

EDITORIAL

DEAR READERS, it is in the middle of summer, big blue cloudless sky. There is a supermarket that looks like a petrol station. Three dogs waiting in front of the door, shortening their time with a conversation.

BASTARD: Your cape looks amazing, it's not the same as yesterday. Isn't it?

DAISY: It's the same cape – which I inherited from my great-grandma, royal racing dog of the duchess of Fairfoster.

SAMUEL: Interesting.

BASTARD: I am tired of waiting!

SAMUEL: whhmmrrrrmmm

BASTARD: I am tired of standing still! (starts running in circles)

DEAR READERS, next to the supermarket on the big busy street a red Fiat blinks to take a left to the parking lot, annoyingly though, the blue BMW behind ignores the sign and crashes into the red Fiat's rear. Both cars come to stand...Out of the Fiat, a cat jumps onto the street.

SAMUEL: Cat is fat.

DAISY: Disgusting. You know, worse than this – I was once tied onto a bronze statue, a fountain statue – for at least...

BASTARD: Is it a special kind of food or new shampoo? What makes your coat so shiny?

DAISY: ...for at least one and a half hours...

DEAR READERS,

BASTARD: I am tired of waiting!

DAISY: ...the statue was depicting a singing woman. But in fact she sounded like a whimpering cat.

SAMUEL: Cats can't sing.

DEAR READERS, the dogs' animated chat is suddenly interrupted.