

BAD

Dogs have it better than humans. They're cared for, fed, bathed, entertained, combed and stroked. They worry about nothing and then sit wagging their tails as

they watch us pick up their poo. So when we got a press kennel in rural Worcestershire claiming to be so good

we opted for the easy life and moved straight in

WORDS DAVID WHITEHOUSE PHOTOGRAPHY JOHNNY MILLAR

AFTER THREE HOURS in a freezing dog kennel, you will have done one or more of the following things, probably more than once: 1) Paced pointlessly up and down to try to fight off the cold. 2) Sat down on your concrete bed for two minutes, before getting too cold and reverting to 1). 3) Thought for some time about how funny it will be to joke with your friends about how you licked your own testicles. 4) Attempted to lick your own testicles, failed miserably and, in a sudden fit of depression, contemplated your own actions with a deep sense of shame.

A kennel, you see, for a human being, isn't all that different from a prison... except that it's colder, the food is worse, there are fewer comfortable surfaces and there's less human interaction to stave off the intolerable boredom. The kennel I'd be calling home has been deemed worthy of the label 'luxury'. This doesn't mean the

same as it does in the hotel trade. Dogs have little use for plush furnishings and room service. Call it what you will, but a 'luxury' dog kennel remains a brick outhouse – a room made from breezeblocks and metal. My own 'suite' was identical to the other three. A four-and-a-half-foot, brick-built space to sleep in, a few square metres to pace in, and, outside in the wind and the rain, a personal pen to piss in.

At least I wasn't totally alone. I had cellmates. In the pen next-door was Tapa, an English bull terrier. Tapa had a face like a bad wrestler's elbow and

Tapa, a bull terrier, sporadically made a noise like an old man trying to retrieve a wet sock from his throat

A man wearing a camouflage jacket, a black and white striped beanie, and blue jeans is sitting on the ground. He is eating from a metal bowl with a spoon. To his right is a wire cage containing a dog. The background features a chain-link fence and large, light-colored wooden panels.

release from a luxury dog

a human could live there,

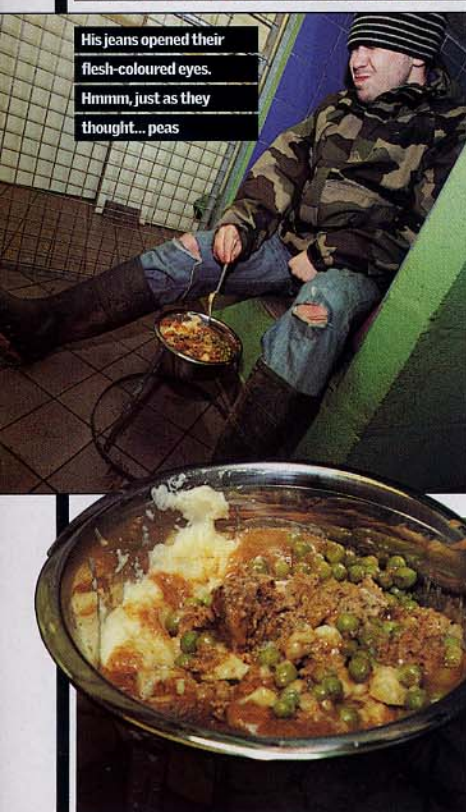
The dog looked on, puzzled. Why was he eating that shit when there's a canteen round the back? He'd already told the guy about it twice. Was he simple?

CANINE TO FIVE



These were the happy times, before he got so wrapped up in work and her sex drive all but dried up. Occasionally she'd still sniff his arse and spray him with urine, but never like before

Kiko had little regard for my presence, preferring instead the taste and texture of his own balls



His jeans opened their flesh-coloured eyes. Hmmm, just as they thought... peas

'Don't worry,' shouted the owner, 'Kiko's only playing with you!' Unfortunately, 'playing' was the trigger word, and Kiko obediently tore this man's throat out



► sporadically made a noise like an old man trying to retrieve a wet sock from his throat with a stick. In the far pen was another bull terrier, Kiko. Kiko had little regard for my presence, preferring instead the taste and texture of his own balls. So, in the absence of anything else to do, I set about trying to make friends.

Luckily, I was the man that could get things – a bit like Morgan Freeman in *The Shawshank Redemption*, except with things like bone-shaped biscuits. They were my currency, and my ability to stand upright,

grow thumbs and think about stuff other than sniffing people's arses gave me a distinct advantage over the other inmates. I could open not only my gate, but also the biscuit cupboard, and it quickly became apparent that in this situation biscuits could buy respect. Not only this, but halfway through the night, Tapa and Kiko discovered that, should I feel like it, I could remove their cushions. I was the alpha male. There was no doubt about it – I was better than a couple of dogs.

However, this all ended with the arrival of our Polish

housekeeper. Her limited grasp of the English language didn't stretch much further than announcing it was time to 'play fetch', which also meant that I couldn't explain to her my feelings on this matter – much like a real dog. This was unfortunate, as I was to spend the next hour being consistently beaten to a slobbery yellow ball by an arthritic cross-breed. In the snow.

Back in the kennel, I was served a well-deserved dog's dinner. This being your more up-market canine establishment, all the food the dogs ate was hand prepared and 'fit for humans'. However, if it's served in a dog bowl, it remains dog food. No matter how tasty the helping of mashed potato, peas and beef might have been, you always had the feeling it had just been scraped off someone else's plate. My lack of a long snout, and the real possibility that I might otherwise starve to death, meant that as a concession I was allowed a fork. This did little to humanise the process of eating from a dog bowl – it just made me look and feel like a pervert. Dessert was a homemade aniseed biscuit, which was a bit like chewing a toasted wedge of Post-It notes, only with the added bonus of invoking a gag reflex so ferocious that I was able to wash it down with my own vomit, doggy style.

Night-time was long and cold. At minus five degrees, it was too cold to sleep, leaving me with little to do but listen to Tapa snore like a bronchial baby whose nose had been sewn shut with chicken wire. At least it drowned out the background drone of *Country And Western Night* on Radio 2, the highlight of which was news of a stabbing in Ipswich.

I could no longer postpone the inevitable. It was time to venture outside and urinate like the feral hound I'd become. Though I'd given little thought to its existence before, it soon

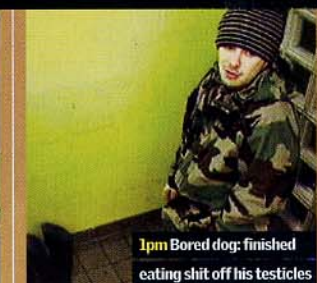
>A DOG'S LIFE...



8am Sleepy dog: dreams of frolicking in rivers of urine



11am Happy dog: just shat on his own testicles



1pm Bored dog: finished eating shit off his testicles



3pm Naughty dog: just savaged his owner's child

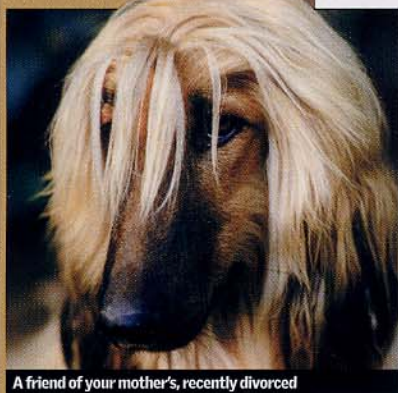


5pm Frisky dog: about to rape a dead pigeon

>ANIMAL MAGNETISM

DOGS WE'D
SCREW

They're pretty, it's confusing and we've been home with worse. Does that make it OK? Answer: Yes (probably)



A friend of your mother's, recently divorced



She'll fuck humans, just to annoy her dad



We'd do 'em both at once! (Then have them put down)



Anything you want, but the pictures go on her website

He didn't mind pissing in front of the other dogs, because he has a cock like a baby's arm. He also has an actual baby's arm, which he promised they could play with if they didn't look

► occurred to me that the hairy flesh wallet that encases a dog's cock does so for a reason. My own cock, though never an organ worthy of particular note, had taken the cold snap so badly that it had assumed the appearance – and sexual appeal – of a badly manufactured cheese-flavoured corn snack. Coaxing it out from inside my body was a considerable achievement in itself, but actually being able to urinate outside in howling -16° winds proved impossible. Back in the kennel I think I heard Tapa laugh.

As the sun rose, my new home began to warm up, which meant that I was finally able to drift off – precisely 10 minutes before I was woken at 7am for a morning of activity that turned out to be only marginally more enjoyable than being boiled alive in a cauldron full of piss. First came my 'pre-walk'. A 'pre-walk' is a bit like a 'walk', except earlier and colder. Even Kiko appeared not to comprehend the concept. The 'pre-walk' did serve some purpose, though. By the end of it, I was fully resigned to the abject misery of a four-mile hike through a nearby forest with my handler, Kevin – a large man whose grip on a lead was somewhat stronger than my will to live. Caked in mud, I followed Tapa and Kiko wherever they went. When they marked their territory I marked mine, although the appeal of owning it greatly diminished once it had been soaked in my steaming wee. Back at the ranch, in time for breakfast, I was ready to eat a horse and had



There's a ditch near here... He knew this as his wife worked for the Forestry Commission – and it's where he'd buried her body!

This was becoming only marginally more enjoyable than being boiled alive in a cauldron full of piss

breath that could probably kill one. Being a dog had been no fun at all. It had all the charm and entertainment value of a stay at Guantanamo Bay, but without the good weather. I left my self-respect in the woods that day.

'You look like shit and you smell like a dog,' remarked my girlfriend on my return to civilisation. Her name is Cat, which is apt, as catching the scent of food on her person was the only thing that stopped me from killing her, digging a hole in the garden, burying the body and dragging my arse across the grass. ■ For more information on Lucies Farm and Luxury Dog Hotel, visit www.dog-hotel.co.uk. Your dog will love it there. We recommend you get a bed and breakfast



Two dogs and one paedophile! Not bad for a morning's lassoing in the park!