

REAL DOGS WEAR
PLAID

by Roderick Fong

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"Today is your lucky day, little
guy. Let's meet your new friend."





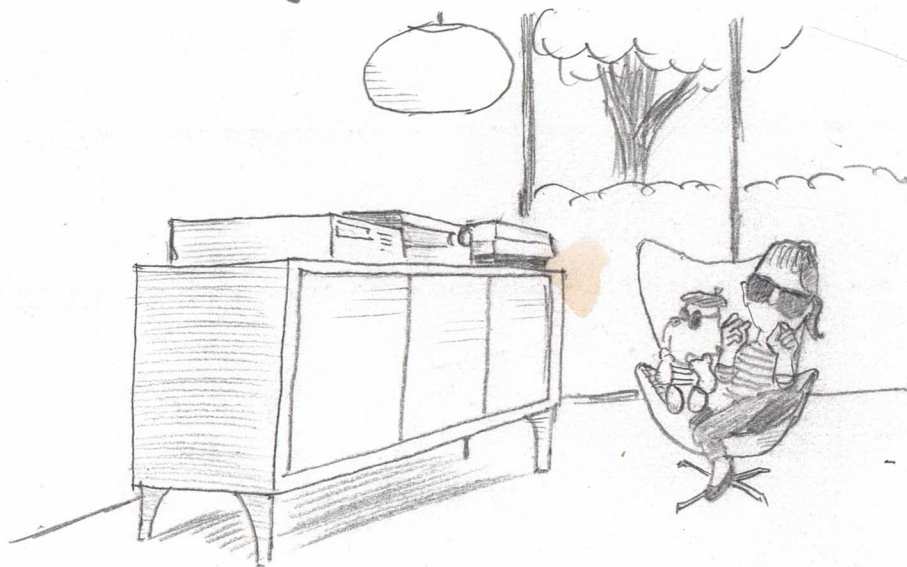
"Did you pick out a name for
your new friend?" asked
Officer Keller.
"You bet!" said Tiffany.
His name is **ALISTAIR**."



Alistair found himself adjusting to new routines, such as helping Tiffany make his food...



Hopping to jazz...



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and taking walks...



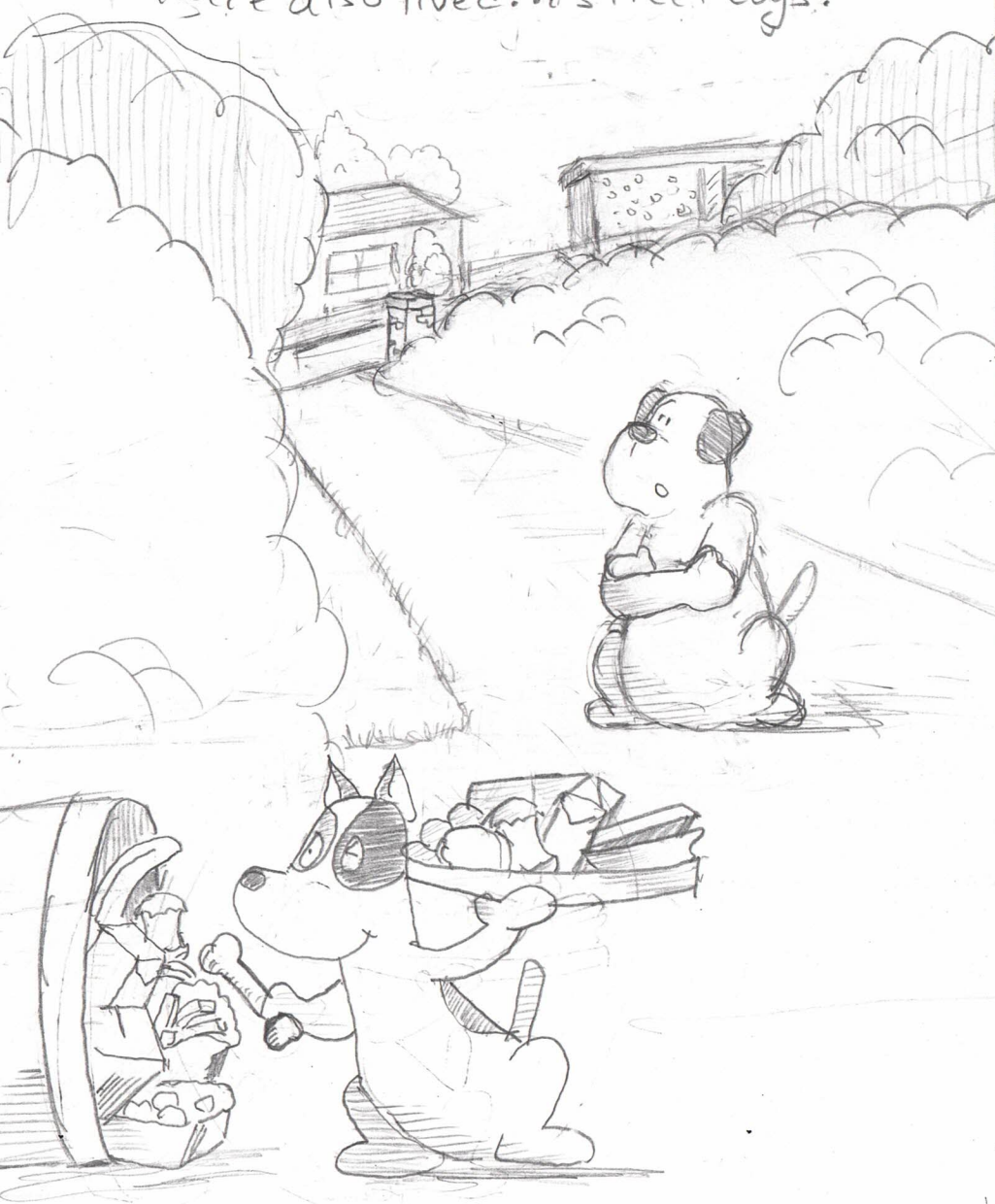
dressed according to the weather.

Fortunately eating (and pooping) needed no adjustments. "Clearly," thought Alistair, "I will have to take this new life one step at a time."

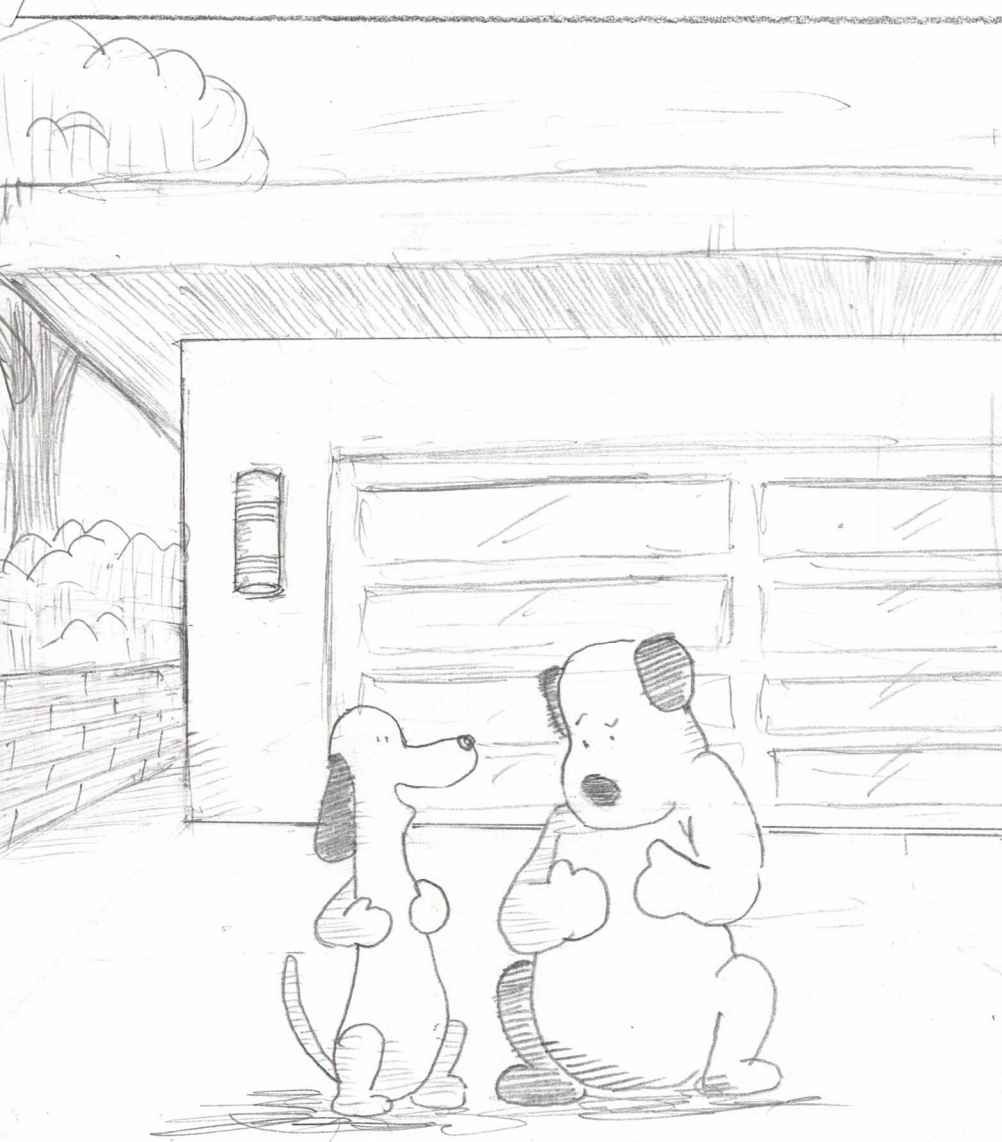


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Not all dogs in Alistair's
neighborhood were indoor dogs.
There also lived... street dogs.

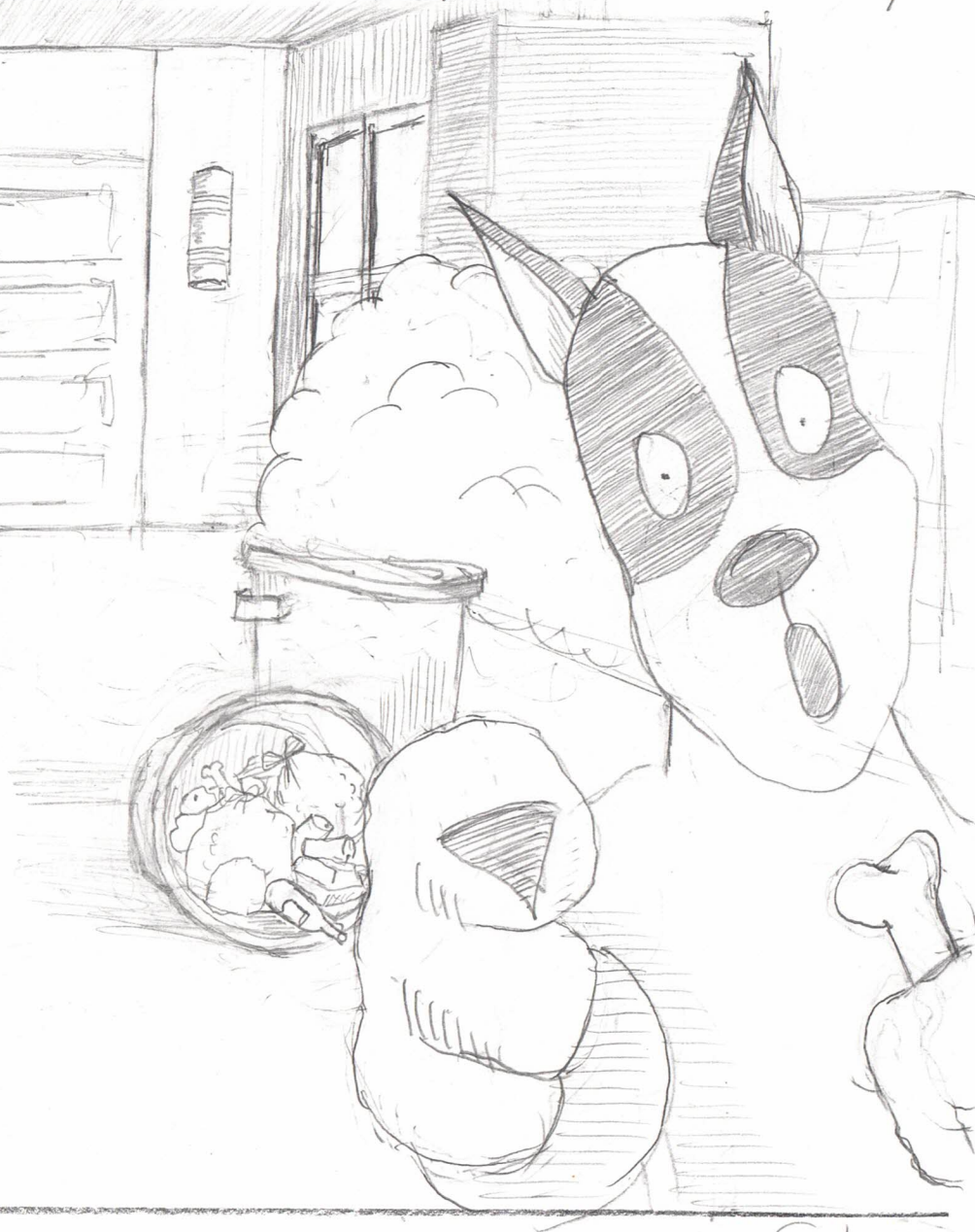


"Eat up, fellas," said Winnie.
"I dare say, McMurdy's trash is
the best," said Levine.
"Have you ever thought about being
an indoor dog?" asked Bernie.
"Shut in? Inside walls?
Absolutely not!" cried Winnie.
"Our home has no walls!
We are free!"



"Well, it would be nice to have a space heater," said Bernie.
"Why on earth for?" asked Winnie.
"We grow fur in the winter, which we shed in the summer."

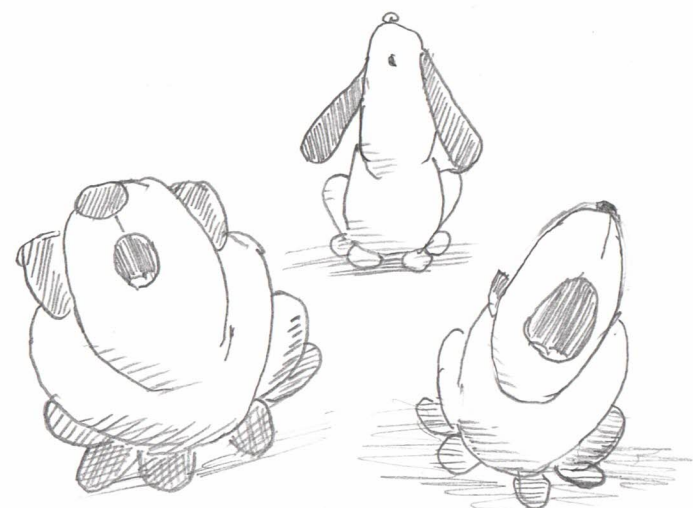
"Hmm. Appears this fellow has come up with an alternative to fur AND space heaters," said Levi pointing down the driveway.





"That guy's wearing a hat," said Levi.
 "And a jacket," said Bernie.
 "And... and ... SHOES!" stammered
 Winnie.

"Fellas, we have to save this guy
 from himself," said Winnie.
 - The street dogs put their quivering
 noses together and came up with a
 plan.
 They then sealed their bargain
 with a ceremonial howl.

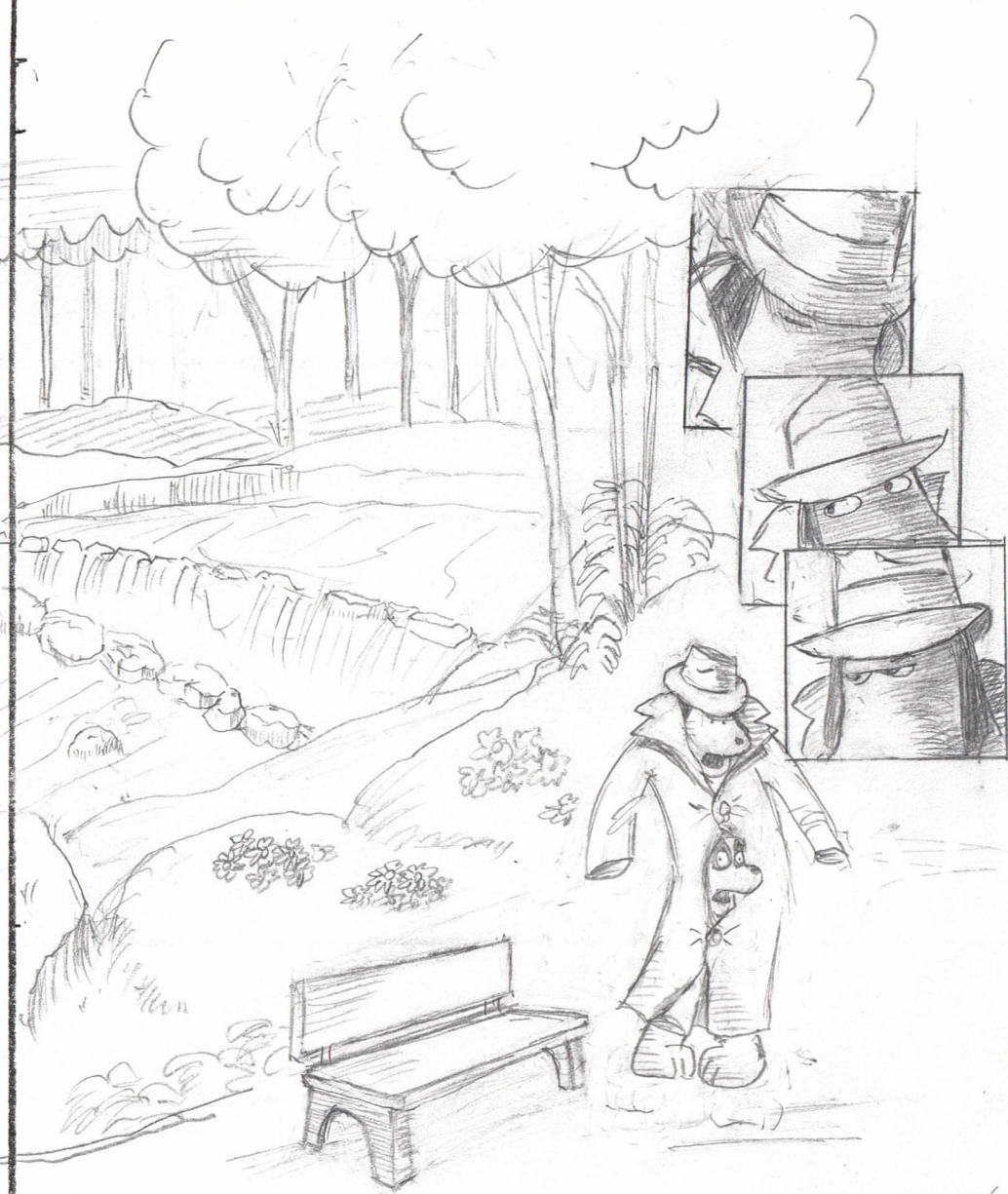


AAAAAOWW!

The next day Alistair went
for a walk through the park.



At one turn, Alistair noticed
a man who seemed to be
unsteady on his large feet.



As Alistair got closer, the man
slowly turned towards
Alistair and cried,



Bernie quickly grabbed
Alistair and ran off,
followed by Winnie and Levi.

"Where are you taking me?" asked Alistair.

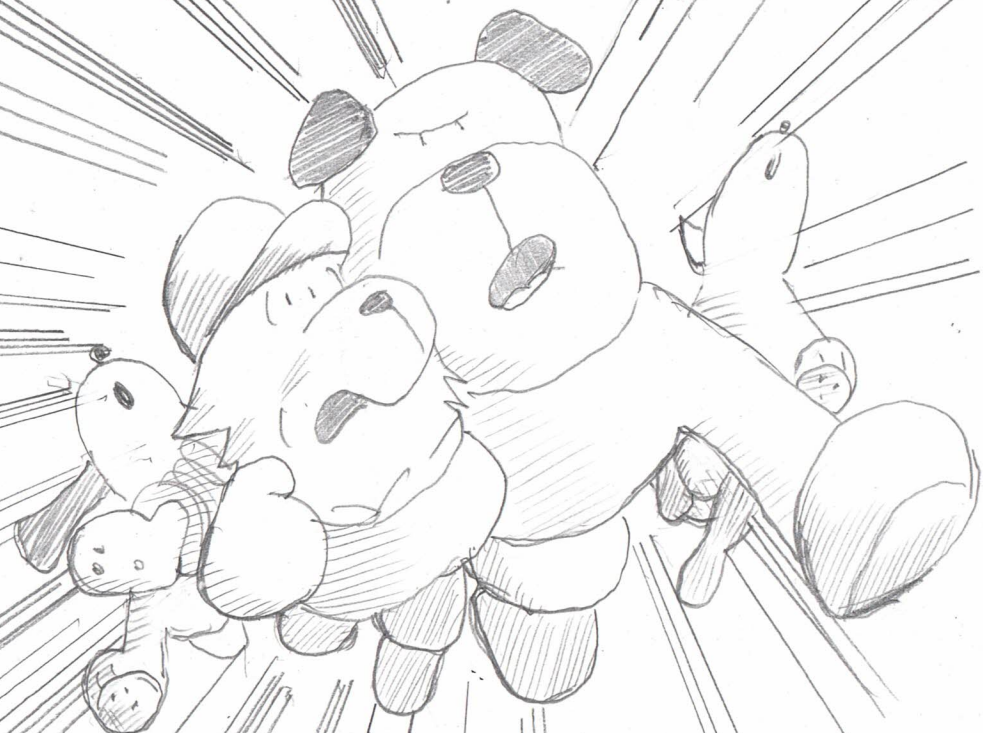
"To a place where you'll be safe,"
said Bernie.

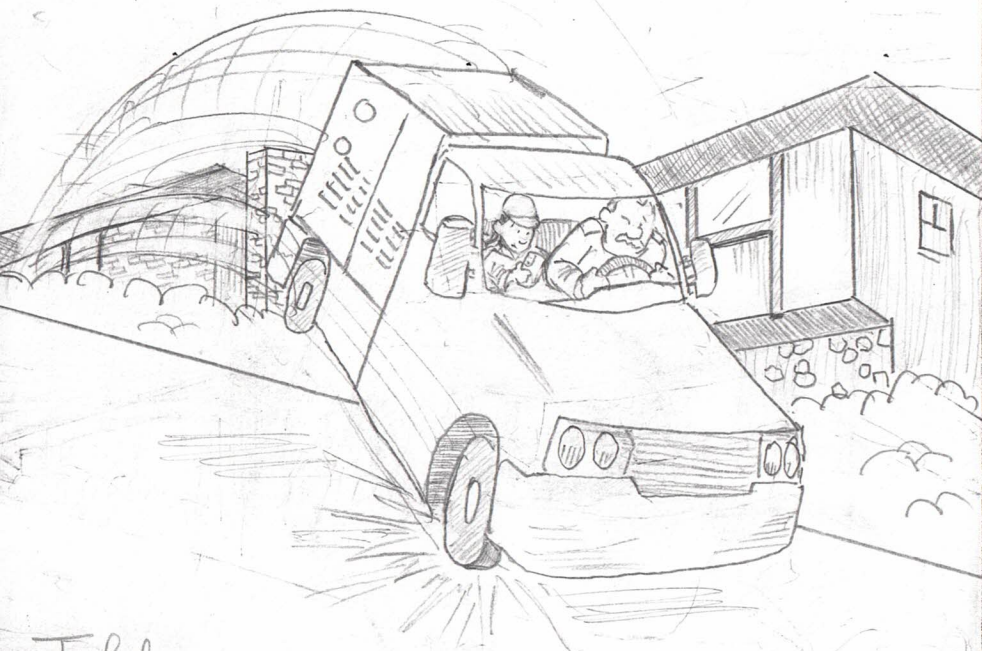
"Safe?" asked Alistair.

"YES!" cried Winnie.

"Safe to be A DOG!!"

The dogs then
howled.





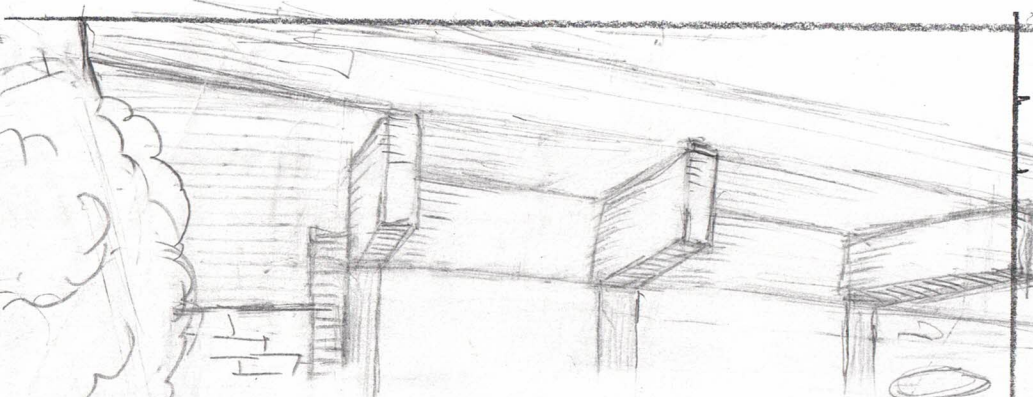
Tiffany ran to find Officer Keller.
 "STREET DOGS STOLE ALISTAIR!"
 she cried.

"Street dogs?" Officer Keller smiled
 and nodded.
 "Hah! Get in the truck! We'll find him!"
 Fortunately, traffic was light.

Unfortunately, there was still
 foot traffic.



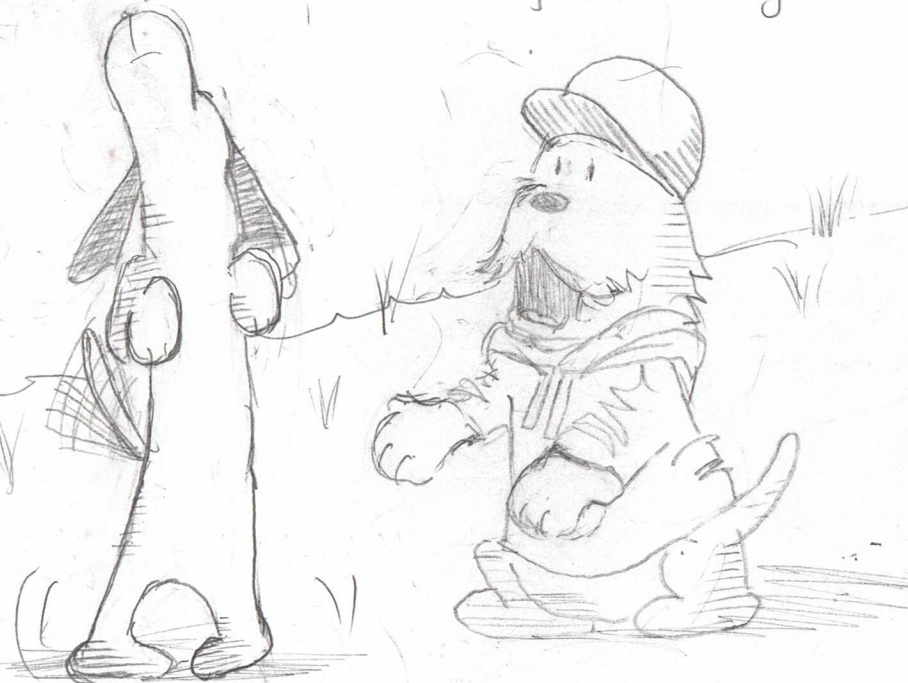
And what of Alistair?



The street dogs had taken Alistair to a ditch behind McNulty's house.

"Why do you say I'm not a dog?" asked Alistair

"No dog wears clothes," said Winnie.
"Next you'll be walking on two legs."



Levi held up a hand
"Please! Not while I'm eating."
"Clothes don't mean anything,"
said Alistair.



"If I see a tree, do I not lift a leg?"

Before Winnie could answer they heard... **ALISTAIR!**



"Satan's..."

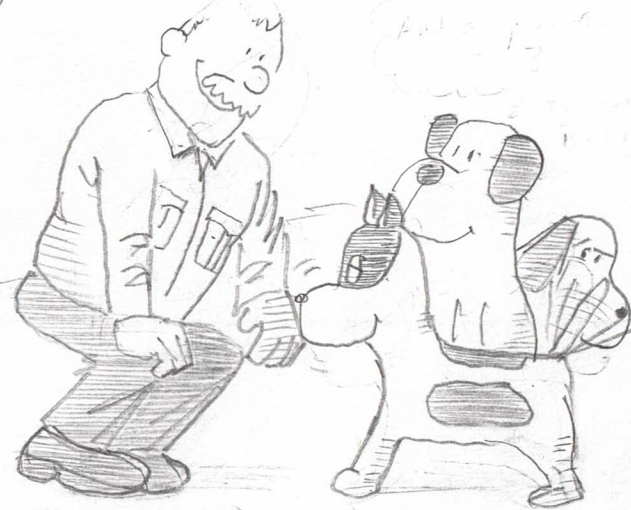
"Satan's..."

"Did you see them go away?"

"ALISTAIR! We found you!"
cried T. Atany.



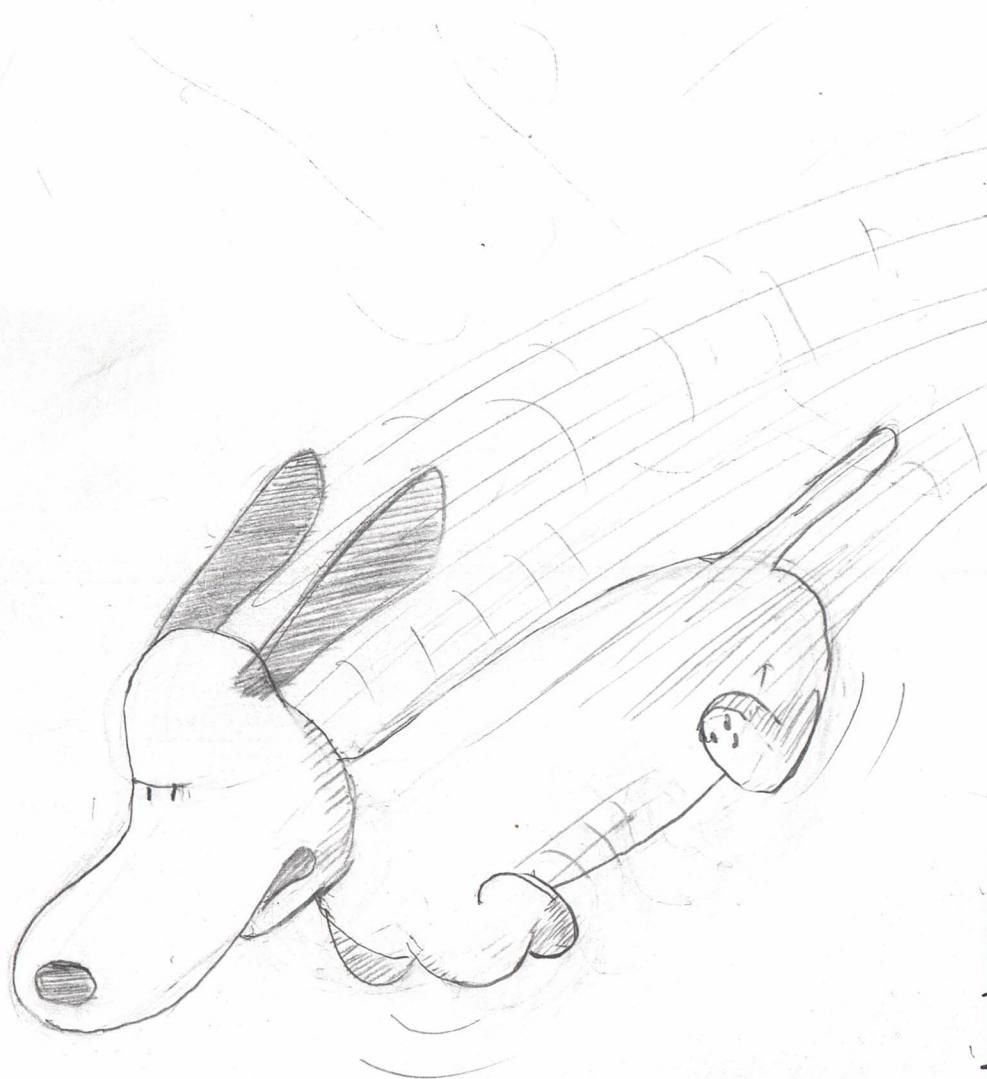
"McMurty had complained about street
dogs kicking over his trash cans,"
said Officer Keller. "Made sense we'd
find him here."
Hmm. I bet we can find you guys
a home, with a roof and walls!"



Winnie let out a loud

"Grownl-woof!"

At least that's what Tiffany
and Officer Keller heard.



Alistair, Bernie and Levi heard

"NO WALLS! EVER!!"

And with that, Winnie ran as
fast as his little stumpy legs
could carry him.



Alistair whispered to Levi and
Bernie.

"It's not so bad being an indoor
dog. Give it a chance."

The next day Tiffany brought her friends to the shelter to meet Levi and Bernie.



They were adopted immediately.

Levi and Bernie adapted quickly to the life of an indoor dog.



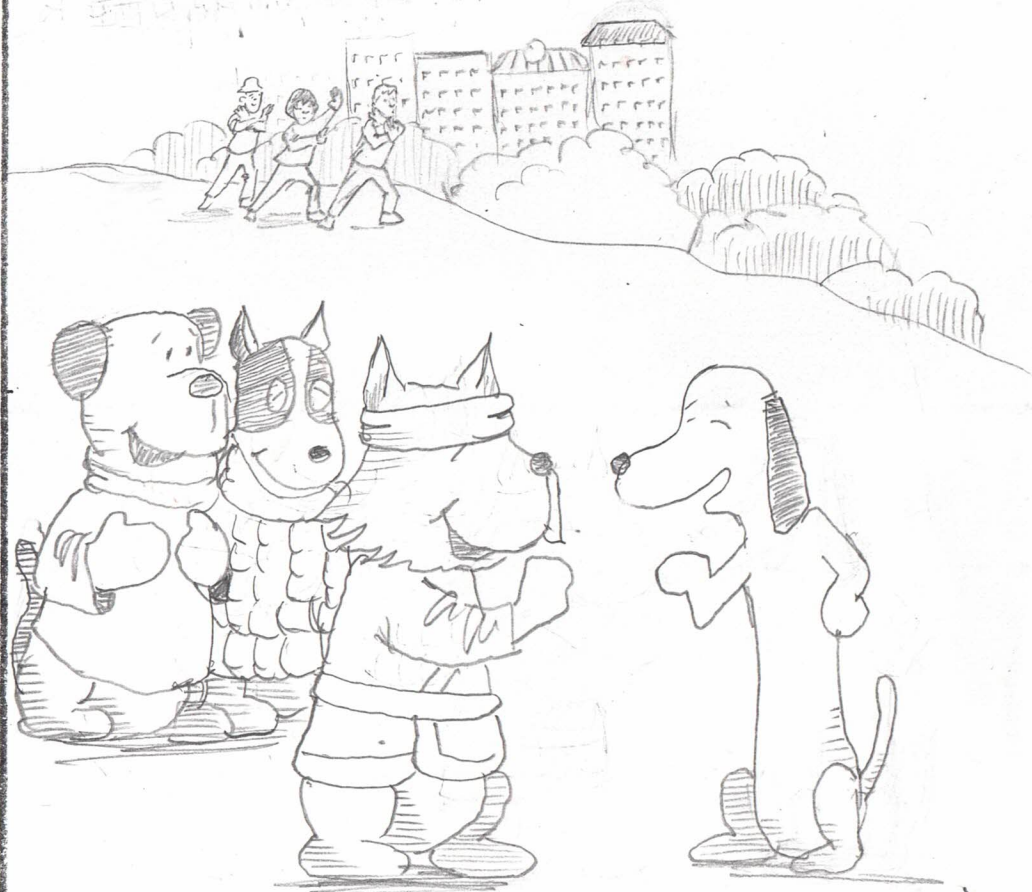
One day the three dogs took a walk to the park, and ran into an old friend.



After much bow-wow-ing and butt smelling, Winnie gave Alistair a paw bump, nodded at Levi and Bernie and left.

"Do you think Winnie will ever be an indoor dog?" asked Bernie

"Maybe," said Alistair. "It's just a matter of taking life..."



... one step at a time.

