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BIGDOG CRAPPER ELECTED EXERCISE GROUPIES GUARDS

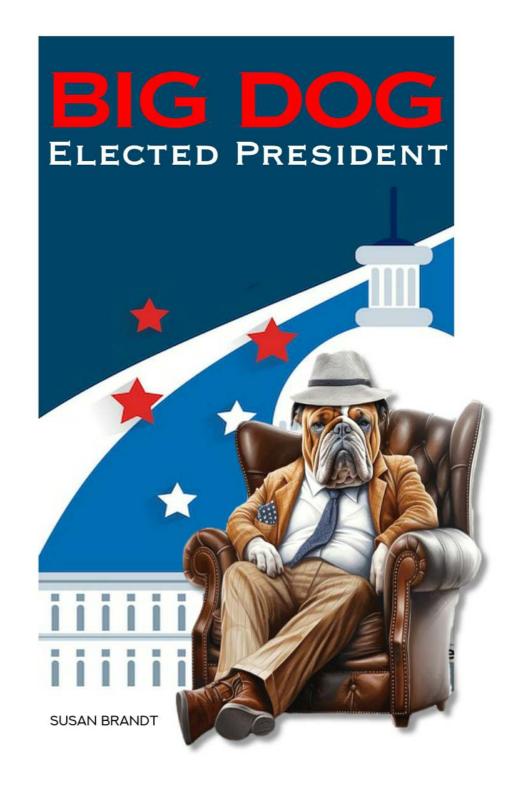
NEWYORKCITY NEWSPAPER OLDWEST PEPPERONI ROYALTY

SNOOPDOG TOPHAT TYSEN VEGAS WALES

These people and their willingness to believe in and believing in a better world, have contributed in someway in making this books. See more books on our website possible arp-books.org

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THIS BOOK WOULD NOT OF BEEN POSSIBLE WITHOUT THE FANTASTIC WORK OF STACEY WHO RESIDES SAINT REMY, NEW YORK. THIS IS THE SECOND BOOK SHE HAS ILLUSTRATED FOR ARP-BOOKS.ORG

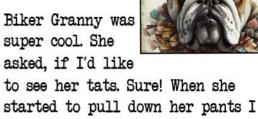




You would never believe the people that I met. There was British royalty. That dude looked just like by Cousin George.



Biker Granny was super cool. She asked, if I'd like

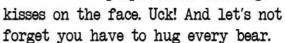


stopped her - too many people.

The Marilyn Monroe look-a-like sent me into orbit on the Fourth. The events of the evening-classified information.



There were groupies everywhere. You had to kiss them all and they wanted to kiss me in the face. Now I know why people swear off dog





The only really bad



thing about campaign was, I was sitting on the crapper the morning after the election reading my paper. There was the front page headline

BIG DOG WINS ELECTION

Why didn't someone call me?

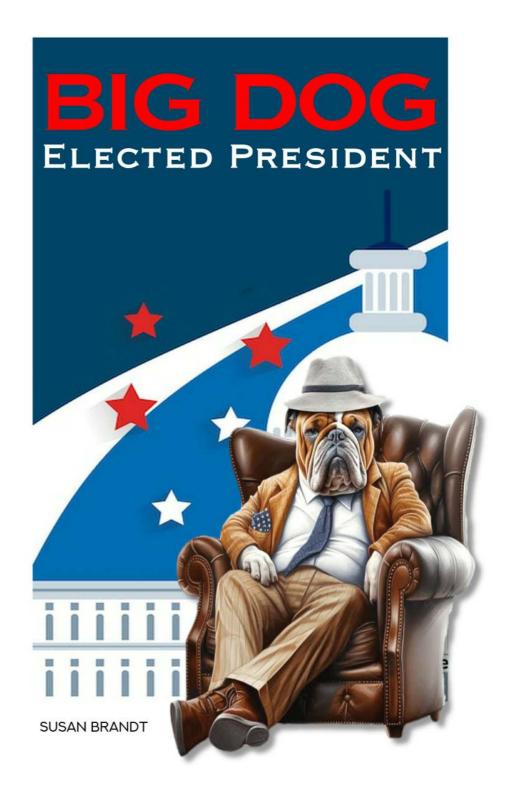


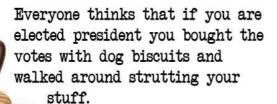
side of the country and the next day I was on the other side of the country.

It was hard on me. I was always on the road. I think my back side is 3 inches wider now. Fly? **Nope.** I kept barking-up. None of those air sick pills seemed to work for me.

Here s a collection of places I went the past 18 month. My security guard (yes, another woman) kept me on a lease when we were in New York City. She said, "It was my costume. The only way she could keep me in control." I complained. Her supervisor only said, "She's the best and that's what you wanted."







They think it's a piece of cake? A snap?

Wrong!

And wrong again!

It takes a lot of work.

First, you have to decide what you really want to do. I had my sites set on wearing that big presidential top hat.

No matter what it took!.

I found out today. I don't get to
wear it to the inaugural
celebration. Boy, oh, boy I was so
looking forward to it. Had my paws set
on it. I have to wait for 45 days. Frapp!

Once you decide you have to collect signatures to just get on the ballot for the first election and then there's the general election. Man oh man. The work hasn't even begun.

There are all these dogs - most run in a pack.



They barked at everything. This would drive the average dog crazy. Some are running for election. Others are barking to hear themselves bark.

Plus, they assign people to protect you. I don't know who made the assignments but I had no man guarding me. It was all women. They had some of the most unique ways of keeping me "protected". Here are the photos the press took.





Someone tried to say something was happening. **Wrong!** The red head ate the pizza. That's my favorite food. She didn't give me even one pepperoni. The animal-print-lady would not give me a sip of her martinis. The bathing suit babe kept throwing me in the swimming pools and saying "Swim! Swim!" She said it was good exercise for me. Wouldn't let me say a word.

I didn't need exercise either. You can't imagine all the places I had to go to ask for votes.

Start with the cities I had to travel to. One day on one