

A Day At The Beach

by Harry B. Sanderford

Rothko and Stella loved the beach. To Jalapeno it was just one big litter box and for her it held no great appeal. She sprawled sunbathing on the dashboard lifting a lid occasionally to watch Lauren riding a wave. The dogs delirious with freedom romped and chased tight figure eights in water chest deep on little corgi legs. Jalapeno didn't like riding in the truck and she would never understand why dogs and humans like being wet so much. She licked a paw, caught a lovely whiff of something fishy on the seabreeze, stretched in her sunny spot and slept. Here's to good waves, long dogs and flexible cats.

