

Capital Canines

The District is noticeably dog friendly, with it being nearly impossible to walk down the street without seeing one of the Capital's canines. I don't know about you, but I am borderline incapable of walking past a precious pooch without reaching down to pet it. Problem is gauging whether or not the dog will welcome you with open paws or come down on you with a mean case of lock jaw. There is such thing as a dog above your pay grade, and they will make sure to let you know if you get too close. You spot a magical Maltese around Capital Hill, and after asking permission from the identical owner with perfectly coiffed hair slicked into a dome resembling the Jefferson Memorial, you reach down to greet the pup. Wrong move.

Even after being assured by Bee Hive Heidi that "Ginger is SOOOO friendly, she LOVESSSSS strangers," you look down to see blood peeking out from under your gloves. Ginger better thank whatever dog god she has that she is attached to a leash, because you let out a solid sneeze and she would be halfway to SE. Ginger knows that the bow in her hair costs more than your rent, and she is not about to let you mess up her do. If you go around Georgetown, you may stumble upon some dogs that look like Sarah McLaughlin's voice is narrating their lives. It's all in the approach for these types of dogs. The owners see them as timid and afraid of unfamiliar faces, so if you try to pet them, you will get quickly shut down by the excuse that "Roger is shy, he has to come to you". Best tactic is to put on your best puppy dog pout, and simply reach down and stroke Roger's perfect pelt.

When the owner looks at you like you are off your meds, simply lower to all fours and gallop away. There are many different ways of approaching dogs and their owners, so you can squeeze some puppy loving into your day, but make sure you assess the situation first and act appropriately because otherwise, you will have a ruff time.