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Canine Conundrums, Doggie Dilemmas:

The Pooch Palace

[Renee D.](#) - 03:11 pm Pacific Time - Jan 28,
1999

Gently hacking off the hinges....

We love our dogs, they are members of the family. They eat our food, sleep on our bed, watch TV with us....and chew, and bark, and dig, mess in the house, etc, etc.

We love our dogs, but sometimes, well...they just drive us crazy. This area is to discuss problems we are having with our dogs, possible solutions, and general bragging.

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[Anne V](#) - 02:01 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999

- **#1318 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

Okay - I know how to take meat away from a dog. How do I take a dog away from meat? This is not, unfortunately, a joke.

[AmyC](#) - 02:02 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 -

#1319 of 7931

I met Jim Allenspach through Table Talk in 1999, and we got married 5/18/02. Table Talk changed my life. Adios. (now AmyC at DWS)

Um, can you give us a few more specifics here?

Anne V - 02:12 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999

- **#1320 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

They're inside of it. They crawled inside, and now I have a giant incredibly heavy piece of carcass in my yard, with 2 dogs inside of it, and they are NOT getting bored of it and coming out. One of them is snoring. I have company arriving in three hours, and my current plan is to

1. put up a tent over said carcass and
2. hang thousands of fly strips inside it.

This has been going on since about 6:40 this morning.

AmyC - 02:19 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 -

#1321 of 7931

I met Jim Allenspach through Table Talk in 1999, and we got married 5/18/02. Table Talk changed my life. Adios. (now AmyC at DWS)

Oh. My. God.

What sort of carcass is big enough to hold a couple of dogs inside?

Given the situation, I'm afraid you're not going to be create enough of a diversion to get the dogs out of the carrion, unless they like greeting company as much as they like rolling around in dead stuff. Which seems unlikely. Can you turn a hose on the festivities?

[Ase Innes-Ker](#) - 02:31 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1322 of 7931**

"Cold, Cold, Empty Void", "Grandma's Food for Worms now". Atheist hymns, by Jamie R.

I'm sorry Anne. I know this is a problem (and it would have driven me crazy), but it is also incredibly funny.

[Anne V](#) - 02:31 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1323 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

Elk. Elk are very big this year, because of the rain and good grazing and so forth.

They aren't rolling. They are alternately napping and eating. They each have a ribcage. Other dogs are working on them

from the outside. It's all way too primal in my yard right now.

We tried the hose trick. At someone else's house, which is where they climbed in and began to refuse to come out. Many hours ago. I think that the hose mostly helps keep them cool and dislodges little moist snacks for them. hose failed.

My new hope is that if they all continue to eat at this rate, they will be finished before the houseguests arrive. The very urban houseguests.

<edit>Oh, ghod - I know it's funny. It's appalling, and funny, and completely entirely representative of life with dogs. </end edit>

Kristen R. - 02:37 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1324 of 7931**
My hair is naturally profane.

I'm so glad I read this thread, dogless as I am. Dogs in elk. Dogs in elk.

Jaysus.

Anne V - 02:41 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1325 of 7931**
my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

It's like that childrens book out there - dogs in elk, dogs on elk, dogs around elk, dogs outside elk. And there is some elk inside of, as well as on, each dog at this point.

CoseyMo - 02:49 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9,
1999 - **#1326 of 7931**

like a larger, broader cow with a fringed dust
ruffle

"dogs in elk, dogs on elk, dogs around
elk, dogs outside elk"

This is, possibly, the ultimate tagline.

Anne V - 02:56 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999
- **#1327 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

you may have it. Me, I have the dogs,
and the elk. The tagline is available.

[Elizabeth K](#) - 02:57 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1328 of 7931**
I got the magic stick.

Anne, aren't you in Arizona or Nevada?
There are elk there? I'm so confused!

We definately need to see pics of Gus
Pong and Jake in the elk carcass.

[Anne V](#) - 03:03 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999
- **#1329 of 7931**
my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

I am in New Mexico, but there are elk in
both arizona and nevada, yes. There are
elk all over the damn place.

They don't look out very often. If you
stand the ribcage on end they scramble

to the top and look out, all red.
Otherwise, you kinda have to get in
there a little bit yourself to really see
them. So I think there will not be
pictures.

[CoseyMo](#) - 03:06 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9,
1999 - [#1330](#) of **7931**

like a larger, broader cow with a fringed dust
ruffle

"all red." I'm not sure the deeper horror
of all this was fully borne in upon me
till I saw that little phrase.

[Anne V](#) - 03:10 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999

- **#1331 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

Well, you know, the Basenji (that would be Jake) is a desert dog, naturally, and infamous for it's aversion to water. And then, Gus Pong (who is coming to us, live, unamplified and with a terrific reverb which is making me a little dizzy) really doesn't mind water, but hates to be cold. Or soapy. And both of them can really run. Sprints of up to 35 mph have been clocked. So. If ever they come out, catching them and returning them to a condition where they can be considered house pets is not going to be, shall we say, pleasant.

CoseyMo - 03:15 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1332 of 7931**

like a larger, broader cow with a fringed dust ruffle

What if you stand the ribcage on end, wait for them to look out, grab them when they do and pull?

Anne V - 03:18 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1333 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

They wedge their toes between the ribs. And scream. We tried that before we brought the elk home from the mountain with dogs inside. Jake nearly took my friends arm off. He's already short a toe, so he cherishes the 15 that remain.

CoseyMo - 03:19 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9,
1999 - **#1334 of 7931**

like a larger, broader cow with a fringed dust
ruffle

Oy.

Anne V - 03:23 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999
- **#1335 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

vey iz mir

[Linda Hewitt](#) - 03:30 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1336 of 7931**

The GOP is the tax, BORROW, and spend party. It's plain and simple. The GOP is lying to the American people and is trying to spend more than their own rules allow!!!! Let's make it a Democratic clean sweep in 2000.

Have you thought about calling your friendly vet and paying him to come pick up the dogs, elk and letting the dogs stay at the vets overnight. If anyone would know what to do, it would be your vet. It might cost some money, but it would solve the immediate crisis.

Keep us posted.

[ChristiPeters](#) - 03:37 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1337 of 7931**

Eagles may soar, but weasels don't get sucked into jet engines.

Yikes! My sympathy!

When I lived in New Mexico, my best friend's dog (the escape artist) was continually bringing home road kill.

When there was no road kill convenient, he would visit the neighbor's house. Said neighbor slaughtered his own beef. The dog found all kinds of impossibly gross toys in the neighbor's trash pit.

I have always had medium to large dogs. The smallest dog I ever had was a mutt from the SPCA who matured out at just above knee high and about 55 pounds.

Our current dog (daughter's choice) is a Pomeranian.

A very *small* Pomeranian.

She's 8 months old now and not quite 4 pounds.

I'm afraid I'll break her.

[Lori Shiraishi](#) - 03:38 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - [#1338](#) of 7931

Bet you could fit a whole lot of Pomeranians in that there elk carcass!

Anne - my condolences on what must be a unbelievable situation!

Anne V - 03:44 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999

- **#1339 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

I did call my vet. He laughed until he was gagging and breathless. He says a lot of things, which can be summed as *what did you expect?* and *no, there is no such thing as too much elk meat for a dog.* He is planning to stop over and take a look on his way home.

Thanks, Lori. I am almost surrendered to the absurdity of it.

[Lori Shiraishi](#) - 03:49 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1340 of 7931**

> He is planning to stop over and take a look on his way home.

So he can fall down laughing in person?

[Anne V](#) - 03:50 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1341 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

Basically, yeah. That would be about it.

AmyC - 03:56 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 -

#1342 of 7931

I met Jim Allenspach through Table Talk in 1999, and we got married 5/18/02. Table Talk changed my life. Adios. (now AmyC at DWS)

no, there is no such thing as too much elk meat for a dog.

Oh, sweet lord, Anne. You have my deepest sympathies in this, perhaps the most peculiar of the Gus Pong Adventures. You are truly a woman of superhuman patience.

wait -- you carried the carcass down from the mountains with the dogs inside?

Anne V - 03:59 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999

- **#1343 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

the carcass down from the
mountains with the dogs
inside?

no, well, sort of. My part in the whole
thing was to get really stressed about a
meeting that I had to go to, and say
yeah, ok, whatever when it was
suggested that the ribcages, since we
couldn't get the dogs out of them and the
dogs couldn't be left there, be brought to
my house. Because, you know - I just
thought they would get bored of it
sooner or later. But it appears to be later,
in the misty uncertain future, that they
will get bored. Now, they are still
interested. And very loud, one singing,
one snoring.

[Lori Shiraishi](#) - 04:04 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1344 of 7931**

>And very loud, one singing, one snoring.

wow. I can't even begin to imagine the acoustics involved with singing from the inside of an elk.

[Anne V](#) - 04:04 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999 - **#1345 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

reverb. lots and lots of reverb.

[shechemist](#) - 04:09 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9,
1999 - [#1346](#) of [7931](#)

nothing good will come of a headful of acid in a
bar full of clowns

Stop! Please Stop!

I almost peed laughing so hard.

Reverb!

hawl

Oh my. I have these...images and now
sounds that will haunt me for the rest of
the day. And I will start giggling. and it
will scare my cow-orkers.

Anne V - 04:15 pm Pacific Time - Sep 9, 1999

- **#1347 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

I'll tell you the thing that is causing me
to lose it again and again, and then I
have to go back outside and stay there
for a while.

After the meeting, I said to my
(extraordinary) boss, *look, I've gotta go
home for the rest of the day, I think. Jake
and Gus Pong are inside some elk
ribcages, and my dad is coming tonight,
so I've got to get them out somehow.*
And he said, pale and huge-eyed,
*Annie, how did you explain the elk to
the clients?* The poor, poor man
thought I had the carcasses brought to
work with me. For some reason, I find
this deeply funny.

[AmyC](#) - 06:22 am Pacific Time - Sep 10, 1999
- **#1359 of 7931**

I met Jim Allenspach through Table Talk in 1999, and we got married 5/18/02. Table Talk changed my life. Adios. (now AmyC at DWS)

How are you holding up this morning, Anne? I hope the dogs weren't out on the carcass all night, snoring and singing and whooping it up like sailors on leave.

[marcia watson](#) - 11:50 am Pacific Time - Sep 10, 1999 - **#1365 of 7931**

The suspense is killing me. You don't suppose that the dogs have dragged her into the carcass and are holding her hostage?

CoseyMo - 11:57 am Pacific Time - Sep 10,
1999 - **#1366 of 7931**

like a larger, broader cow with a fringed dust
ruffle

She said something about a long
weekend off for Rosh Hashanah, so we
may just have to sit tight till Monday.
Worse for me as I'm on the East Coast
and have to wait till well into my day
before I can expect the latest :-)

[Grace Newton](#) - 12:04 pm Pacific Time - Sep 10, 1999 - **#1367 of 7931**

"To the uninitiated, the tea party crowd comes across like the barflies in "Star Wars". - Frank Rich, The New York Times

I deeply regret I'm not a cartoonist. The images conjured by posts to this thread over the past two days cry out to be immortalized. Elk drunk dogs carousing atop rib cages, whooo. Got to stop, my family thinks I've lost it as it is.

[Danielle Duperre](#) - 08:25 am Pacific Time -
Sep 13, 1999 - **#1392 of 7931**

"I'm thinking the 'it's a guy thing' explanation works, if by 'guy thing' you mean 'inconceivable if you have a triple-digit IQ.'" - Laurel T.

<lurker here only to find out what became of the Dogs in Elk>

Ok, Anne, holiday weekend's over. Talk to us!

[Anne V](#) - 09:37 am Pacific Time - Sep 13,
1999 - **#1395 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

So what we did was put the ribcages (containing dogs) on tarps and drag them around to the side yard, where I figured they would at least be harder to see, and then opened my bedroom window so that the dogs could let me know when they were ready to be plunged into a de-elking solution and let in the house. Then I went to the airport. Came home, no visible elk, no visible dogs. Peaked around the shrubs, and there they were, still in the elk. By this time, they had gnawed out some little portholes between some of the ribs, and you got the occasional very frightening glimpse of something moving around in there if you watched long enough.

After a lot of agonizing, I went to bed. I closed the back door, made sure my window was open, talked to the dogs out of it until I was sure they knew it was open, and then I fell asleep. Sometimes, sleep is a mistake, no matter how tired you are. And especially if you are very very tired, and some of your dogs are outside, inside some elks. Because when you are that tired, you sleep through bumping kind of noises, or you kind of think that it's just the house guests. It wasn't the house guests. It was my dogs, having an attack of teamwork unprecedented in our domestic history. When I finally woke all the way up, it was to a horrible vision. Somehow, 3 dogs with a combined weight of about 90 pounds, managed to hoist one of the ribcages (the meatier one, of course) up 3 feet to rest on top of the swamp cooler outside the window, and push out the

screen. What woke me was Gus Pong, howling in frustration from inside the ribcage, very close to my head, combined with feverish little grunts from Jake, who was standing on the nightstand, bracing himself against the curtains with remarkably bloody little feet.

Here are some things I have learned, this Rosh Hashanah weekend: 1. almond milk removes elk blood from curtains and pillowcases, 2. We can all exercise superhuman strength when it comes to getting elk carcasses out of our yard, 3. The sight of elk ribcages hurtling over the fence really frightens the nice deputy sheriff who lives across the street, and 4. the dogs can pop the screens out of the windows, without damaging them, from either side.

Anne V - 10:58 am Pacific Time - Sep 13,
1999 - **#1401 of 7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your
freaks

What I am is really grateful that they
didn't actually get the damn thing in the
window, which is clearly the direction
they were going in. And that the nice
deputy didn't arrest me for terrifying her
with elk parts before dawn.

[AmyC](#) - 10:59 am Pacific Time - Sep 13, 1999

- [#1402](#) of **7931**

I met Jim Allenspach through Table Talk in 1999, and we got married 5/18/02. Table Talk changed my life. Adios. (now AmyC at DWS)

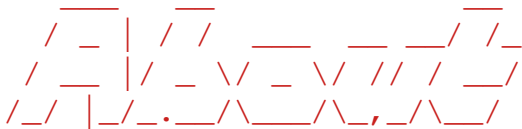
Imagine waking up with a gnawed elk carcass in your bed, like a real-life "Godfather" with an all-dog cast.

[Anne V](#) - 11:01 am Pacific Time - Sep 13,

1999 - [#1403](#) of **7931**

my freaks have more endurance than your freaks

There is not enough almond milk in the world to solve an event of that kind.



This story has been forwarded around since it happened (“Subject: I’m glad I have cats”). But the original thread was almost lost from the Internet when Salon.com pulled the plug on Table Talk—I think AmyC’s tagline reflects the mood as the community was being wiped out. Quick work by Archive Team saved a read-only copy of all the public threads, including this one.

If you wish to read more of the exploits of Jake and Gus Pong, you can download the 8.2G dump of all of Table Talk from this page on archive.org.



Unzip the file, then open the folders Table Talk >> Private Life >> Private Life Attic. Open the Canine Conundrums file. Search for Anne V.

Post #1333 was missing from the Archive Team save file, so I copied it from this plain-text version on web.mit.edu.

