

THANKS TO ARHUR

I was a nerdy kid. I even wore black, wide rimmed glasses. I whizzed through school and college. Then after a fairly tedious time in law school I passed the bar, and got a job at a well-respected law firm.

Making good money, I went from living in a small, one room apartment to a large condo overlooking the ocean. I felt I had hit the jackpot.

That's when I met Arthur, an equally intelligent German Shepherd. He simply showed up one evening. I asked around and no one came forward to claim him, so we decided to be roommates.

I could not believe how having a dog improved my standing with the fairer sex. "Oh, what a sweet dog." they'd say. I even showed off how he could sit, beg and fetch. Of course, it may have helped I had LASIK, therefore I no longer have to wear glasses. It also may have helped that I learned to trim my beard in the short-boxed style so popular now.

Living close to the ocean, with the beach only a short distance from our front door, Arthur and I often took walks during the evenings. Not only did we enjoy watching the sun inching its way into the ocean, we feasted our eyes on the ladies, who were most generally scantily clad. An often-delightful sight.

And yes I've met a few of the females, but none have proven to be worth pursuing. A date here and there was often considered a waste of a good evening.

It wasn't until the fateful night Arthur and I were walking along the almost deserted beach, that he began barking something fierce. Rarely did he bark so intently, so I asked him what he was barking at? A cat? Another dog? Immediately after I got the last portion of "dog" out of my mouth, he ran toward the peer. But I still couldn't see what was upsetting him so. Then

I saw a young lady leaning against one of the peer's uprights, looking as if she was injured. "Are you alright?" I asked. She did not respond. "Ma'am, are you okay? Do you want me to call 911?"

"Yes, I suppose."

I punched in 911. In a few minutes, here came the paramedics, followed closely behind by two policemen. In short order, I learned her name was Andrea Mesner, and she lived in the same batch of condos. Plus, she credited Arthur with scaring off her attacker.

As weeks blended into months, evidence of other situations where women were accosted came to light. But finally, with Arthur's and my help, the pervert was apprehended, and life went back to as normal as possible. Andrea did move, though, but thankfully she, Arthur and I remained friends.

Did our friendship develop into a romance? Yes. We will be married next month—with Arthur acting as best man.