Stories from the Head of Security

 I’m what is called a Caesar. I’m also referred to as a good boy, a fluffy boy, and (my favourite) a handsome boy. I’m not sure why my people always refer to me by different things. It could be a memory thing, or they might just be stupid. My friends and I talk about it all the time during our meetings in the evening. One unique thing I’ve found out is that even though most of my friends report that their people talk to them in a weird voice, my people talk to me in an abnormally weird voice. They always say my name with a lisp. Like I said, stupid. They’re the ones who started calling me Caesar and then they choose to say it wrong.

 The worst thing my people did was taking me away from my childhood home. Not because of nostalgia, I’m far too evolved for such a primitive emotion. I’m mad because I spent the best 8 years of my life developing the security system of my dreams. Of course, they just had to change up the house and backyard and now I have to develop an entirely new system. It’s like they don’t even appreciate the work that I do and how long it takes. I don’t have another 8 years to develop the system again.

 The security system I’ve put in place has saved my people from the countless UPS assassins. They drop off boxes ON MY PORCH! WHY WOULD THEY THINK THAT’S SAFE? I see the same stupidity when it comes to the sheer amount intruders who WERE ON MY LAWN. The only reason they turn the other way is when they see me stare at them through the window or hear me yelling “GET OFF OF MY LAWN! My people are too stupid to think of you as a threat.”

My most important job is eavesdropping on the squirrels and birds. They’re always watching, always planning. It’s a hard job because they can reach places I can’t. I try to be as sneaky as I can, but I think they’re getting onto me. That’s the only explanation for why they leave whenever I walk up to them.

 The only flaw in my security system I can’t seem to fix are my people. Whenever I alert them, they just tell me to be quiet and close my mouth. Anyway, I’m not here to talk about how ungrateful my people are for my 10 years of service. I’m here to talk about my biggest security mission: Operation Bread, Cupcak-Squirrel.

 Now, my people don’t pay me for my labour despite the fact that I’m always on the clock (like I said, ungrateful). They give me some water and some brown blobs. I don’t understand it though because they’re magical. Food just appears and it’s so much better than the brown blobs. However, I’ve discovered that if I just sit in front of them and stare them down while they’re eating, I’ll scare them into giving me some food. Sometimes they don’t notice me, so I scratch their legs and drool on their pants until they do.

 What I’ve realized in my time as being a Caesar is that I can eat the magical food if I stand at the counter like I do when I greet people at the door with a hug and a kiss. I think of it as payment. They give me pets, I keep them safe, they give me food, I steal food off the counter. It’s an even trade. I’m also saving them from sickness. They need to stay healthy and I’m willing to take one for the team. But anyway, my best reason by far to eat food off of the counter happened when I was just a pup. In my younger, more naïve years.

 One morning my people put a lot of bags in the front hall. I was only 5 at the time, but I still knew what it meant. 35 years as security and one learns quite a lot. Bags in the hall means they’re leaving and judging by the amount of stuff, it was going to be for a week or two. Why they don’t take me along with them for security purposes, I will never know. I stare at them and try to get in the car as a way of telling them that I need to go along. Alas, today was like any other day and I had to go back in the house, and they left. After a few hours, the Person arrived. People come over when my people go away, but I didn’t mind them as long as they didn’t interfere with my duties.

 Over the next week and a half, I had overheard some of the squirrels talking. They mentioned that since there was only one person in the house, that they could break in and steal the extra food. I hadn’t thought too much about it, until that fateful day.

 The Person made cupcakes and left them on the counter. During my rounds, I sniffed out that they had the most forbidden and tantalizing ingredient in them: chocolate. There was something else in there too and while I was trying to decipher it, I glanced outside and saw them. The squirrels. They were in the trees and the bushes. The more I looked, the more I saw. They were just staring. Eyeing those delicious cupcakes. Some of them had gone as far as the porch before I set the alarm off. The Person had left in the Park Transporter- I mean the car a few minutes previous. She might not be back for a while. I had to protect my home. I had to protect those cupcakes.

 It was time to act.

 So, I started eating the cupcakes. One after another. Right in front of those murderous thieves. Watching their little eyes bulge with anger as they saw me eat the luxurious prize. I could only eat 18 of them before my stomach was too full. There were only about 4 left, enough for the human to eat. The squirrels were disinterested and slumped back to their home defeated. I had won.

 The Person came back and was not happy with me. She was lucky I had left her so many. My people came home the next day and they were shocked to find out what I had done. Were they proud of me? Of course not. Those ungrateful- never mind. Back to the story.

 I later found out that the other ingredient in the cupcakes was Whiskey. This is when I started wondering if my people had been lying to me. They had always told me that I shouldn’t eat chocolate or have alcohol because they’re bad for me. But I ate 18 chocolate whiskey cupcakes and here I am. Am I invincible? Probably.

 Once my people got back, the squirrels wouldn’t dare steal from the house. Or so I thought. About a year had passed when one of my people made bread. 4 brown blobs just sitting on the counter. Much better than the brown blobs in my food bowl. I don’t know why though since they look the same. She had put them on top of tall containers at the back of the counter. She looked me in the eyes and told me specifically not to eat them. She was ordering me as if I’m just an uncultured savage beast who eats things off the counter because I can. I mean I do it sometimes, but like I said, they don’t pay me for my work.

 Anyway, the squirrels were watching, and they knew. They knew they have to strike now. They surrounded the house, I set off all the alarms, but it wasn’t enough. There were too many. I didn’t want to do it, but I had no choice. If I didn’t want the squirrels to get the bread, I had to eat.

 I got through 1 loaf, but I couldn’t eat any more. So, I started hiding them. I had finally found a decent hiding place for one of them, when my people came home. By this point, you can guess their response. They were ungrateful jerks. It pains me to say that the one who made the bread wasn’t happy with me. But I knew she’d get over it, after all, people have very short memories.

 My people began playing a game while I watched the squirrels outside. They weren’t happy with my stunt, so they revised their plans. I knew I had to do something. I decided to change tactics and give them an offering. I took the loaf from its hiding spot and brought it to the door. I knocked on it and was let out (I have my people trained so well). The person was so oblivious, they didn’t even notice that I had a loaf of bread in my mouth. It was the size of my head, but I digress.

 I took the bread outside and offered it to the squirrels. Telling them that they could have this, but they had to leave my people alone. It worked. The squirrels were at bay. A few years later and my people moved houses. At this new house it wasn’t the squirrels that were the problem; it was the birds.