**Murphy’s View: You Want Me to do What?**

In my three short years, I’ve been living the perfect life.  My mom and my dad let me do whatever I please. I saunter in and out of the house through my own little door at will. I

gallivant in the backyard chasing lizards, swimming in my pool, or lounging at night under the stars. When I get the zoomies, I run around the pool, down through bushes, back up the stairs, and then complete the circuit through the patio furniture.   I beat any playmate that dares to come over and challenge me on the home course.   Some might wait and try to ambush me while I ran my circle, but I know how to get away from them zigzagging around the homestretch of the patio furniture. The best part of my week is hanging out with my dad at the airport helping him build his RV-10 and playing ball with Mr Wes. Oh yeah, and going to the dog park on Friday mornings.  Life is, er… was really good.

Until the one day “it” showed up. The trawler. My dad was gone for a few weeks and brought back that trawler.  We always had a sailboat in our backyard, and went out on it occasionally. Then one day, someone else sailed away on it, and the sailboat hasn't come back. But that was okay, because my dad and I were still spending a lot of time at the hanger. Just us guys, doing our thing, loving life. For a while, anyway. But now it seems we never go to the hanger and

Dad keeps going on and off of that new trawler.  Dad is also spending time painting the house both inside and out, and redoing the floors. All this home renovation activity now has us venturing to Lowe’s a whole lot more, which is fine by me because the paint lady, who obviously loves me, gives me treats.  And, if I put on my cute face, the check-out ladies will also give me a treat. Score! Mom’s been cleaning out the house and taking lotta trips to a place called Goodwill. She lets me tag along, which isn’t as much fun as going to Lowe’s because there’s no one at Goodwill to give me treats. I don’t know for sure, but it seems like something’s been going on lately. And I bet it’s all because of that trawler.

Then suddenly, all of Mom’s and Dad’s beds and couches are out of the house. Mom even gave my bed to Bella, my German Shepherd girlfriend who lives down the street.  And then we take a trip in the trawler. Oh, that trawler again. What is up with this thing?

Oh no, now we are at something called a marina in the trawler.   WHAT is going on here?   No little door. No backyard. No pool. No lizards to chase. How do I get outta this trawler boat thing? Oh, wait, look, my Dad built a ramp for me to use to climb out of the boat. But, but, but that is a SCARY steep climb (I’ll show you a picture).  Seriously?  What is he thinking? And I bet I just can’t come and go when I want, am I right? Oh, boy.  Oh, hang on now, stop the presses… How am I supposed to go potty? i used to go whenever I wanted in the backyard.  What’s a sauntering, gallivanting, circuit racing champ supposed to do when nature calls? Oh woe is me! But my dad said he’d take care of me. And so Dad put a piece of fake grass up in the front of the boat and he said I could potty there. You want me to do what? *REALLY?* See? I was right, this is all because of that trawler!

It looks like my life has changed in a BIG way.  Stay tuned for my life on the trawler updates…..