

# The First Folio of November and Me

**I don't have a dog but I have written this fictional narrative to present my undying love for dogs.**

The shadows of leaves danced on the wall, guiding my eyes onto the crack of the world beyond... my mother's bedroom. "Mum," I said. "Yes, Ein?" "Can we have a dog?" Mum paused and there was a glimmer of hope. "No, Ein, our home is small and humble." Around the room, luxuries contradicted her words: a Samsung Galaxy Z Flip 4, the wardrobe fit for the Titanic, and the ticking Day-Date Rolex watch sitting on the agarwood desk. My thoughts bubbled as I disappeared. *Be glad you have something to look forward to. Tomorrow's your birthday!*

I woke up to a beast with a pink tongue licking my face, a white shield etched underside, wearing a sleek black suit. White fangs expanded, its sapphire eyes winked *whassup master, cool house*. My new friend extended his paw. I embraced it with one hand, wiped the sleep from my eyes with the other. "I'm going to name you November, after the month of my birthday." My little brothers disappeared under the fur of my petit prince. I climbed out of bed and traipsed into the living room. "Happy birthday, Ein! We got you a cake!" said Mum, ripping off a velvet cloth. My eyes twinkled and a single tear fell as Vivaldi's Spring played. "But where's the dog?" Mum asked. Spring turned to Winter as violin screeches played. November dove bombed onto the cake. "Man, is this cake good!" told the tongue of the husky. "A walk for digesting please?"

My husky dog led the way while I gave a nudge in the right direction. We strolled across the sun-aged floors of the Sydney Harbour Bridge. Passer-bys petted November's sun-baked furs, and it seemed to me November was enjoying the free haircut. With a regal bearing, his Dorito ears spontaneously pricked up and he turned to a passing poodle. *Come and Get Your Love* played. His rear end pulled in and out. The poodle, however, refused to return his gaze. November pawed his forehead. Later, a runner stopped and knelt beside him for the thousandth time as November's eyes turned upside down. However, a tremendous *toot* of flatulence was enough for us to retreat to our home.

*Pant. Whimper. Pant. Whimper.* The eyes of the ruler-sized husky spoke of unspeakable hunger. I fetched some dog treats but November turned his nose up. He nudged his head towards the steak which was coincidentally lying on the table. I reluctantly gave him the steak, but November also pointed at a Wedgewood plate and a gold-stitched napkin. My eyes rolled. I tied the napkin around him and put the prime cut steak on the plate as he licked his lips. I retired to bed with puffy eyes.

That night, I was dreaming of leading November along the coastlines when I lost control of him. He was pulling me to the sea and he threw me into the deep nothingness. As I jolted up, I saw a nightmare. My face went white and my beating heart reverberated. “Mum!” Split books, ripped homework, naked cables, and above all, my beloved Nintendo Switch’s cables and game chips were mashed potatoes. I knelt, “Who, who did this?” There, in the mangled Christmas tree, the callous November was entangled.

My Nintendo Switch was my life; I hopped into our pearl white sedan and arrived at the customer care centre with a wet face. “Hi. How can I help you?” drawled the receptionist. “Is the golden hour for my Nintendo in critical condition still open?” The intensive care unit would take 15 days: an eternity. At home, my husky awaited me as I rested my arms. “It’s time for you to be educated by the best dog trainer, César Millán.” I petted my puppy while slightly pushing his head; a *true nod*. I smiled.