

Everytime it rains, Joseph runs to my kennel to make sure I'm safely inside. He must think I'm stupid. I caught a cold once and they brought me to a vet, who talked about putting me down. They say they love me but they've a funny way of showing it.

I tried to escape once but Joseph found me when I fell asleep in the woods about four miles away and seemed to think that I should be grateful to be brought back.

'Were you lost, Bonzo?' he asked, wiping the snot off his face. 'Don't worry, you're safe now.'

Yes. Safe in a house where, if I show the slightest symptom of illness, I'm going to have sodium pentobarbital injected into my veins. Great.

A friend of mine, a sexy little bitch by the name of Betty, was shown this particular brand of love by the kid who lives next door. Betty got hit by the kid's dad's car. It wasn't that serious, a broken leg, but by God they picked that bitch up and broke her neck before she could bark any louder.

'It's for the best,' said the man as he took Betty between his left elbow and right hand and tried to snap her neck, a fairly unpleasant procedure since he had never done this before. 'You wouldn't want her to suffer, would you?'

Right. Dude runs her over in his car and spends five minutes separating her spinal column from her brain. Nice. I suppose that's what you call tough love.

The truth is, I'd like to be far away from here. Left alone to wander the streets at will, finding my own food, maybe picking up a few friends along the way. Is that too much to ask? I'm almost eighty years old – I don't know what that is in human years – surely I've earned the right to a little self-determination.

Last week, they threw me in the back of the car and we drove to a farm so Joseph could see what his father called "real animals". What the fuck am I if not a real animal? Anyway, we drove forty miles with the windows up and when we got there, they wouldn't let me out in case I attacked a chicken or went for a cow. So what was the point of bringing me? I ask you.

Now they say I bark too much at night. And drag dirt into the house. And leave a mess on the driveway. Alright, I'm not perfect. Yes, I'm an angry son of a bitch. But do I complain? No, I just get on with it. I'm keeping a close eye on the front gate though. One of these days they're going to leave it open again and I'm going to make a break for it and this time I won't fall asleep.

Although knowing my luck I'll probably get hit by a car. Screw it. Anything's better than living here. Bloody humans.