

Every time Kim and I walk into the house Elliott immediately sniffs our hands looking for food. If we have none, his attitude switches to "Oh, its you. Good to see ya. Nice talk, I'm goin'na take a nap.". If, however, we do have food he take a deep and personnal interest. He gives you that look that SATs, "Hot darn! That's for me, right? Of course it is! Hey, where do you guys go hunting for this stuff? Is it hard to chase down? It must be close. Pizza, hamburgers, Cracker Barrel take home, Chinese, Italian... I can never find that stuff out in the backyard, and I've looked! Those quick little tree rats don't have it. The long legged, big-eared fuzzy brown things that run around the back field ain't got none, and that sketchy little suspect who I know is up to something always putting stuff in that little box outside with his bag and short shorts and all, no one has any. You guys must have some incredible super secret hunting spots. I'd love to go sometime, just say'in!" If we ever get that human - dog language interface working, there will a lot to explain...