



## The Dog Walkers

Oh Fur! Oh Fluff! This is what the American Dream is made up of! I procure a living off of scooping up poop and pretending not to watch or care about public urination. What the heck, my clients aren't concerned in the least. They can piss wherever they want to. How did I ever get this job? Oh yeah, my brilliant marketing savvy and all those neighborhood flyers I sent out after getting canned from Olgilvey & Mather last year. The most recent example from my stunning advertising portfolio:

Dog walkers reduce pet trauma and eliminate costly boarding fees.  
Your pets will miss you, but their environment and routines stay intact.

**Contact Jake LeBlanc**  
**Certified Canine Specialist**



Indulge in peace of mind!  
Safeguard your beloved family property!  
Enjoy the benefits of courteous, prompt, loving  
service!

*Member of the Professional Dog Walkers  
Association*

Humph. And that damned Olgilvey said I didn't have any talent! I really couldn't stress less about these slobbering, tail wagging, four-legged critters (I have cats). And the owners! Don't even start me barking up that tree! Here's my bone. Although they don't have the guts to do any dirty work, they worry incessantly about their furballs. "Ohhh," they fret, with their brows creased, "Fifi seems out of touch, Czar isn't getting along with the other dogs. Or they ask, "Could you pick me up some Greenies or Advantage?" Whatever! Just give me the leash and let's get on with it.

I make a good living; damn, I can afford my Soho apartment, plus some. I guess every dog has his day. Enough said. Shit! It's nearly 10:30 A.M. Why did I end up with that Bronx chick at the Marriott last night? Oh yeah, I almost forgot...she had the cutest Pomeranian. I better get moving and go walk Mrs. Earle's Genevieve.

1. You leave the warmth of a hotel bed,  
And before you lies a day of dread.  
Four legged creatures will abound,  
As you scoop up brown, large mounds.

You walk west on Montague,  
Past stores, cafes to the river's view,  
And leash Genevieve so she won't bite.  
A flagpole stands to the dog's delight.

She lifts her leg,  
And sets forth a grin,  
And starts your job,  
To your chagrin.

A 100-dollar fine yours will be  
If you don't spoon the honoree,  
Into the bag without adieu,  
Better than below your shoe.

2. Now you walk the Puppy Parade,  
It's the Promenade, you two crusade.  
Dead North, watchful of the zodiac sign,  
Go up the hill with the frisky canine.

Turn left onto a street of elevation,  
Mind the Watchtower, mind your salvation.  
As you two traverse, to the right,  
Genevieve woofs with delight.

Your prospects are looking good ahead,  
As you thank the Lord for last night's bed.  
A chain link fence will be your stop,  
**V**ines intertwine and traffic does not stop.

You smell the sweetness  
Of urine-stained chips,  
And Genevieve utters a growling snip,  
Hillside down into the park,  
Let her go to run, pee, and bark.

3. Return you go the way you came,  
And make a left onto a fruity name,  
It matters not which one you take,  
For at the end you can't mistake.  
Take a right and still traverse,  
Toward the depths of a new universe.  
The train in which you should depart,  
Is from a station rhyming with park.

A 2,3 count will get you there,  
Head toward Manhattan but be aware,  
To exit at a Monopoly Square,  
And north walk up the stage's thoroughfare.

Take the N or R off the street name of a rabbit's den,  
Glad you're puppy-less, that would be bedlam.  
Uptown you go and start to muse,  
Of the marketing world and all the abuse.

Now its time another pup,  
You let it go and suck it up.  
A sigh of resign, you start to wince,  
Get off in Soho to meet up with **Prince**.

Walk your Prince in the direction of west,  
A song by twins will help your quest,  
North you go towards an oil rich city,  
The party animal is alive, furry and pretty.  
A picture of it will purrfectly suffice,  
Don't put in your bag, it's not rally merchandise.

A toy for Prince catches your eye,  
It bark and pants from its belly-bye.  
The brown ear on white is sure to amuse,  
A perfect creature for hiding clues.

4. Walk east on Houston to catch the Broadway-Lafayette,  
And take the uptown subway to a "luncheonette",  
The F or V will be mighty fine,  
To get you to your next canine.

The next stop, yes, you must debark,  
But walk away from Washington Square Park.  
On Fourth, at the corner of Barrow and Sheridan Square,  
Look! A boxer dog is hanging right there!

Melanie, she's called, slobbery but sweet,  
Your nerves are shot; you need a treat.  
Hair of the dog that bit you please,  
You ask for Three Dog Night and find reprise.

5. Go east to rue eight minus two,  
And walk up north to the next Avenue.  
Turn left on the color of a witch's face,  
And find another doggoned place.  
Toto, Bengi, and Lassie, too  
are certain **stars** that you pooh-pooh.

You are **struck** by a window,  
That makes you pause,  
See a uniform that gives you cause.  
Is this a new look for my career?  
The yellow shirt is, oh, so queer.

To your vocation you now conclude,  
As aptitude drowns attitude.  
Could I like these critters, four legs and furry?  
Go inside, Joe will help you with the jersey.  
Nonetheless, you do decide  
To put it on and feel some pride,  
A picture now is worth the jeer,  
Dog Walkers unite! You have no fear!

6. Whether taxi or walk...only you do declare,  
But end, I recommend, at Union Square.  
Take the N or R to Broadway/23<sup>rd</sup> street,  
To find a Dalmation crouched at your feet.

Madison, you see, starts with a steward of statue,  
But her park within should not be a snafu.  
Behind you, for bonus, find a photo of sort,  
A thin, little wafer of building, off course.

On task, is a run, of pebbles quite fine,  
The pup is a cute, docile canine.  
Buried below the black and the white,  
Is a clue that will send you onward and right.

7. Dog owners, you know, are the first to holler,  
As they ask you to pick up the food, flea, and collar.  
The clue guides you to be highly aware,  
As the N or R continues to Herald Square.

The Cellar! Oh No! A Department Store!  
West through house wares, restaurants,  
to the store's signature.  
A section so gaudily placed with their name,  
Dog owner's could only exist in such vain.

The circle that binds comes in red and in black,  
Forgo dishes and treats, those are off track.  
Stay close to the statues of dogs on display,  
These critters will help you remain on your way.  
A band so incredibly paperous and fine,  
Is a rally replica of a doggy confine.

8. East on 34<sup>th</sup> you begin to elbow,  
To find the ensuing dog Eskimo.  
On your way, a pic, to please bring along,  
A sovereign building fit for King Kong.

A right onto Park and one block down,  
Take the 6 at 33<sup>rd</sup>, the train's direction is uptown.  
At 68<sup>th</sup> you stop and ponder...  
Is he a Hunter, a wilderness wonder?

West toward the Ave, counts the same as a hand's digits,  
The name of the pup starts the same as with Brigitte.  
Go South past the 7<sup>th</sup> Regiment Infantry,  
Right into the park, past a place where kids play free,  
Straight through where all the paths intersect,  
Find the perfect statue for clues to collect.

9. South through the park is quite a delight,  
A stroll down East Drive will leave you in sight,  
The N or R of glorious 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue,  
The final day's pup you now must pursue.

The NR South to street fifty less one,  
Leads you home to the begotten son,  
Go East to find the center of *rock*,  
Where a *feller* turns left, two before Park.

On the corner, up steps, you lead into piety,  
And pray to some saints, quite a variety.  
Your salvation is large and helps on the slopes,  
Many skiers are rescued by the jug on his throat.

10. You're dog-eared and tired, but what a fine day,  
You now have the privilege to rest and to play.  
West to 50<sup>th</sup> /Sixth, on the B, D, F,  
Go south one stop, to the 42<sup>nd</sup> revelry.

Head west again, now you're aware,  
Your final leg begins in Times Square.  
A picture for points of the debauchery,  
Go down below to take the 1,2,3.

Head South, at last, the next stop is home,  
In the station, find a wall looking like Rome.  
Go toward a place where people escalate,  
And a liberal turn you must now navigate.  
Do not forget, be there by eight,  
And meet someone with your next rally fate.  
If here you are without the last clue,  
The envelope waits in the bag...just for you!

## **HOTLINES**

**Suz : (310) 489-5031**

**Jane Owens : (818) 631-9536**

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**Or, if necessary, after 2 PM, call (631) 653-8833**