

At Chez Kibble



Brad had gone out with some real dogs in his day, however Hortense was by far the worst. Not only did she have a face that could stop a clock but her table manners were simply dreadful. He hadn't known what to expect on this, his fourth blind date (and, he later said, his *last*), so he'd made dinner reservations at the posh Chez Kibble in Roosterville. Hortense seemed wholly unimpressed by the eatery, which didn't help to foster any chemistry between them. It was bad enough that she wore a hideous cover wrap with faux feline accents (*what message was she trying to send?!*), but things *really* deteriorated once they got inside. Instead of eating from the bowl on the floor, Hortense conspicuously sat up at one of the tables and slurped stinky water from *a wine glass!* Everyone was watching, aghast, and Brad was mortified. Thankfully, the date ended abruptly when they finally left the restaurant. As a car whizzed by the entrance, Brad let his natural tendencies kick in and he chased it – didn't stop till he'd left Hortense way in the dust. Panting hard, he sidled up to a nearby telephone pole, marked it, then headed for home, a *much* wiser carnivore.