

To my children,
Spyros and Matilda

Pyrros' diary

Every day I secretly read my dog's diary....

Dear diary...

Today's an important day.

I was born today!

But I'm too tired after a difficult birth, so I'll write nothing more.

Dear diary...

I'm much better.

Today's the fifth day of my life.

I'm a French poodle.

My mother, brothers and sisters are all lying next to me.

I suck milk from my mother and I sleep for many hours.

Dear diary...

Today I made an important step, I went out of the big basket and I walked for the first time.

I'm so happy!

Dear diary...

My mother said, with tears in her eyes, that some nice people will come and take me away.

Dear diary...

Every day I'm anxiously waiting for those nice people (they are called 'owners').

I wonder, who will they be?

How will they look like?

Dear diary...

My owners, two warmhearted old people, came and took me.

So I took up my residence at their house.

My new life begins here.

Dear diary...

My grandfather-dad and my grandmother-mom are very tender
with me, but also very strict.

They named me 'Pyrros'.

Isn't it a very nice name?

Dear diary...

I sleep in a comfortable bed they bought for me.

It's all very quite in here.

It's so quite that it makes me feel a little bored.

I learn how to pee properly, as a puppet that lives in a house
should.

I'm obedient and I try to please them.

My grandmother-mom has no time for games; on the contrary
my grandfather-dad never stops playing with me.

Dear diary...

My grandfather-dad walks me for the 'you know what', that he
always collects, so as not to make the streets dirty, as he says.

I eat all my food that my grandmother-mom gives me, and I'm
very quite usually, because they chide me if I make any fuss.

I never climb on the expensive couches; I always go for my
need outside and I don't bark all the time.

Their children often visit them, but not as often as they would
like. My owners are rich.

Dear diary...

I want to make a confession.

Although I have a good time, I feel a little lonely.

I don't meet other dogs in the neighborhood, so I can't make any friends.

I wish a few dogs would come and live here, near our house.

During nights I seat on my grandfathers lap, while he's watching TV.

I fall asleep there.

Dear diary...

Today my grandfather-dad brought me a present.

It's a play I like very much.

I play with it all day long, it makes the hours pass more vividly

Dear diary...

My grandfather-dad and my grandmother-mom really love each other.

From what I've heard, they've gone through many difficulties together, and that has brought them very close to each other.

My grandfather-dad must have been a very handsome man I his youth and my grandmother-mom must have been jealous of him. But what am I writing to you!

I should look for a beautiful sexy female dog and enjoy exciting moments with her.

Dear diary...

Today is my grandfather-dad's birthday.

I went with my grandmother-mom and we bought him a beautiful bouquet. He liked it a lot and he was very touched.

Their children came and we celebrated all together.

It was such a nice day!

Dear diary...

When we go for our walk, everybody caresses me and says 'what a beautiful little dog!'.
They must be right.

I guess I really am a beautiful puppet.

Dear diary...

I'm very sad because my grandfather-dad got suddenly ill.
There's turmoil in the house.
Their children, relatives and friends come and go.
I wonder, what's wrong with him?
I don't understand what they're saying and I'm worried.

Dear diary...

An ambulance came and took my grandfather-dad and my grandmother-mom. I was left alone and I almost went nuts.
Late in the afternoon their daughter came and took me to her place. I started to cry. I didn't eat nor did I sleep.
I'm so small and I've got such big troubles.

Dear diary...

Here, in this unknown house, I'm alone all the time because the daughter is at the hospital all day long.
I cry, I cry, I cry....

Dear diary...

We lost grandfather-dad.
He died this morning from a heart attack, that's what I've heard them say.
I cry, I cry, I cry...
And now what'll become of me?
In whose lap will I sleep at nights?

Dear diary...

I've returned home, but grandmother-mom is too weak.

I don't get out any more for my needs.

It was too difficult for me to understand that I have to go out, to the balcony, instead of my usual walk.

Anyway, my life has once again acquired a daily rhythm.

I'm very sad.

There's sadness everywhere.

Dear diary...

I am very upset because I've heard some whispers about my
definitive departure.

Grandmother-mom has weakened too much too fast.

She can no longer take care of me.

They decided to place an ad, giving me away.

My agony is climaxing.

Where shall I go?

Who'll be my new owner?

Oh, poor me...

Dear diary...

Today something unexpected happened.

Grandmother-mom's cousin came and took me to the village,
where she lives. I am going to stay with her until they find
some other owners for me.

So, quite out of the blue, I found myself sleeping inside the
wreck of a car, in a yard.

The cousin doesn't allow me to go inside the house, because she
doesn't want me to dirty it.

I cry, I cry, I cry...

What'll become of me, my dear friend?

Dear diary...

Thank God, I've met Tramp and we became friends.
I've finally found a dog- friend.
He comforts me and he shows me around the yard.
After the salons, I find myself to the dusty outdoors.

Dear diary...

Today I've been a bad dog.
I got carried away and went for a long walk with Tramp.
Grandmother-mom's cousin was worried and she's been looking
for me all morning.
When I came back, she punished me.
I want to leave, I want to leave my dear friend. I want to run
away.
I cry, I cry, I cry...

Dear diary...

I'm very angry about everything that happened yesterday.
I didn't wave my tail at grandmother-mom's cousin, when she
came and caressed me, regretting what happened yesterday.
I've been lying on the grass all day long, with Tramp next to
me.
Tramp stands by me in my difficult hours.
He's a good friend.
Why did I have to come here, to this foreign land, to meet a
dog-friend?

Dear diary...

It's been raining all day.
I was cold inside the wrecked car, which has neither doors nor
windows.
I cry, I cry, I cry...

Dear diary...

Grandmother-mom's daughter came and took me.

Thank God.

From what I've heard they've found me my new owners.

Dear diary...

I'm sleeping now in a beautiful apartment at Kolonaki (it's the daughter's place), and I'm waiting for my new owners.

In my walks I meet all the 'touch-me-not' little dogs, which make me angry and feel nostalgic for Tramp.

Dear diary...

At last! My new owners have arrived. The moment I saw them, I got excited. They are a father, a mother, a boy and a girl.

I realized that they know nothing about dogs, but still they're very nice. The little girl took me by my lead and put me inside the car. A new life, which I hope it'll be a happy one, begins.

Dear diary...

My new family is exactly what every poodle would wish to have. There's liveliness in our house. I play with brother and sister, I sleep in a bed outside their room, I lie on the couch, I bark loudly whenever a visitor comes (they often have visitors).

We go for long walks on the beach and around the neighborhood, we eat in the kitchen (they cook all the time and I've got quite an appetite).

I love them very much.

Sometimes, when I think of grandfather and grandmother, tears run down my eyes.

Dear diary...

My worst moments are inside the bathroom.

Whenever mother takes the towel and the shampoo out of the closet, I'm already hidden under the bed, so she can't catch me.

She offers me a biscuit, to make me come out of there.

Well, of course I know that she's trying to fool me, and I don't get out.

Finally, one way or another, she manages to get me inside the bathtub.

I'm more vexed when she combs my hair and dries me for hours with that awful hair-drier.

That's when I think of Tramp and how lucky he is, living in a yard.

Dear diary...

Today I got upset because mother spanked my brother and
sister.

Well, they're very 'lively', that's true.

They don't do their homework and they often fight with each
other.

I bark-chide them so that they study their lessons and I bark-reproach them to make them stop all the fighting, but they
never listen to me.

Dear diary...

Today I've had an exhausted day.

I'm very, very tired.

Everybody's down with flu, my mom, dad, sister and brother.

I became their nurse, and I run from one to the other, taking care of them.

I couldn't reach the medicine cabinet and each time I had to make gigantic jumps, trying to get the aspirins, the antitussive syrup, the cream for the back, the nasal spray or the bottle of pharmaceutical alcohol.

I burned myself cooking soup for them and warming the milk. I stumbled over the carpets, as I hurried to get everything done in time.

Now I'll go to bed, and I'll try to get some rest because I have to be their guard during the night.

I've even forgotten to eat.

That has never happened before, I'm always very punctual with my meals.

Good night my dear diary.

I'll write to you again tomorrow.

Dear diary...

Today everybody's feeling better, but they gnarl all the time.

Especially my dad, he gnarls and gnarls...

My brother and my sister didn't go to school. They'll go tomorrow.

Dear diary...

I've a problem with the parrots.

They twitter all day long and they give me a headache.

I want my peace and quite, like everybody else.

Sometimes I feel like I'm going to murder them.

And, as if that wasn't enough, mom listens to music all day long.

I don't understand why I'm obliged to listen to that boom-boom-boom, that goes on and on, without even one break.

And, on top of that, she sometimes sings out of tone,

thrumming that thousand-year old guitar.

Dear diary...

We've prepared our suitcases because we're going to a beautiful island, as mom has said.

But I'm not happy, because I don't want to lose my comfort.

Still I'm anxiously waiting for us start our new life there.

I didn't understand how long we're going to stay there.

It is called 'vacations'.

Dear diary...

I'm home again, after a ride between a rock and a hard place.

The day of our departure I was very happy because we were all leaving together.

I was so happy that I jumped around the suitcases.

We got in our car and after some time, we arrived in front of a big house with many dogs.

I understood nothing.

A gentleman came and he talked with my dad, then took me and put me inside a cage.

I was at a loss!

I was for the first time in my life in such a place.

When I heard dad starting the engine of our car I froze, because only then I realized that they were leaving me.

I was alone once again.

This yard was nothing like the grandmother's cousin's yard.

During the nights I barked-cried and during the days I barked-howled with all my power.

The other dogs-comrades did the same.

They had left me there for a few days, because they couldn't take me with them at their vacations, told me the other dogs.

They also informed me that some hotels (that's what they call them) don't allow small dogs.

Finally there came the day that my loving family came and took me away from there.

They gave me their word of honor that they'd never do something like that.

They told me that they'd never leave without me.

They thought of me all the time and they called the owner of the hotel every day to ask how I was doing.

I was a little consoled.

Dear diary...

Christmas is coming.

Today we decorated our Christmas tree with many colorful ornaments.

We placed it in front of the window.

I am learning the carols.

My brother and sister told me that I'd sing them to everyone who visits our home.

The Christmas tree almost fell on my head as I tried to get my ball-toy, which had rolled under it.

I must confess something to you, dear diary.

I'd love to piss this Christmas tree; it's such a temptation.

Dear diary...

We're at a hotel, high on a mountain.

It's so beautiful here, my friend!

This time I didn't let them leave without me.

I stood in front of the door and I kept it open with my mouth.

But they never intended to leave me.

Here on the mountain I've met several shepherd dogs, and we became friends.

Tomorrow we're going back, we came here only for the weekend.

My sister's teaching me English.

Haven't I told you that I'm learning English?

Yes, it's true, and I'm doing just fine.

They've promised me that if I learn enough words they're going to take me to England, for vacations.

Dear diary...

Today I'm ill, I've a stomachache.

I'm on a diet.

I'm not in a good mood. Goodnight.

Dear diary...

It's summer. The sun is extremely hot.

Despite all this, during noon, when everybody was asleep, I run away and I went for a walk around the island, where we're spending our holidays.

In the square I met a great company of dogs.

Several local dogs showed me around, they took me to the most beautiful places of their island.

We played on the beach, we made fun of those who played rackets without knowing how, and then I returned to our room.

Thank God, nobody had realized that I had left alone for a walk, so no harm was done.

Dear diary...

I don't swim very deep, because I'm afraid.

When I'm on the beach, I watch very carefully my owners so that they don't get drowned and I play with my ball, but sand gets under my hair and it drives me mad.

Every day I have to take a bath.

Oh God, I hate it so much, even more so when it's done with the hose.

Dear diary...

In the boat, during our journey back home, I saw the sexiest female dog of the world.

She was sitting on the rail, sunbathing.

She was whiter than snow, despite the hot summer sun.

It's a good thing that we animals never get a suntan like humans do, because I never would have liked a suntanned female dog.

During all our journey she stared at me, and I did the same.

When we arrived at Athens, she waved her tail sadly at me, because she would never see me again, and I barked at her a goodbye.

I would love to bite her round, sensual little ass...

Dear diary...

Today the day was sunny, and mother and I enjoyed a walk to Stadium.

She sat in the cafeteria and had her usual coffee, and I played with some other dogs.

We welcomed some tourists, who caressed us many times, and we showed them around.

We don't want them to think that we're nothing but uneducated Greek-dogs.

Dear diary...

I am so happy.

I've been chosen, among many dogs, to help for the Olympics.

No, no I won't take part in the Games, but I will accompany the dog of the King of Cameroon.

Thank God, I have my blue collar, which I'll wash carefully, and mom will iron.

I'll take a bath and wear my expensive perfume.

But there are two things that make me sad.

The first thing is that my family will miss me for a while, because I'll be sleeping in the King's hotel, and the second that the foreign dog is a male.

It's such a pity.

Dear diary...

Dear friend I have a secret to confess.

Now that the summer has come, each afternoon I sit on our balcony and wait for a beautiful lady-dog to pass by.

She goes out for her walk with her owner each day, and the moment I see her I bark at her, and she, the sexy looking girl, waves her tail happily the moment she hears me.

My dear friend, love has come in my life, quite unexpectedly.

My heart goes tick- tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

It's a pity that I've never been out for my 'needs' the same hour as she, so I haven't had the chance to see her closely.

But it'll soon happen.

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

You'd never imagine what I've planned today.

When I went for my walk with mom, I didn't do my 'needs'.

So she had to take me out again later, the same time that my love was walking down our street. It's impossible to describe my joy. I run near her and I smelled her. Oh, she has such a divine smell! I almost fainted. And, as if all this wasn't enough,

our owners started talking to each other, and we found the chance to embrace each other as we were playing.

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack, and again my heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack, and again my heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack, and again ...

Dear diary...

Today something unexpected has happened.

During my daily walk, whom do you think I encountered?

I came across Tramp, my dear dog-friend from the village.

You do remember him, don't you?

We run towards each other, barking with joy.

Mom at first didn't understand what was happening, when she saw us jumping around like crazy.

We took him with us, to our house.

I begged mom to offer him shelter for a while.

She accepted on one condition- that he wouldn't stay in our apartment but at the open space that's at the back of our building.

I accepted. I had no choice because my friend is a huge dog.

We went downstairs, to the basement, and I showed him around the place, where he could stay for a few days.

He thanked me and then he went to rest for a while.

He was very tired, he'd made a very long journey.

He had come all the way from the village to find me.

It was something like a Marathon for him, only that in his case there was only one athlete and only one winner- Tramp.

Dear diary...

The moment I woke up, I run downstairs to my friend, with a plate filled with dogs' biscuits and milk.

It was a nice surprise for him.

Although he's used to eating bones and everything else he finds, he liked it and he ate it with great voracity.

Then we barked, played, created a real turmoil in the neighborhood.

In the afternoon he accompanied us on our walk, and I showed him around my neighborhood.

He liked the park a lot, but he disliked the crowds of people.

He told me some good and bad news from the village.

I really was sad to learn that grandmother's cousin had died, despite the fact that she never had allowed me to enter her house.

Dear diary...

I confessed to my friend my love for the lady-dog, and since then during the mornings we sit at the stairs, in front of the entrance of our building, and we're waiting to see my beautiful lady-dog coming our way.

When Tramp saw her for the first time, he barked 'Wow, she's a real model, your lady-dog'.
I was glad that he really liked her.

Dear diary...

Today's a sad day.

My dear friend has gone back to the village.

He can't live in the city streets, he prefers to wander around the roads of the village.

I waived him goodbye and I made him a promise, that I would visit him some time soon.

We barked goodbye to each other many times with all our might as he was walking away.

Then I couldn't see him any more.

Goodbye my dear, faithful friend.

Dear diary...

I've decided to write a letter to my lassie.

I want to let her know how I feel about her, tell her that I'd die for her, tell her how much I crave for her love.

Tell her also that I'm in love with her and that I think of her all the time.

You must be wondering why I want to do that, since she already knows it all.

Well, I want to express my feelings and this is done better in writing.

So, I took a piece of paper and a pencil from my sister's desk and I begun to write.

Oh, my heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

When our owners got to know each other well, they decided to
mate us.

Hurray! When I heard them saying that, I went crazy with joy.

My lassie waved her tail happily, and she jumped here and
there, as if she was dancing.

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

We've prepared ourselves to meet the bride.

The morning was bathed in the sunshine.

Despite the cold, mom gave me a bath, she put perfume on me,
cleaned my electric-blue collar, even bought a new dog-bed and
then we sat waiting for my beautiful lassie.

While we were waiting for her, my heart fluttered tick-tack,
tick-tack, tick-tack.

Around 11 o' clock the owner-father- in-law arrived with his lady-dog, which was wearing a beautiful shiny red bowknot on her head and she was like a dog-Goddess.

Our owners said something to each other and then my father-in-law left, leaving my lassie with us.

At first we were a little nervous, but we got over it very quickly.

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

Can you see the stars over my head?

Her warm, passionate kisses have created them.

Every night, as I lie beside her, I look at her face as she sleeps and, oh my God, the perfume fills my nostrils and I get dizzy.

A sweet sleep, like her warm touch, makes my eyes heavy.

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack...

Dear diary...

I haven't written to you for so many days because I had no time.

I've been living in a dream world.

Today my star has left, do you want me to tell you in a few words all the things we did together and why I'm so crazy about her?

To tell you the truth, she's not an easy woman to live with. But, as we got to know each other better, we've had some mystical moments together.

Every day we played, talked, ate, went for our walk with mom, played with the children, sat on the balcony, slept on each

others arms and did all the other things that two dogs in love do....You know what I mean.

Oh, I miss her so much, I long to see her again.

My heart goes tick-tack, tick-tack, tick-tack....

TO BE CONTINUED...!

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

- Pagrati city
- Isidora, Elvis, Beatles and I
- The Twelve commands of the menopausal women
- Pot- pouri
- Les Miserables of Athens