

## **Micki and the Wiener Guys!**

By: Randy Schulze

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Back in October 1998, some bastards burglarized our home. We lived in a two-story town home on the south side of Kansas City at the time. During the burglary, the bastards killed our beloved little miniature dachshund, Oscar. So what do you do when some bastard breaks in you house and kills your wiener dog? You have a security system installed and go out and buy *two wiener dogs!*

We hadn't actually intended on buying two wiener dogs, but we just couldn't decide if we should get the black and tan, short haired dog with the bright eyes, or the red, long haired guy with the outgoing personality. So we got both. Fritz and Pumpkin.

Now as you know, rearing a puppy can be a real chore with all the dog crap in the house, and having you things getting chewed up and all. Having two pups about the same age was a real chore. It was like a tag team-wrestling match! If one was chewing something up, you could just about expect that the other was taking a dump somewhere else!

One morning, I had to be at work early, so my daughter; Katrina and I left while my wife, Micki, was still in the shower. Katrina and I had probably been gone for about five or ten minutes when Micki completed her shower to find that one of the wiener guys, (Pumpkin to be specific,) chewed up and shredded a box of Kleenex. He really enjoys chewing and scattering it up like confetti, and trailing it down the hall, around the corner, and down the stairs. Micki, dripping wet and stark ass naked chases after him. Now, I don't know if any of you have experience with this kind of thing, but shredded Kleenex sticks to wet skin like chicken feathers stick to tar. You don't have to be a rocket scientist to imagine what this might look like! But it gets better.

Micki is in hot pursuit! Down the stairs, into the living room, and around the coffee table where much to her surprise, she steps into a fresh, warm pile left by the other wiener dog, Fritz. (We surmise that the two of them planned it this way all along.) As you can expect, Micki's in rare form, she not only steps onto second base, she slides into the pile and falls to the floor.

For the sake of clarity, let me bring you up to speed. My naked wife is dripping wet, and has now rolled around on the floor in shredded Kleenex and dog crap! But hey, you can't keep a good woman down.

Mick is back on her feet, grabs the offensive, pooping dog, runs to the back door, and tosses him out before he can deposit any more gems on the carpet. While in her zeal to eject Fritz from the house, Micki bumped into the telephone bench, knocking her purse on its side, causing her keys to fall out. Pumpkin, figuring that he's bored with the Kleenex springs into action, and snatches the key chain! The pursuit is back on again!

While chasing Pumpkin, Micki hears a lot of sirens sounding in the neighborhood. Not just the occasional ambulance, but *a lot of sirens*. She figures, "Wow, there must be one heck of an emergency in this part of town!" As she's about to capture the dog, Micki observes that not only is an ambulance *pulling on to our dead end street*, its being followed by a fire truck and *two cop cars!* "There must be one *HELL* of an emergency!" Indeed there must be something going on because to Micki's horror and surprise all of this public safety equipment and personnel are *pulling up to our house!*

The key chain that Pumpkin had been chewing on also had the remote control for our security system. As he was chewing, he was not only pressing the panic button over and over again he was also pressing the medical alert and fire alarm buttons repeatedly. Rightly so, the Security Company dispatched everyone.

So here we are. Micki is naked, dripping wet, and covered with Kleenex and dog crap, holding a wiener dog, while two firemen in full gear, each with an ax, followed by two paramedics and two cops are rapidly approaching the front door, intent on gaining quick entry. Micki, being a very quick thinker runs to the coat closet and puts on the first available garment she can grab. A *trench coat*.

By this time, the contingents of emergency personnel are beating on the front door. My wet wife clad only in a trench coat, Kleenex and dog shit calmly answers the door.

Fireman: "Are you alright?!"

Micki: "Why yes, everything's fine."

Paramedic: "Do you need to go to the hospital?!"

Micki: "No..."

Fireman: Looking her up and down, and sniffing the aroma of Ode de Poo Poo, "Are you *sure* you're alright and don't need to go to the hospital?"

Micki: "I'm positive, everything's just fine."

So the cops, paramedics and firemen depart. Another case cleared by Kansas City's finest and bravest.

Meanwhile, I'm at work. I'm in a meeting with all of my peer managers, my Boss the General Manager, his Boss the Director, and the Boss's Boss's Boss, the Vice President.

We're about a half-hour into the meeting when my wireless phone rings. I look at the phone and see that it's a call from Micki. Normally in such situations, I pick up the phone and simply say, "I'm in a meeting," and Micki replies, "Ok. Call me back later." Not this time. As soon as I hit the answer button, I hear the sweet voice of my wife, "*BEFORE YOU SAY ONE GOD DAMN WORD, YOU HAVE TO LISTEN TO ME WHEN I TELL YOU ABOUT THE ABSOLUTLY ROTTEN DAY I'M HAVING!*"

"Ok. You have my attention."

Micki proceeds to tell me about the whole story of getting out of the shower to find that the dog has chewed up, etc. etc. etc.

Now as you know, I'm a very considerate husband and a compassionate sort of guy. And since I was so deeply concerned, I didn't think it would be appropriate to bust out in full-scale laughter while she is telling me about her troubles and concerns. Instead, I turned beat red, while tears rolled down my cheeks trying to keep from bursting out loud. Mick gets to the end of her story and says, "Well that's my day so far. I have to go now. I'm late. I'll talk to you later." And hangs up.

By now, everyone in the conference room is watching me as I'm trying to maintain my composure and not bust out into hysterical laughter. My Boss, seated directly across from me asks, "Is everything Ok?"

"Oh yes. Everything's fine."

"So what's going on? Is Micki Ok?"

I couldn't hold back any longer. I bust out laughing. Naturally, I had to tell the entire story to everyone in the meeting.

Since the upper management of Sprint has been privy to the details of this incident, my wife has graciously allowed me to tell this story to you.