

Kitty and Axel
Story 5
Hairdo

Kitty has been away from the fence all morning. Axel is having a nice rest for a change by the gate. It's very windy, and her allergies are kicking up. She's thinking maybe she should get off wheat for a while, at least until the spring blooms are past. She believes allergies are compounded, although the vet says there's no scientific evidence for it. Vets don't know absolutely everything, especially western vets. She's aroused from her reverie when the gate opens for the blue car. A small dog jumps out and stands uncertainly in the driveway, as if disoriented.

At first Axel doesn't recognize this dog; she's most peculiar looking: coat curled into Shirley Temple ringlets and a pink bow between her ears. Kitty, is that you? she says in astonishment.

What ever you do, Axel, don't laugh, Kitty says. I've been through a terrible ordeal all morning. I was taken to DiPietro Dogg for the full treatment.

Axel can't help it; she has the hysterics. She laughs so hard her eyes and nose run, and if it weren't for her hormone pill, she'd pee. I didn't recognize you, Kitty, you look like a raggedy ass poodle and smell terrible; it's gardenia, I think.

I'll have you know, Axel, that this hairdo cost \$250. I've been washed, conditioned, trimmed, and blown dry by a man who said the transformation would change my life. I forgot, I'm also frosted.

But Kitty, you are lovely au naturel; you look like a prehistoric creature who roams the Scottish moors, burrowing in cairns, chasing rodents to ground. Your ancestors would be appalled at the sight of you now.

Where were my ancestors when I needed them at the beauty parlor? It's too late now. Stella and Hercules won't even say hello, and Samba sniggered at me as she walked by. Soon I'll have no friends and become isolated. I'll be depressed and retreat farther and farther away from my own kind. I'll refuse to eat and won't be able to sleep. Soon I'll fall into a stupor and then quietly slip away.

For heavens' sakes, Kitty, it's only a haircut. It'll grow out soon enough. I'll go to For paws and buy you a full body suit to wear until then.

Thanks, Axe, you're a peach.