

## *Fetch*

Fetch. She throws the ball, but I don't chase. I've never liked that word; it always felt so rude. So, demeaning. Always trying to act as if we're not equals. Fetch. Such a command, but I'll do it anyway. Not that I have much of a choice. To clarify, even if it means rolling through the dirt like a dog, I do love seeing that dull gray tennis ball fly through the air.

I sit and the ball flies past in a blur. Humans always think they're better than us, like they wouldn't drink from the pool if they knew how crisp a sip it was. Always talking about "chlorine" or "bacteria" when I do it, but do I say anything about their behavior? No, they just sit and eat in front of me as if I don't deserve a seat at the table. And I've tried to share my meals with them, things I work for, but apparently dead squirrels aren't a family favorite. And the baths. My biggest issue and worst injustice is the insistence on baths. No, Shannon, I do not want to smell like blueberries. I'd rather smell like the entrails of my prey and pizza, something you'll never experience as you sit behind your computer all day. What a pity.

The ball lands and yet I wait, pondering. Humans never understand how backwards everything they do is. They time their walks and throw away perfectly good food like I'm not sitting right here. Don't even get me started on how they stay inside all day. They call me dirty, unruly, but just as quickly want to pet and love me. They tell me to fetch, but they're the ones always running.

Would you look at that! Shannon picked up the ball. I guess if I don't get it, she will. Finally, the respect I deserve. We'll work on my seat at the dinner table next.

**320 Words**