bark and bang my bowls until they are filled up again.
76. I will not eat out of my human's ice cream bowl while she's out of the room, then act innocent when she discovers ropes of drool on her spoon.
77. I will not eat sand, as it hurts when it comes out. (The first time Molly was taken to the beach she licked up sand along with the water. Well, when we got home, she went out to use the bathroom and I could hear her whining and crying. Later she did the same thing. I went and looked at her poop and it was pure beach sand. This went on for two days.)
78. I will not eat the baggie of chocolate wafer cookies my human left on the coffee table so that my human has a big, brown spot to clean off of the carpet when she gets home after a long day at work.

79. I will not eat the bird seed that the birds knock off the bird feeder so that my next poop is a stream of birdseed.
80. I will not eat the boogers that the moron teenage boys feed me.
81. I will not eat the cat's expensive prescription diet food.
82. I will not eat the cat's food while leaving mine alone. Her food is very expensive, mine is not.
83. I will not eat the cats' food, before or after they eat it.
84. I will not eat the cat's itty-bitty piece of steak, when I know I'll get a bigger piece for myself if I just wait.
85. I will not eat the crotches out of my naive female owner's dirty underwear, leading her to believe she has a strange sort of sexually transmitted disease. (It was very embarrassing for her at the doctor.)
86. I will not eat the fresh garlic my human has dropped on the floor. My breath is beastly enough as it is.
87. I will not eat the fruit (figs, plums, peaches) from the lower branches of the trees so that my human, who is short) is forced to get a ladder and fall off of it. (My wolfhound was very fond of fruit on the tree but not on the ground).
88. I will not eat the fungus (honest my human... it just looked like a mushroom) that was growing on the top of the potting soil and cause my human to call poison control.
89. I will not eat the gravel in the dog run.
90. I will not eat the one-pound package of yeast (meant for bread) when my human goes back to the car for the rest of the groceries. (We had a chocolate Labrador named Mocha who was a career kitchen thief. One fall day my wife, Judy, came home from shopping with a pound of fresh powdered yeast for making bread. She set the plastic bag on the kitchen table and went back outside to close up the car. Mocha, hearing Judy's footsteps, quickly concealed the crime by eating the bag whole. As she was the only one of the 4 dogs in the house at the time she was charged with the crime and sentenced to spend the night in the box on the back porch. Next day, as the autumn sun warmed the backyard, we noticed very large, steaming cone-shaped piles all over the yard. When we investigated these 8 to 10-inch-high piles we found them to be yeast-risen dog poop. Most likely, the yeast became active in her stomach so all night she had been relieving herself at various points in the yard. The cool night slowed down the yeast's activity until the sun warmed the piles. We never did find the plastic bag-but then, we didn't really look that closely.)
91. I will not eat the top off of blueberry pies.
92. I will not find the Elvis Presley commemorative tin of chocolates that is intended as a Christmas present for my human grandmother, tear off the wrapping paper and shrink wrap, pry open the tin, eat a pound of assorted chocolates, and then greet my humans with a holiday display of empty chocolate wrappers on the rug when they arrive home from work after driving through one of the worst snowstorms on record 2 days before Christmas. This will only make the humans upset, and their anger may make them less likely to drive me through the storm to the emergency vet in the middle of the night if I develop chocolate toxicosis (luckily, she didn't).
93. I will not get a mouthful of kibble and dribble it all across the kitchen, dining room, and living room floor, just so my human (who is reading in the living room) can watch me eat.
94. I will not get 15 pieces of kibble in my mouth, run to the bedroom and spit them out onto clean sheets so I can eat them one by one while lying down.
95. I will not get caught with my entire head in the dog food bag when my human is busy cleaning my sister's paws.
96. I will not get into the kitchen trash and eat spaghetti and lasagna because my human knows what that does to my intestinal tract.
97. I will not get my canine companion to help me pull the 12-pound half-frozen turkey that is thawing for Thanksgiving dinner out of the kitchen sink and pull it outside through the doggie door. We will not then pull off the mesh netting and wrapper and just lick the gizzards and innards, deciding that the turkey would taste better had it been cooked. (Meanwhile our human thinks she has lost her mind when she goes put the turkey in the refrigerator overnight to finish thawing and can't seem to find it. This happened last Thanksgiving.)
98. I will not go on a hunger strike just because I decide that I don't like the food any more.
99. I will not gorge myself on cat food, thereby causing my abdomen to bloat like a beach ball, only to be rushed to the veterinarian's office in the middle of the night in order to deposit a poop of biblical proportions on the examination room floor, 2 abdominal x-rays and \$136.00 later.
100. I will not grab my human's pizza out of her hand. (I only got to take one bite.)
101. I will not greet all new visitors holding my food bowl and looking pitiful. After all, my human DOES feed me each day.
102. I will not guilt my human into giving me potato chips or popcorn.
103. I will not help clean up after lunch by devouring a bowl of Kraft dinner when no one is looking and keep my human up all night by regurgitating macaroni dishes.
104. I will not help myself to the chocolate birthday cake my human threw into the trash last night.
105. I will not help myself to the fridge/freezer.
106. I will not help myself to the pan of brownies *on top of the refrigerator*.
107. I will not ignore my own food, and then go eat all the food when I visit my friend's house. If I do, and my owner buys the food my friend eats, I will not ignore it.
108. I will not ingest both lenses out of expensive new eyeglasses.

109. I will not ingest an entire bag of chocolate chips because I am very small and it is not good for me. I do not need to prove to the veterinarian how tough my stomach is.
110. I will not intimidate my human's younger guests into giving me their steak.
111. I will not jump onto the kitchen table and lick off the pizza toppings. Someone will notice.
112. I will not levitate loaves of bread, pans of brownies, bowls of soup, and other edible things off the kitchen counters.
113. I will not lick or steal raw chicken from the grill while my human is not looking.
114. I will not make guttural noises when my humans order stuffed crust pizza and then sit at their feet and moan in a stage whisper while crawling like a soldier on the floor.
115. I will not pretend to go back into the house, then run away from my human to eat the bread that the nice neighbors have left for the birds.
116. I will not put my head on a human's lap after taking a drink of water, especially if I drank out of the toilet.
117. I will not refuse to let my human brush my teeth, then eat my toothbrush because it smells like beef flavored tooth paste.
118. I will not remove the child-proof cap off the Tylenol and devour the contents, mainly because I have to throw them back up again when my human shovels that stuff inside me.
119. I will not rip open a brand-new box of Pop Tarts, consume an entire package, leaving the wrapper behind, and then hide one of the unopened packs for two days while my human anxiously awaits the passage of the other mylar wrapper. I will not take the hidden package and place it carefully in the middle of the living room, after we come back from an expensive X-ray trip to the vet looking for said wrapper, and then sit on the couch and look off into space like nothing is wrong.
120. I will not rummage through grandpa's briefcase and eat classified microfiche.
121. I will not run away with the sausage. It is not mine.
122. I will not run over to my human after eating and burp in his face.
123. I will not sit in the chair at the dining room table while I eat off of my human's plate. That is flagrant disobedience.
124. I will not snag my human's mother's 2 hearing aids from the top of the dresser and eat them, even if they are beeping.
125. I will not snatch a pizza crust from the toddler human's hand, just because she is waving it in celebration.
126. I will not sneak a mouthful of chicken bones out of the garbage when my human's back is turned, and then clamp my jaws shut and growl when my humans try to pry my mouth open to get them out.
127. I will not sneak into the room where the rabbits live and furtively eat their poop. And if I must absolutely do this, I will refrain from choking on it. (It's no wonder my breath is hideous.)
128. I will not sniff around the rabbits' cage and eat their food. I have my own.
129. I will not stare piteously at people while they eat. If I wait long enough and behave myself, I will get a bite or at least be allowed to lick the dish.
130. I will not stare so hard at my humans' friends while they are having dinner (and I am begging) that tendrils of smoke start to drift off the top of their heads.
131. I will not steal and eat my human's toenail clippings off the table.
132. I will not steal food off of my humans' plates.
133. I will not steal ferret food from the ferrets' bowls when the cage is open and my human is trying to clean it.
134. I will not steal my human's Spanwich when he's in the bathroom.
135. I will not steal the freshly baked loaf of bread off of the counter. I am not supposed to counter-surf, and my human gets very angry when she finds out I have made off with the greater part of her lunch for the week and she has to make another loaf of bread.
136. I will not steal the loaf of bread, and when my human catches me, will not close my eyes and eat faster so I can inhale the whole thing by the time she gets there.
137. I will not stick my tongue into the ferrets' cage to try to attach the ferret food to my tongue so I can eat it. I have food in my own bowl and it is easier to get out.
138. I will not take each and every mouthful of food from the kitchen to the dining room to eat properly.
139. I will not take one look at the sand at the beach and say, "snack time."
140. I will not target the most expensive cheese on the platter for eating.
141. I will not try to eat socks while they are on anyone's feet.
142. I will not try to steal every piece of chocolate in the house. (Take care because it can kill them.)
143. I will not under any circumstances whatsoever eat the Ferret's Anticancer Goo from the plate in their playroom. It is for them and I know that after play period if there are any leftovers I will get them.
144. I will politely refuse when my great-grandmother makes me steak tips and rice, because I know this is not good for me.
145. I will refrain from eating the cake that my human has made for her Aunt (a nun) who is visiting for the first time in five years. One it embarrasses her to serve cheap cookies to guest. Two, she will get even for with me by doing things like making me wear the rest of the cake.

146. I will stop eating the hay; it makes me throw up.
147. I will try to remember to be selective when I beg at the table. The humans *will* toss me a jalapeno if I ask for it.
148. I will try very hard to remember that when I am being fed, I must sit first before receiving my dinner. Upon being asked to sit, I will NOT make a low growling noise and “talk back”. This will not give me what I want and I will only be scolded. (Our Husky, Rhett, does this ALL the time during dinner. A nightly ritual we are trying to end.)
149. If I absolutely insist on raiding the cat food whenever the chance arises, the least I can do is keep from sliding the little dish far across the kitchen floor with my huge snout.
150. If I am praised for being a “smart dog”, that does not justify me nosing the chair out from the table, climbing on it, then jumping from the chair to the kitchen table to eat large quantities of cake. The chairs were pushed all the way in around the table to stop that from happening, not to make it easier.
151. If I must slurp from my human’s beer glass, it should be a national brand and not a microbrew.
152. If my human grabs the turkey drumstick before I can steal it off the table, I will not (try to) bite any of her fingers off. Even if it does mean that she leaves the drumstick - and the rest of the meal - unguarded while she goes off to bandage her hand.
153. If my human ignores me and doesn’t share her bacon, I will not reach over and tap her arm to remind her of my presence.
154. I’m a dog, not a rabbit. I will stop grazing in the garden. I am also not a horse or cow. I will stop eating the grass.
155. It is not necessary for me to remind my humans about my bad hip every time I want a treat so that they feel guilty and give me something yummy.
156. It is not necessary to blow bubbles in my water and then pounce on the bubbles every time I need a drink. I am not that thirsty. My human is running out of towels. I do not need to do this in mud puddles either.
157. Just because I’m spotted like a Holstein does not mean I need to graze like one.
158. Just because my human’s kitchen table is the same height as my nose, it does not mean that I can stand by the table and try to inhale her food off her plate. This is not polite.
159. Just because the human is smaller than me, I cannot have its food.
160. Just because the human that occupies the wheel-chair is on the telephone and can’t yell at me does not mean that I can steal cat food right in front of her eyes.
161. Leftover Halloween candy is not dog food.
162. Lipstick is not food, even if my human ‘eats’ it. (The effect was a bit frightening.)
163. My human can have her own food without feeding me.
164. My human’s \$300 Oscar de la Renta sunglasses are not tasty snacks. Neither are her brother-in-law’s wallet or eyeglasses.
165. My human’s mother’s hearing aids are not food. (My somewhat spoiled and very energetic dog managed to snag mom’s hearing aids off of her dresser and eat both of them. They were probably beeping and my dog didn’t like the sound.)
166. Not everything revolves around food and my consumption of same.
167. Old cooking oil in the deep fryer is not a tasty drink.
168. Petroleum products, anti-bacterial or not, should not be consumed.
169. Pizza was not created exclusively for me.
170. Rolling Stone magazine is a READING supplement, not an EATING one.
171. Stealing the open can of dog food from the table where it sits (after the human has fed the old dog who can not eat hard food), is a guaranteed one-way trip to my trouble spot.
172. Taking the peanut butter jar from its place on the shelf, chewing the lid off and restructuring it into several pieces, licking more than half the jar out and then chewing the top of the jar into a ragged mess in an attempt to get more, is not acceptable behaviour.
173. That plate of shredded cheese was for making tacos, not a personal snack for me.
174. The computer’s mouse is, unlike a real mouse, inedible.
175. The swimming pool is for swimming, not for drinking from.
176. Wallpaper, drywall, and fiberglass insulation is a three-course meal that gives me a tummy ache.
177. When I am through eating, it is not necessary to turn my bowl on its side.
178. When I drink water, I will remember to swallow.
179. When I have finished all my food, attempting to steal from my foster sister and the old mutt is hazardous to my health.
180. When my human catches me stealing cat food and scolds me, I will not slink away when she tells me to stay. I then will not ignore her when she tells me to come. I will also refrain from biting her when she takes my collar and makes me come.
181. When my human family has finished dinner and is cleaning up the dining room and kitchen, I will not continually get in their way by scanning the floor with my nose in a quest to locate microscopic particles (and even individual molecules) of fallen food.
182. When my human gets me some treats for Christmas (early gift) I will not drop the bone she offers me because I feel it is not good enough.
183. When my human gives me a grape I will either eat it or give it to one of the other dogs. I do not have to bury it in the corner and

guard it all day. I will also realize that my human doesn't want the stupid grape so I will not grumble whenever she looks in its direction.

184. When my human is nice enough to mix canned kitty food into my dry dog food, I do not have to wolf down the entire half cup dry, and half cup canned in less than thirty seconds. I only end up choking because I didn't chew, and getting my tummy so painfully bloated, that I can only lie on my side and whimper.
185. When my human offers me a treat, I will not snatch it up and race back out the door. (A chow with food is even more stubborn than a chow without.)
186. When my human takes me for a walk through the coulees (which I love), I will drink ALL my water ration when my human stops for a rest. I'm 110 pounds, and my human can't carry me out if I pass out from heat exhaustion.
187. When my humans finally go on their deserved vacation, I will eat every day, instead of twice in seven days.
188. When my human's grandma calls everyone to the table for a special family dinner, this does not include the canine members. Furthermore, I shall not steal the roast that she slaved over all day.
189. When my humans put cream on my paws, I will not lick every last bit off.
190. When taking food from children I will not envelop their whole hand with my mouth. If their parents see this they often freak out. (A very gentle but dim dog, loved anything that moved.)
191. When the cat and I get treats I will not eat the cat's treats as well.
192. When the leftover noodles and pork chop bones, which the humans have generously neglected to strip entirely of meat, is divided between me and the two cats (with them only getting one small bone, and a small noodle portion) I must be satisfied with my overly generous portion. Chasing either cat away is not allowed, and only gets my butt smacked, and the rest of my portion taken away.
193. When the nice neighbor man gives the remains of the deer that he shot to me and Packer, it is not a take-home meal.
194. When the vet has forbidden me to consume dry dog food, and sentenced me to an all canned, all protein diet, I WILL NOT steal the dry Pedigree dog food that my human used to feed me, and still feeds the other dog. She'll let me have it when the vet says so.

--- Games/Playing---

1. Arms are not portable rope toys.
2. Biting ankles will get me nowhere if I want to play.
3. I will not give up chasing a ball whenever someone throws a ball too far away.
4. I will not run away from my human because I enjoy having her chase me all around my neighborhood.
5. When my human points to my toy on the floor, then I will look down and see it instead of looking up and biting her arm.
6. While playing with my female human and I am trying to keep my male human away, I will not forget who's who and bite her arm. (It's more of a nip than a bite, but he always gets the tender upper-inside of my arm.)

--- Gross!---

Eating Poop

1. Canine caviar (from the generous cats' box) does not have to be indulged, or followed by, canine salad (from the generous horses.)
2. Cat poop is not a recognized dietary supplement. I will not carry it into either of my humans' beds, leave it on the bedroom floor, etc. Better yet, I will just stay out of the cat's litter box.
3. I promise to stay out of the cat's litter box. There really are no treats in there for me.
4. I will not attempt to help my human clean out the cat's litter box, then barf it up, litter and all, on her nice clean bedspread just before she gets home (it soaks down into her sheets and blankets and she gets REAL MAD.).
5. I will not breathe on my human after "recycling" the poop in the backyard.
6. I will not burp an inch from my human's face after I have been a "Turd Burglar" in the cats' litter box. The putrid vapors usually render her unconscious.
7. I will not eat my frozen poop-sicles from the front lawn.
8. I will not eat other animals' poop.
9. I will not eat out of the toddler's potty any more. (It really grosses everyone out, but why do the humans insist on dumping the contents into my other water bowl and flushing it away?)
10. I will not eat rabbit and/or guinea pig poop, even though I think these are tasty treats.
11. I will not eat sheep poop. My humans worry about little things like that.
12. I will not eat the nasty, smelly poops of the guinea pigs.
13. I will not lick my human's face after eating animal poop.
14. I will not lick my human's face after eating from the Kitty Buffet Pan (cat litter box) and pretending that I didn't because my

human can smell the offensive snack on my breath and gets very upset.

15. I will not poop under my humans' bed then try to eat it so I don't get caught.
16. I will not steal the contents of the litter box, and then rinse my mouth out in the water bowl that I share with the cat. This makes the cat cross, and he will beat me up.
17. I will not turn up my nose at my dog food, then go over to the horse pasture and eat their poop as if it is a delicacy.
18. I will refrain from eating "litter pan snacks" in the middle of my humans' bed.
19. It is not my duty to keep the kitty litter box clean.
20. Kitty box "crunchies" are not food. (Yep, I know it's a duplicate; my dogs are repeat offenders.)
21. The cat box is off limits to me. Cat poops are NOT a delicacy. My humans do NOT appreciate it when I am overly affectionate (I love to give kisses.) after enjoying this repugnant "snack". (Our 6-month-old pug, Scooter, has recently developed this hobby.)
22. When my human is nice enough to bring me to the park for a run, I will not reward her by eating some other animal's messy poop, getting it all over my hairy little terrier face, and then wondering why she won't let me kiss her. Above all, I will NEVER attempt to kiss my human on the mouth after such an escapade.

Drool

23. Drooling on guests is not a social skill.
24. I will not cough up hunks of saliva onto the upholstery of the new car.
25. I will not drool on my human when she is eating.
26. I will not drool onto the dinner table or my human's plate.
27. I will not push drool-covered toys against my human's face when she is lying down.
28. I will not shake my head, causing large gobs of dog slime to land on people's bodies/papers from work/food.
29. I will not sit next to my human while she eats dinner and salivate to the point that streams of drool are running down her leg.
30. I will not steal the contents of the litter box, and then jump up and drool all over the couch.
31. I will stop slobbering on the cats.

Stink

32. I will not bring in rotting snake heads and drop them in someone's lap (especially venomous ones).
33. I will not roll in anything that smells worse than myself.
34. I will not roll in the rotten tomatoes that fell off of Grandpa's tomato vine.
35. I will not roll my head around in other animals' poop.
36. I will not roll on the dead skunk as I am afraid of baths.
37. I will not run over to my human after eating and burp in his face.
38. I will not sneak down to the creek, roll around on some really stinky dead frogs, then come back home and head for the living room to share my new perfume with my humans.
39. I won't roll in something real stinky and then go roll all over my human's bed to make it smell "good" too.
40. We can't dig nice, warm, winter nests in the big pile of composted horse manure and still expect to be allowed inside the house.
41. We will not, after our human has had a long, tiring day at the hospital with her ailing spouse, leap on her happily when she comes home late at night, after we have been skunked. We will then NOT proceed to roll our wet skunky bodies on her bed after an ineffective bath.

Trash Can Raiding

42. I will not get in the trash and eat my human's feminine products.
43. I will not get the Kleenexes and toilet paper out of the trash cans and eat them. The trash can is not a big doggy bowl.
44. I will not pick out the old bubble gum from my human's trashcan, chew it, and then leave it on the floor.
45. I will not raid the bathroom garbage can for snotty tissues and chew them up, leaving small moist rolled-up tissue balls all over the house.
46. I will not steal used sanitary napkins from the bathroom garbage.
47. The diaper pail is not a cookie jar. I will not eat the disposable diapers, especially the dirty ones.
48. Used Kleenex are not tasty treats. At least that's what my human tells me. (What does she know?)
49. Used Q-tips are not a snack.

Vomiting

50. I will not clean up after the cat when he throws up his breakfast. (Actually, I rather like that habit, as then I don't have to.)
51. I will not eat my own vomit.
52. I will not puke spaghetti and lasagna on the floor when I have been told not to eat it and I have had every opportunity to go

outside and throw up.

53. I will not vomit every time we go for a car ride.
54. Just because I'm feeling ill does not mean I need to crawl into my human's lap every time I'm going to vomit.

Licking

55. I will not lick my human's ear canal when she picks me up.
56. I will not lick my human's face after I've cleaned my private parts.
57. I will not lick my humans' feet (after they remove socks/tights) after they've been to the gym and didn't shower afterwards.
58. I will not lick my human's friend's tongue, even if she is sticking it out at me.
59. I will not lick the backs of my humans' teeth when they are asleep.
60. I will not lick the inside of my human's nose. She says this feels nasty.
61. I will not lick up garbage drippings in the street.
62. I will not lick up my female partner's urine after she does her thing outdoors near me.
63. I will stop licking the tasty drippings from my dog-brother's behind.
64. My humans can clean their ears without my help.
65. Just because my humans are talking to me does not mean they want a kiss.

Other

66. Eating the hair in the bathtub drain is the cat's job. The shampoo will make the cat cough it up anyway, and I can eat it then.
67. I promise I won't eat my human's afghan, then try to poop it out in the yard. Poop attached to a long piece of red yarn is not attractive. (My fiancé wanted me to pull on it to get it out and I refused because I wasn't sure what may be attached to the other end.)
68. I will not bark with my mouth full.
69. I will not belch loudly, then smack my lips and smile when my humans have guests.
70. I will not bring the slimy, decaying, desiccated corpse of a dead squirrel into the house and try to bury it in my human's bed (or anywhere else in the house, for that matter). I will not try to bring the same dead squirrel in the house by another door after it has been frozen into a corpsicle. This applies to all dead things, as well as sticks and the turds of other animals that I find in my yard. (This was a three-week saga.)
71. I will not bury half-eaten dead rabbits in Grandma's garden.
72. I will not catch and eat squirrels in the back yard and then act offended when my human doesn't want me to lick her face afterward.
73. I will not catch mice, and run around the yard while they're squeaking in my mouth playing Catch the Dog with my human. Further, I will not then regurgitate them whole, re-eat them and play Catch with my human again. (Why does my human keep shrieking like that?)
74. I will not chew crayons or pens, specially not the red ones, or my human will think I am hemorrhaging.
75. I will not chew on or swallow used condoms.
76. I will not consume numerous plastic bags, then expect my human to pull them from my anus when I can't push them out by myself, and I'm in a squat position with the aforementioned bags protruding under my tail (in a -45 snowstorm in January).
77. I will not drop gooey slimy rawhide chews into my human's lap.
78. I will not eat a bag of marshmallows complete with bag and then throw the whole gooey mess back up onto my human's new king-sized down-filled waterbed comforter.
79. I will not eat an entire jar (12 oz) of Vaseline because it causes me to leave many "mud puddles" around the house for the humans to clean up.
80. I will not eat an entire wash rag and then pass it whole out the other end, prompting my human to give me the American Indian name of "Kismet Two-tails".
81. I will not eat any more socks and then re-deposit them in the backyard after processing. (I did threaten to return the sock of a house guest who had been warned not to leave his socks around. It had been 'processed' and the pattern was still recognizable in the pile in the back yard.)
82. I will not eat dead worms or crickets from the driveway.
83. I will not eat mice which the cat has caught for me, or roll on them until they are squashed flat or sit looking through the glass door with a rodent tail hanging from my mouth while my human is eating dinner.
84. I will not eat squirrels that the cat previously killed and then dragged into my doghouse and left there.
85. I will not eat the dirty diapers left in the trash.
86. I will not eat the stuffing from my bed because I will have a hard time pooping it out (my poop is all strung together).
87. I will not exhale/snurfle and deposit dog slurm on the littlest triangle windows in the back seat of the car.

88. I will not frantically chase bugs around the house, chew on them, and then spit their corpses out and redecorate the kitchen floor.
89. I will not give my human bugs as a present.
90. I will not hide my soggy rawhide chew in the toe of the shoe my human is about to put on.
91. I will not leave uneaten pieces of roaches lying around the house.
92. I will not make my human throw my fetch toy after I have been gumming it for an hour.
93. I will not park my soggy, slimy rawhide chew behind my human's ear in bed so that I can find it later in the dark, especially as they are just falling asleep.
94. I will not spray my human anymore when I have a huge sneeze.
95. I will not squash spiders on the carpet with my nose. (She's a boxer and its really nasty to tread on one of her latest kills.)
96. I will not thoroughly clean my private parts and then try to French-kiss my humans.
97. I will not throw my slobbered-on toy in my human's lap.
98. I will not treat my human's jeans as towels for wiping my mouth, especially if she's wearing them. (We have a Boxer puppy, Bruno, who does this. Now we just stand up when he comes near us after a drink.)
99. I will not try to convince the person who ALWAYS gives me dog cookies that I love her new silk dress by covering it with doggy drool.
100. I will not wake my human up by sticking my cold, wet nose up her bottom end.
101. I will not wipe my wet eyeball on my human's lips. I will not roll in dead seagulls, fish, crabs, etc.
102. If I have to sneeze, I will turn my face away from my human, not towards her.
103. If I must drink from the toilet, I will at least wait until the human has flushed after using it.
104. My human doesn't like it when I put a coyote skull on her pillow.
105. My humans know I appreciate them. I do not need to thank them after my meal by placing my food, water, and drool-covered chin in their laps.
106. My own urine is not a legitimate beverage, no matter how yummy it tastes. I am not to rest my head on my human's lap right after I drink it, either.
107. The black snow along the curb that has been plowed from the street is not to be eaten even though it tastes both salty and sweet from the de-icers.
108. The neighbour's cat, who died under the car in the back yard and is now rather ripe, is *NOT* food.
109. When I am allowed to be in the car, I will not insist upon sitting on my human's passenger's lap and then proceed to spread dog snot all over the window for my human to clean up later.
110. When my human says "No more food tonight", I will not show my displeasure by doing unmentionable things IN my food bowl.

--- Hampering---

1. Although my human does occasionally allow me to follow her on trail rides, when she is headed four miles down the highway to a "No dogs allowed" campus and tells me to "Stay." I will not insist on following her. Especially since I only made it one mile and had to be packed the rest of the way in her back pack. (Try explaining to Campus security why on earth you have a dog in a backpack, hanging from your saddle horn on campus.)
2. Cyclists do not need to be organized. (Same goes for loud trucks, RVs, any vehicle with flapping traps, and anything with a siren).
3. Following the neighbor farther than her mailbox is not a good idea. This causes her to have to take me back to my yard, spend ten minutes convincing me to stay, thereby missing the first bus and ending up almost late for class instead of being there early like she planned.
4. Homework is not meant to be trampled on.
5. I am a Golden Retriever, not a lap dog. I will not try to sit on my human's lap when riding in the car.
6. I am a solid dog. Stopping in front of my human on the stairs when she has a basket of washing and can't see me is not good for my health, or hers.
7. I am now much too heavy for anyone but the neighbor to lift into the truck, which means that I must learn to jump up there and wait till they attach the truck tie to my collar. (She's only 4 months old but she weighs 50 lbs.)
8. I cannot type. And even if I could, I am barely able to speak English. Therefore, I probably cannot program in Smalltalk, and will refrain from trying to help my human at the keyboard.
9. I do not have to take my half of the bed from the exact middle.
10. I do not need to go outside every 10 minutes while my human is on the computer. Just because I don't like her to sit there for too long does not mean I need to whine, cry, scratch, paw, and jump at her to put me out every ten minutes. She says if I don't quit it, she's going to get a squirt bottle and make me wet every time, which I hate.
11. I do not need to imitate a draft excluder. It confuses people when they can't get into the room they left a couple of minutes back.
12. I finally realize that my human's TV Guide is not my greatest enemy and that there is need to put it in a safe place where it

cannot hurt her.

13. I know ping-pong balls sound like so much fun, but I will leave them alone anyway, rather than running from one end of the table to the other trying to catch one.
14. I may like the lining curtains in my new house, but I will not pull them off the curtain rod and try to hide them.
15. I will keep my head out of the dishwasher no matter what is on the dirty dishes.
16. I will move out of the way whenever I see my human struggling around carrying some big heavy piece of furniture.
17. I will never again think that my human won't mind me climbing behind his seat (since he won't let me sit on his lap) while he's driving down an interstate in a two-seat sports car.
18. I will not attack the vacuum cleaner.
19. I will not attempt to climb in my human's lap while she is driving.
20. I will not attempt to help my humans put on their underwear or their socks.
21. I will not be right in front of the door when my human comes in with an armful of stuff from the garage.
22. I will not bury my bowl in the bottom of the garden so Mum had to search for it by torchlight while avoiding any "surprises".
23. I will not cause a traffic jam by having sex with a collie in the middle of the road. My human gets embarrassed when she has to get me out of situations like that.
24. I will not chase the broom every time my human sweeps and I won't stand in the middle of the dust pile while she is trying to sweep it up.
25. I will not come to a sudden and full stop directly in front of my human's feet when we are running across the street trying to beat the traffic.
26. I will not dash happily up between my human's legs as she climbs the stairs with two bags of groceries (Even if I haven't seen her for a month).
27. I will not decide that the blinking light on the computer is neat and hit it with my paw or nose until the light turns off for good and my human starts swearing.
28. I will not eat my human's mail, especially the bills.
29. I will not eat the envelope with my human's cashed paycheck in it.
30. I will not flop my 110-pound body onto the floor and refuse to move when my human tries to clean my muddy paws.
31. I will not get between my human and her book when she's trying to read, and just because parts of her chest stick out and are padded, they are not for me to brace my feet against.
32. I will not help my human by digging up all those tasty bulbs she buried for me.
33. I will not 'help' my male human build a deck in the front yard by stealing the lumber and hiding it in the back yard. (She was a very strong Bull Mastiff and every time we turned around, more 2x4's were missing. We found her sitting happily in the backyard, chewing on the "big stick" she retrieved.)
34. I will not incessantly insist on being petted.
35. I will not jam my nose under my human's arm when she's on the computer so that she tweaks the mouse and uninstalls Netscape Navigator.
36. I will not jump in the car to go for a ride when my humans are already running late and ready to leave.
37. I will not jump onto the remote and change the channel/turn on/turn off the TV, especially if it is late at night. If I do this, I will not then lie on the remote so the humans cannot find it to change it back.
38. I will not knock the pile of folded clothes from the bed as my human tries to fold the laundry.
39. I will not lie on my human's fabric when she is trying to cut out a pattern.
40. I will not lie on the foot pedal of my human's sewing machine when she is trying to use it.
41. I will not lie on the stairs directly below the rabbit on the top step so that humans in the dark have no safe place to step.
42. I will not lock my human out of the house. It took my human 3 hours and \$65 to get back in the house to me. (Story: I walked out and shut the sliding glass door, puppy (Shar-pei/ Lab mix) jumped on the door, hit the lock, and I was locked outside. Several of my neighbors, UPS delivery guy, and the fire department tried to unlock the door. In the end, I had to call a locksmith.)
43. I will not pin my human to the bed when my cocker spaniel brother needs to go potty.
44. I will not play tag around the dining room table after I have found a "treasure" (underwear, socks, tissues or other "stuff" from the trash, kitchen towels, school projects, money, etc.), when my human is trying to catch me.
45. I will not put my front paws in the sink in order to "do the dishes."
46. I will not race my human to the telephone when it rings, causing her to trip over me, and swear when she answers. It's rarely for me anyway, and I don't have thumbs, so I couldn't hold it even if it was.
47. I will not run full speed through the house, jump up on the bed where my human is bent over folding clothes and collide with her, giving her a fat lip.
48. I will not shift the car into neutral while my human is driving 65 mph in a blizzard.

49. I will not sit on my human's stomach and lick her face while she is doing her sit-ups. I know she just wants a figure as buff as mine.
50. I will not smear dog snot on my human's black pants when she's late for work.
51. I will not sneak into the garden and dig up the shrubs my human has just planted.
52. I will not sneak up and steal napkins off the laps of humans while they are eating.
53. I will not steal my human's girlfriend's shoes and let her chase me just to get a reaction from her. I will also not try to bite her toes. Dogs shouldn't have foot fetishes.
54. I will not steal the dishes from the dishwasher and hide them in my kennel.
55. I will not steal the neighbor's underwear off of their laundry line.
56. I will not sulk by trying to sleep under my human's feet while she is making breakfast, washing, going to the toilet, etc. just because she slept in, is in a hurry and can't take me for walkies.
57. I will not take the towels off the clothesline, unless I am told.
58. I will not try to help my human and her sister try to open the door that my brother locked. (Two people and a 110-pound German Shepard in the hallway is a little tight.)
59. I will not wait for my human to start down the cellar stairs with the dirty laundry and then rush down to keep from being left upstairs. She says those words all the way down when I cause her to fall.
60. I will not wait until my human gets really involved in the computer and bark my loudest, meanest bark to get her attention.
61. I will not walk through the open newspaper to gain my human's undivided attention as she is reading it.
62. I will not whine and give my human my best pout face when she goes out to paint the fence. Its too hot outside, and I can't help her anyway.
63. I will quit trying to drive the car and will stay down in the floor board.
64. I will stay out of the garden. My human does not need help weeding or planting out new plants. (It's OK to help with pruning, though. I can grab the branches and take them all over the yard.)
65. I will wait until the meter reader is done before chasing him off my property.
66. If the human in the wheel chair falls out, I should go and get help and not view it as an opportunity to clean her ears.
67. If the people move all their furniture to keep us in one room, we will respect the barrier rather than try every possible way of getting through it.
68. It is not okay to be cute and lick my human's face when it is 5:00 in the morning and she just went to bed two hours ago.
69. Just because my human is talking on the phone does not mean that I need to.
70. Just because my humans are playing soccer doesn't mean I need to run out onto the field and join them.
71. My human doesn't have to hold me in her arms so I can see, too, when she is talking to someone/cleaning the aquarium/doing the ironing/working on the computer.
72. My human doesn't need help tying his shoes... really.
73. My humans' check book is not a chew toy. They get really mad when they have to chase us around the back yard (1/3 acre) to get it back.
74. My human's essay that is due tomorrow is more important than my impulsive need for attention.
75. We will not pin my human to the bed when she needs to go potty.
76. When my human is digging in the dirt to plant spring plants it IS NOT an invitation to dig up any spot you feel I need to dig in.
77. When my human is putting on socks in the morning, I will not take this as a sign to start a game of tug-of-war.
78. When my human is working at home, I will not lie down all over the expense reports. I also will not eat the Department of Transportation's budget.
79. When my human picks up the sticks and carries them out of the yard, she is not playing a very slow game of fetch with me. I am not supposed to bring each and every stick back where it came from before the Big Human arrives with the mower.
80. When our big bodies are lying where our humans want to walk, we will move immediately when they say MOVE. We will not lie there, moaning, grumbling, and groaning until they have to shout at us.
81. When pulling my human on the leash, I will occasionally allow my front feet to touch the ground.
82. When swimming in the lake, I will refrain from trying to retrieve kayakers.
83. When the human in the wheel chair requests that I move my body, I will move and not try to confine her to one fixed location.

--- Human-Related---

1. A dog does not need to investigate how my humans are joined together (especially with a cold, wet nose).
2. AKC obedience trial judges will NOT give extra points for knocking my human down on the recall exercise. When she calls me, I will remember to stop running BEFORE I reach her. (She did this once in puppy kindergarten and we all laughed. She's been trying to get a laugh with that trick ever since.)

3. Big Rottweilers should know that some people are scared of dogs, especially huge ones. Knocking them to the floor and smothering them because I'm so glad to have a new friend isn't going to cure them.
4. Despite popular canine thought, the UPS man is not the anti-Christ.
5. Don't growl at your human when she has a metal pipe -- she can throw it farther than one would think.
6. Even though I love people and am always excited to see them, it is not necessary to wiggle all over them, bounce up and down against them, lick every accessible body part, and cry. I also do not need to lick the sleeves of their jackets or pant legs of their jeans.
7. Even though the poor nurse seemed agitated, I now know that chasing her down the hall to keep her away from my friends was not a smart idea. She was not going to hurt them, and now I am not allowed to go to that nursing home anymore.
8. I am a big dog and the guest who is walking me doesn't have much experience with dogs, never mind big dogs, so when I see the swimming hole, I will not drag the guest down the hill.
9. I am a big heavy bloodhound, and so I will not put all 110 pounds of me onto my humans' feet.
10. I am a Border Collie; I must realize that my human cannot always keep up when I race her on the agility field.
11. I am a tiny, but powerful, Boston terrier. I will not demonstrate my high jumping ability by taking a flying leap onto my teenage human's back, just to make her jump in surprise and fall on her fanny. I DEFINITELY will not do this outside, in full view of any passing neighbours. (Pudgy had a streak of creative mischief that would come out at odd moments. He really surprised me with this one.)
12. I am NOT a lapdog. I am NOT a lapdog. I am NOT a lapdog. (My dog is a 130 lb Rottweiler. His "grandpa" loves to hold him like a baby when he visits. I spend the next week trying to keep Max off my lap.)
13. I am not a woman. I am a dog. I will not sidle up to, and make big, liquid eyes at, every human male who comes to the house to visit. (Delilah lived up to her name. She also earned the nickname "Shameless Hussey.")
14. I can cuddle with my human without focusing all of my 60 odd pounds on my elbows as I launch myself onto her stomach, spleen, crotch, thigh, ribcage, breast, or whatever body part onto which I feel the urge to throw myself.
15. I do not have to bark incessantly while my human is on the front porch with her boyfriend. Neither do I have to crawl up on the boyfriend's lap to get my ears scratched. It is okay to sit between them on the couch.
16. I do not have to eat the humans to tell them that I like them; a couple of kisses and my wagging rear end is quite enough.
17. I do not have to meet EVERYONE.
18. I do not need to bowl my human over in Doggy School, thereby covering her in mud and fracturing her wrist. (Yes -- it happened.)
19. I do not need to knock down everybody that steps into my back yard.
20. I don't have to sit in between my humans when we are all on the couch together. Even if they sit next to each other, I will still get petted.
21. I don't need to greet the pizza man personally every time he makes a delivery.
22. I don't need to protect my human from showers, microwaves, feather dusters and the pool.
23. I will learn to distinguish between the postal worker and the door-to-door salespeople and act accordingly.
24. I will learn to walk up to strangers calmly, not charge them full speed to jump on them and lick their faces. People tend to be frightened when I do this. (Could it be because I'm a 100-pound Rottweiler?)
25. I will not accelerate quickly off my human's lap, causing him excruciating pain.
26. I will not attack my human even if he is wearing a funny red suit, pillows and a phony beard.
27. I will not attack my human every time he sits on the floor while talking with someone on the telephone.
28. I will not attack my human's boyfriend when he is tickling her -- he isn't really trying to hurt her.
29. I will not attack my human's boyfriend, even if he is trying to eat her face.
30. I will not attack the toll attendants for taking my human's money.
31. I will not attempt to pull the tempting, dangling string hanging from between my human's legs when she walks through the bathroom naked.
32. I will not bathe anyone's face when they're cranking the ice cream maker.
33. I will not be nice to my human's friend all day long and then try to tear her throat out when she gets up to go to the bathroom.
34. I will not be surprised when the mailman runs away from me when he encounters me outside. I did bark and growl at him from the house every time he delivered the mail.
35. I will not bite my human in the ass when he turns away just after scolding me.
36. I will not bite my human on the tush to make her throw my dummy faster.
37. I will not bite my human's ass when she is trying to rescue my toe from the grips of the evil screen door.
38. I will not bite people at the door in the groin until my humans tell me to.
39. I will not bite the officer's hand when he reaches in for my human's driver's license and car registration.

40. I will not bump my human in the tush when she's walking down a steep path lined with sheer drop offs, cacti, and sharp metal things. If she falls, she'll take me with her.
41. I will not buzz my human while she is untangling my chain on a slight hill. (She knocked one of my feet over so that I fell on my foot, with my foot in my back. I strained my foot and my hip; luckily, I didn't hurt my back. Couldn't walk right for three weeks.)
42. I will not drag my human down the steps, across the golf course, and through the lake, even though I am stronger than she is.
43. I will not drag the guest who is walking me when ever I see another dog that I want to go meet.
44. I will not drool all over the footstool when my human makes me go downstairs for begging at the dinner table.
45. I will not drop my Plaque Attacker on my human's feet, as it is heavy and hard. I will especially not drop it on her feet when she's standing beside the bed and I'm standing on the bed.
46. I will not eat my future-human's hair when he sits on the couch next to my human.
47. I will not flop down and rub all over Auntie every time she visits.
48. I will not follow strangers down the street, sniffing at them. I am a big dog, and I might scare them.
49. I will not give my human's shirt the third degree every time he comes home. Yes, he works part time at the Humane Society; yes, he handles a lot of dogs, cats, rabbits and guinea pigs; no, he isn't going to take me back there and no, he isn't going to bring another animal into the house. The other human has threatened to hurt him a LOT if he does.
50. I will not give my mom the saddest look ever when I'm at the pound because my former owners got sick of me. She feels terrible, and comes back the next day and adopts me. I will then be thankful about that, and not act depressed when mom has to leave me at her parents till she finishes moving. Her apartment is too small to start with and I'm a huge Mastiff.
51. I will not go into the back seat and cover my eyes with my paws just because my human's driving.
52. I will not greet my human neighbour so enthusiastically that I knock her down. Or if I do, I will wait for her to regain consciousness before trampling on her.
53. I will not greet the humans at the back door with their personal possessions (retrieved from the closet) in my mouth.
54. I will not growl at and attack the mail deliverers because they are not the enemy, plus I do not want my human hauled into court.
55. I will not growl at every person that walks down the street.
56. I will not growl at friendly humans.
57. I will not growl at my human's mother(-in-law).
58. I will not growl at the potential ferret adoption parents whom I don't like, it scares them and I know that if I growl at them my human won't adopt a ferret to them.
59. I will not growl at the strange guy in my human's bed. (Oh, it's my other human.)
60. I will not head-butt my human with my nose.
61. I will not help my human redecorate buy stealing a box of tampons from under the bathroom sink and destroying the box and all its contents in the living room.
62. I will not help my human unpack buy taking unused tampons out of her bag and chewing them to shreds under the futon.
63. I will not herd my humans out of the hallway and into one room so I can watch all of them at once.
64. I will not howl when my human is practicing the {piano/violin/glockenspiel}.
65. I will not hump the leg of the minister when he comes to call on my human.
66. I will not jerk away violently and make my human fall in the cacti when she is trying to pull the tumbleweed off my butt. She didn't put it there.
67. I will not jump at the back of my human's knees when she is in front of the pool (I have fallen into the pool many times.)
68. I will not jump on my human when she is ready to smack my butt for peeing on her friend.
69. I will not jump on my human when she's wearing shorts or a nightgown. Those scrapes are painful.
70. I will not jump on my human's neighbors if I am in the hall while they are walking into the apartment building.
71. I will not jump on my human's pregnant tummy.
72. I will not jump on the back of the chair and wag my tail, slapping my human repeatedly on the face.
73. I will not jump up between my human and her boyfriend, kiss him all over the face, put my paws on him with my back against her and push until my human falls off of the couch. He is HER boyfriend, not mine. (For a little Cocker Spaniel, she generates a lot of force.)
74. I will not jump up on, and consequently scratch the crotches of, any neighbours my human is talking to. Doing this to boys visiting my human's teenage daughter IS okay, however.
75. I will not kiss my human when she is scolding me.
76. I will not kiss the back of future-human's neck when he sits on the couch next to my human. Only my human is allowed to do that.
77. I will not knock down and lick the face of the meter reader.

78. I will not launch myself from the doorway, leap half across the room and land on my human's tum as soon as he relaxes after dinner.
79. I will not leap up onto my human's lap by landing hard on his crotch, then when he is doubling over in surprised agony proceed to attack his face (Bertie does this every night. He is only a mini dachshund, but he's quick.)
80. I will not lick my human's tennis partners' sweaty legs when they come in for a chat after a match.
81. I will not lick our guests' hair every time they kneel/bend down for something. They do not appreciate this.
82. I will not lick the humans' faces while they are being intimate.
83. I will not lie on top of my human Dad just because he's comfy and in front of 'my' fireplace. I will not add insult to injury by drinking his tea too.
84. I will not make my human feel so guilty that she ends up in tears when she goes back to university. She is coming back.
85. I will not nip at my human's feet when she and my other human are fooling around in the bed.
86. I will not nip my human in the behind to get her to move faster.
87. I will not piddle and run and hide whenever my human gives a down-stay command.
88. I will not pin the human down by her hair just so I can roll vigorously in it while she struggles to get up. Also, I will refrain from a slobbery investigation of said hair's smell just before her big date. I will also not refuse to let her pet me every time she uses a different conditioner.
89. I will not pounce on my female human's gut while she is pregnant, even though it is fun to slide down.
90. I will not pull so hard on my leash that it hurts my human's hand and shoulder and makes her knee really sore again.
91. I will not pull the socks off of my human's feet after he's indicated that he would rather read the newspaper than play with me.
92. I will not ram my cold wet nose RIGHT UP "Grandpa's" trouser leg when he least expects this. He is getting old and the shock isn't good for him.
93. I will not run up barking behind the neighbour, three houses down, for pulling weeds out of the sidewalk. (While her husband watched, waited and laughed.)
94. I will not run to Grandma every time my human scolds me because Grandma then scolds my human.
95. I will not sit on my front porch and wait for the little old ladies to get in the exact middle of my yard before barking and swearing at them. Then not move an inch when they panic and run away. (Really big Saint Bernard.)
96. I will not sit under the dinner table and bite people on their toes to gain attention (read food).
97. I will not squeeze past my human when she answers the door, run out on to the porch and bark at the fund-raising lady or man, jump up on them and bark some more. I will listen to my human the first time when she orders me inside not the third or fourth time.
98. I will not stalk other hikers.
99. I will not stare at my human as if she's an axe murderer when she comes to visit.
100. I will not steal my human's pillow (after she has shoved me off several times) by dunking my face in my water dish and then poking my cold wet nose in her stomach.
101. I will not steal my human's underwear and dance all over the back yard with it.
102. I will not stop suddenly, without warning while my human and I are out on our nightly run, causing her to trip over me and step on my back leg, thus causing me to twist around and rear back practically knocking out her front tooth. My human should not have to wear a helmet and padding to exercise me. (I kid you not, this happened to my this past Friday night. I had to call the dentist at home and have him meet me at his office at 7:00 p.m. to have him put my tooth back in place and wire it in. The dog got away with a few scrapes on his back leg, but I get to wear these lovely temporary braces for 5 weeks. My dog is a 65 lb. Australian Shepherd, no small pooch.)
103. I will not talk back to my female human, even if I am a "Daddy's Girl".
104. I will not terrorize the pizza delivery man. Salesmen are okay, though.
105. I will not try to bite the mailman several times, getting my humans' mail stopped, causing my human to go to court and pay a stiff fine, lose his truck that was illegally parked in front of the courthouse, pay even more fines for not having insurance, current registration and parking illegally and getting kicked out of the house by my human. (This really happened to a very stupid neighbor.)
106. I will not try to get into the laps of pregnant women. I'm a big lab and I don't FIT when that baby is in there (or even when there is no baby...)
107. I will not try to lick my (both male and female) privates at inopportune times.
108. I will not try to pull my human off a breakwall and make her and myself fall into Lake Superior in March. Rottweilers and humans do not make good impressions of icicles.
109. I will not use my human's chest as a springboard when I hear a noise outside. (To make this clear, she is propped in bed reading.)
110. I will quit attacking my human, who is just minding her own business, when my other human is the one teasing me.

111. I will recognize my beloved human, even if she is wearing her drum-n-bugle-corps uniform.
112. I will stop using the human's body as a ramp to get to his/her head.
113. I won't jump up on my human's stomach when he's talking on the phone.
114. If I roll over and try to shake paws, it won't necessarily get me out of trouble.
115. If I sit at the foot of the bed and howl, my other human will not turn the car around and come back, and (the still sleeping) my human will just yell at me and call me an S.O.B. (which I am, technically...)
116. If my human has a sore toe, I will not stomp on it to show her how much I love her.
117. If my human in bed, and someone comes in the room, I do not need to lie on top of her and growl, suffocating her (65-lb lab cross).
118. If my human in the recliner, I do not need to lie on top of her with my head on her shoulder. (This is a 65-lb lab cross.)
119. If my human is lying on the floor because she had a sore back, licking her face will not help.
120. It is OK for me to bark at the 17-year-old boy (wearing eyeliner and chains) who shows up to go out with my human's daughter.
121. It is okay for my human to hug her husband, her daughter, her brother... I do not need to separate and scold them for the physical contact. (It's funny, any time *anyone* in our house hugs anyone else, he gets really agitated.)
122. It is okay to steal napkins off of laps if my humans don't notice.
123. It's best not to bite the hand of the policeman when he reaches in to get my human's license.
124. It's okay for my humans to be in different rooms.
125. Jumping from the couch at my human's chest, was a bad idea. I nearly knocked her backwards down the steps, and caused her back to be severely displaced. She has been in pain for weeks. She keeps saying bad words when I act like I'll jump on her, like "crow bait" and "Kennel" and "dog trainer".
126. Jumping the fence and landing in the arms of my new neighbor is not a good way to introduce myself.
127. Just because my human has worked up a sweat (probably from cleaning up after me in the back yard) it does not mean I must clean every inch of his face, including the inside of both ears - and take just a wee nip of the ear lobe while I'm at it.
128. Just because my human is on the floor does not mean she wants to play with me.
129. Licking the Judge in the face is not a good way to earn points or win a Dog Show.
130. My human can lie on the floor if she wants to. (Annie gets upset. Dogs are for the floor; people should be on furniture.)
131. My human does not appreciate it when I prop my butt on their chest while I am on their lap.
132. My humans appreciate it when I cuddle up to them when the heating is broken in winter.
133. My human's brother-in-law is not the Antichrist.
134. My human's hand is not a toy. I like chewing on it because she can't throw it away, but it is not a toy.
135. My human's toes should not be in the socks I choose to chew on.
136. My humans understand that I am part wolf. So do all their friends. When the Alpha Male's mate becomes pregnant, I really do NOT have to appoint myself as her guardian. None of my daddy's friends will hurt mommy or attempt to replace daddy's baby with another one. Really. So, I don't have to supervise company and go nuts when they move a muscle.
137. Neither the little human nor her mother is strong enough to hold onto me when I pull full strength on the leash. This causes them to beg the neighbor to do it.
138. Not every human I see is a long-lost friend. I will stop trying to invite them to live with me.
139. Nurses are not out to get me. (As a community nurse my Mum has to go places where dangerous dogs are not secured. Please tie up your dogs if you know someone is coming. Mum is lucky to be alive from some of her visits.)
140. The carolers outside do not need my help to sing their songs.
141. The human's friends have the right to live. They aren't hurting anyone.
142. The mailman is NOT a chew toy.
143. The newspaper boy is allowed to walk down the street. (Ruby the Chow seems to be psychic; she knows exactly who the paper boy is even if he is not carrying papers.)
144. The UPS man is bringing us a package, not trying to steal the baby.
145. There are certain places on my human that are not okay to nibble when we are rough-housing. This endangers my life.
146. We will not run down the hall and ignore the presence of any human feet.
147. When I am being blessed on the Feast of St. Francis, I will not snap at the priest as he is anointing me.
148. When I am on the bed with my human, his head, stomach, and crotch are not lookout points from which to survey the room.
149. When I'm on a walk, I will not try to sniff every person who passes by. Even though I am friendly, they may not know that.
150. When my friend comes over to wrestle with me, if we find Granddad sleeping in a lawn chair then it can be safely assumed that he does NOT want to be included in the game.
151. When my human and his girlfriend are kissing or roughhousing, my human will let me know if he needs to be defended. (My boyfriend and I were joking and teasing each other, and I threw a pillow at him. Next thing I knew, Ace was in my face growling

- at me and ready to bite. He's otherwise a sweet dog, but very protective.)
152. When my human goes through the drive-through window, I won't try to help by taking the bag from the clerks' hand. (Large German Shepard.)
 153. When my human rises early from the bed, I will not play a trick on him by kissing him so he rolls over and gives me a tongue-kiss, too. He makes a loud noise when he finds out it's me.
 154. When my humans are kissing and making out, I will not whine jealously and try to force myself between them.
 155. When my humans are making whoopee, I am welcome to watch, but not to participate. If evicted, I will not howl, whine, claw the bedroom door, or try to break it down. Regardless of any sounds I might hear, I will try to remember that my humans are NOT being hurt and I do NOT need to rescue them.
 156. When my human's family comes around, I will refrain from sitting on the tiny granny who doesn't like dogs and instead pay attention to Big Uncle Mike who loves dogs and is big enough to play wrestling with safely. (We had a large boxer.)
 157. When my human's stomach growls in the middle of the night, it is not necessarily directly at me, and I do not need to respond by attacking his midsection.
 158. When the child minder comes, I will not do my cute act and gradually clamber on her. (This happened regularly with two big boxers - I was that child minder and for hours on end I would be trapped.)
 159. When the humans leave without me, attacking the front window is not the way to get them to notice I'm upset.
 160. Whenever my humans say "Good Dog" I will not leap into their arms, since I weigh 50 lbs. and that renders me a Not-Good Dog.

--- Mess-Making---

1. After we have moved into a new house, we will not help our human unpack all the boxes when she has to work late and can't.
2. Digging in my water bowl is a bad idea. It makes the humans yell at me.
3. Even though I may think that everything on the floor is fair game, this does not include the 12 pack of diet Coke. Humans do not like coming home to a kitchen filled with diet Coke cans spraying all over. Dogs should not bite each can until it punctures.
4. Even though my big sister Burnie (Akita) can jump drainage ditches and not get muddy, this does not me that I (Basset) can.
5. Garbage cans are not for playing in, nor are their contents meant to be dragged through my foster house and shredded.
6. I am a dog. I cannot knit or crochet. Dragging my human's wool all over the house will not help me to acquire these skills.
7. I am not allowed to dump the garbage. I know this is bad, even when I'm mad at the people for leaving me home alone. (As soon as we walk in, before we even see the mess, he hangs his head and tries to hide, then he tries to bite us when we scold him, and then he'll hide under something for hours because he knows he's been worse than bad.)
8. I must shake the rainwater out of my fur BEFORE entering the house.
9. I will leave the garbage alone.
10. I will not bark at my human to get up and let me out then pee and poop on the rug when we get to the door. Then play with my human's hair because I can't fall asleep.
11. I will not be a garbage hound.
12. I will not beg for an ice cube, and then take it into the living room and let it melt on the carpet or floor. Ice water is not pleasant to step into and my humans may think I did something else.
13. I will not blow bubbles in my water dish and walk in the drops with muddy paws, especially after watching my human mop the white kitchen tile floor while I napped.
14. I will not bring in my empty food/water bowls and throw them at my humans-repeatedly. I especially will not dump out the not-completely-fresh food or water to do this.
15. I will not bury my Chewman up to the neck in the yard to frighten my humans. (I actually ran over one with the lawnmower. We have probably a dozen of them in the yard in various stages of burying. A few have only the head and one arm sticking up out of the grass. It's eerie.)
16. I will not bury my gravy-coated bones in my human's pillow.
17. I will not chew aqua magic markers on custom comforters. (You're darn tooting my dog Alice won't. No more magic markers in the house, and the custom comforter is, of course, a spare Russell nest now)
18. I will not clean my muzzle with the muddiest part of the lake water.
19. I will not continue to try to convince my human there is a valid reason to roll in cow manure. (What self-respecting rabbit or deer would expect a pile of cow manure to jump out and get it?)
20. I will not dash upstairs when my human tries to clean my muddy paws, slip and fall of the floor and blame her for it.
21. I will not decide that my human's backpack makes the very best bed for me, only to leave half my fur coat covering it when I decide it was not as comfortable as I had previously thought.
22. I will not dig in the flowerbeds and then expect to get in the house without getting fussed at.
23. I will not dig in the potpourri bowls.

24. I will not dig in the water bowl to find the source of the water.
25. I will not dig my hole so deep that it reaches the water table and floods the back yard.
26. I will not drink the water while swimming and throw up when I reach shore. (This is a lab, too.)
27. I will not eat "Tootsie Rolls" out of the cat box, and leave them and the gravel all over the recreation room floor.
28. I will not eat my human's makeup and run around leaving lipstick smudges everywhere.
29. I will not eat pens, and if I do, I will stay away from the red ones, because it makes my people think I am hemorrhaging.
30. I will not eat the remaining baby food out of the jar (for my sick feline brother), and in so doing breaking the bottle, cutting my tongue, bleeding huge amounts everywhere and panicking my humans. This caused them to take me to the emergency clinic twice in one night, and also caused my female human to be up until 3 a.m. cleaning the garage, driveway, and bathroom of all the blood I left behind. I will also not sit in the examining room with a big Sammy smile on my face, like nothing is wrong, while blood drips from my tongue and all over the floor and my white fur.
31. I will not eat the stuffing and squeaker out of my Chewbaby just so I can later throw up on the rug.
32. I will not escape outside and head directly for the freshly poured cement of our new porch.
33. I will not figure out how to open the back door myself at 2 a.m., go for a swim, and then return to bed. (I thought he had wet his bed until I realized his bladder could not be that big.)
34. I will not fling my cookie around the house until I am sure that it is quite dead, then eat it on the new couch.
35. I will not get all wet/muddy and then walk against all the walls in the house (so that my Mum can see just how much I've grown.).
36. I will not gnaw on my human's hardback reference books. (This tends to stain the side of my white face red or blue for about a month.)
37. I will not go to the beach and eat sand, so that the next time I poop it is pure sand and impossible for my humans to clean up.
38. I will not grab the bowl of half-jelled cranberries off the front step and fling them across the snow so it looks like I murdered someone in the front yard.
39. I will not grab unopened 12-packs of soda cans to throw around the kitchen, just so I can have the box to destroy.
40. I will not have a "dog party" in the house. My dogs were so bad they ended up in the Hall of Fame on Bad Dog chronicles. (Actually, they are all house dogs. However, it's usually 3 in at a time. If everyone is inside at once, I am always there with them. They just couldn't stand it when I wasn't there to tell them, no. So, they had one heck of a "dog party".)
41. I will not hide half-chewed treats under my mom's pillow. She does not enjoy finding them at bedtime.
42. I will not jump all over the mattress that is being made up with my muddy feet.
43. I will not jump up on my human when he/she gets home from work and is wearing nice clothes.
44. I will not jump up on my human with my muddy paws after running through a mud puddle.
45. I will not knock all the magnets off the refrigerator trying to get the goodies stored on top.
46. I will not knock my human's coffee cup into his lap while attempting to steal a few laps from it.
47. I will not lead my brother through a pan of paint during a game of chase while my humans are painting their new home. (This happened to us when we moved into our new home. I think our dogs had more paint on them than there was on the walls.)
48. I will not leave my toys in the floor where a human on crutches can get hung up on them. Falling humans are not happy about these things.
49. I will not lock myself in the usually locked bedroom while checking on the ferret cage. If this happens, I will not: knock the closet door off the hinges, poop twice, barf once, and track said stuff on the clean clothes (once neatly folded on the chair), the dirty clothes (once neatly placed in the laundry baskets, one for whites and one for darks), on the water bed sheets, pillows, and comforter (once neatly made), the magazines and comic books (once neatly stacked on the bedstand) and make a 3 foot rip in the carpet at the base of the door.
50. I will not make a mess by dropping out little bits of dog treat. (Pete, my Brittany, does this every time he gets a treat.)
51. I will not make big splashes in mud puddles when heeling beside my human.
52. I will not open my human's mirrored closet door by myself anymore, thereby making it look like a glass of milk was thrown at it.
53. I will not open the kitchen cabinets and pull out the garbage can, steel wool pads, garbage bags, etc. When my human has taken a hair ribbon and interlaced it (figure eight style) four times within the cabinet handles and tied it in a square knot, I will not untie the knot, unlace the ribbon to get in the kitchen cabinets. (And it is sheer impudence to lay the ribbon in a straight line next to the kitchen cabinet.) When my human then has to put a child guard lock on the kitchen cabinet, I will not unlock the guard and get in the kitchen cabinets.
54. I will not pick all of the little bone shaped kibbles out of my food and leave them all over the house just because they aren't my favorites.
55. I will not pull off the washing (esp. Mum's best towels) and rub them in the mud and my poo. This does not make Mum happy as she has to pick out all the burs etc. by hand after the re-wash.
56. I will not pull the tablecloth off the table to make the food more accessible on the floor.

57. I will not rip open the brand-new box of Brillo pads in the middle of the night and scatter them around the living room, making my sleep-groggy human think that tribbles have invaded her home. And, if I must do this, I will not hide one of the 10 that came in the box causing her to believe that I actually ate a Brillo pad and almost give her a heart attack.
58. I will not rub my nose all over the patio door after my human has cleaned it.
59. I will not run around the house with my human's stuffed animals.
60. I will not run away from my human during our morning constitutional, eat the deer turds I scented and then proceed to evacuate the contents of my stomach on the leather interior of my human's brand-new BMW.
61. I will not run through the water coming from the hose when my human is watering the trees and then roll in grass clippings and dirt and run through the house and roll on the carpet.
62. I will not scavenge in/eat from the garbage bags, especially if my human has sprayed bitter apple or cayenne pepper in them to stop me from doing this.
63. I will not scoot my bottom on the new light-colored carpet.
64. I will not send my full food dish for a ride down the staircase.
65. I will not spin around on the Sunday New York Times my human left on the floor to cover the whole living room floor with news paper, then grind the print in to the carpet.
66. I will not steal my human's underwear and dance all over the back yard with it.
67. I will not steal the rabbit's apples/hay/carrots/poops and leave squishy bits of them all over the stairs.
68. I will not take a flying leap from 10 feet across the room into my humans' lap, landing in his dinner and causing it to fly everywhere.
69. I will not take a flying leap into the hot tub with my humans. (We all nearly drowned.)
70. I will not throw up small bits of the squeaky toy I chewed up, especially if I hid the rest of the remains so my human gets scared and thinks I ate the whole thing.
71. I will not try to dominate my larger, younger, also neutered brother at every possible opportunity by forcing him to submit to violent bitch-on-top sex in the car at the traffic lights.
72. I will not try to eat the rear windscreen wiper in my human's car, thus smearing the inside of the window worse than the outside was.
73. I will not watch my human's roommate clean the living room and as soon as she is done empty my toy box and spread every toy I own all over the house then grab my cherished teddy bear and shake fuzz from said teddy bear all over the house.
74. I will recognize that trash is in a bin for a reason.
75. I will refrain from rolling in wet sand after I have been swimming, and right before I am to ride home in the car.
76. I will resist the urge to stick my nose in the paint tray or rub myself against a freshly painted wall.
77. I will stop digging in everything that is muddy. I will stop walking in the house with muddy paws/chest/nose/all over. I will then not get on the couch or beds till someone washes me down and dries me.
78. I will stop getting everything out of the trash cans, or else they will put snappy trainers out again, and I don't like those.
79. I will stop trying to find the few remaining pieces of clean carpet in the house when I am about to throw up.
80. I'm a retriever, not a terrier. I should not dig holes under fences, even if it is to "retrieve" another trapped [i.e. fenced in] dog.
81. If I am sick and poop on the floor, sitting down in the middle and wagging my tail is not a nice way to "share the love" -- it only makes a big mess on the walls, carpet, ceiling and other dogs.
82. If I dig in the mud, I will get a bath.
83. If I do not want my dinner, it is not necessary to shred newspapers and bury it.
84. It is not necessary for me to rub my nose and tongue all over the just-cleaned car windows.
85. It is not necessary to transport every stick in the yard into the house.
86. Licking the dishes is acceptable, if they are NOT clean.
87. My human did NOT till the garden in order to make it easier for me to dig in.
88. My water bowl is not a pool. I will not jump into it with my front paws and then drip water all over the house.
89. Newly-cleaned mirrors are not fresh canvases. Therefore, I will not run against them with my big slobbery face.
90. Paper products are not a food group. They also do not need to be shredded and flung around the house.
91. Peeing on my human's pillow does not make him love me.
92. We will not track cow poo into the house.
93. Being allowed on the furniture in human speak means getting on quietly and lying down for a nap. It does not mean thundering in from the garden with muddy paws, followed by my four brothers and sisters, all of us jumping on the sofa to play there just because it's so much softer and warmer than the floor.
94. When done playing in my pool, I will not come in and use the couch to dry myself off.
95. When I am 10 years old, the 'I'm just a cute little puppy' look won't work.

96. When I get sick or have the doo-doo's, I will find a slick floor on which to do my business so my human can clean it up easily.
97. When my human takes me to work, I will not jump in the company owner's prize fish pond and show off my fishing skills. My human says that she could get fired and her job makes it possible to buy me toys.
98. When my humans take me fishing, I will refrain from jumping off the dock into fifteen feet of water (especially if the only other times I've been in water has been in puddles.)

--- Miscellaneous ---

1. An open and idle hand does not guarantee me an ear rub.
2. Being groomed and combed is fun. Really.
3. Briar bushes are not fun.
4. "Down" is not a foreign word.
5. Eighty-kilogram Rottweilers should not even bother to try to hide under small coffee tables when they have been naughty.
6. I cannot decide when to take a break during agility training.
7. I like car rides, really, they are neat fun... really...
8. I will come out of my crate, even when I'm *not* in trouble, without my human having to tip it up sideways so I slide out.
9. I will continue to chase the cat out of the room when the parakeet escapes.
10. I will get my picture taken with that fat red man who smells like every dog that ever lived for charity.
11. I will learn the difference between my stuffed toys and those that belong to the small human.
12. I will not cook when the humans are out (or in).
13. I will not eat the Bad Dog list.
14. I will not make my sister/brother (the kitty)'s, life a misery when it is clear she/he is not interested in playing.
15. I will not pull all the stuffing out of my Chewman within 10 minutes of getting it.
16. I will not rob candy stores. See here for the article I cribbed off the web.
17. I will not slurp up a peg on the cribbage board when I am walking by a game.
18. I will stop "posturing" when my human plays with me because I knock her over.
19. Moaning while getting a bath will not speed up the process.
20. My human put a towel under my water dish for a reason. I will try to hit it and not the floor when I drink.
21. My humans don't need to get soaked just because I am getting a bath.
22. Someday I will know the word "NO" as well as I know the word "cookie."
23. The doggie door is my friend.

--- Misuse/Misappropriation of Items ---

1. All things within my reach are *not* my toys; anything not within my reach but I can jump and get is also *not* my toy.
2. By wearing a hair "scrunchie", my human is not inviting me to steal it and play with it. (Ever since I got him when he was 8 weeks, he has been infatuated with my hair scrunchies; he pulls them out of my hair while I am sleeping. Now it's a game we play. He is so gentle that I think in his past life he was a hair dresser. I caught him on film doing this in my sleep. I sent it to America's Funniest Animal Videos, and they aired it a while ago.)
3. Even if someone leaves it on the floor, I should not urinate on the keyboard (we had to buy a new keyboard because, ironically, the "P" key would not work anymore).
4. I do not have a little Scrabble board in my tummy. Eating a letter when my humans play does not score me any points. Anywhere.
5. I have a whole basket full of toys. I do not need to steal the ones that belong to the little human.
6. I will leave the toilet paper roll in the bathroom.
7. I will not bring all the dirty underwear downstairs and place it strategically by the back door while my humans and their guests are at church. I will especially refrain from bringing the guests' dirty underwear downstairs for all to see.
8. I will not push my food bowl all around the backyard. (This trick she has managed to teach to the other three dogs.)
9. I will not steal a single beef patty from my human's Big Mac.
10. I will not steal all the blankets, sheets, and pillows off the humans' bed.
11. I will not steal all the toys from my "brother" and then not play with them.
12. I will not steal Chicken McNuggets from the baby while he tries to eat them in the car.
13. I will not steal my human's dirty underwear out of the laundry basket and bury it in the back yard. (At one point the laundry basket was by the door. On her way out, she would just snag something on top and take it out. The solution was to rearrange the room.)
14. I will not steal my human's youngest son's wallet and carefully remove all paper bills, scattering them throughout the house.

15. I will not steal socks and take them to my bed.
16. I will not steal the flashlight from my male human when he is working and give it to my female human.
17. I will not steal the soup meat out of the pot, leaving only broth and veggies for my humans.
18. I will not steal watches and bury them in the back yard.
19. I will not take the new roll of toilet paper into the living room just because my human has forgotten to put it on the holder.
20. I will not use the carpet as toilet paper.
21. I will not wait for my human to be on the potty before stealing the pork roast. (Causing her to chase me down the hall with her underwear around her ankles, and giving the postman who was at the front door a peep show for free.)
22. I will not wait until my human leaves the room, steal an item (eye glasses, soda bottle caps, magazines, cigarettes, lighter, mail, stuffing from the hole I dug in the couch, plugs that I've chewed off the wire of the fan, kitchen utensils, notepads, etc.), wait until the stupid human comes back into the room to proudly display what I've stolen, then proceed to run around the house while he chases me for an hour, and struggle while he tries to pry my strong jaws open to remove the item. (Casey Jones is an American Foxhound/Beagle mix. Very cute, loving, and lovable (and fast), but he's a thief.)
23. I will stop stealing silverware from the dishwasher.
24. Just because the water bowl outside is empty doesn't mean that I need to punish it by burying it in the woods.
25. My head does not belong in the refrigerator.
26. My human doesn't like it when I make a nest out of his underwear.
27. My human is not a salt lick.
28. My human's lap is not a napkin.
29. My rawhide bone does not belong in my human's bath.
30. People are NOT pillows.
31. Tennis balls do not belong in the dishwasher.
32. That is not my {turkey, stocking, present}.
33. The agility field is NOT a doggy social meeting place.
34. The coffee table is not my private throne, and I should stay off of it.
35. The laundry basket does not contain nesting material.
36. The old human's rules override my human's rules. If the old human gets another glass yard ball and my human suggests that SOMEBODY ought to 'get rid of that ugly thing,' I will NOT be the somebody, this time.
37. The Persian rug is not for playing tug-of-war.
38. The rug is not a napkin.
39. The sofa is not a face towel.

--- Night-time---

1. All three of us are big, brave dogs (Rotti, Dobie, and Staffordshire). The next time the bad humans come into the yard at night to steal our humans' truck, we will wake up, jump out of our dog beds, and bark.
2. Barking at the milkman at 6 a.m. every morning is not necessary.
3. Even though I am a Jack Russell Terrier, I will not escape the fenced back yard in freezing rain, find a hole, wedge my head under a rock 4 feet down, and wait quietly and patiently while my human tries to find me at 1:00 am in order to dig me out.
4. Huffing doggy snot into my human's ear is not a nice way to wake them up.
5. I *can* go out for my human or my human's brother. My human doesn't have to get out of bed at 6:00 a.m. to let me out.
6. I am a dog, not a bull. I do not need to charge the bedroom door when it is partly closed, causing it to spring open with a re-sounding thud against the wall.
7. I am not an alarm clock. The human does *not* need to be woken at the same time *every* day.
8. I do not need to go out and play at 2 a.m. when my human has to get up at seven the next morning.
9. I do not need to jump and snarl loudly every time my human moves at night. She always seems grumpy when I do this, and tells me to shut up. I don't think she likes me to wake her up like that.
10. I now fully understand that sniffing my human's butts with my cold, wet nose is NOT a good way to get their attention, especially if they are asleep.
11. I will lie in the same spot every night so my humans won't trip over me in the dark.
12. I will not attack the backs of my human's legs and see if she falls down at 6 a.m.
13. I will not bark at the bedroom air conditioner when it turns itself off at 3 a.m. (My dog Eric gets very put out when her creature comforts are interfered with.)
14. I will not bark for no reason when the humans have gone to bed.
15. I will not bathe my human's face when she is just about ready to fall asleep. She already knows how to remove her makeup; she

- does not need my help.
16. I will not beg to go outside at 3 a.m. after my human has kept vigil on me all night because I am SO SICK and proceed to catch and kill a rabbit and bring it into the living room. I will not then grab the rabbit's foot and try to play tug of war when my human bends down to pick it up and carry it back outside.
 17. I will not bring the mouse I just killed upstairs and into bed so I can show it to my human (who was still sleeping at the time). He doesn't even think this is funny on April Fool's Day.
 18. I will not chew on my human's long hair while she is sleeping so that she wakes up to a slurpy sound near her head.
 19. I will not decide when my human should get up in the morning.
 20. I will not destroy the wooden fence at the front so I can escape and make my Mummy's neighbour deliver me back to her at 5 a.m. (he is on shift work).
 21. I will not flop my tongue on my human's face while she's sleeping, making her dream that a giant sea turtle with bad breath is trying to swallow her head.
 22. I will not hog the blankets. My human needs some too.
 23. I will not howl in Mama's ear when the alarm goes off. She is perfectly capable of hearing it herself.
 24. I will not insist on going out every hour on the hour all night long because I have eaten the cat food and upset my delicate senior dog bowels.
 25. I will not lick inside my human's ears at night, because that makes her fall out of bed.
 26. I will not lick my thick, moist, pendulous Boxer lips in the middle of the night while sleeping with my face in my human's ears.
 27. I will not lie at the head of my human's bed and suck noisily on my foot in the wee hours of the night.
 28. I will not play "Commando Puppy" by crawling around under my human's bed at night.
 29. I will not play steeple-chase on my human's bed with the other dog while my human is sleeping.
 30. I will not pretend that I desperately need to be taken out at night when it is 20 F and windy when all I really want to do is eat some snow.
 31. I will not pull my human's hair when she's sleeping and I'm ready to get up.
 32. I will not push my ball around the living room at 2 a.m. It is hard and hollow and makes very loud noises.
 33. I will not reset the alarm clock, making my humans late for work, just because I think they could use the day off.
 34. I will not rest my head on the bed, 2 inches from my human's face at 2 a.m., and then blow to clear out my boxer sinuses if she doesn't wake up immediately to let me outside.
 35. I will not rouse my human out of bed at 2 a.m. and insist that an intruder is hiding somewhere in the room, only to realize I was hearing my own farts.
 36. I will not run full tilt up to my human when she takes me out to pee at night. I can't see very well in the dark, and I always end up running into her and knocking her into the cacti.
 37. I will not sing with the coyotes at 2 a.m.
 38. I will not stick my cold nose into the human's crotch when she is leaning into the irrigation weir at 3 a.m. (This is a concrete box about two feet high, four feet across and probably about four feet deep. To open the valve, you have to lie down on your belly on the edge of the box, then reach down arms length into the water and unscrew a valve. This pose leaves your fanny waving in the air.)
 39. I will not suddenly bark wildly at the sliding glass doors at 2 a.m. when my human is reading "The Haunting" as this will cause her to try to run upstairs while both her legs give out on her from sheer terror. If I ever do this again, I will not become panicked myself and try to beat her up the stairs causing her to nearly trip.
 40. I will not try to dig for water at the bath tub drain. (Especially while everyone else is trying to sleep).
 41. I will not wait until the humans are all falling asleep (in the same room) to fart.
 42. I will not wait until we all (my humans and I) get into bed, before I decide I need to barf. (This has happened ??? times.)
 43. I will not wake my human by putting my cold, wet nose into her armpits (or the armpits of her male friend). It is both disgusting and alarming to the humans.
 44. I will not wake my human up early in the morning by jumping in her bed and sticking my cold nose on the back of her neck, in her ear, or on the bottom of her feet.
 45. I will not wake my human up with my cold, wet nose on her bottom.
 46. I will not wake my humans by making snorting noises in their faces at sunrise.
 47. I will not wake my humans up in the middle of the night asking to go out, and then sit inside the door while my 'brother' goes out. My 'brother' can ask for himself if he wants to go out.
 48. I will not wake up the humans by scratching my nails down the window glass by the bed.
 49. I will not whine to go potty at 3 a.m. and chase crickets instead of doing my business.
 50. I will not yawn in my human's face at four in the morning, as my breath is atrocious and it makes her eyes water.

51. I will not, under any circumstances, bark and get up quickly in the middle of the night, scaring my half-asleep humans.
52. I will time my need to go “out” for reasonable hours. The hours between midnight and 6 a.m. are NOT reasonable.
53. My humans know I love them without finding my chew toys in their beds.
54. My owner does not appreciate having a cold, wet nose shoved in her ear at 6 a.m. and being huffed at. She has an alarm clock so I should stop being a big sappy attention seeker.
55. Now that I know I am supposed to ask to go outside, I will master the art of waiting until a reasonable hour to insist on it. My female foster human does not take kindly to a rambunctious puppy bouncing, whining and pawing at her to be let out at 4:30 am. Having dragged herself out into the yard, I will not declare “playtime” as soon as we climb back into bed, with the idea of her going back to sleep. I will also not invite the cat to join me.
56. The human coming downstairs to get a midnight snack is not an intruder
57. The loudest toy I own does not need to be chomped on next to my human’s head at 3 a.m.
58. When camping, I will sleep and not insist on walking – all night long.
59. When I need to leave my kennel to go outside to pee, the shortest route is NOT across the bed, especially not at 4 a.m.
60. When my female foster human has finally convinced me that it is still night, and I should go back to sleep, I will not, 2 hours later, insist on going outside again, making her listen attentively to the sounds coming from the male foster human’s room, hoping that they mean he will be taking my foster sister outside so she can send me with him. After the male foster human has brought me back inside, and my female foster human would like to sleep another hour or so, I will not paw at her unresponsive, fake sleeping face, and split the inside of her lower lip with my razor-sharp claws. This causes her to make scary noises, and say bad words.

--- Noise---

1. A paw on the knee and growling noises that sound like “Out” does not guarantee a walk and a chance to water a tree.
2. Barking at the cats and the squirrels will not convince them to come down from the trees and beg me to eat them.
3. Barking at the pigeons that sit insolently just out of reach will not convince them to come to me so I can eat them.
4. Barking incessantly because my human has (God Forbid) left me at home for five minutes to buy the paper, and pull some money out for pizza, is not OK.
5. Being locked in the bathroom so my foster humans can sleep is not the end of the world, so screaming so loud that the neighbors wonder if they are barbecuing me alive is not a good idea.
6. Borderline ultrasonic whines and yelps do not endear me to my humans.
7. For such a little dog, I have a very big bark. I will realize that I am scaring the poor UPS and delivery people that Mom is trying to talk to. When she says “Quiet. That’s enough.” I’ll either come outside wagging my tail, or crawl under her bed and sulk. I will not ignore her.
8. I am deaf. Everyone knows I’m deaf. Perking up my ears and launching into a tirade of barks every time a light comes on in the house is useless.
9. I am not a tenor. I am a cocker spaniel. I will not sing along from upstairs when my female human brings her opera troupe over for a rehearsal. (My friend’s dog provided hilarity, but very little music, during those rehearsals.)
10. I do not always have to have the “last bark.”
11. I do not have to howl loudly every single day at 12 noon. (we have a bird clock and the owl hoots at noon - Jake loves to sing along).
12. I do not have to let my human know when the neighbors are home.
13. I do not need to bark at the cars as they go by (I am in the car also, and my voice is very loud).
14. I do not need to bark when the computer makes a funny warning noise.
15. I know what the command “Leave it” means; when I hear this command I will cease and desist barking.
16. I shall bark like a German Shepherd at burglars, instead of offering to help.
17. I shall not bark like a German Shepherd at guests who arrive in the night and are nervous of big dogs (the dog is the size of a Corgi).
18. I understand that it is OK to bark at strange dogs in my yard, however, it is not OK to continue to bark and growl viciously for half an hour after they leave. (This is a Dachshund.)
19. I will cease barking at the neighbours’ squirrels before the police arrive, or at least I will not act rabid when they do arrive.
20. I will learn that howling whenever I hear sirens does not help the firemen find their way.
21. I will learn to growl like a real dog instead of just hacking and grunting.
22. I will not act like I am dying on the first day of doggy kindergarten by screaming at the top of my lungs.
23. I will not act as though my human is performing major surgery without anesthetic when she is merely cutting the dried paint out of my fur.
24. I will not attack cactus and then bark at it when it bites back.

25. I will not back-talk, mumble or grumble at my humans all through dinner, after they have made me go and sit on my bed because my nose was hanging over their plates.
26. I will not bark all day while my humans are not home just to prove that I am alert in case of an emergency. I also will not bark when the computer “dings” just to show it who is boss. And finally, I don’t have to disguise the smell of a floral room freshener with my personal “markers” in my young human’s bedroom.
27. I will not bark at invisible raccoons outside the back door. Even if I am convinced that they are there, it doesn’t mean the whole house needs to know at 2:00 a.m.
28. I will not bark at every leaf that falls off every tree. I know they’re not dangerous, and it makes my humans yell and say bad words.
29. I will not bark at harmonica playing unless I am in key.
30. I will not bark at my dachshund brother who has the ONLY desirable chew toy of the dozen identical ones that may be at my disposal.
31. I will not bark at my human just because she’s wearing a hat.
32. I will not bark at my humans every time they walk into a room as if I didn’t know them. They yell at me and tell me no one likes me, so I should take the hint.
33. I will not bark at noises the other dog’s stomach makes, even if it wakes me up when I am sleeping. (The whole incident started off when both Pugs, my English Bulldog, and Tavi, my Husky mix were crashed out on the living room rug. I don’t know what Tavi ate...she’ll eat anything...but her stomach started making the rudest noises. Pugs jumped straight up in the air (didn’t know they could do that from lying on their side position) and started barking and barking and barking. (And he never barks...really). I tried to convince him it was Tavi. He refused to believe me. I opened the door and showed him there was no one trying to break in, and he still wouldn’t believe me. Sigh. He seemed to think someone was climbing up the side of our apartment building and trying to break in that way.)
34. I will not bark at the big, cold, motionless dog that stands outside the big building where teams of humans play Fetch with one another. [The bronze husky outside Husky Stadium at the University of Washington.]
35. I will not bark at the bird who has the nerve to sit on the deck railing.
36. I will not bark at the dog (in the aquarium; floating outside the window; in the oven). It is just my reflection.
37. I will not bark at the humans after they have eaten dinner and have leftovers on their plates. If I am ignored, I will not put my paw on someone’s leg as a “reminder” (this is a Rottweiler).
38. I will not bark at the McDonalds drive through worker; they will not jump in the car and attack me.
39. I will not bark at the old lady next door just for the fun of it, even though it is funny to see her scurry from the car to the front door.
40. I will not bark at the statue of our national hero on the main square, especially when they’re celebrating the anniversary of his death defending us from the invading army.
41. I will not bark at the washing machine when it starts the spin cycle. It really isn’t going anywhere.
42. I will not bark at what seems like every hour on the hour all night, until finally one of the humans yells at me to stop.
43. I will not bark every time a dog appears inside the big flickering box that my humans like to look at. Those dogs cannot hurt them, or me.
44. I will not bark for no reason except to see my human run back into the room.
45. I will not bark furiously at my human and jump on him when he sneezes.
46. I will not bark the first time I see bare ground when (after having lived here three months) my human finally gets the two-season’s-deep accumulation of leaves off my yard.
47. I will not climb up on my human’s chair, lick her ice cream bowl clean, then bark in outrage when it’s empty.
48. I will not communicate like Chewbacca from Star Wars. My human adopted a dog, not a Wookiee.
49. I will not constantly whine, yelp, bark, etc. while in my crate. Although I seem to suffer from separation anxiety when my human is not around his girlfriend does not appreciate it when she is trying to sleep. I am a police dog in training and I must learn to be a tough guy so that I can help catch the bad humans.
50. I will not do a “hold and bark” at the plastic Santa Claus on the neighbor’s front lawn. He’s not wearing a sleeve, anyway.
51. I will not drown out my humans’ laughter with incessant loud barks while they are enjoying the Bad Dog List. Instead, I will lie down in silent protest.
52. I will not follow my humans at their heels to answer the phone and then wait until they pick it up and say “Hello” before I start barking.
53. I will not get mad and bark at the new puppy my human’s cousin brought to show me. She is not going to steal away my humans.
54. I will not get so excited every time someone visits that it seems like I choke on my own throat and sound like I’m dying.
55. I will not go crazy and run through the house barking when my human says “Excuse Me.” (He started doing it all of a sudden one day just before he turned one year old. It’s something we’ve always said he just decided one day that he didn’t like it or

- something. He just goes crazy for no real reason so we often do it just for kicks. No doubt a strange dog but we love him.)
56. I will not go into psycho mode when a mom and kids pass the house.
 57. I will not howl nonstop whenever the phone rings and then louder if the answering machine picks up.
 58. I will not howl when I hear my human and his girlfriend making funny sounds from the other room. They are not hurting each other.
 59. I will not howl when my humans are on the phone, making it impossible to hear.
 60. I will not howl while my humans are doing their thing.
 61. I will not make my human totally frustrated with me, by barking in a loud and demanding way when she takes me with her to the convenience store and ties me outside to wait for her, and making even more noise if she leaves me at home.
 62. I will not pretend to be the percussion section while human children practice dance. Barking does nothing to enhance orchestral music.
 63. I will not roar when my human cuts my toe nails. Roaring won't make her stop because she is not afraid of me and will only laugh because I sound so stupid.
 64. I will not run headlong into the front door every time the postman arrives. (This event is followed by ferocious barking which the postman ignores and walks away.)
 65. I will not scream and cry loudly when my humans pull out my leash. I will also try to stay in one place to allow them to attach the leash to me, instead of me running and jumping around the house while still screaming, or the neighbors will think I am being tortured.
 66. I will not scream hysterically when my human is bathing me. It's water, not acid.
 67. I will not sit in the window and wait until an old person, squirrel, cat, or bicyclist passes by and then bark my head off.
 68. I will not snore as loud as or louder than my human.
 69. I will not stalk and then bark at the abandoned shopping cart in the park.
 70. I will not start barking every time that bad dog next door goes off.
 71. I will not start barking at the people outside coming home from the bars at 1 a.m.
 72. I will not tangle myself in my harness and then scream at my human about it.
 73. I will not throw my chewbone into the air so it lands on my head with a KER-THUMP. and makes me bark at it.
 74. I will not wake my humans up every half an hour with my loud bark. Especially when its 2:00 a.m.
 75. I will not yelp as if I am being murdered during every second of every car trip, even though I am excited about where we are going.
 76. I will not yelp as if I am being murdered just because the cat is looking at me from across the room. She is not sending me murderous telepathic messages, and she can't reach me from there.
 77. I will only do my "someone's out there" bark when there really is someone at the door.
 78. I will realize that everyone knows I am a neglected dog because my parents throw me outside to wee late at night and will therefore refrain from announcing it by barking non-stop.
 79. I will realize that scary animal in the yard next door is just a really tacky plastic deer and will quit barking at it at every opportunity.
 80. I will stop barking out back, just because I can. If I do, my human will come out and drag me back inside and that makes me look like a sissy to the other neighborhood dogs.
 81. I will wait to see what I heard before drowning it out with my own barking.
 82. If a motorist stops in front of our house, there is no need to bark for a full hour after they have pulled away.
 83. If I growl even when I'm vigorously licking people, they won't take it seriously.
 84. If I sneeze at the end of every growl, no one will take me seriously. (We still can't figure out how/why she does that.)
 85. It is not nice to growl at my human's girlfriend when she gets into bed with him.
 86. Just because I am a Dalmatian and my human is a firefighter doesn't mean that it is absolutely necessary to bark at every siren I hear, and every fire truck I see.
 87. My human is allowed to receive the newspaper. I do not need to bark for 10 minutes after the paper has arrived.
 88. Puppies should be seen and not heard.
 89. Raindrops are not my enemy and I can go outside to relieve myself without barking at them when they are present.
 90. Squirrels are not burglars. I do not need to bark when they are on the lawn.
 91. The bright, colored lights outside do not signal landing UFOs, so I will stop barking at them whenever they are turned on.
 92. The hot tub in the backyard is not a monster. I do not need to bark continuously while it automatically recirculates its water each morning from 3:00 to 3:10 a.m.
 93. The leash is not carnivorous, nor will its pressure around my neck kill me.
 94. We do not have a doorbell. I will not bark each time I hear one on TV.

95. When locked in a room, it is not wise to bark into the intercom really loudly. It scares everybody and gets me in trouble.
96. When my water bowl is empty, my humans can figure out how to fill it by themselves. I do not have to shout very loudly at them and bang the bowl with my big paw.
97. When we travel by air, I will not commence barking in the airport and not stop until we have reached our destination. (My human could hear me in the airplane the whole way...)

--- Not All There: Dangerous Dumbness---

1. Chewing on rocks is bad for my teeth.
2. Chewing the cord of the iron when Mummy is using it is not good for my health.
3. Counter surfing is not a good thing when the brisket has come straight from a 375-degree F oven.
4. Dashing out into the middle of a busy street after a pigeon is not a Good Idea. It can lead to concussion, bruised ribs and 48 hours at the vet (on a good day) especially when the only adult human at home is on crutches and her car is in the shop. (My daughter had nightmares and went hysterical every time I got close to the front door for two years.)
5. Even in a Mediterranean country, January is not an ideal time to jump into the pond in the park for a swim.
6. Getting my claws caught in my matted ears (caused by my running my face along the carpet) is not fun. I will try not to mat my fur anymore.
7. I am a Basset hound, not a rock hound. I am not supposed to eat rocks and need to have expensive surgery (repeatedly).
8. I am a ten-pound terrier. That huge Doberman I am barking and snarling at could eat me in one swallow.
9. I must face the same direction as the other dogs when I am harnessed with them or I will get dragged.
10. I promise to never again step on the car's automatic window opener so I can jump out to visit a cow. For some reason, this made my human hysterical even though I dearly love cows.
11. I understand that I am a six-pound dog, not a sixty-pound dog.
12. I understand that I, a Chihuahua, should not take on any Rottweiler, and that if I do, I am on my own because my human is going to run away next time.
13. I will *not* jump out of the pickup truck bed while it is travelling down the freeway.
14. I will learn respect for moving vehicles and stay an appropriate distance from them.
15. I will learn that there is a difference between 16 lbs and 160 lbs. I will realize that people keep asking my human if I am suicidal when I am lunging and snapping viciously at their big Rottweilers, German Shepherds, Akitas, and Great Danes. After all I am only a little Doxie mix and am not invincible.
16. I will look where I am going when I am running after my brother Stubby, so as not to crash into the barbed wire fence and rip open my chest.
17. I will look where I am going when I am running up the driveway, so as not to crash into the steps and break my elbow.
18. I will never again pee on the electric fence. (Self explanatory...)
19. I will not attempt to taste test electrical appliances.
20. I will not bark at the Great Dane across the street from my human's shop, especially while standing in the middle of the highway. I am a dachshund, not a Rottweiler, and the Great Dane might just smarten up and realize that I would make a really tasty snack.
21. I will not bite the wheels of the lawn mower. (One of my other German Shepherds believes that it is her duty to protect me from the vicious lawnmower, and she terrorizes it whenever it is removed from its house.)
22. I will not chase bunnies into the coulees. It's a long drop to the rocky bottom.
23. I will not chase skunks that wander into our yard, and then get sprayed in the nose, thus making me feel sick and go INSIDE to puke.
24. I will not chase the horses so that they kick me in the head, and then still chase them day after day.
25. I will not chase the laundry down the laundry chute, because I get stuck **every** time, and my human has to pull me through to the basement, and that hurts my tummy.
26. I will not dig under the porch and get stuck, then when my human comes to find me, not let him know where I am. (Hey, can I help it if he doesn't know the thumping sound of my tail means I need help?)
27. I will not eat a bottle of ibuprofen, with a child proof cap, AND a muzzle on, thereby causing my human to panic and costing \$342.
28. I will not figure out how to open a childproof bottle of doggie pain pills and eat the whole thing making my human have sleepless nights for a week because he's worried. (She didn't get it by shattering the bottle; that was by and large intact. She worked the top off.)
29. I will not jump into a river before finding out if I can swim, because I can't. (Our Rottie thought the river looked like fun, jumped off a rock into said river, and promptly sank to the bottom.)
30. I will not jump into my human's lap while she's pulling into the driveway, causing her to run into the lilac bushes in front of the neighbor's.

31. I will not jump out of the back of my human's truck, as I am a dachshund and this will hurt my back. (Fred thinks he's a greyhound and not a dachshund.)
32. I will not jump out through the window (through the glass, on *any* floor of the house) in my enthusiasm to greet my human when he gets home.
33. I will not lick the legs of my human's chair and then get stepped on when she gets up.
34. I will not lie on the landing in such a position that when my half-awake human stumbles down the stairs in search of her glasses she steps on my private parts.
35. I will not persuade Grandma to let me out the front door so that I can play in traffic.
36. I will not plunge into muddy canal water in an effort to catch ducks, only to have my human jump in to save me. I am not a water dog; I cannot swim.
37. I will not run laps for so long in 100-degree weather that I foam at the mouth, lose my coordination and become over-heated so that my human has to cool me down with wet towels and worries that I might collapse.
38. I will not smack my tail against the doorjamb so hard that I fracture it, then, when it heals, do it again.
39. I will not stick my head into a lit candle, thereby curling my mouth whiskers and eyebrows.
40. I will not stick my paw in the opening at the bottom of the bee hive and fish for bees. Those things sting.
41. I will not take a running start into the house before checking to make sure the patio door is open. If I do take a running start, I will not do it a second time only at a slower speed. It doesn't help my dignity any.
42. I will not throw myself against the windshield trying to chase the big truck in front of us.
43. I will not try to attack the nice policeman through the window while he tries to write my human a ticket.
44. I will not try to bite every tire in sight (i.e. four wheelers, cars, strollers). I will either get run over or beaten by an angry mother.
45. I will not try to dig a hole in the pile of burning leaves.
46. I will not try to go under the brand-new chain-link fence and get stuck. If I forget that I can't go under and do end up stuck, I will call for my human's help instead of continuing under and costing my human \$1200+ in vet bills.
47. I will not use the screen door as my brakes when I am running at 50 m.p.h.
48. I will not walk under the electric fence, hitting my tail and getting zapped, nor will I turn around and do it again 10 times in a row.
49. I will resist the urge to eat bees, for it is a major inconvenience for the human to take me to the vet just to get the stinger out of the roof of my mouth.
50. I will wait for the door to be opened all the way before bolting out to help the neighbours' dog bark at the invading squirrels. (When the door is open barely enough to fit his head out, he runs for it - his head makes it outside, but his wide shoulders pull the door closed. The more he tries to get outside NOW, the more closed the door becomes on his neck.)
51. I will wait for the shell-lid to be opened AND tailgate to be lowered before jumping into the back of the truck. If I jump too soon, and catch my collar shell-lid handle, I will not kick and scratch my human while she tries to free me before I hang myself. (Dumb dog's done this three times.)
52. Ice coated steps are slick. I need to slowly and carefully walk down them. I do NOT need to tear out the door full speed, slide into the retaining wall, bounce back against the house and take the rest of the steps on my chin. (Every time.)
53. If I refuse to go down the steps to go potty, and my human takes my chain and starts pulling me to the edge, I will NOT drag my bottom the whole way, and then JUMP down the steps. This resulted in a badly dislocated hip, and an emergency trip to that horrible place where the strange man pushed and pulled on my hip to put it back. Once I have succeeded in dislocating my hip a second time, I will not try to bite my human as she pours the beef flavored liquid pain killer down my throat.
54. It is fun and good exercise to race the four-wheeler when my human is riding it, because he drives fast. However, any value this may have to my health will quickly evaporate if I keep weaving in front of the tires.
55. It is not necessary to chase cars, then run out onto the street and get hit.
56. Should I choose to pick a fight with three Alaskan Malamutes and get lucky enough that the lady who owns them was there to beat them off of me before they killed me, biting my human when she picked me up and carried my bleeding little body to the vets in the rain was NOT smart. She knew I was hurt and did not touch any of my owies.
57. Small dogs cannot successfully take on grizzly bears, no matter how "bad" they think they are. (I have a 14-pound Chihuahua mix who thinks he is the baddest thing around. I had to take him with me to Yellowstone National Park, as I did not have a doggie sitter at the time. As we were driving through the park, Smokey sees a grizzly and tries his hardest to get out of the Jeep and get the bear. After clawing my legs up in the process of holding his down, I managed to convince him that it was not such a good idea to attack a grizzly, as the Park Rangers would be very unhappy with him for "hurting" their bear.)
58. The cat does not like me and if I continue to try to play with her, I am going to get scratched a whole lot worse than I have been (recently she has been getting closer and closer to landing her claws in the pup's eye or nose.)
59. Tracking scents does not mean ignoring cars.
60. When I am chasing trucks, I do not have to bite the tire with my ferocious terrier teeth. This makes me go flip, flip, flip under the wheel, hurts my leg, and nearly knocks my spots off.

61. When my human finds a really cool glass deposit (actually a dump site of a now non-existent glass factory) and wants to bring some of the larger chunks home for the garden, I will stay in the grass where its safe. I will not follow her, risking cut paws.
62. When neighbor kids throw rocks to me, I will not catch them. It is not good for my teeth.
63. While riding in my human's (compact/sport) car I will not try to jump through the back window to attack semi trucks going by. (Missy is a good-sized Black Lab mix.)

--- Not All There: Weird Fears---

1. "Who's the puppy?" is not a recognized obedience signal for jumping over the couch backwards.
2. A scrunchie is not an evil, brain-sucking creature from which I must rescue my human.
3. Although I love water, especially during the torrential rainstorms we have in Florida, I will not panic when I am in a pool or in the lake with my humans next to me. I am completely safe being held and can swim if I stop panicking and clawing them.
4. Apples are fruit, not the devil.
5. As a 100-pound Rottweiler, I will not try to escape the cottage when a mouse gets caught in a trap 30 feet away.
6. Cameras are not carnivorous and my humans would like to be able to get a non-terrified picture of me.
7. Cameras are not demons from hell. They will not eat me, and the humans get really tired of having to sneak photos of me because I look so pathetic if I know they are taking one. They get really tired of my hiding and shaking when they are only taking pictures of the cat or some other interesting object in the house.
8. Drinking cups will not eat me. I am not required to run and hide or shake all over when one is brought near me. (If you put a glass or mug in front of him, he looks pathetic and tries to hide.)
9. Flatulence is noisy but will not hurt me.
10. I am a 60-pound Aussie/heeler/hound mix. The rabbit at the pet store won't hurt me.
11. I am a big brave doggy. I can cope with rain, since I love the snow so much.
12. I am a BIG Newfoundlander, and don't need to be bullied out of my house by the visiting Staffordshire puppy when it rains.
13. I am a great big Malamute. I will not scream, wet on myself and cower in the car each and every time I see a live chicken. I will be brave, I will, I will. (This happened the first time I took our 56 lb dog to my in-laws and the hens (not even a rooster.) are still laughing.)
14. I am a water dog. This means that I can go outside to do my business when it's raining, and I won't melt. If I insist on not going outside, then I will not beg every 10 seconds to check to see if it's still raining.
15. I am an English Setter. I am bigger than the hamster, even in her armored carrier (ball). I can move sedately out of the way and refrain from yelping when she bumps me or runs over my tail/foot.
16. I will never catch the squirrel in the oak tree. It doesn't matter how long I run back and forth across the yard below the branches and bark at him.
17. I will not bark at the blimp. It is not a UFO coming to abduct me.
18. I will not be afraid of and yelp at large boxes, children's toys, or my own tail when I catch sight of it unexpectedly.
19. I will not be afraid of Bubble Bath Bubbles. They cannot attack me.
20. I will not be afraid of the battery-powered walking panda toy. I am 110 pounds; it is less than a pound.
21. I will not be afraid of the dark coulee. It makes my human laugh at me because she knows there is *nothing there*.
22. I will not be scared of the new carpet. It isn't quicksand.
23. I will not break my leather collar when I am chained up because I am scared of the pretty balloon that is floating over my human's house. I will also not break my new (2nd) leather collar when I am chained up and my human is mowing the yard.
24. I will not chase the shadows on the wall because my humans will think I am nuts. (But they don't hear the voices...)
25. I will not cower and run when I see my human in her new rhino slippers.
26. I will not creep out of the room when the vacuum appears. It will NOT suck me in. I am a Border Collie and bright enough to know this.
27. I will not die because my human's friends left. I will see them again soon. They will not disappear off the face of the earth because I cannot follow them.
28. I will not embarrass my human on our group lesson in agility class by running through the tunnel, jumping over the jump and then screaming like a murder victim when forced to walk the dog walk. It isn't very amusing to see a big strong sled-dog screaming because he is afraid of it.
29. I will not fool with my human's electric razor, even if he lets it lie on the bed. It turns on easily and makes spooky noise.
30. I will not have a hissy fit when the vacuum is being taken out of the closet or being used. Nor will I wait until it comes in front of the bed to try and jump out of the way getting tangled in the cord as a result.
31. I will not play dead dog in the middle of the small kitchen floor when I see a plastic bag. It won't hurt me.
32. I will not run and hide when my human blows up a balloon, makes a scary squeaky noise with it and let it go. Nor will I panic when my evil human makes the noise with her mouth.

33. I will not run at 25 mph into the back door.
34. I will not run full tilt into screen doors if I see my sister getting attention inside.
35. I will not smash my whole body against the patio doors when I want in, causing the entire door to smash to smithereens. (Mas-tiffs must write this out extra times.)
36. I, a 65 lb. Siberian Husky, do NOT need to make overexaggerated noises of pain while being brushed. The brush is not evil and cannot hurt me. (He WANTS to be brushed, but cries every time...oh the shame.)
37. Ice is not scary. I do not have to sit my furry butt down and have my slave drag me across a frozen puddle on the sidewalk. (This was a standard poodle. The effect was so ridiculous that I nearly fell off of my bike laughing. The dog was not amused.)
38. If I can come in the doggy door, I can also go out of it.
39. My human will not abandon me. I won't act like I'll never see her again, just because she has moved out of my line of vision and I can't follow her.
40. Plastic bags will not hurt me, even if they are caught on the fence and making noise.
41. Squeaky toys are not spooky or dangerous and I should not be afraid of them.
42. Squirrels are not out to get me. (Repeat for an hour every day.)
43. The chinchilla is in a secure cage 4 feet off the ground, with many boxes between me and it. I do not need to burst out into terrified growls, particularly since the little ball of fur is already cowering from me in the corner. I'm a smart dog, I should be able to smell its fear by now.
44. The clippers won't eat me. They just want my hair.
45. The funny toy that shakes and talks will not eat me. I do not have to back off to a careful distance and bark viciously at it.
46. The plastic owl is to scare woodpeckers, since I'm not a woodpecker, I won't be scared.
47. The repair man is not my enemy. I don't have to run and hide or go limp and shiver every time he comes to fix something. He really likes me and it makes him feel bad.
48. The toenail trimmer is not a torture device, nor is it my enemy.
49. Tiny little dogs are not any more likely to kill me than the huge ones. (This was a large, robust boxer with a weird fear of West Highland Whites.)
50. We are both strong, healthy dogs. We are not afraid of a balloon sitting on the living room floor.

--- Not All There: Weird Obsessions and Habits---

1. Being called "cute puppy" is NOT an insult, and I really need to stop talking back when someone says it to me.
2. Bitter Apple is not a flavored seasoning.
3. Creeping towards the human on my stomach while he is scolding me will not negate my crime. (This was a German Shepherd; the effect was so ridiculous you couldn't be mad at her for long.)
4. Door frames do hurt, and are not mobile. (Another Brunoism. He's so stupid.)
5. Freezing nights are not good time to play in the backyard with my human. I have a fur coat, my human doesn't.
6. I am a [Rhodesian Ridgeback | German Shepherd | Doberman], not a lap dog.
7. I am a big, fierce (well, fierce looking, anyhow) 100-pound dog. I do not have to nurse like a kitten on the blankets when my human lets me on the bed with her. I look stupid when my big paws are kneading the blankets and I am sucking away, making a huge wet spot. I will also not suck so hard that I make a hole right through the sheet.
8. I am female and will not hump a female cat. (Wrong sex, wrong species...)
9. I cannot do the Weasel War Dance. When I try to War Dance, I look rabid and ignorant and my humans laugh at me and the ferrets run away in embarrassment.
10. I cannot fit under the futon any more. I get stuck, it's embarrassing, and my human laughs before he rescues me.
11. I do not have to wait, moaning and groaning all the while, until the smaller dog finishes her bone before I can start on my own.
12. I do not need to bark frantically when leaves fall off the olive tree to warn my humans that they are out there.
13. I do not need to bark hysterically when those odd people in the big truck come by and steal the garbage. I do not understand why, but my humans actually *want* the garbage to be stolen. (My dog-in-law does this twice a week and has done so for over ten years, according to my in-laws.)
14. I do not need to be dominant over the vacuum cleaner.
15. I do not need to protect my human from the inflatable Santa across the street by growling at it.
16. I do not need to run head first into a shut, solid oak door over and over to find the magic number that makes it open.
17. I do not need to thank my human every few bites of my breakfast/dinner.
18. I know that deer statues are not real and will not try to attack them.
19. I realize that I am going poo and pee. I do not have to watch it come out.
20. I will accept that I will not go up the steps since I have not learned how to go back down and the human gets tired of chasing me

- around the landing for 30 minutes only to have to carry me back down. Sorry, I weigh 50 lbs and never did learn that down trick.
21. I will learn that my human is just trying to purposely freak me out when s/he says “WHAT’S THAT?”.
 22. I will not chase and bark at the circle of light from the flashlight on the ground or floor.
 23. I will not crawl under the barbed-wire fence. My human will not carry my fat dog body to the vet’s if I get bitten by the fence or a snake.
 24. I will not crawl under the bed, get stuck, then whimper pathetically till somebody comes to find me.
 25. I will not dig in the sofa, then do the butt-wiggle as if I had done nothing wrong when my human catches me.
 26. I will not do 90 mph laps around all the living room furniture when people are sitting on it.
 27. I will not escape from the fence only to go around to the gate and wait to be let in, and then repeat the whole process.
 28. I will not freak out and try to attack the water coming out of the garden hose.
 29. I will not get on the kitchen table and then whine because I can’t get back down.
 30. I will not get so excited when I see a treat that I do every trick I know whether my human asked for it or not.
 31. I will not go into a frenzy of barking, whining and growling whenever “Wheel of Fortune” comes on. (Our Black Lab still has us baffled with this one.)
 32. I will not go nuts at the sight/hearing of open microwaves, cell phones, car doors, vacuum cleaners, sneezes, leashes, keys, pots and pans, can openers, snowblowers, lawnmowers, and fireworks.
 33. I will not hop around the yard and then all of a sudden have an impulse to dig to Asia under the deck.
 34. I will not hump my little sister while she is in heat. I am neutered. Besides, she is abnormally tall and I can not reach her no-no spot anyhow. I only look pathetic as I fail to ‘reach’ her and she gets on top of me as if to show me how to do it.
 35. I will not hump the air and make ungodly sounds.
 36. I will not jump up and down on the doormat. It is not a trampoline.
 37. I will not let the other animals here beat me up; they are all smaller than me. I will not just lie on the floor and look at the humans like “Is there a problem with the cat chewing my ear to pieces?”
 38. I will not lick crop-circles into the living room carpet. She won’t believe my story about the aliens.
 39. I will not lie on the floor and snap at the ceiling fan. I will not catch it and it just makes me look stupid.
 40. I will not put my ball in my human’s shoe so that I can’t get it out and I need to bark furiously to get my human’s help in retrieving it.
 41. I will not ruin my image of noble protector by running to hide in my crate after the visitor ignores my barking.
 42. I will not run into the refrigerator door when I am trying to get away from my human. Especially if I am in trouble for eating her expensive marzipan candies or the cat’s food.
 43. I will not run through the sliding glass door to catch squirrels in the yard when the door is closed.
 44. I will not run, barking wildly, to the front door when I hear a doorbell ring on TV. We do not have a doorbell at home.
 45. I will not spend more than 10 minutes locating the perfect leaf (4” above the ground at least) to poop on, and then make myself dizzy by circling it for another 5 minutes. (My dog Yogi will not poop unless it is on a leaf, on a bush, not the leaves on the ground).
 46. I will not stand at the top of the stairs and cry piteously when asked if I have to go out. If I do cry at the top of the stairs, I will not wait till my human gets 3/4 of the way up the stairs to blast down full speed between her legs, then wonder why she does that strange ‘bump-thump’ dance down the stairs after me.
 47. I will not stand at my food bowl and growl ferociously when no one is in the kitchen except me.
 48. I will not stand in the corner between a half-open door and the wall whining to be let out.
 49. I will not stick my head through the fence and get it stuck when the geese are walking by any more.
 50. I will not try to bury a new toy or chew bone in the carpet where I know the humans would never look. (Result: An almost bleeding red nose and is never successful but will continue to try for days.)
 51. I will not try to cram every single toy in my mouth before I go outside. I will then not leave every single toy that I crammed in my mouth 5 minutes ago outside.
 52. I will not turn from loving, mild-mannered loving Shelby into “psycho-dog” every time somebody passes by the front window.
 53. I will not whine at my human just because she’s talking on the cordless telephone.
 54. I will not yank my human’s arm out of its socket when we’re on a walk as I try to get to every fluffy dandelion head I see so I can eat it.
 55. I will pay attention when my human is training me and gives me the command “Watch”. If I don’t pay attention, my human will suddenly turn and I will get stepped on and she will fall down.
 56. I will watch where I am going, so that I will stop running into small, but very hard, trees.
 57. I will watch where I jump. Otherwise, I will keep banging my chin on the end tables, and bite my tongue.
 58. I will stop bouncing up and down like I am on springs. I need surgery to correct my back knees, which will dislocate when I

bounce up and down. Since this condition is painful, I will stop.

59. I won't fit under the magazine rack because I am too fat. If I get stuck again, I will realize that I can not expect my human to rescue me right away. She will do so at her convenience.
60. If I am going for a ten-kilometer run, it is not a good idea to go flat out for the first kilometer.
61. If I am going to bark and growl at the landlord when he comes to fix the front door, I will do it courageously, out in the open, not from under the bed.
62. It's a little odd to growl at fire hydrants
63. It is futile to hide under uncle's (my brother's) computer desk when it is time for a bath. Though it is impressive I can recognize the word 'bath' (causing us humans to have to spell it out), and adorable when I look sorrowfully up at them when they've come to collect me, they can and will collect me and uncle will not protect me. He will only find cynical amusement and let them snatch me up to the land of uncomfortable wetness.
64. In the summer I will not lie in the sunniest part of the garden while whining to my human that I am too hot. I won't get any sympathy.
65. The postman is nice and I do not need to try to bite him. (She only does this when he's wearing a helmet, the rest of the time she loves the poor guy.)
66. My human does not have to hold the bone while I chew it; I can do it myself.
67. My human's bunny slippers are not my "girl friend" and I should refrain from courting them. (The offender is a chihuahua.)
68. My pet-bed is not a punching bag. I will refrain from furiously assaulting it when I am angry or when I have temporarily gone mad.
69. People on the sidewalk across the street do not constitute a threat. Neither are the neighbors in their yards. I will not go into hysterical howling fits until one of my humans sits on me just to shut me up.
70. "Protecting" my human by growling at the trees, the shadows, the pond, the birds, the snow etc., will only get me laughed at when we are out for walks.
71. Terriers cannot howl very well. I will stop trying because my voice sounds squeaky.
72. The back yard is not an express route to China, and I shall not dig until my human is sure that I must be close.
73. The brush is not the enemy. I do not have to attack when my human is brushing me and then steal it later to finish it off (I've been through countless brushes).
74. The feather pillow is not a bird. I will not flush it out of its hiding place.
75. The figures in the Nativity scene are not going to hurt my humans; I don't have to protect them from the Biblical statues.
76. The Flat Folk in the mirror and their dog (who looks a lot like me) are not thieves. They live here, too.
77. The garbage truck is a fact of modern life. I do not need to bark at the truck every Tuesday morning at 6:00 a.m. Nor am I in any danger from the large plastic garbage cans that my human and her neighbors put out every Monday night, so I will not insist on giving them a wide berth and growling at them during our walk.
78. The meter man is not going to attack my house.
79. The trash can with the step on foot will bite my head. (Maesc took about fifteen minutes to figure out that the trash can lid will go up if he steps on the lever. He hasn't quite figured out he has to keep his foot on it or the lid will slam on his head.)
80. There is no hidden treasure under my crate. I do not have to dig for it.
81. Water dropping from a height is not dangerous, and does not need to be subdued instantly. I don't have to be there when the humans empty the vaporizer into the tub, so I can bite the water.
82. We do not have a doorbell. I will not bark each time I hear one on TV.
83. When I am at Dog Park, it is not good to run full speed the ENTIRE time. I can take a break occasionally. If I do run non-stop, I will be sore and stiff later in the day and my human will laugh at me, even if she does give me an aspirin.
84. When I am playing ball in the back yard and someone walks down the street, I will spit the ball out of my mouth before running to the fence to bark at them. (Instead of barking with the ball still in my mouth.)
85. When I am protecting my property, bouncing on my back legs because I can not stretch the lead any farther might make me look bigger and fiercer to the passers-by, but my humans only find it funny.
86. When visiting a new place, I will check to make sure the big blue field at the end of the wooden sidewalk is solid before I just run off the end of it. (He used to like the water, but after doing this at the end of April in Minnesota he won't go near it any more.)
87. When we are playing ball with our humans in the house, we will remember that we will slide and fall down on the linoleum every time if we don't slow down when we reach the kitchen.

--- Not All There: Miscellaneous Strangeness---

1. Being a Lab, I will not be an embarrassment to my breed by swimming around in circles, panicked, until someone rescues me.
2. Being a Mastiff, my human already knows I have a big strong thick head. I don't need to prove it by ramming the stockade fence until the boards break. It makes my human spend his days off fixing it, and the neighbors are terrified by my sister, my brother,

- and me already.
3. I am a brave watchdog, and I can protect my home from fierce neighborhood kitties and the Sheltie puppy next door when the door is open just as well as when it is closed.
 4. I am a dark-coloured dog. When I lie out in the summer I will get hot. I don't need to sit there panting and distressed until a human takes pity and guides me into the house through the open door.
 5. I am a small hound, not a sled dog. I will not attempt to pull my human's wheelchair, and if I do, I will recognize that vomiting means I might have been straining too hard.
 6. I do not need to answer questions directed at me with a very quiet growl. People will think this is funny and continue to ask me questions.
 7. I do not need to cram all of my toys in my mouth at the same time. I breathe funny and my human gets worried.
 8. I do not need to suddenly stand straight up when I'm lying under the coffee table.
 9. I should be careful when chasing the family rabbit. They can get into much smaller spaces than my 85-pound Rottweiler body. This was most poignantly learned after I repeatedly rammed my head into my human's desk.
 10. I shouldn't try to claw my way through the front door to get to the mail carrier. She is a very nice person and brings us things.
 11. I will check to see if the sliding glass door is open before I run through it. (We had to put a big red dot at Cocker eye level on all our glass doors.)
 12. I will definitely remember which end of my female partner is the correct end to approach when I am trying to hump her, lest she bite me very hard, making me yell out in pain. (I have not repeated this error since I was bitten.)
 13. I will not act like a fool at the nursing home/Pet Smart/kids soccer game/annual dog walk.
 14. I will not attack the fish tank in a frenzy of excitement because I don't understand how they float in mid-air. I will accept that they are not doing this specifically to wind me up.
 15. I will not attack the TV set, even if some visiting human does yell "Get him" during a football game. They're talking to those little people trapped in the TV, not me.
 16. I will not be the only dog in the village who prefers the pain of my choke collar snapping to letting my cat-brother walk casually across the yard without fear.
 17. I will not chase the cat around the back yard and then, when the cat jumps the fence, keep going and run in to the fence and then act like nothing happened.
 18. I will not chew a hole in the dustcover of the mattress box spring, and then climb into the box spring, and hide in the farthest corner from the opening, and cry. My human cannot reach me. If I got into the box spring by myself, I can get out by myself. (Our Chihuahua puppy gnawed a corner off the box spring and found herself a new hiding place inside it. We looked and looked for her because we could hear her crying but couldn't find her. After that she got a bell put on her. And we put a sheet on the bottom of the box spring so she couldn't do it again after the 4th time.)
 19. I will not chew up the bag of garden fertilizer. Other animal excretions are not healthy for my coat.
 20. I will not drink half a glass of my human's scotch and then start a drunken brawl with my 101 Dalmatian water bowl. (This was a Bichon.)
 21. I will not eat my human's highlighter markers. Not only is it not good for me, but I leave incriminating pawprints all over the house, showing that I've been places I shouldn't have, like putting my paws up on the kitchen counter, to get a good look at and sniff of the roast my human is thawing for dinner.
 22. I will not get stuck in the bathtub.
 23. I will not go berserk every time my human says "The Beatles" and go and fetch my leash thinking I'm going for a walk. (I never could figure out why saying this made him think we were going out, but it never failed. If I wanted him to get me his leash, I would just say, "Bucky, do you like the Beatles?" and he would start to wiggle and whine. It was extremely funny.)
 24. I will not let the other dog chew off my whiskers.
 25. I will not lick my human's new fleece clothes.
 26. I will not lie on the ground in the snow and refuse to get up when my human says to, even though it's only 15 F out and my human forgot her hat and gloves.
 27. I will not lock myself in the master bedroom, making my human call her sister at 11 p.m. to come over and show her how to trip the lock from the outside.
 28. I will not shy away from my human just because she is wearing a jacket and has not seen me for a semester. This makes her feel bad.
 29. I will not sit on my blanket that I have dragged outside into the wind and look pitiful, then growl and refuse to move from it when my human attempts to bring it into the warm doghouse and out of the wind.
 30. I will not slip and fall on the slippery linoleum and then blame my human for it.
 31. I will not spin round maniacally in circles at the mere thought of getting a treat. I am 11, blind, overweight, arthritic and have a heart condition. It scares my humans.

32. I will not stick my head through the crosshatch fencing on the 4 ft. porch and look like a Gargoyle Head with no body on a Cathedral trying to scare the neighbors. They only laugh at me and come back for more. I also might get my head stuck... (Chihuahua)
33. I will not throw my dog toys over the fence. The dogs on the other side will not give them back.
34. I will not walk under the big dog when he is peeing.
35. I will not whine and run away from the phone when my human wants to talk to me from school. It makes her feel bad.
36. I will put my tongue back in my mouth when I run and not have it flap to the side in the wind.
37. I will remember what I am doing long enough to pick up the stick when we play "fetch".
38. I will stop carrying this rock around with me. I do have chew toys and it can't be good for my teeth.
39. I will stop sticking my nose in the rat cage and running to my human when they bite my nose and take a chunk. I have scars now.
40. I will stop trying to run out the front door and run in circles in the street. It scares my people.
41. I, a 65 pound, 6.5-month-old Rottweiler, AM the boss. NOT the 4-pound pile of hair Yorkshire terrier.
42. If I decide to take a walk without my human, I will remember how to get back home. It is a rather an embarrassing thing to have my human's neighbor a block away call and say that I am sitting on their porch crying.
43. It is not necessary to get my fat little bulldog bum stuck in the water dish to show my human it's empty.
44. Just because 30-lb. Maggie fits underneath the coffee table doesn't mean 130-lb. me does.
45. Just because it flutters does not necessarily mean its a bird. Setting a fluttering leaf, butterfly/bee just makes me look goofy.
46. Just because my human hit me in the head once with my rawhide chew doesn't mean I have to duck every time she says "catch".
47. Lying on top of them does not help the potted plants grow.
48. My human can not pet me through the afghan. If I want her to scratch my back, I need to come out from under it.
49. My human cannot make it stop raining or snowing no matter how frequently I insist she try and show me the failure of her efforts.
50. My humans will laugh if I chase the neighbor's cat under the bush in the backyard, then fly out thirty seconds later with the cat chasing ME. (This was a lovable, but dumb, cocker spaniel.)
51. The baby gate across the kitchen does not mean keep out, it means come back later.
52. The couch is solid. It will not open up and magically hide me when I am in trouble. I only get a headache when I try to hide in it.
53. The dogs on TV are not real.
54. The garbage collector is NOT stealing our stuff.
55. There are no humans hiding inside the radio/TV.
56. There is not a doggy door in the screen.
57. When I rip my dew claw off, I will stop playing ball for at least a few seconds to show my human.

--- Other Critters: Cats---

1. A pouring rainstorm is not a good time to play tag with my human, a cat, and a shrub.
2. I am a 125-pound. St. Bernard. I will not allow the neighbor's 2 lb. kitten to beat me up.
3. I am a 4-pound Chihuahua. I do not need to grab the 15-pound Maine Coon cat by the hair between his ears and try to drag him around the house just to show him who's boss. If he tries to play back and nips me, I should especially not have a screaming snarling madfit in order to convince the humans he's picking on me. They know better than to believe me.
4. I am bigger than that cat next door and should not be afraid of it.
5. I and my foster puppy friend will never again attempt to gang up on the cat. Not only did we get scratched and bitten, our humans also had something to say about it.
6. I have had my tender nose clawed enough times to know that this will happen every time I poke it in the cat's butt.
7. I should not torment my human's mother's cats by sticking my snoot under the door to the room they are in and snorting loudly.
8. I will be careful not to knock the cat off the couch when I wag my tail.
9. I will leave the cats alone. They are more scared of me than I am of them. (Kayla is afraid of cats.)
10. I will let the cats fight their own battles. If I stick my nose in to try to break up the cat fight, it is my own fault if I get bitten and clawed.
11. I will not bark at the cats just because I'm bored.
12. I will not bite the Siamese kitten while snuggled up with the black Psycho kitty.
13. I will not carry the new kitten around the house in my mouth.
14. I will not charge at top speed and pounce on the sleeping cats.
15. I will not chase the bad kitty that lives with me. He is not a toy. If I do catch him, I will not slobber all over him and then bark at him because he is growling and hissing at me.
16. I will not chase the big white kitty. He doesn't like this, and the second I leave puppyhood (and therefore cease to be a baby) he

will rip my head off. And my humans won't blame him, either.

17. I will not chase the cat out of the bedroom at full speed, at night, when there are no lights on, and run directly into my human who was attempting to enter the room and turn on the light unaware of the chase in progress. I cannot see in the dark like the cat can.
18. I will not chase the cats. They have lived here longer than me.
19. I will not encourage the cat to knock things on the floor that my humans deliberately put out of my reach.
20. I will not fall into the cat's litter box.
21. I will not fetch the cat every time my human calls for him. (My golden retriever used to go get the cat if she would not come the first time I called. She would come back with the cat hanging out both sides of her mouth. Prissy did not seem to mind.)
22. I will not get mad and pee on the cat when we are playing and he is winning.
23. I will not go chase after a cat when I am being walked.
24. I will not grab the cat by the collar and pull till it comes off. I know my humans were highly amused the first time I did it, but it's not funny several times a day. I will also not run around the house with said collar in my mouth as a trophy; it humiliates the cat.
25. I will not help my neighbor's cat in hunting for wild game. (My cat Muschie had caught a baby bunny. I went tearing out of the house to stop him when along comes the neighbor puppy wanting to get in on the action. Muschi opened his mouth to protest, the rabbit ran away (whew) and that left Molly and Muschie to settle their disputes and decide whether to play. Muschie was ticked off that his rabbit got away and wasn't too interested in playing.)
26. I will not lick the cat. He will not return the favour by cleaning his fur off my tongue.
27. I will not pick the cat up by the scruff of the neck. It is not a live, moving, furry chew toy, even if the cat does provoke me by riding me.
28. I will not pick up Kitty by the head.
29. I will not pin the cat down and "take off her fleas". She does not HAVE fleas and this makes her very angry.
30. I will not play-fight with the cat to the point where my human's brother thinks it's real. (I was the brother.)
31. I will not see if the cat is edible/friendly. She was here first and is psychotic. My human will only be sympathetic about the wounds so many times. I'm on my own after that.
32. I will not sniff the cat's butt. This is her job.
33. I will not start up a bull riding competition whenever the cat hops on to my back.
34. I will not terrify the cat to show my human that I really can be dominant. (The cat is twenty pounds. I'm 110 pounds, but she'll still beat me up if I try to be tough again.)
35. I will not toss the cat in the air, even if he did rub fur all over my face.
36. I will not try to adopt a litter of kittens, then search the house frantically for them after they're returned to their Mum, breaking my human's heart.
37. I will remember that just because my human's kitten will play with me, the one belonging to the human in the wheelchair will not play, she will try to kill me instead.
38. I will remember that I weigh only 7 lbs and my cat "brother" weighs 18 lbs. I will not torment the cat. If I do (resulting in 7 stitches to my tender belly), I *will* learn from this experience and I will not continue to torment the cat at every opportunity.
39. I will sit up when the cat enters the room. If I remain lying down, he will rub his body against my face and get hair in my eyes.
40. I will stop trying to herd the cats, especially the blind one. All I do is scare him, and my efforts are not appreciated.
41. If I push the cat too far, she will fight back.
42. Just because my kitty sister thinks she is a Rottweiler like me, she cannot enjoy a 5-pound rawhide treat if I drop it on her 8-pound body.
43. That look from the cat means: RUN.
44. The cat does *not* need me to wash him.
45. The cat does not want my pig ear; she thinks it is disgusting. I do not need to growl at her to protect it.
46. The cat may not be able to sniff her own butt anymore, but she still doesn't need me to do it.
47. The evil black kitten belonging to the neighbor does not appreciate getting slimed every time I see her.
48. The kitties are allowed to have toys of their own.
49. The little cat has been sleeping on the bed much longer than me. I can at least make room for him.
50. The neighbor's cat has a right to live in peace. I will not leave my yard to chase it when I'm supposed to be doing my business. I will not bark at it when it cuts through my yard anytime after my humans go to bed.
51. The neighbour's cat is not a rag doll.
52. When I am playing with my human's kitten, I will not get so excited that I have an asthma attack. That scares my human because she knows that I am old and worries that it might not be asthma.

--- Other Critters: Dogs---

1. I (Basset hound), when left upstairs will not bribe my younger but larger sister, Majesty the Great Pyrenees, to go into the trash can in the kitchen for me because I cannot reach. If I do, I must not then bribe her to pick out the tray from last night's Encore Salisbury Steak so I can lick out whatever remaining sauce that is inside. If I do this, I certainly must not then give the dry, empty tray back to Majesty because she'll be mad that I left none for her and will shred the tray all over the living room. My human doesn't like this and she has caught on to who is doing what. (These two are a total trip.)
2. I am a 120-pound Rottweiler. The 7-pound Yorkie can not eat me.
3. I am a Corgi. I am not bigger than the Doberman and the German Shepherd.
4. I am a German Shepherd and a Highland Terrier puppy is SMALLER than I am.
5. I am a nine-inch mutt (half dachshund, half Manchester Terrier) that has been neutered. This means that I cannot reach the Wolf/Shepherd Mix. Nor could I do anything if I DID reach her. (The humans were laughing so hard they were crying.)
6. I am not Evil Knievel and do not need to run into, or leap over, my female companion when she is outside with me, as she will eventually yell at me and try to bite me.
7. I do not have to always be the alpha dog when I meet other dogs (Rosie is a Manchester Terrier mix, but she feels that she always has to be in control).
8. I do not have to check the new puppy every 5 minutes to see if he is still a boy. He was, he is, and he will be.
9. I do not have to hate every female and un-neutered male dog I see. After all, it isn't THEIR fault that I was neutered before my human got me.
10. I shall refrain from starting fights with bunches of German Shepherds and Rottweilers and then sit there looking innocent when their humans tell them off for attacking a dog a tenth of their size.
11. I will allow my humans to give equal attention to my female companion instead of hogging all the time.
12. I will learn that the puppy is not the "demon from hell". I will get smacked if I bite and harass the poor creature. He won't try to eat me or my human.
13. I will leave the old dog alone when it doesn't want to play.
14. I will not argue with my sister over who gets to ride in the front seat next to my human.
15. I will not beat up the other dogs in the house even though the smaller ones keep challenging me.
16. I will not bite Blackie (my Labrador friend) on the ear, neck, legs, tail, or anything else I can bite because she won't play with me.
17. I will not break out of my back yard to have an illicit rendezvous with the wolfdog two doors down. Teen pregnancy is bad for dogs, too.
18. I will not chew the whiskers off of the cat and other dog.
19. I will not drag other dogs out from under the kitchen table by their legs.
20. I will not escape from the back yard and go into the neighbor's back yard to play with my best friend, the German Shepherd.
21. I will not flip small dogs over with my snout just for the fun of it, especially not at the top of the stairs.
22. I will not go out of my way to flirt with all the male dogs then look piteously to my owner to protect me when they get ideas. (It's not my fault, they should realize I'm fixed...)
23. I will not guard the groceries from the other dogs. I am not very adorable as I growl and wag my tail at the same time.
24. I will not invite my friend Sherlock (120-pound Rottweiler) to get in the truck and go home with me. My human doesn't have an extended cab like Sherlock's human does.
25. I will not let the Rottweiler that lives next door pee on me, even though he is my hero.
26. I will not let the young dog chew or pull on my ears. This will not teach him good habits, and my humans don't want to pet me when my ears are soaked with drool.
27. I will not lift my leg to my sister.
28. I will not sniff at my sister's backside while she is going to the bathroom.
29. I will not start playing with my doggie brother right in front of the couch. If I must do this, I will NOT jump off of my teenage human sister just so I can get a better shot at him when we are playing. (He used his front paws, but just that can knock the wind out of you.)
30. I will not try to solicit a race from every dog at the dog park or day care. No one is keeping score.
31. I will recognize that, as a French Bulldog, I am a *small* dog, and the Mastiff who lives here is a *big* dog. I will not:
32. Try to steal bones out of the mastiff's mouth while she is chewing them;
33. Stand in her food dish and growl when she is trying to eat;
34. Grab the mastiff by the cheeks and try to pull her across the floor (if I am doing so, and she stands up, I will let go, not dangle from her cheek like some weird tumour.);
35. Terrorize the mastiff so badly that she tries to hide in my human's lap;

36. Grab the mastiff by the back of her legs and “hamstring” her so that she lies down and I can hump her.
37. I will share my toys, not gather them up and put them in my kennel when Grandma and Grandpa’s dogs come to visit.
38. I will stop playing tug with my brother’s tail.
39. I will stop trying to mate with my Maltese dog brother. He is not at all receptive and besides, I’m a male too.
40. If the old dog belonging to the neighbor indicates that he does not want to play, I will not place my front paws on the ground a foot away from him and bark incessantly.
41. If the foster puppy is chewing the small bone, I do not need to have it. I have a nice big beef femur for my own chewing endeavors and I don’t need both.
42. If, after five years of tormenting her day and night, my mastiff dies, I will not lie in her bed and howl for several days straight. It makes my human have sad bath eyes.
43. It’s not a good idea for a Basset Hound to attack the chow, pit bull or alpha German Shepherd until I have more holes in my ears than any Generation X’er. When I am inside recovering from said adventures, I will not show my displeasure by peeing on the kitchen table. (Anybody want a Basset?)
44. It is not fair if I help the dog whose turn it is at the sheepdog trial.
45. My brother the Lab is not the cause of everything that upsets me. I do not need to bite him for the new fence/ lack of kibble in my dish/ breathing/ looking in my direction.
46. My foster sister might like me, but she does eventually get annoyed with being constantly jumped on and chewed. When this happens, she will bite. I must not, under any circumstances, jump back, whimper for half a second and then tackle her even harder.
47. Not only do I NOT need to escape from my fenced back yard, I should not entice the girl dog behind us (who I have a crush on) to also break out and join me for a date.
48. Other male dogs are not my enemies.
49. Puppies are not rabbits.
50. Size matters. I will not chase full-grown German Shepherds, then run away from 8-week-old puppies.
51. The ancient, half blind mutt that rules the house does not care for my presence here. The only reason he begrudgingly allows me to continue in one piece is because he still listens to my foster humans. I must not push my luck and his patience by jumping all over him or attempting to eat his food.
52. The beagle is my sister and not a toy; therefore, when I am told to “get a toy”, I shouldn’t go grab her by the collar and try to drag her to the human. (We have a 7-month-old black Lab, who will go grab our beagle by the collar when we tell him to “get a toy”.)
53. The big boisterous puppy belonging to the neighbor next door will not eat me. I do not have to rush out from under the bed and bite her when she hasn’t even looked at me.
54. The Big Rottweiler belonging to the neighbor just wants to play. I have no right to snap viciously at her when she chases the kitten past me. (I can be glad that she doesn’t know what mean is, otherwise I might have become canine mincemeat.)
55. The BIG Shar Pei’s male organs ARE NOT chew toys. I am just a little Chihuahua that wouldn’t even make a snack for him. (My friend’s dog tried this. Good thing he was fast or he’d have been fast food.)
56. The Doberman up the street who looks like a giant me does NOT like me. I will avoid her, rather than trying to befriend her when our paths cross. Otherwise, she may eat me.
57. The neighborhood dogs are not burglars/murderers.
58. The poor rescued dog is allowed to be here.
59. We will not attempt to kill the foster puppy.
60. When I am tired of playing with the ball, I will let my sister have it. I will not stuff it under the sofa cushion and lie down on top of it just so she can’t get it.
61. When my brother takes my chew toy, I will take it back or trick him out of it. I will not run crying to my human.
62. When my brother takes the ball away from me, I will not go running to my humans to tattletale on him.
63. When my humans take in a foundling off the streets, I will not get jealous when he finds and starts playing with toys that I haven’t looked at in months.
64. When my little doxie legs are tired, I will slow down, not use my setter brother’s tail as my own personal power assist propulsion unit.
65. When we are in our new back yard (after moving) we will not be doggie snobs to the little dog next door. After all, we are the new dogs on the block.

--- Other Critters: Rabbits and Ferrets---

1. Ferrets are not soft, quick moving chew toys.
2. Ferrets are not the enemy.

3. Hamsters are not snack food. (Need I say more?)
4. I will not chase a rabbit across the coulee and refuse to come back. Then my human has to scream and run after me and say the bad "NOW." word. (Brandy did this to me, and only when I screeched NOW at the top of my lungs would she return.)
5. I will not chase the wild bunnies in our back yard and eat their poop (and then later throw it up on my humans' bed).
6. I will not chew a hole in the bottom of the rabbit cage and sit there panting excitedly with my head up through the hole. This frightens the rabbit and causes my humans to elevate the rabbit cage.
7. I will not constantly lick the ferret just because she has adrenal cancer and no hair. She is getting new hair now and it scratches my tongue.
8. I will not constantly try to hold the ferrets down and clean their ears. They do not like this and will hiss at me.
9. I will not follow the rabbit all over the house in the hopes of getting some of his 'delicious' poop.
10. I will not get intimate with the rabbit.
11. I will not get upset and bang my paws on the lanai window doors when the ferrets are having their playtime and getting loud. I will quietly stand and watch.
12. I will not leap up and play chase every time the bunny moves.
13. I will not play policeman when my human is trying to chase the rabbit out of the living room.
14. I will not put my paw down so hard on the escaping ferret that said ferret either burps in my face or farts (which is really awful).
15. I will not sit at the Weasel Watcher gate and torment the ferrets into climbing the gate to play; ganging up on the gate to knock it down, or slam into it causing them to become semiconscious.
16. I will not sniff each and every ferret potty box to make sure it is clean.
17. I will not stand idly by while the ferrets open the door of their cage and escape, nor will I look at my human as if to say "huh?"
18. I will not stick my nose under the rabbit and/or guinea pig, which lifts them off their feet, in search of their poop.
19. I will not terrorize the nice bunnies. (And the not-so-nice bunnies ... they kick.)
20. I will not try to lie on the blankets when I know the ferret is under them.
21. I will recognize that the rabbit four years my senior is top dog, even if he is a little smaller than me.
22. If I must eat baby rabbits, I will not eat all but one of them in the nest, then carefully carry the last one back home with me so I can play with it. (I took one away from her once and brought it into the house where it promptly escaped from confinement and died; we did not find the body for two days).
23. I will not snap at the ferret, trying to get her to play with me. If she does, I will not be surprised if she clamps herself onto my lip and dangles there.
24. The ferret is not a tasty snack. I will not constantly sniff and bite her.

--- Other Critters: Miscellaneous---

1. A dead field mouse I found in the living room one night is not a toy (although for all the humans know, it was still alive when I started playing with it).
2. A live, injured pigeon that I proudly carried in my mouth while I pranced around the back yard with it was not a toy. (I don't understand why my human was screaming at me over and over to drop it; though I think maybe she was yelling at me that I am a *herding* dog, not a *birding* dog) (the dog in question was a Bearded Collie -- a sheepdog).
3. A sniff is a friendly greeting, not a challenge to my macho self.
4. Deer don't like me because I have a jingle-jangle collar. Chasing them doesn't change this. I only jangle louder.
5. Horses aren't playmates. The Mountie has a job to do, and his horse is part of that job. I cannot commandeer its time.
6. I (a female) will not encourage the (male) pot-bellied pig to mate with me when I am in heat.
7. I am a livestock GUARDIAN, my job description does not include terrorizing the sheep, eating their droppings, or rolling in same.
8. I am a small yappy dog. I cannot hold my own against a raccoon, and should not try to. My human freaks out and does what she must to protect me, and her mom freaks out when my human's protection includes kicking the raccoon with her bare foot. (The raccoons, conveniently, have stopped bothering us after this incident. I hate to hurt living things, but when they're trying to make a meal out of my dog (rat thing) the fun and games end and the flinging of lawn chairs begins. I am glad to say I have never hurt a raccoon, as my kick was only enough to have him give me a dirty look and run away up the tree and on to the neighbor's garage roof. The lawn chair hit the tree under the raccoon to discourage him from turning around and coming back. It worked.)
9. I do not have to chase, whine, and bark at the mouse in my house (keeping my human up all night), because the traps will catch the mice. (The final score ended up being Dog 1, Traps 2)
10. I must realize that the coyotes are terrible snobs, and that howling along with them will not get them to talk to me (especially when my howl sounds like the horn on the Queen Mary).
11. I promise to not continue to try to play with the county kitty with the white stripe down its back every time it tries to run from me. My humans really hate its cologne.

12. I will chase away the coyotes instead of letting them eat out of my food dish.
13. I will eat the maple bugs. Ditto for crickets; my human doesn't like them.
14. I *will* learn that the horse's tail is not a pull toy. He/she gets upset, and I end up with a swollen shoulder/jaw/ribs.
15. I will never again eat almost an entire raccoon and not tell my human why I am so sick until AFTER she has taken me to the vet and had me X-rayed, laboratory tested, given antibiotics, and IV fluids. I will throw up raccoon hide before the above conditions have taken place.
16. I will not allow birds to eat my food from my dish and bathe in my water bowl.
17. I will not antagonize the guinea pigs that have free reign of my backyard. They are not prey and even if I could catch them, they do not taste delicious.
18. I will not be terrified of the iguana. It gives him an ego complex.
19. I will not bite off the parrot's beak or toe, thus giving my owner grief, vet bills and a surly parrot.
20. I will not bring live frogs or lizards into the house. [Bob used to do this and then get highly excited as I probed around under the freezer with the handle of the yard-sweeping brush trying to extract the terrified amphibian(s).]
21. I will not chase deer. They are too fast; I am too fat. And if by some miracle I ever caught one, it would kick the snot out of me.
22. I will not chase the ducks, especially when they are swimming across the lake.
23. I will not chew on Red-Eared Sliders (or any other kind of turtle). While a challenge, turtles are not chew toys; and the rescue and rehabilitation of a semi-aquatic turtle could cost my humans over \$300 and earn the turtle a glass-enclosed pedestal atop a bookshelf in The Guestroom/Office, which would only serve to further annoy me.
24. I will not continue to clean dog food from my teeth with the neighborhood porcupine.
25. I will not eat ANY other pets on the farm, even if they are recognized as food animals (specifically ducks) and are roaming around loose, just begging to be eaten.
26. I will not eat my human's \$900 Amazon parrot.
27. I will not get jealous and coming running full tilt up to my human when she goes to feed the neighbour's horses some carrots.
28. I will not go into a full point at the sight of the neighbor's parrot.
29. I will not go into the stock trailer and get all the sheep out, just so I can pen them again.
30. I will not herd the animals in the church's nativity scene.
31. I will not hide live birds in my mouth. (He looks like Sylvester, with only a few tail feathers sticking out.)
32. I will not kill a mouse outside and then act like my humans are just awful when I don't get to bring it inside.
33. I will not lick my human's chickens to death.
34. I will not play tag with armadillos. (They fight back.)
35. I will not play with toads because they excrete a mild poison that causes me to foam at the mouth like a rabid animal and scare my human half to death.
36. I will not run screaming from my human's iguana (as it is stuffed) as every time I sniff it, it moves (on average three times daily).
37. I will not scare my human half to death when I appear with a face, mouth, ears, or tongue full of porcupine quills. Especially on Saturday night while she is having her Saturday night drinks and has to drive impaired for 1 hour to the vet with me whirling around in the seat beside her. Furthermore, I will not get quilled again 8 days later on Sunday morning, causing my human to drive 1 hour to the vet, this time before morning coffee and with uncombed hair.
38. I will not stick my nose in the guinea pig's butt and then take a deep breath, this causes the piggie to squeal loudly and nip my human.
39. I will not tear open the box containing the deceased guinea pig that my humans were about to bury and scare my human by carrying him into the house like a stuffed toy and looking at her as if to say, "I think this guy got outside by some mistake. Isn't he supposed to be INSIDE in his cage?"
40. I will not try to groom the guinea pig. She doesn't like it. I will also refrain from eating the guinea pig's poop.
41. I will not try to help my human catch the parrot or other birds when they are straying.
42. I will stay out of the cow pasture. The farmer puts up a fence for a reason.
43. I will try to see the parrots as a source of food (flung from their cages) and not as THE food.
44. If I am at a pet show, I will not grab hamsters out of cages. Just because there is no lid doesn't mean the hamster is free food.
45. If I run down deer, a farmer might shoot me. So, I won't run down deer.
46. Just because I am jealous does not mean I can be vicious about it.
47. Just because it runs does not mean that I have to chase it.
48. Mockingbirds are not to be messed with. (They dive bomb. From behind.)
49. Mockingbirds will peck my head if I catch them. (My Akita bitch regularly catches these enormous birds and they turn and peck her in the forehead HARD. and she still chases them. Dumb -- really dumb.)
50. Moose are not play toys. Bears are definitely not play toys.

51. Multi-coloured snakes are NOT my friends.
52. My human doesn't like it when I drop a live chipmunk in the kitchen.
53. Other furry critters are not running chew toys. (Cats, squirrels, my human's guinea pig.)
54. Possums are meant to be chased, not caught.
55. Sheep fight back. They also have no sense of humour.
56. Squirrels can fight back.
57. That bear is NOT just another big dog.
58. That black and white animal with the bushy tail is NOT a cat.
59. The bear does *not* want to play with me. (You would think something the size of a beagle would know this.)
60. The hamster ball is not a soccer ball.
61. The hamster does not want her butt sniffed, not that there's much to smell through the hamster ball.
62. The hamster has a right to live. I do not need to bite at the hamster's cage, as this may cause it to fall off the shelf. Anyway, it's metal and will hurt my teeth.
63. The horses are not my personal hot-lunch wagons.
64. We will not include the skunk in the back yard in our game of throw and chase the stuffed toy--using him as the stuffed toy--then get insulted when he bites us and we shake him. (Three large dogs tossing a skunk in the air and chasing it to toss it again--extremely odiferous consequences--and a very unhappy skunk.)
65. When I catch a moth, I will put it out of its misery quickly. I will not tear off its wings before eating it.
66. When I go to my human's parents' house, I will not jump into her kitchen sink to get to the cute little finches at the thistle feeder.
67. When running as a dog team, and pulling a human on a sled, we will not chase any foxes for longer than 20 miles. And we certainly will not follow that fox to a live bombing area at the nearby air force base.

--- Sleeping/Personal Comfort---

1. A miniature pinscher is not big enough to need the entire queen-size bed to herself.
2. Baths are fun and relaxing.
3. Being outside for any other reason than doing my business really is all right.
4. Being put outside in my kennel is not the same as being sent to the gallows.
5. Crawling into bed with the male human and accidentally stepping on his groin is not a really smart idea.
6. Great Danes and waterbeds do not mix.
7. I am not a cat, and do not need to lie along the top of the couch.
8. I can go to sleep without cleaning my toes first.
9. I can go to sleep without having my rope and my ball and my bone in bed with me and the humans.
10. I can share the bed with the cats.
11. I can share the couch, I can, I can. (My dog is allowed on the couch and because I left for college, she had the whole thing to herself when I left and when I came back, I had to fight for a cushion)
12. I do not need to grumble when my human kicks me off her bed so she can go to bed. I can get back in bed once she gets her spot.
13. I do not need to use the entire bed to sleep. I am small.
14. I don't have to go out to the backyard *this instant*.
15. I have my own room with my own bed. Therefore, it is not necessary for me to lie on Mom's legs all night long.
16. I may go to bed whenever I wish, and do not need to entice my humans to join me by pulling out the cute-and-tired look and whine with my head on their laps.
17. I promise not to sleep more soundly than my human, so I can wake HIM up when the drug dealers shoot at my next-door neighbor.
18. I weigh 100 pounds. I cannot ride in my human's lap while he's driving.
19. I weigh 70 pounds. I will not fit on my human's lap.
20. I will leave room in the bed for my human.
21. I will not crowd my human in bed.
22. I will not dig more than one new 'cool earth wallow' per day.
23. I will not go for a walk with my human and expect her to carry me when I get tired. I have to remember that I am a 75 lb bulldog and my human can't even pick me up.
24. I will not hiss at my human mother when she tells me to get on the couch and go to sleep. (Our dog really did this because she was cranky.)
25. I will not hoard all the Nyla bones so the other dogs can't get them.
26. I will not hog the warm spot right in front of the kerosene heater.

27. I will not nap on the coffee table, no matter how good the sunshine feels there.
28. I will not pull the down comforter off the bed and into the closet so I can sleep on it in the middle of the night.
29. I will not push my owner to one side of the bed, then sleep on her pillow.
30. I will not roll my eyes back into my skull and grunt and twitch in my sleep so my human thinks I have been possessed.
31. I will not sleep so that I, my sister, and my human are all confined to 1/4 of the king-sized bed.
32. I will not stretch my legs out so far in the bed and push my foot up against my human so that my toenail stabs her belly button. I will not take up four-fifths of the bed at night.
33. I will quit hogging all the pillows.
34. I will remember that the outdoor furniture does not need to be dragged around the garden so that the table is in the sun for my napping pleasure (yes, he does get up on the table to sleep), when I have a perfectly good kennel and bed that I can lie on.
35. I will stop playing dead when lying in the middle of the bed and will move when my humans want in.
36. I will stop rearranging the furniture. My bed does not have to be in direct sunlight during ALL daylight hours.
37. If I'm going to insist on sitting on my human's lap while they are working on the computer, I will realize the keyboard is not a pillow.
38. My humans don't like having to open up their bed just so I can crawl under the cover to sleep (our dog Jacks does this twice every day.)
39. My humans provide me with a fine place to sleep at night. Their heads are not that place.
40. The leather davenport is NOT a bed.
41. The vegetable and flower beds are not my personal hammock.
42. Twin beds are too small to share with my Mummy.
43. Waterbeds were designed for humans. Really.
44. When I am lying on the sofa, my human can lie on the other side; I know how to share.
45. When my human gets up early on cold mornings and I'm not ready yet, I will just burrow under the blankets and go back to sleep.
46. When my human is gone, I will not use his pillow and breathe down my female human's neck until she takes me out.

--- Toys---

1. Cat toys are not for dogs.
2. I will not move a large couch while 3 full-grown humans are on it to get at the ball that I just lost behind it. This is very disconcerting to the humans, especially since I only weigh 25 lbs.
3. I will not bring old, wet, dirty toys into the house that were sitting in the yard for a year.
4. I will not flip or toss my ball with my mouth and feet so it knocks over lamps, hits people in the head, or lands on the mantel or Christmas tree. If my ball does go onto the mantel or Christmas tree, I will not try to climb up there to get it back.
5. I will not toss the ball my human gave me to keep me quiet on the car trip: into the front seat; onto the driver's lap, and then try to jump up to get it back; under the brake; out of reach, and then yelp and bark incessantly until it's returned to me.
6. I will not use my mouth to open the footrest of the Lazy-Boy to get at my ball.

--- Vets, Illness and Medicine---

1. Although I am a red-blooded Aussie male Rottweiler, I will refrain from becoming "excited" when my female vet examines me because it embarrasses my human.
2. Growling and raising my hackles to defend the house and Mom from weirdos and salesmen is OK. Growling and raising my hackles to defend the vet from her vet techs is NOT OK and leads to me getting muzzled. When I keep trying to defend the vet from the techs even with the muzzle, I will get tranquilizers. Then I see 3 times the number of people.
3. I am a German Shepherd. When I'm at the vet's, I won't be scared to sit on the floor. I'm too big for my human's lap.
4. I have been to the vets many, many times. I like the vets. I even LOVE and WORSHIP one of the vets who treats me. I'm a 25-pound Sheltie. I will NOT require the highest amount of Ace (a tranquilizer) for my weight because I become extremely aggressive after 26 trips to a vet (Mom checked).
5. I will not act like I am dying so I am rushed to the vet and then act as if nothing is wrong with me when I get there, making my human feel silly.
6. I will not eat the bathroom rug, no matter how much I enjoy having the vet give me an enema.
7. I will NOT eat the slug and snail poison ever again. The little human cried for a week because I was so sick.
8. I will not get mad at my human on the first day back at work (after quality time at home on vacation) jump onto the counter, open her makeup kit, pull out the Tylenol container, chew off the lid and eat the Tylenol, requiring an expensive vet bill and 3 days at the doggie hospital for Acetaminophen overdose.
9. I will not have such a strong reaction to the anesthetic they use during my surgery that I'm stoned for two days.

10. I will not hide under the covers of my humans' bed and pull out my stitches. They can hear me spitting out the thread and they freak out and put the evil cone back on my head.
11. I will not imitate "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (only pretend to eat the pills) when my human gives me my pills.
12. I will not sneakily eat used condoms, then get so sick that I have to go to the Veterinary Teaching Hospital and spend 3 days there until I pass them. My human finds it very embarrassing to have the problem explained to him with a group of students and his mother present.
13. I will not try to eat the cat at the vet's office.
14. I will quit escaping from the vet and eating all the other dogs', cats' and birds' food.
15. I will try not to bite the vet when he tries to take out my stitches.
16. If I do grab my human's underwear, I will not swallow it, causing her an embarrassing trip to the vet (three different times).
17. If I must be an unholy beast from hell on the 27th trip to the vet, I can at least keep that behavior up instead of being a sweet loving Sheltie on the 28th trip to the vet. It makes the humans wonder what to expect next.
18. The vet already has a husband, and even though I am in love with her, I will not tear big gouges in the door, and howl and cry for hours after she leaves.
19. The vet is my friend. I will not shiver in the vet's office to the point where my human thinks I'm having convulsions.
20. We promise to have our medical emergencies during the week, during the day and during vet working hours instead of on weekends and at night.
21. Yes, the vet does give me shots and clip my claws, but I needn't shake so much that I have to be held still by my owner and a nurse as well as the vet.

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BAD HUMAN

This is the reverse of the Bad Dog list. That is, what would your dog(s) have you write on the chalkboard after committing a "crime"? Making you laugh since November 22, 1993. Latest Update: August 6, 2001.

--- Bodily Functions---

1. Dog bladders are not large.
2. I will appreciate my master's need to find just the RIGHT spot to piddle on, no matter how long it takes, even in the middle of a freezing cold winter night.
3. I will not cut my master's nails.
4. I will not drag my master from the interesting sniffing spots.

5. I will not make my master relieve herself outside in the snow. In the house is just fine.
6. I will not order my master to get up out of the nice snow when he is obviously making snow angels and giving himself a coat conditioning.
7. I will not stare while my master is doing his business.
8. I will not tell my master to HURRY UP ALREADY when he's looking for just the right spot to take care of business.
9. I will respond to my master's sexual passes.

--- Comfort of the Master(s)---

1. I will allow my master on the couch.
2. I will allow my master to bring ALL of her toys (fleece, rope, and bone) into the bed with me.
3. I will give up any idea of dieting as it could wreck my master's nice comfy "chair".
4. I will interrupt whatever I'm doing and pet my master *every single time* she nudges my hand with her snout.
5. I will let my master go outside at 3:00 a.m. because she REALLY has to go.
6. I will not bathe my master after he bathes himself in the mud puddle.
7. I will not come home from work and feel the sofa to see if it is still warm from where my master was sleeping "illegally".
8. I will not wake my master when I come home from work.
9. I will realize that all my guests are really coming to massage and stroke the master.
10. I will set up the kiddie pool every day that it's hot, even in December.

--- Disobedience---

1. I promise to leave all doors and windows in the house open as my masters might need to make a quick exit to eradicate cats from the yard.
2. I will drop whatever I'm doing and take my master out as soon as he asks me to.
3. I will not interrupt my master while he and the couch/pillow/cat are being intimate. But I can interrupt if it is my leg.
4. I will not laugh at my master for being confused over not being able to find the lump of ice that he buried earlier.
5. I will not leave any more steaks unattended so that my master eats all of it and gets sick for two weeks.
6. I will not trick my master into getting into the car, seducing him into thinking he's going for a nice drive, only to end up being left at that horrid vet's office for a shot or worse.
7. I will open the back door as soon as my master sits by it.
8. I will take my dog(s) to Dog Park every week-end regardless of weather or other plans.
9. When my master plays too hard at Dog Park, I will not laugh at him as he stiffly tries to move around the house. I will just quietly give him his aspirin.

--- Food---

1. I will always carry cookies and treats.
2. I will give my master treats at anytime.
3. I will give my masters chewies that last throughout that stupid kid's *entire* piano practice.
4. I will let my master bring the rear end of a mouse that the cat kindly gave him to chew onto the lounge room carpet.
5. I will make ice cream often and let my master lick the blades (rather than having to steal a lick or two).
6. I will never eat until my master has tasted what I have and approved it for me.
7. I will no longer make my master wait 12 long hours between meals.
8. I will not close the lid to the reserve water bowl.
9. I will not run out of dog biscuits or other treats.
10. I will not yell at my master for creating "chew toys" from found objects.
11. I will share everything I eat with my master.
12. I will share my T-bone/ribeye steak with my master.

--- Games/Playing---

1. Bad weather is no excuse for not walking my master.
2. I will learn to throw the frisbee straight even if a hurricane force wind is blowing.
3. I will not ask my master to play fetch with a boomerang.
4. I will not complain "My arm is tired" after only throwing the ball 20 times.
5. I will not confuse my master by throwing snowballs for him to fetch.
6. I will not hide my master's ball in a place where I know he couldn't possibly retrieve it from and then ask him to go get it.

7. I will not pretend to throw my master's toy and then hide it behind my back while my master runs off looking for it.
8. I will not sneak around the backyard wearing funny clothes to test whether my master is a good watchdog.
9. I will not take shredded, soggy, yummy tennis balls away from my master.

--- Miscellaneous---

1. As my master's voice is quite melodious, I will never object to or tire of hearing it morning, noon, or night. Very late at night.
2. GIVE and LEAVE IT are useless requests, so I will stop using them.
3. I will {make a turkey/stuff a stocking/buy lots of presents} for my master.
4. I will not abandon my master for trivial reasons like "going to work".
5. I will not ask my master to retire to his crate anymore.
6. I will not leave my master at home any time I go in the car.
7. I will not push my master away when she wants a hug after playing in a mud puddle.
8. I will not take my master back to that horrid SPCA; she says it is a Christmas party but I'm afraid she'll leave me there.
9. I will not use decorations like tinsel that could be dangerous to my master.
10. I will not yell at my master when she is barking at the wind. She's just trying to protect me.
11. I will try MUCH harder to understand my master's language.
12. My master's desires are always paramount. My master's wish is my command.
13. The ornaments on the trees ARE balls. Really.

--- Offenses to Dignity---

1. I will not humiliate and embarrass my master by taking him to be washed, given a ridiculous haircut, being drenched in perfume and tricked out in a 'cute' bow at a grooming salon.
2. I will not humiliate my master(s) in a Toastmasters Humorous Speech Contest.
3. I will not leave on a trip and forget about my master and call the police to pick him up three days later and take him to the kennel.
4. I will not make my master pose for pictures with some fat stranger in a red suit.
5. I will not make my master wear silly-looking antlers or red hats on Christmas morning.
6. I will not pretend to throw a ball and then laugh as my master attempts to find it.
7. I will not tie leftover ribbons and bows all over my master.
8. I will not torture my master by saying "walk" or "dog park" unless I really mean it.
9. I will not trick my master into the car with the call of "Want to go for a ride?" and then drive to the vet's.
10. I will not wash my master after he has rolled in a rather disgusting fragrance. He wanted to wear it.
11. I will refrain from toting my master around by his harness. He is a dachshund and not a handbag.
12. I will stop referring to my master's necklace as her "collar."

--- Other Critters---

1. I will get rid of those cats.
2. I will never go socializing with other canines without my master.
3. I will not allow any more kittens in the house because they hurt my master (who is a four-pound Chihuahua).
4. I will not bring home any more cats.
5. I will not chase my master around yelling COME when he is socializing.
6. I will not enter shows held in horse barns and expect my master to be obedient.
7. I will not feed the cat before I feed my masters.
8. I will not have another of those obnoxious little human things.
9. I will protect my master from that obnoxious little human thing at all times.
10. Mini-humans shall not ride on my back as if I were a pony.

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