

Nervio II



Some Dogs That I Like...  
(and some more cats too)

FREE

I like dogs just fine. I'n not going to sit here and tell you that I like them more, or even AS MUCH as I like cats...but I like dogs just fine. My family is very pro-dog, so I grew up around them and to this day enjoy their company whenever I'm back home for the holidays. Dogs make good friends and excellent companions. I appreciate the fact that you can fight with them and no one is going to get hurt. They are also also able to fetch things, which is kind of handy and fun to watch. Their single-minded attitude towards pleasing human beings and operating in a pack environment makes it kind of hard for me to respect them in the way that I respect cats...but I like dogs just fine, and I feel it is my time to write a zine about all of that. It is time to honour the puppies that I have known and loved throughout my life. I've slipped a couple of cats in here too...because... that's just the type of man that I am.



If you have any pets that you would like to honour in print...please send me your pictures and/or stories. Don't be embarrassed of your feelings.

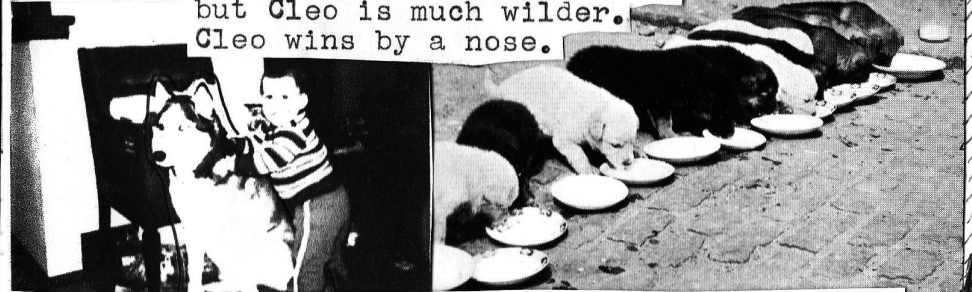
Maybe you could write me a letter or something... totally up to you...

Email: [thezitremedy@gmail.com](mailto:thezitremedy@gmail.com)  
WWWage: <http://www.degrassidigest.com>  
Mail : PO Box 56551  
p-land, o, 97238

Nervio: As used in their Chilean home, the word could be defined as a feeling of such intense affection that one trembles or grits his teeth with restraint so as not to harm the object of his affection. I have heard others allude to the sensation in seemingly bizarre phrases such as, "It's so cute (that) I want to squeeze it to death."  
-Lizette Greco

This zine is dogicated to any dog that has looked me in the eye and then started running around in circles. Moments of pure joy are hard to spot, so I appreciate the frank manner in which these animals express it.

mandy  
Breed: Siberian Husky  
Size: tiny wolf...maybe 7 cleos big  
Temperament: nice, but not blindly so  
Status: deceased at the young age of 8  
Known Aliases: Shrimpsky  
Vs. Cleo: Mandy came from wild stock, but Cleo is much wilder.  
Cleo wins by a nose.



This was my first childhood dog. I honestly don't remember that much about Mandy, but I feel like this was a milestone dog in my dog development. One day...sometime around when I was 5...Mandy had a heartattack or stroke or something. This is pretty much the only thing that I remember about Mandy. I recall sitting in my bed watching her bolt between my room and my parent's room. She was running at full speed and I had no idea why. After a while, she jumped into my bed and laid on top of me. I figured she just wanted to play...little did I know that she had expired...on top of me. I remember my mom asking me if I wanted to stay home from school that day...I refused (my puritan work ethic was already budding). Kind of dark, right?

\*NOTE\* The fact that mandy died ontop of me has been verbally refuted by my mother...but that is how I remember it going down, so you'll have to take my word for it.

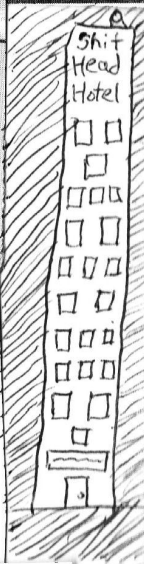
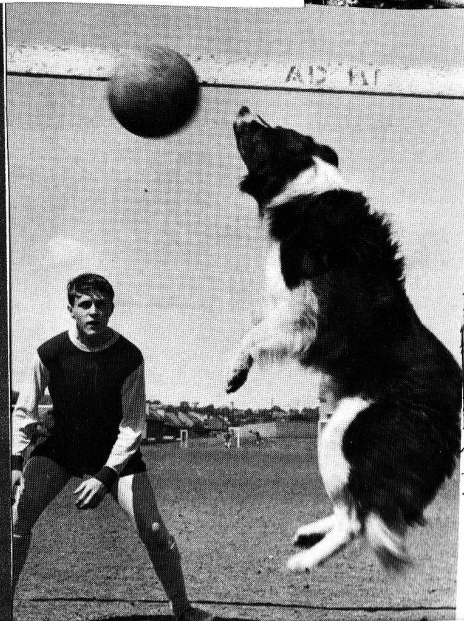
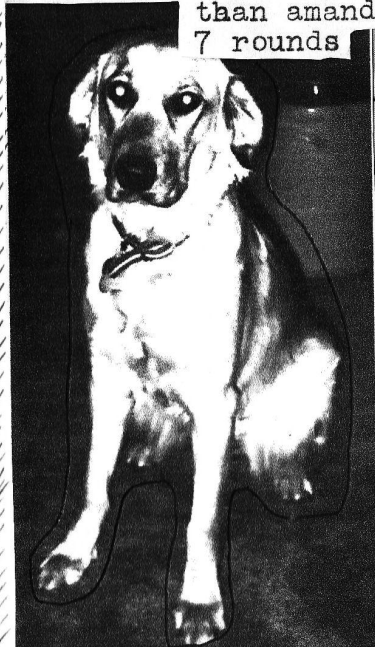


Fun Fact: Mandy used to courier messages around the house for my parents. You could give her notes and tell her who to give them to... and she totally would.



amanda  
 Breed: golden retriever  
 Size: ideal childhood dog, 10 Cleos  
 Temperament: blindly happy go lucky  
 Status: died in my dad's arms at the  
 age of 9...liver cancer

Known Aliases: nana  
 Vs. Cleo: Cleo is much more dextrous  
 than amanda was...Cleo im  
 7 rounds

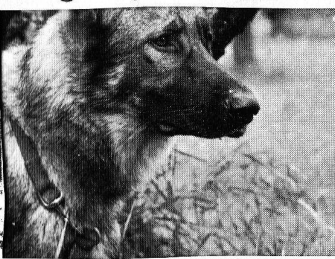


Amanda was my 2nd childhood dog. We got her from a family who's son just got cancer or something. This is sort of a bummer way to come across your dog, but when life hands you a golden retriever, you start throwing tennis balls for it to retrieve. Amanda was a very wise and loving dog. I remember thinking she was a lot like Falcor from the Neverending Story. I fixated on this so much that amanda became the template of what "dog" meant to me. For many years, anything smaller or less furry seemed like some sort of non-dog abomination. Amanda was the first animal that I sang songs about...and this is one of my favourite things to do these days...so I guess this was an important milestone in my life.

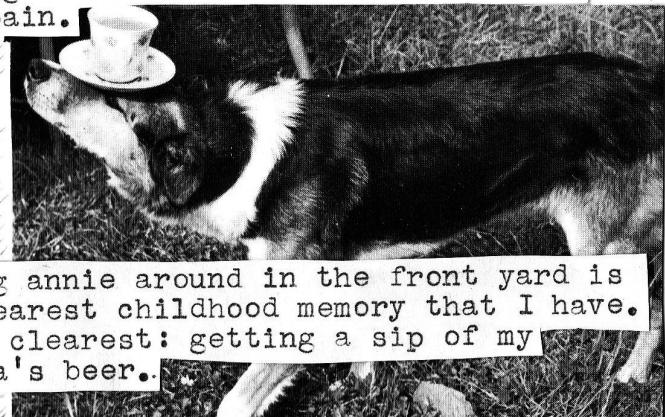
Fun Fact: I guess this isn't really a fun fact, but people seem to think it's pretty gross that my parents named her amanda...because the name isn't "dog enough" or something. Screw you, people.



annie  
 Breed: labrador retriever  
 Size: compact pet...8 Cleos big  
 Temperament: smart like Goliath of  
 Davey & Goliath fame  
 Status: deceased...put to sleep at the  
 age of 14  
 Vs. Cleo: annie was never exposed to cats,  
 and would be ill-prepared for  
 Cleo's fighting style. Cleo wins.



This is my 3rd childhood dog, and essentially my favourite. annie was the first dog that I was old enough to fully enjoy from puppy age through her adulthood. annie was a runner...and, as my mom would say, "play driven." She was content to be dressed up in outfits and would never get tired of being chased around the backyard. annie lived to be super old. I don't think that retrievers handle aging very well, so it was sort of depressing to watch all of her bodily systems deteriorate. I wish that I would have been put in some horrible situation by some mythical being...where-in I am presented with a way to restore annie's health in exchange for something really terrible happening to me instead. I would totally spare annie her pain.



Fun Fact: Chasing annie around in the front yard is the clearest childhood memory that I have. Second clearest: getting a sip of my grandpa's beer.

The word "Murder" is in this box.

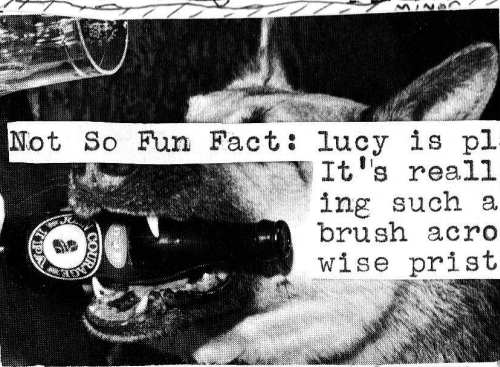


lucy  
 Breed: golden retriever  
 Size: substantial...tall and thin...  
 10 Cleos, no, 10 Cleos  
 Temperament: air of dignity and courage  
 Status: laying in the kitchen at my  
 parents' house  
 Known Aliases: goose, loose, gooser,  
 loosey goosey  
 Vs. Cleo: lucy is too nice to fight Cleo



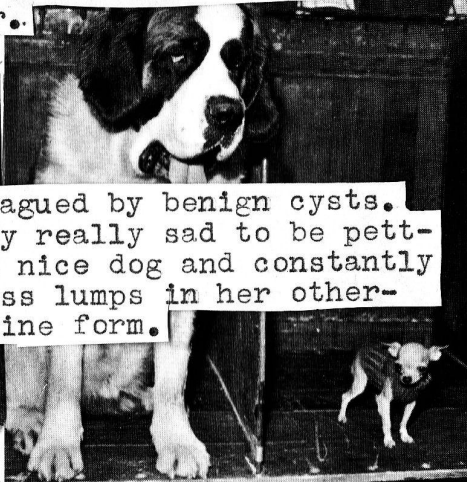
Lucy was a wedding anniversary present that my sister dreamed up for my parents. She came from a breeder, which I (and my sister) don't really approve of...but we knew that my parents would only TRULY be content if the dog's lineage was pure golden retriever. Lucy is a very smart dog, and I know this sounds sort of dumb...but she thinks she is a human being. She doesn't really do 'dog' things; not even around other dogs. She just sits there on the ground watching other dogs play. Occasionally, she will let out a sigh that can only be described as 'defeated.' I like Lucy a lot. She is a good dog to just hang out with...and see what happens. It's a total no pressure situation with her.

Gardner/Snake Threat level:

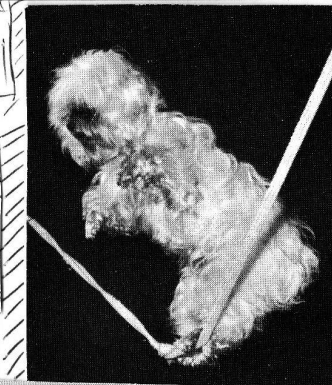


Not So Fun Fact: lucy is plagued by benign cysts. It's really really sad to be petting such a nice dog and constantly brush across lumps in her otherwise pristine form.

enhanced image of earth worm threat level: low



lily  
 Breed: chocolate lab  
 Size: huge kielbasa sausage  
 Temperament: a big happy one...  
 Status: sitting in a chair, like a person  
 Known Aliases: lumps, lumper, lily lumper  
 Vs. Cleo: Cleo is much faster than lily...and would wear her down. Cleo wins again.



I am a big fan of this dog. She weighs like a thousand pounds and is really into smashing around with people. She's super nice though. Lily has that rare "otter hair" coat to her...so petting her seems like a hygienic thing to do. I have never lived in the same house with this dog, so she is the most foreign family dog that exists in my life. I think she 'gets it' pretty well though. I like to feed her chex mix.

NUM.



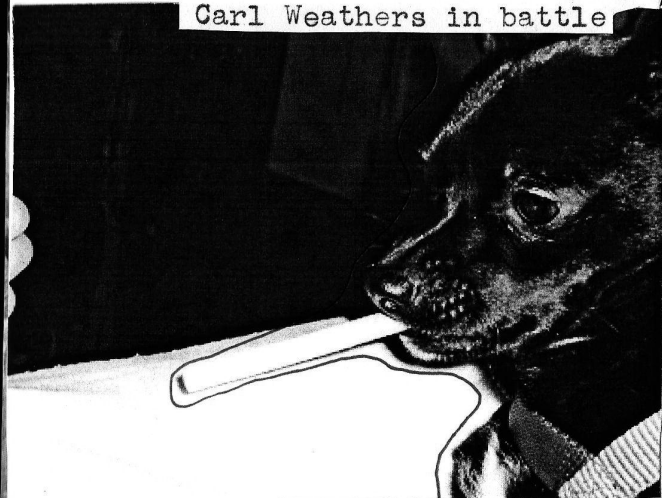
MUN-chers

Fun Fact: Lily is from a litter of puppies that my aunt and uncle owned. So...she's sort of a cousin dog I guess.

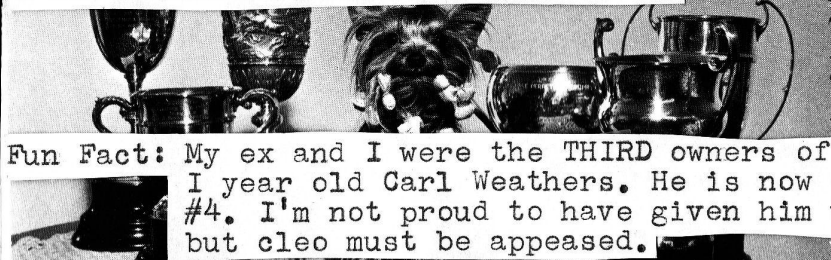




Carl Weathers  
 Breed: Chihuahua/dachshund mix  
 Size: oversized novelty cocktail frank;  
 2 and 1/2 Cleos big  
 Temperament: ashamed, self-loathing  
 pervert  
 Status: living with 8 children and a  
 crabclaw lady  
 Known Aliases: dumbass, CW, weathers  
 Vs. Cleo: Cleo can and HAS defeated  
 Carl Weathers in battle



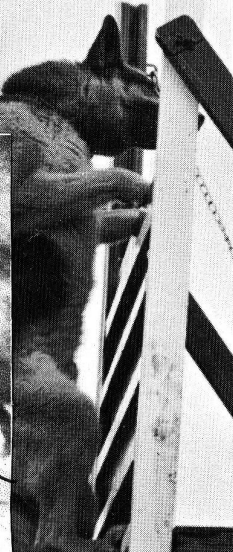
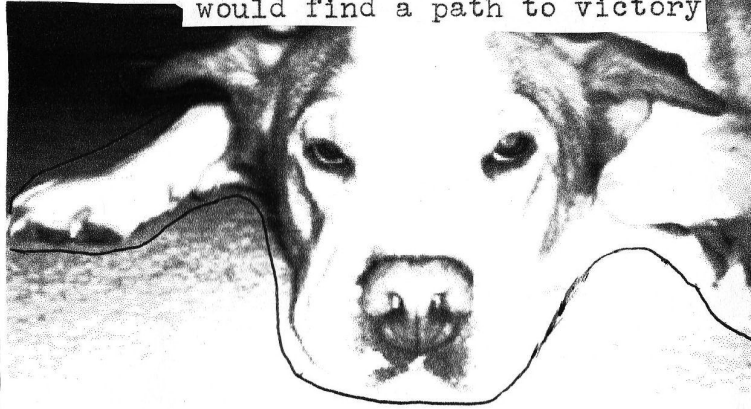
Carl Weathers is a skulking pervert. I love this dog, but I have absolutely no respect for him whatsoever. He was purchased off of craigslist for \$70...and picked up in a parking lot at jantzen beach. He was supposedly adopted from the pound, but he had no paperwork...and had not been neutered. Carl is a cool guy, but he was really gross and lecherous. The most redeeming element of Carl was his kindness towards Zelda. Those two were best friends in a house where Sassy is constantly in a human being's arms...and Cleo is endlessly screaming at anything that gets close to her. Because of Carl, I now know that I never want to own a male dog again.



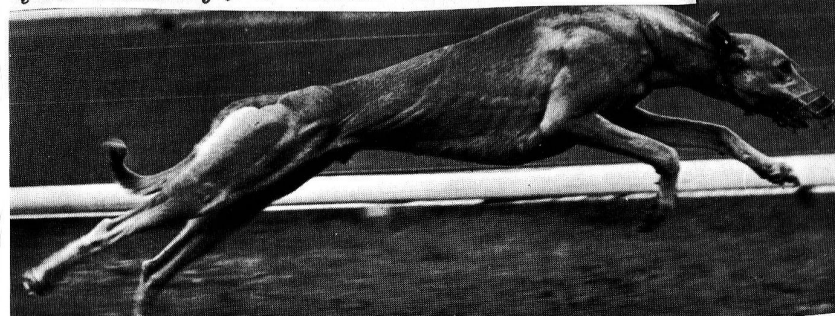
Fun Fact: My ex and I were the THIRD owners of the 1 year old Carl Weathers. He is now on owner #4. I'm not proud to have given him up, but Cleo must be appeased.



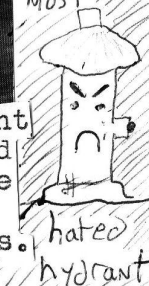
lincoln  
 Breed: shar-pei / lab mix  
 Size: streamlined and fit...8 Cleos  
 Temperament: defensive, but loving  
 Status: looking for traces of affection  
 to muscle in on  
 Known Aliases: saaah, linky  
 Vs. Cleo: Cleo is MUCH smarter, she  
 would find a path to victory



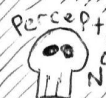
I wasn't totally sure about Lincoln at first, but I am completely on board with him now. Lincoln is that guy that starts hanging around because he's a friend of a friend and he's just sort of withdrawn about stuff unless there's something that he wants and then he REALLY becomes sort of a jerk until he gets it. Anyway, Lincoln sort of seems like he's that guy...but really he's just the guy that is totally nice but is really awkward to be around until he gets to know you well enough. This dog literally will look at you sideways as you walk by. I think that is awesome.



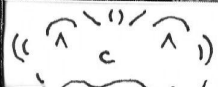
the  
 World's  
 Saddest  
 and  
 Most



Fun Fact: Lincoln was almost put to death right before my sister adopted him. He had developed a pretty bad case of mange or something like that. It's really gross that people kill dogs for this. Thanks for saving him, sister.



stella |  
 Breed: terrier mix |  
 Size: diminutive...maybe 3 cleos big  
 Temperament: constantly feigning  
 persecution  
 Status: cowering  
 Known Aliases: stella-luna  
 Vs. Cleo: cleo would murder this dog



Stella and I are in a weird place right now. When I first met this dog, I was incredibly impressed by the fact that she looks like she is stoned all the time. It's really funny. I don't think the entire family has openly discussed it before, but it is the truth. The last time we hung out though, she would growl at me if I stared at her for a length of time. I understand that this is a reasonable reaction for a dog to have...but I expect better treatment from my sister's dog. Does she not know that I am my sister's brother? So we're in this weird place...wherein I think she's awesome and even cooler because she growls on demand...but she just doesn't like me and wants to make it known all the time. I didn't think it was possible to have your feelings hurt by a dog, but Stella has proven me wrong.



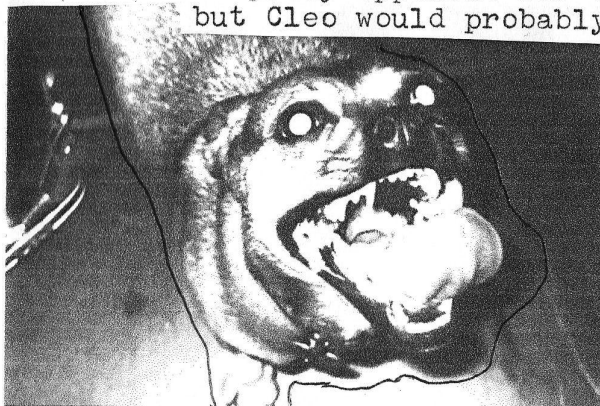
Fun Fact: Stella looks really sad and innocent, but she pees on stuff and bites people. She pees if you scare her, which is sort of funny, I guess.

Number  
 muncher  
 recess  
 287

poppy |  
 Breed: terrier mix |  
 Size: less diminutive...4 cleos big  
 Temperament: confrontational, but  
 diplomatic

Status: doing what my sister tells her  
 to do

Known Aliases: popper, poppers  
 Vs. Cleo: a worthy opponent for Cleo,  
 but Cleo would probably win



I am ashamed of myself, but I have to own up to my own darkside and admit that I have discriminated against Poppy because I considered her to be an unattractive dog. She sort of looks like an extra in a Gremlins movie. My early memories of petting Poppy mostly consist of me following the curve of her skull with my fingers and marveling at the fact that her head-dents allowed my finger to pass well below her skull line. Surely I was mere centimeters away from her actual brain meats, and yet she just sat there and let me do this. Shortly after the great Stella rebellion of 2007, Poppy became my favourite of the sister dogs.



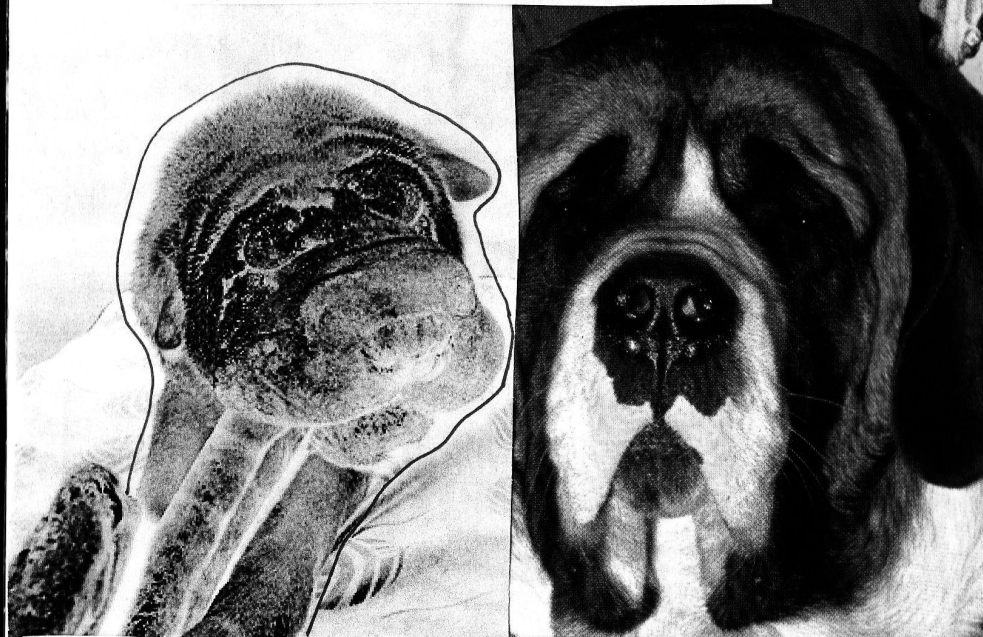
Fun Fact: Poppy lays down on laps, like a kitten. Petting her feels like petting a semi-frozen tub of margarine. I like this dog.

Michigan J.  
 Gactors

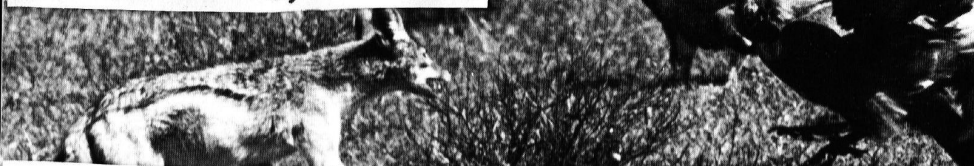


buddy  
Breed: 100% shar-pei  
Size: combat ready...8 Cleos big  
Temperament: happy to be part of  
the team

Status: hanging out with george and jenny  
Known Aliases: bud e. dog, stinky, puppy  
Vs. Cleo: i think this is the only dog  
that could bat cleo in combat



Buddy is one smart dog. Of this, there is little doubt. I once met a dog that could open and close the front door, but I think that's the only dog that might have buddy beat here. If I were suddenly caught in the wake of some nuclear apocalypse, and were miraculously allowed to pick between buddy and a police-trained rottweiler...I would pick buddy. He gives double high-fives. He looks totally awesome when captured in slow motion. Buddy is the only dog I would trust to carry cleo around in a little bag, or saddle.



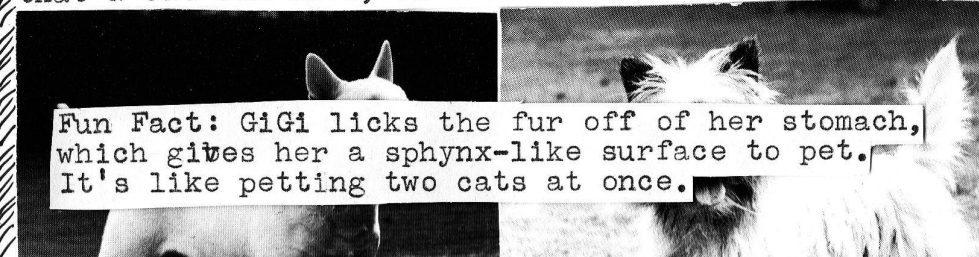
Fun Fact: buddy had a facelift! Seriously. His shar-pei-ness was drooping down into his eyes and irritating them to the point of pain.

gigi  
Breed: domestic shortish hair, calico  
Size: big in the head area, small in the  
tail area  
Temperament: untrusting of strangers,  
but very nice and tired  
Status: sitting on various kitchen table  
chairs at emily's place  
Known Aliases: Gi Gi Salone Kitty Princess  
Extraordinaire  
Vs. Cleo: not even close, Cleo would  
dominate GiGi



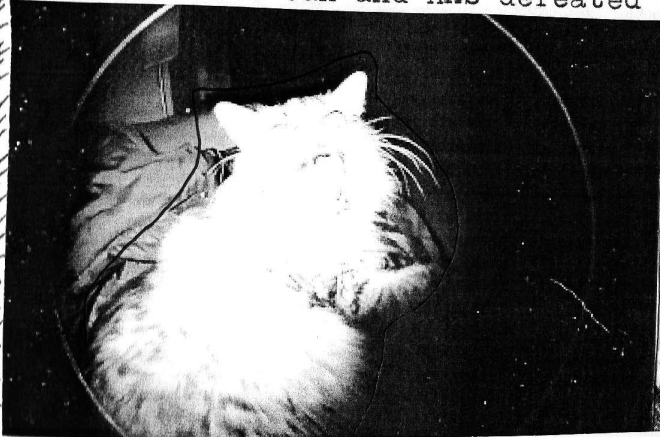
THIS ONE. I love GiGi. GiGi is like a coy version of Sassy. She has a bulldog's face, and fur that has been stolen from bunnies. GiGi weighs a lot and meows like she has smoked a carton of cigarettes recently. GiGi is the first Calico cat that I have known. Did you know that only 1 in 3000 Calico cats is male? Even if a male cat gets to BE a Calico, it just means that he has Klinefelter's syndrome and will almost ALWAYS be sterile. This is a dangerous and sacred colour pattern, and I'm glad that Bast (the egyptian cat goddess) bestowed this honour upon GiGi. GiGi lets me pet her until she passes out. This is the number one most appealing trait that a cat can have, as far as I'm concerned.

Fun Fact: GiGi licks the fur off of her stomach, which gives her a sphynx-like surface to pet. It's like petting two cats at once.

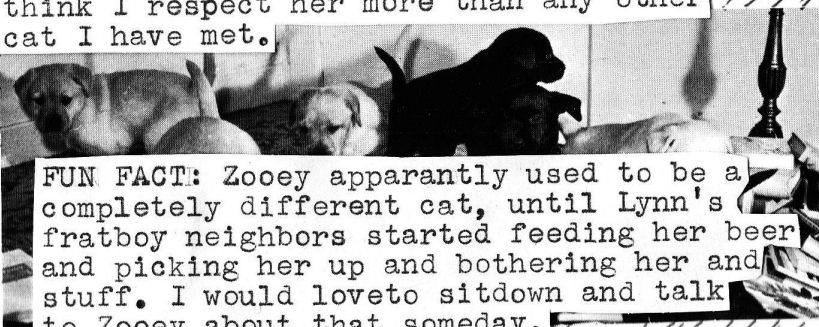


zooney  
 Breed: domestic long-haired BEAST  
 Size: massive and fluffy, 2 and 1/2  
 Cleos big  
 Temperament: the angriest cat i've ever  
 known  
 Status: hanging out with the only person  
 that she likes...lynn  
 Known Aliases: little sea otter, the devil  
 Vs. Cleo: Cleo can and HAS defeated zooney

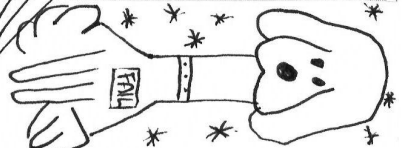
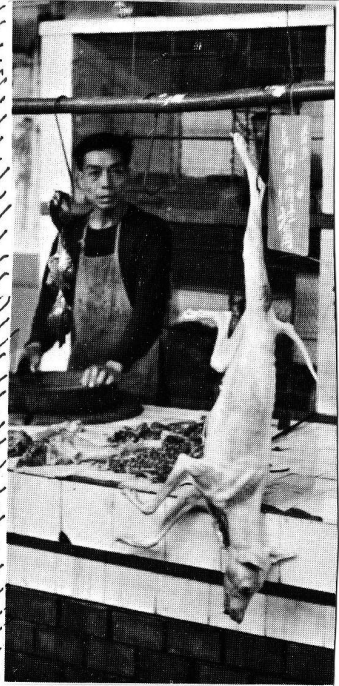
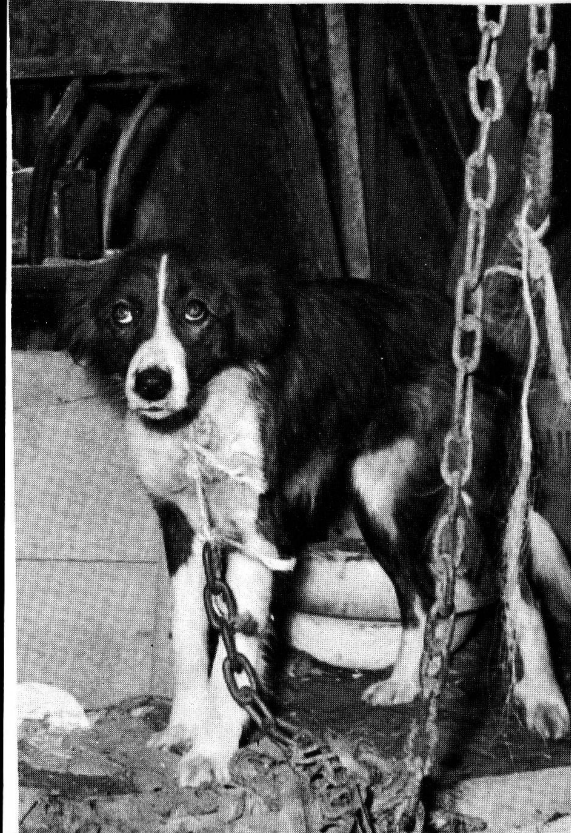
SO-  
 RR-  
 OW



I really like my friend Lynn, so I feel  
 bad speaking ill of her cat. So, sorry  
 Lynn...Zooney sucks. I used to live with  
 this cat in downtown Detroit, and let me  
 tell you...Zooney was more dangerous than  
 anything roaming those mean streets. Lynn  
 appears to be the only person on earth  
 that Zooney TRULY loves, so maybe I'm just  
 jealous that Zooney has this amazing gift  
 of loyalty that she won't share with me.  
 I don't think that is the case, but I think  
 it's fair to explore both sides here.  
 Remember Sam from Nervio I? Sam kicked  
 this cat's ass. I don't like Zooney, but I  
 think I respect her more than any other  
 cat I have met.



FUN FACT: Zooney apparantly used to be a  
 completely different cat, until Lynn's  
 fratboy neighbors started feeding her beer  
 and picking her up and bothering her and  
 stuff. I would loveto sitdown and talk  
 to Zooney about that someday.



So that's sort of how I feel about dogs. Maybe  
 someday, if I get married, my wife will want to  
 have a dog. That's pretty much the only scenario I  
 can picture that would bring one back into my  
 household. I like them just fine, but I'm cool with  
 just smiling at ones that walk by...or getting into  
 a fight with a big one that a friend owns. You know  
 how those little white dogs with the puffy/curly  
 white hair tend to ALWAYS look dirty around the  
 mouth area? Like, the fur in this part of their body  
 is endlessly gray and looks like a gross sock? This  
 is the number one reason that I made the change from  
 dogs to cats. OK, gotta run...



Please take your dog for a walk this evening, they  
 seem to be into that.