

Italian Shoes

The door to the Spanish Villa flew open. Mrs. Jones, a shapely woman in red heels, clutched her Gucci bag. She and her beloved Shih tzu, Chanel, stepped out into the sunshine. She looked askance down the street before locking the door and dropping the house keys in her bag.

Eager to be off, Chanel, whimpered and tugged on her diamond studded, pink collar. Mrs. Jones and Chanel slunk down the paved walkway, veering left at Pampered Pet's Dog Park. As soon as they passed through the gilded gate, Mrs. Jones unleashed Chanel and she padded off excitedly.

Chanel's favorite rubber bone was tucked inside Mrs. Jones's bag. But she decided to wait until the man in Italian shoes arrived before taking it out. Perhaps he would toss the bone to Chanel and she would no longer growl at him.

The sun dropped. Mrs. Jones dug the point of her patent leather high heel into the sand and gave it a twist. "Why do I always fall for the married ones?" She whispered under her breath.

"Chanel!" called Mrs. Jones. "Come girl!"

She secured Chanel's diamond corset and together they pranced off down the wooded trail.