

Blog Nexus



Enjoy my Blog and feel free to give a reaction on info@patraschezw.be



The beast and vacations

Door Nexus op dinsdag, augustus 9, 2022



Dear readers,

With summer and beginning of vacations, humans let themselves - and sometimes us - out. It's a strange phenomenon for us animals. Humans jump out of the band and finally let go of the reins. The only question is ... whose reins ... The beast in man comes squealing... Sometimes I find this exciting, sometimes beautiful, but often frightening. Strange, that beast in man. It would frighten you. What will this beast do?

But still... a human likes to keep an eye on his beast. For example, you buy a dog and put it on a leash. This way you keep control and can give orders.

If I were not a dog myself, I would get one... That way I could control the beast in myself. On the other hand, of course, a decent dog would not do such a thing. I am not stupid.

Besides, I am asked to tone it down a bit. And indeed, life sometimes falls a bit hard on me with all my ailments that come with being 8, and of course also with my passionate affinities for doctors, doctors' wives, and doctors' cabinets where I feel seen and heard in the melancholy that has taken up residence in my joints and bones... The melancholy about the beast in me, which I cherish in its captivity and which sometimes - on the hunt - is allowed to see the light of day again.

How would our world look like, dear reader, if we would release all our beasts to then merge in a happy and intense symbiosis between man and animal; and that we would call that a vacation.

These reflections pass here under a merciless sun that brings my brain and thoughts to a boiling point.

Your very

Nexus - on vacation

Corset for the soul

By Nexus on Tuesday, August 16, 2022



A child arrives. A girl. She runs past all the people and is heading straight for me. I tense my muscles and my soul because I feel this is going to be stormy. The girl grabs me, in a firm but hopeless embrace. She buries her face in my fur. She breathes deeply and moistly. Immediately, she reminds me of the ram lamb, disowned here a while ago by a sheep that is familiar to me but that we will not mention by name further here. Wrong motherhood doesn't let itself spread, not with Patrasche anyway.

Anyway, the resemblance is in the smell. It is of the panicked, hopeless sadness type... intense and jerky. one big cramp of dismay. Both so overcome by darkness and loneliness that diving into a fur seems to be the only option.

At such a moment, I concentrate on my breathing. I try to keep it balanced and calm, and I consider it a windfall if I succeed in doing so.

After a while, silence replaces panting. My heart rate becomes decisive and brings with it a sanity. Fatigue sets in and with it relaxation and near-sleep.

Seen from afar, - say from the point of view Titus - all that loses meaning.... Just the dog and a child - or the lamb. Bit corny, bit boring - an incident of nothing.

Who has the patience to watch this for so long ? The sheep, perhaps, who seem to have no sense of time. But when peace begins to fester so silently in me and in the child, then I know that time has stood still....

Yours truly

Nexus

A West Flemish stud

By Nexus on Tuesday, August 23, 2022



Dear Readers,

I am writing to you this week from a state of excitement and stress. Yesterday morning everything seemed normal, although I felt something was going on, but in the afternoon everything went wrong. Apparently I was not aware that the position of rat and mouse catcher was advertised in Patrasche. (To be clear, in Patrasche all animals have a job and a clear job description). My companion Titus and I thought we had shown enough initiative - in addition to our regular jobs - to get rid of the excess rodents (which are a nuisance), but no! For some inexplicable reason, a cat was introduced here yesterday. An incredibly small, annoying, peeing and licking creature, certainly not old enough to apply for the vacancy, but gentle enough to melt everyone's hearts. What a state.

I ask you, how unfair can life be?

My late mother once explained, "Every animal that is anything has a task and a job description. It is the same in nature. You do your job and then you can eat. Now most animals do not do their job, but they still get their food stuffed down their throats... my mother called it 'bad for the head'. At the very least it makes the animals anxious, but just as likely they lose their minds. I think she was right. She herself came from a hunting family. She knew what work was, and she loved it passionately. When people did not take her hunting, she practiced on herself. She gave herself work, and so that was what she was like.

My father, on the other hand, the famous Dawson, was a West Flemish stud dog. A big white Golden who came from a long show line. Lots of show, not much work. As a result, he was prone to obesity all his life and had to diet constantly - a bad trait I guess I inherited from him.

My mother thought he was a vain jerk. Handsome, yes, but he had no idea about work. Maybe that's why I, too, prefer long siestas to hard days at work.

So, we have a new employee at Patrasche, although the beast is barely out of diapers.

Titus and I are trying to keep our spirits up. We have not yet succeeded in scaring the beast away. But we keep trying. Vacancies in the animal world are rare, and someone has to thank us for the work ethic here.

I will keep you posted on this troubling situation, and until then, I hope for your compassion and support...

All of you

Nexus

An unpredictable composition

By Nexus on Tuesday, August 30, 2022



Dear Reader,

Last week an incident occurred here, late at night, which - once again - left me feeling very sorry for my human. As a rule, the human beast already behaves like a clumsy creature in the dark, not least because of his inadequate senses, but as I said, last week this dilapidated equipment was not only painful but downright ridiculous.

Night had already fallen when I suddenly heard a heavy conflict outside. Panting, blowing, knocking, beeping.... Being a faithful dog, at such a moment I prick up my ears and look piercingly at the human. An urgent request for action.

No response. Engrossed in paper. No attention. You don't believe this as a dog, but it happens.

The conflict continues. I hear casualties and my hunting instinct wakes up. Titus happily joins in. The docile lad senses that something is about to happen and starts barking.

The human looks up from the paper. Looks outside but sees and hears nothing ! Doesn't even smell anything. I swallow. My human appears once again to be a flawed animal. Sighing, she sits down and dives back into the paper as if something could be extracted from it.

Now what? I signal Titus to start barking loudly and nervously. Tail erect, neck hairs straight, staring straight out. That seems to work. Our human stands up, takes a beam of light in her hand, and makes her way outside. I hastily show the way to a hole under a hedge, from which a fox just slipped away. Obviously too late !!! I could cry with frustration.... Due to the total absence of human senses of any significance, too late ! !

Later that evening, my mood switches from spiteful irritation to deep pity. Man has become so attuned to non-natural boring and repetitive sounds coming from all kinds of devices that the complexity of the sounds of nature gradually passes him by. His sound and smell world has become so poor that the ears and nose of the human animal no longer even seem to be able to catch the complexity. They no longer hear or smell it ! The unpredictable composition of conflict in nature seems to have become inaccessible to them. Would they realize how vulnerable this makes them and how helpless ?

As my human dives back into the papers (??!!) I take a long look at the accompanying ears. Sad little shells of nothing. The nose, too, seems a dry and purposeless little thing. It is a mystery to me how humans nevertheless keep coming home with loot to feed us.

Outside, the hunter and the prey keep quiet, and the night can go on telling its story.

In full compassion

Your Nexus.

Vampirism

By Nexus on Tuesday, September 6, 2022



Dear reader,

The decreasing heat and the first rain has brought a sigh of relief here. The families of geese that fly to and from here are starting to organize long-term gatherings on the meadows. A good listener knows what that means: Autumn beckons, and with it the melancholy of this late summer. In such a melancholy mood, it is not always easy to keep calm and courage when a duo of humans and dogs arrive here last week that seems to turn everything upside down :

The Human: Large and very bulky. A head of hair with strange colors and smells.. Eyeing and lurking with a very dark look. Non-stop chattering, loud, demanding, grabbing, chattering but most of all lurking...

From the corners of the eyes that droop like a bloodhound. When my gaze crosses the lurking eyes, a shiver runs through my whole body. This is not good. This feels very wrong, almost threatening.

Although the dog is officially chihuahua, it is a dark, little bugger. Lurking too. Heavy panting, unwieldy, slow and bulky. A belly that almost touches the ground. But especially with eyes that can go out and back in. The girl shows it. She rears the animal a bit and as soon as the creature gets stressed, 1 eye pops out. The girl screams. The dog looks frantically out of his remaining stuck eye.

Suddenly I feel nauseated. I decide to lie down in a corner in the bunker to think about this strange situation. I need some distance. The people in our bunker have all gone silent. Titus sits in his wheelchair, calmly rocking himself. The other dogs will lean against a person, a dog, or even a pole if it is only slightly stable.

The chiwawa's eye is now back in its eye socket, and the girl continues to chatter somewhat uncomfortably about wanting to die. Life is too hard to keep up. She looks around to see what the reactions are.

Suddenly, the air is filled with death. The desire for death, the resistance to it. The ridiculous idea also of death.. at least that's how the dog seems to fill in the theme. The clownish death. Death playing hide and seek, macabre and inappropriate. But still.. not hilarious.

My human decides to intervene.

She takes over the dog and puts it in a small dog basket with a blanket. I sigh. OK. This is one of those times when I feel like I really have to work, but I know what is expected of me. So I'm going to lie close to the animal. At first, I feel some resistance, but then a surrender with a slight tremor. While I handle things in this way, my human can throw on the theme of the pungent presence of death, its decadent version.

"The dogs are bothered by all the floating thoughts of death in this room," she says. "It's a theater they didn't sign up for. I actually didn't either."

The girl lurks around the circle. Everyone is quiet and seems affected, dogs and humans alike.

"It's not so much about death here," my human continues. "More about life, and how it functions, such a life. It seems to me that your dog would like to live. No ? "

The girl's bottom lip quivers. She is tired and sad. The load is gone. And so I cuddle close to the girl and Titus takes over my job with the dog. Now we can calm down. The worst is over for today.

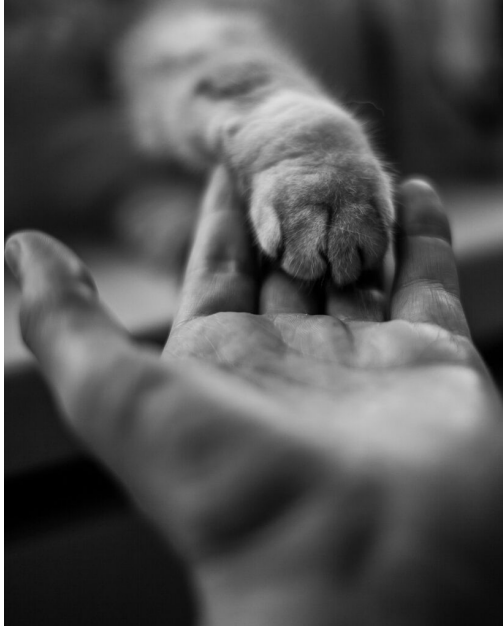
Titus and I are very furious afterward. It takes a long time before we're out of wrestling. But if life triumphs, it should be lavishly affirmed.

Your dearest and weary

Nexus

Gigolo

By Nexus on Tuesday, September 13, 2022



Dear reader,

I will put you – with permission – in an uncomfortable situation :

Imagine for a moment that your body has become commonplace. Everywhere you go people are allowed to pet you, touch you, hold your head and then look you straight in the eye, pinch your fingers and toes to coo ridiculous words at you in the meantime.

Resistance in this, or even any petulant resistance, is soon labeled as 'unwilling'. A shortage of a will to please. The smell of all those tasters then remains on your skin and hair. You soon no longer smell like yourself, but like a scent mix from another world.

In the past - on such an occasion - I often experienced a moment of panic. The feeling of losing my body. Confused too.. Petting is nice of course and some hands are also sweet and firm but still.. I don't seem to have a choice. I endure it, now joyfully, now listlessly, without the usual pleasure; disgusted another time. But always resigned.

After a while I found myself reprehensible, a downright gigolo. And then you have my dog brother Titus. Titus had already drawn up clear rules for his body from a small puppy:

- You keep your hands of his head (he makes that very clear)
- Not everyone is allowed to touch him, he is very precise about that.
- If he has had too much fiddling with his body, he withdraws into some bench
- If his body smells too much of others, he takes a stinking mud bath followed by a scrubbing. Afterward, he is completely himself again.

When I once again offer my large body to the people, I see him lurking from the side in amazement and disgust. His silence is already a silent indictment. A reproach. This silence is nauseating.

It is a booming silence that seems to be the beginning of a final discord that will take possession of everything, our folly, our innocence.

But then night falls. Everything everyone knows is gone, everything anyone thought is gone, as well as the truth and the lies. All guilt and innocence. Away. In the dark of the evening, I feel Titus shuffle into my basket and snuggle up against my warm fur.

Sigh

Your soft

Nexus

A whip under cover

By Nexus on Tuesday, September 20, 2022



Dear reader,

Because we dogs can't drown out the depression with a whimper, I'll try to take you today with some images in a very sordid incident that took place on a mission earlier today.

Sometimes Titus and I go on a mission. So on the move, usually to assist a person in need in times of crisis, usually in strange buildings with strange people and strange smells. Such a thing usually starts with cleaning our fur and paws, which usually provokes a storm of protests at Titus. Once we put on our mission scarves there is no doubt. We have to get out on the track, and it probably won't be easy.

It's quiet in the car. Everyone prepares and when we finally arrive at a large building with many blocks, I recognize the place. I came here before, and soon I also see a person who often visits our domain. At our domain he always smells of strange products, has difficulty walking, sometimes collapses, has a strange shine in his eyes and often has a head full of stress and confusion. I realize that if this person ended up here, things went completely wrong because everything feels very charged in this department. Titus turns away. He always does that when he doesn't know how to handle the situation. But once in the first corridor, people from different rooms approach us. They pet us, some pinch our skin and others weep softly. Everywhere there is a very urgent, almost compelling need for body, for fur, for real life, which can also be warm and comforting and which also walks in happily on 4 legs. Titus and I make it happen. I feel and smell the salt of the sweat, the tears, the saliva.

From the kitchen I hear 'our boy' calling my name, so I quickly approach him, after which I disappear in his arms. I am hugged and kissed from head to toe. Looks like the boy doesn't get many visitors. Titus is also embraced in his arms. The other people in the hallway are peeping at it a little enviously, so we quickly disappear outside to go for a long walk.

Such a walk is quite difficult. We feel how the boy takes us along in waves of fear, excitement, stress, relief, hatred, then resignation and sadness. That comes right on our skin when he suddenly keeps the leash tight, suddenly grabs us close again and then chases us away with harsh words... Titus tries hard to learn how I can calm people down and yes, our boy is gradually succeeding in getting a stable rest. Breathing is already different. The tone becomes softer and the words softer. The leash is no longer tight.

We find a bench where I jump up without question and lie down on the boy. My human is grinning so it should be fine. Everything has gradually calmed down. Talking quietly now, almost in a whisper. I feel that the caresses have become smooth and even. Everything seems to have landed in a good energy again. But..

When we get back to the stone building and we are finishing up with some alpha girl people and the boy, something strange happens. An alpha male, clearly a pack leader, approaches us and gives me and Titus a sour and disapproving look as if we've done something very naughty. I do not get it. I also feel the people in the hallway shrinking. So the boss ('the chief psychiatrist' whispers a girl in my human's ear). Everything about this man feels chilly, frustrated and sour. Suddenly the atmosphere in the hallway changes. I swallow. The alpha male points at me and Titus and scrunches his nose. I feel how our boy, who was relaxed and calm before, tenses up again. His eyes turn red and wet, his breathing quickens and his hands shake.

What now ?

Another alpha female tries to convince the chief male that our presence has been announced and approved. My human also calmly explains that everything went according to the rules. The alpha male clearly doesn't know what to do, mumbles something between his teeth, and then disappears into the hallway. Everyone can breathe again, but our boy's eyes are still strange. My human talks to him calmly, but the quiet, pleasant atmosphere is disturbed.

Us animals, we know that the pack is only as strong as its pack leader and that a true leader will never provoke unrest or conflict unless there is no other option. But this alpha human feels like a whip under a cloak of care. Titus and I look at each other questioningly. My human is silent. And the boy, staring into the distance. Can't get enough of staring into the distance again. It's not that he sees things then. It is the open infinity that is the answer to those who disappear into the distance. Titus and I sit close to the boy and lick his hand. He briefly returns from afar and takes us in his arms one last time.

In full contemplation

Your Nexus

Life is dead and eaten, but the hunger remains.

By Nexus on Tuesday, September 27, 2022



Dear reader,

Not everything and everyone needs a name for us predators. You – the humans – and we the dogs decided long ago that there are animals we eat, animals we pet, and animals we hate. That's nothing new. The spider you just swatted doesn't get a grave but disappears in the trash can. The piece of chicken on your plate is not regretted, and I also give the rabbit between my teeth a warm feeling because of its damn tasty nutritional value.

So far I thought everything was clear. Until last week, I ended up completely confused again.

It starts with a young person who comes here together with other human boys. A human cub that seems to live on the edge of existence and shows a great deal of indecision as to its purpose. This brings a very special atmosphere to our pack. "Dead to life," he would say, and a shiver runs through his body. "Death as punishment for all" is another common phrase. We all have nothing in return because to reinforce his words this young man tried to kill as much as possible; plants, small animals, shrubs... To be efficient in this undertaking, the young man then wildly swings small sticks around him in the hope of swatting a fly or a butterfly. At the explicit request of my human, he is not allowed to wave sticks in the vicinity of dogs and people.

Good ! Anyway.. I think it's a rather cumbersome way of hunting... One with a lot of energy loss, but there is more that I don't understand about people.

But last week the following happens: While the human cub is sitting close to me listening to a story, suddenly a fluorescent green large beetle runs over his feet, and before I realize it, the beast is swatted to death with one quick movement. I was shocked, but I also respect the fast hunting reflexes of this human cub.

Great is my confusion when one of the other human boys stands up indignantly and makes a quiet but clear protest about the killing of this little bastard. Suddenly everyone looks stunned at the dead body of the beetle. I see that Titus is willingly getting ready to clean up the cadaver, but I can stop him just in time, because I feel that things are going to get confusing again... And indeed;

The protesting human cub carefully picks up the beetle, almost with an intimate respect; and puts the animal in a clean handkerchief.

The stick-wielding boy swallows and looks away. I don't know which party to join. I think that together we are predators, although this thought is not the conclusion of my thinking, rather something in the middle.

Titus, who usually seems to take the side of the strongest, has remained motionless and indecisive in the middle of the room and comes back to himself with a deep, snoring sigh. For him, life is unambiguous. Some are petted, some eaten and still others are trampled flat. In this concept, you eat at least what you killed. But when man is no longer a predator, a dog is no longer sure of his man. Titus has always had unwavering faith in the laws of nature. I see him looking at the rebellious man-cub confused and tired, then close his eyes. Without leaning towards any party – and with closed eyes, he looks lost.

“Titus no longer knows whether we humans are predators or not,” my human suggests.

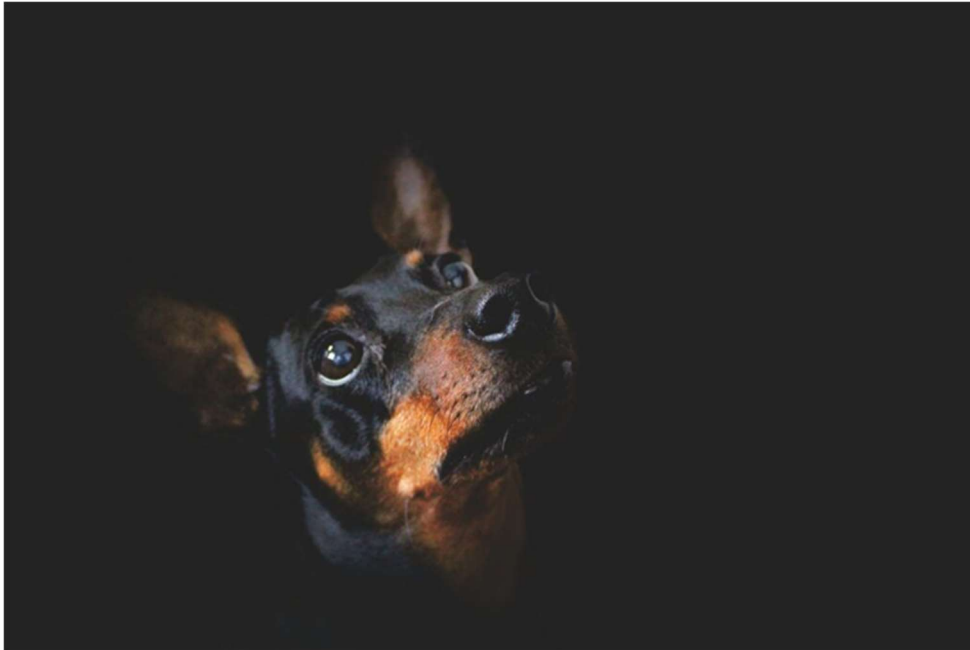
Everyone is lost in thought because death as punishment or death as food? That remains a grotesque question, of course, which makes every spectator feel superfluous and uncomfortable.

Your ubiquitous

Nexus

Attempt at instinct

By Nexus on Tuesday, October 4, 2022



Dear reader,

It sometimes happens that the young people at Patrasche - those who apparently need help - have to join forces to help a visitor + dog. Such a visitor is then an adult person, often full of good intentions, who - together with a dog - brings in an unobstructed spectacle. Likewise, last week. A disturbing situation.

An extremely nervous madam, in the presence of an equally loud and fidgety, lanky puppy dog, comes blasting up the site. Titus keeps ears erect and paws ready to do smart things like run as far away as possible.

(Titus is easily influenced by the dominant energy of humans and animals, and then doesn't know what to do with himself. He still has a lot to learn.)

Anyway.. While everyone is already tiredly trying to oversee the situation, I feel a great sense of unease with the lady, which is referred to as 'enthusiasm' with a peak of superfluous excuses.

The accompanying dog is young and runs like a foal, over and past everyone. The madam laughs nervously and apologetically; 'young and enthusiastic' murmuring.

An attempt by me to calm the young animal down comes to naught. The pup is too wound up to calm down without clear warning. No one here seems to be bothered by any guiding instinct. What to do ?

I watch my human decide to intervene. With an unmistakable action, she makes it clear that she has had enough of this situation because peace is hard to find for everyone. It is important to take action. But the animal still has so much momentum and power left that it takes effort to break. So I decide to help her (Titus is now rocking himself in his wheelchair) by seriously making it clear to the little one that enough is enough.

The animal is startled, calms down for a moment, then uses the well-known 'poor-me-look' to soften his human and quickly move on to the continuation of this crazy wrong party.

The look works. The woman's mouth tightens into a sad grimace, and she takes the animal in her arms, melting with pity, whereupon the noise and the trotting can soon begin again. 'I'll take care of it' the lady apologizes, but everyone can feel that this is not going to happen, on the contrary. With no regard for anyone or anything, the mutt has meanwhile started riding a small white dog who shakes him off indignantly. It becomes clear that more than prudent advice is needed here.

While options are being considered here and there, one of our young guys suddenly stands up;

"Ma'am, I need you and your dog to accept help so that you can learn the difference between excited and hyper, and we can all return to the calm that everyone here needs." I can hear himself gasping for breath after such a long, difficult errand.

There is a silence. The lady swallows. I stare at the tip of my tail and peek out of the corner of my eye at the lady. The puppy already feels the mood coming because his pace seems to slow down a bit.

The situation is now full of uncertainty. The other dogs seek refuge with each other to see if the other might be able to determine what the usual course of action is in such cases, making small steps on the spot with the forepaws.

"But I can do it alone," the lady stammers again. She looks abandoned, almost lonely. "He's just young."

But the young man continues calmly, although the vibration in his voice betrays that he is not so calm inside.

'Ma'am sometimes it helps to accept help. You see, I learned that myself.'

Apparently this makes enough of an impression, because the lady nods and then leans back in her chair, resigned.

'Let us do the work, then you can rest for a while,' continues the brave young man. The lady gives a hesitant permission. I can feel how exhausted she is

Now an action plan can be made quickly so that the young dog can be brought to an imposed rest until he stops the mandatory consultation and finally falls asleep.

I lie down against him and feel him shiver repeatedly. The young people breathe a sigh of relief and the lady is silent, for the first time, actually.

Your friend

Nexus

Crushing humour

By Nexus on Tuesday, October 11, 2022



Dear reader,

After all, it is not the height of amusement for a little white mutt to show his teeth at an enemy who is nowhere to be seen, but for a full-grown dog to enter the pack and do so incessantly would be a disgusting and unworthy display; although the entertainment itself may be harmless.

Some people are a little different from others and the same goes for animals. And some find satisfaction in convincing others that they are different. At least, they can hope so.

And occasionally there is one who does not know that there are things that one does not do. Never.

You don't show your teeth to a fake enemy and when a dog decides to lie down because it's clearly tired, you don't thump it, at least not on purpose.

But Daffy, the white fake-looking dog who stayed with us and the young people last week, did this immediately as soon as he saw a dog getting ready to lie down. He would bang his head against the lying dog and show ridiculous teeth, after which he calmly sauntered away and looked emphatically. Daffy then looked in such a way as to exude such assurance of the success of his unique wit that the other dogs, stunned, gave up trying to teach him otherwise.

It was a strange kind of humor that no one really understood. There were other examples of his bizarre humor that day. If he saw more than 2 dogs together, he became restless. Then he would crash into the middle, while systematically spoiling the fun for others. This day seemed to consist of many spoiled moments. The humor didn't seem to be a pleasure for Daffy either. In fact, it seemed like it took him a lot of effort to ruin everything for everyone.

We all thought it was funny at first, but for both the young people and the dogs in the pack, enough was enough after a few hours and the strange thing about this story was that not a single dog had protested. Unstoppable, the little one kept raging against the dogs, who, bored, lay down somewhere else only to be bumped there again. The scene was repulsive and objectionable.

"This is not witty," it suddenly sounded. One of the young people was clearly done with this little mutt. My human agreed. She looked at me questioningly. I tried to make it clear to her that intervening as an adult dog would be an extremely embarrassing action. A leader does not intervene for a trifle.

"Okay then," she said, and Daffy was strapped to her hips by a leash and then began to protest loudly. That spectacle lasts for a while, after which Daffy finally fell silent and lay down. He suddenly looked small and vulnerable.

"A misunderstanding about life?" one of the young people asked. Or about who he actually is?

In a strange way, everything suddenly became a little gloomy. The other dogs could finally breathe.

Inside the dog basket was a belief based on a misunderstanding.

And I.. ? I consider myself lucky to have been able to free myself from this complicated tangle. It may also be up to the young people to solve this problem.

Your fluffy

Nexus

Be still like a mountain but flow like a wild river

By Nexus on Tuesday, October 18, 2022



Dear Reader and also dear dog friends,

Today I am not only addressing people, but also my 4-legged dog colleagues, who, I understand, also get this blog read from time to time. For the people who still want to know what is being discussed here among dogs, go ahead. Read more. It is allowed.

Well dear dogs, it so happens that I can regularly observe that dogs take over the energy of their owners, while that energy turns out to be stressed, nervous, dark or negative.

Value brothers. In such a case, let me give you some tips to help your own (or another) human. Each of you knows that the people could use all the help there is to get.

And thus :

1. Teach your human the art of self-centered meditation - a difficult word I've had to practice hard on, but it makes an impression I suppose.

Take a typical average dog's life: nap in the basket, look through the window, lick the paws, move yourself a bit to a sunnier spot, take a drink of water, yawn, stretch and take another nap. To the untrained eye of a human being, we seem to sleep all day. Some go so far as to say we are lazy. But make no mistake. The dog is in deep relaxation. In this state of mind he is in full contemplation about the most fundamental questions of life, such as: When will dinner come? Where exactly do the squirrels live? And what do you do with a person who doesn't understand your language?

2. Your human may be restless and hurrying through life. And perhaps you have placed your own existence in that life, which threatens you equally nervously in the black hole of human time. In that case, allow a small belch to make itself known in your body, which you let rise as slowly and carefully as possible, until it passes your throat with some noise. Your human will probably not notice it, but now you can move on without the burden of knowledge, time, hours, stress and obligations, and you can move on to the next phase :

Teach your human to be content with the here and now and with himself. You do that, dear dogs, by keeping them in the here and now. People usually don't look so closely at us dogs and caress us absently through the fur, but by emphatically staying with them, you make the difference here. As a dog, like no other animal, you are trained to respond to the smallest changes and movements of your human. But you don't go along with all the turmoil now. You become still like a mountain, which even the greatest waves cannot disturb. But deep within you flows the energy that has the vigor and liveliness of a turbulent mountain river.

And then... dear dogs, you will see your human becoming calm and happy... Something like that will be seen in the boundless depth and in the soft glint of his or her eyes.

And then you remember why you are buddies.

Warm lick

Nexus

Keep the Pride in it

By Nexus on Tuesday, October 25, 2022



Dear reader,

The situation last week, with the happy event of Titus's birthday in the center, has been such that it is difficult to talk about it other than seriously.

When a dog has a birthday, and he gets treats and attention, that is of course nice, but it remains a plaster on the wound. You will be as well aware as we are of the dramatic family loss that comes with it. Anyway. For Titus it remains a particularly painful fact. Having a birthday together with 10 brothers and sisters but having to celebrate your birthday without them without 1 single family member is hard. We don't have to choose. We never saw our dad. He is a male who comes and goes, a pattern that makes him a naturally self-aware being. We have all resigned ourselves to that. Our mom hasn't had the luxury of being picky. Each liaison is arranged and sophisticated. We see the brothers and sisters for a few weeks as a young dog. We all start out as fluffy animals that make us cute enough to seduce a human. That drama means that we are all subject to the great separation. Gone family, gone brothers and sisters, gone nest and mother.

It is on a dog's birthday that nothing dies so fleetingly as the internal smile over the goodies received. When suddenly a sad undertone takes over, I know that my buddy and roommate thinks back with deep melancholy about his family, his mother - who has already taken care of many puppies, and his brothers and sisters, of which he was especially attached to one little brother

In such a state of mind, I gladly sin against my principles as a pack leader to ignore the smaller little ones. I accept that the birthday boy Titus lies close to me with a loaded silence.

After all, I am his new and only dog family now. He had no choice in that either.

By way of consolation, I came up with a speech this year:

Dear Titus,

What did I tell you? Times are tough, and we came into the world many centuries too early. We didn't have a choice, and we did have a choice, we wouldn't be masters of our impulses, would we? Would we stay with our family? I don't know, but I know very well, had I had the choice, in a fit of enthusiasm I would have chosen a harem of young bitches as my new family. Why ? Hey ? They would be blond and supple and full of admiration for the impressive male that I am without a doubt.

But if it doesn't happen, it won't happen. Then I spend my days with my comrade and comrade in arms; a mighty combination of strength and intelligence! Where do you keep getting those casual quirks that I secretly admire in you? Keep the pride in it my friend because what harmony this means, this newly composed dog family of ours. And finally the congratulations you've been waiting for... May it be a special year and may I be worthy of your new family.

Your new blood brother

Nexus

License to kill

By Nexus on Tuesday, November 1, 2022



Dear reader,

Fried chickens don't tell much. When they – as young prey – walk along with their busy mother, they do not yet know anything about important matters such as the facts about predators; foxes, for example, or worse, humans, and that these, as king of creatures, for some obscure reason, have a monopoly on life-or-death permits. And so those animals have to see for themselves how they find out things, from other animals for example.

This roast chicken, which I'm staring at in awe at the moment, has probably never paused to think why she should end up on a plate instead of me, why she ended up in the 'not cuddly, but edible' category. She has been denied the original endlessness of life. She was a prey, of course, but...

As a fully-fledged and well-trained predator, I have my reservations about those permits and how they are awarded.

It is now clear that man has proclaimed himself the supreme killer. Whether he behaves like a sensible predator is an issue that should perhaps not become the subject of debate here. After all, I want to stay cuddly. Where else do we end up?

But why do people decide who gets which license as a predator, who can live, who has to die, who is important, who is unimportant, who gets priority and who has to disappear into the background?

Now take the cat (I'm not naming names !). He seems to have received a limited license from humans to kill, simply because he takes prey that makes humans a bit shaky.

Then take the fox... Lots of discussion there about the permit. In some places there is a permit, in others not.. Strength to the fox who needs to understand that.

Or take the buzzards that hangs around here loudly. They don't need permits because they wouldn't care anyway. A bird seems to escape the permit system.

Another candidate for permit restriction : Since the marten has started playing mischievous monkey tricks around people's houses, its permit is also under discussion. However, those guys are deserving cleaners. I often spot them nearby, lost to death in the woods and fields. Carrying along in a gigantic procession of scavengers, suckers, omnivores, waving palm branches and shouting hossana on the ground of the earth that needs no horizon and is not round, as it is for the people. Dramatic guys those martens.

So you have to be quite forthcoming as an animal not to lose your permits to live, hunt, kill, get protection, etc. etc. at all. I myself show that courtesy loud and clear by immediately handing over my hunted prey when asked. Even when I see the horror in some human eyes after a successful rabbit hunt, I know I have to be careful not to lose my permits.

Nevertheless, the forest, the stream and nature continues. Everything that grows in it is only a conjecture until it is caught, by man. It turns light and black again. Most of it is not intended for human eyes. It's all life and nothing else.

We do not want to snub, disappoint or disturb the king of creatures. We have no choice but to be servants of man.

Unless, of course, man himself marks the boundary of life.

Your driven

Nexus

Lonely thingy , such a little human.

By Nexus on Tuesday, November 8, 2022



Dear reader,

Never run off with a baby, as a dog, so I taught my good friend Titus, when a little person was wheeled in here a while ago in some kind of wrong pink wheelbarrow.

You know them, those babies... who are presented as little princes and princesses, after which every person you thought you knew, transforms into a kind of cooing insufferable creature.

So I informed Titus that this was indeed a person and that everything around such a worm was loaded. So stay out of the way and pull out all the charm registers so that you as a dog do not completely disappear into the background. All eyes are now on the baby.

However, on reflection, awe seems out of place here.

First, the thingy is all alone, undoubtedly lonely because coming into the world alone is almost unthinkable for us dogs. My own litter counted 9 puppies, that of Titus the full 11! With so many brothers and sisters, you can do something .. But alone ??? That makes you think.

Furthermore, this creature does not seem to have been given anything of significance: It cannot sit, it certainly cannot walk, and the head only seems to be able to wobble a bit... I don't even want to talk about the neck... It seems to be made of rubber.

The feces are in a package around the child. Also, strange. But personally, I find that aspect less repulsive.

There are other things that cast doubt on the acclaimed nature of the child: no teeth, no claws, no fur: a hopeless case, a toothless maggot, a drooling cocoon (although I'm not supposed to comment on the latter). Maybe those are things that will work out after all?

When I humbly crawl closer to see it all a bit better (the people around seem just as unearthly in their behavior as the pup-human itself) upon closer examination the skull appears to be broken. There are several holes in it so you can see the content of the head throbbing. There is a wreath of down at the back of the head, but still;

Broken !

This being cannot have any security of existence. That seems impossible to me. Occasionally we get a warning look from an older person to keep our distance. No problem !

I feel sorry for this lonely larvae. All alone in the barrow, without brothers or sisters to keep hem warm, just a blanket to hold on to and a piece of rubber to suck on.

Today I consider myself lucky not to be human, and I think only dog thoughts for the rest of the day.

Your lucky one

Nexus

Beyond measure, time will be

By Nexus on Tuesday, November 15, 2022



Dear reader,

Whose is the time?

I asked myself that question a while ago when I was home alone with my friend Titus (and enemy Remus) for a long time. I was engulfed in a state of tense emptiness, in which I doze off vigilant as I keep an eye on things. Titus becomes restless of this kind of waiting and then lies quietly crying as if time would take any notice.

You need to know ; as a dog, I never concern myself with past tense. I don't look back, and I don't look forward. That stimulates revelry.

Time, that might be ; the sun going down, the moment your food bowl is served and the moment my working day is over, and I can start my beauty sleep.

When new, sometimes very restless people arrive, I always wait impatiently for my human to say: 'Here we live in animal time, not in human time'. Then I look intently at the expressions on the faces of the people, beings who usually seem to have a lot of full time and little empty time. God knows why they want all the time full. Maybe they are afraid of empty time? In addition, they behave as if time might be granted to them, they have to earn time, try to gain or try not to lose time.

Strange ! Time seems to be something invisible to be fought for. It seems like a secret covenant with time, to which poor man has promised eternal obedience. No dog who understands.

But then my human tells a story, close to the fire.

The empty time suddenly resembles a calmness. I notice that this windless time makes the young people at Patrasche breathe again. They are no longer aware of time, which seems to stand still. You can see it first in their face. They no longer move on the outside but on the inside of themselves. And look, time is open again. New things can be understood, seen, heard and smelled. Things that we have also noticed.

Stand still time , stand still ! I then think. Adult people sometimes twirl around nervously. They don't know what to do with the time that has come to a standstill. They are afraid that time will be lost that way. But after a while they exhale more than they inhale. That moment they take their time, without having to fight for it.

Poor man.. Fighting for time!

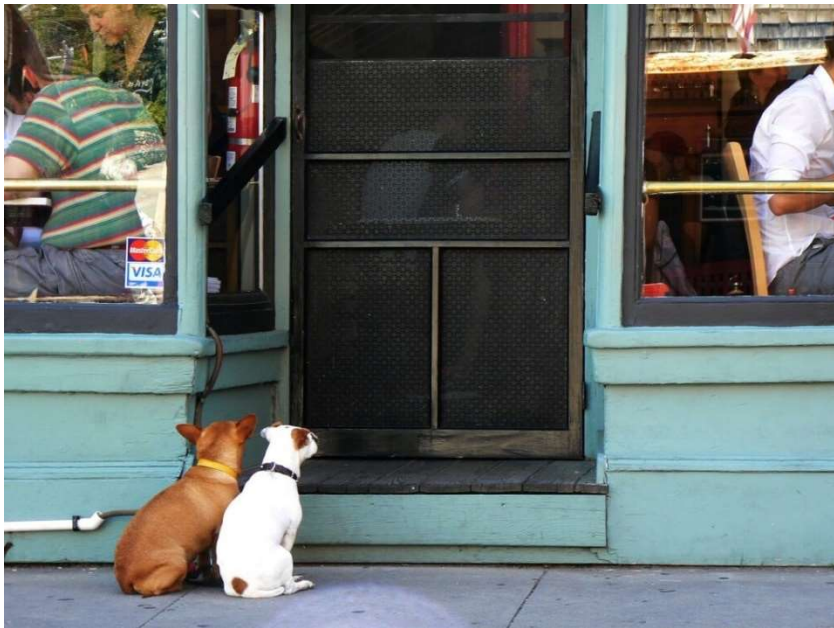
Perhaps a day will come when they will be free, the people. Maybe one day they will have the freedom they didn't think was possible, our kind of freedom, our kind of time. It will be beyond measure that time and that freedom, and it'll be for life.

Your timeless

Nexus

Howling hunger, damn it!

By Nexus on Tuesday, November 22, 2022



Dear reader,

Something needs to be said today about my pressing concerns about food.

Recently, on a cold, inclement day, I saw a very thin person with us. The sweet child seemed to lack fat and blood. As if her body had been given permission to wipe the floor with her, or was it the other way around? As if the body needed to be taught a lesson. That body seemed airy but felt heavy. A downer on the light airiness.

The why of this scrawny person was not entirely clear to me, but it felt like a strange atmosphere. Through slits of my eyes, I looked more closely at the girl. At that moment I had an insight. It happened suddenly, after I had been able to sniff carefully and see a shudder run down her back; I realized that man has found countless ways to hurt himself.

This girl looked sad. The creak of her movements was horrifying. Each breath seemed to be accompanied by a slight groan and gasp... a thump that wasn't really a thump because it was restrained, as in 'I must go on, always go on, inescapable until the last life has left this body'.

So I put my paws gingerly around her, afraid that this little person might break, and I lay down to contemplate a body that seemed to be a complaint against life itself. As a dog, such a thing is incomprehensible to me. I felt deep sad.

I also have to be careful with the size of my body. Every year around this time of year, when the first cold comes and my winter fat starts to thicken nicely, I see my human starting to keep a close eye on my body. I see her hesitate longer when filling my feeder, excruciatingly long.

But at the same time, every sane dog makes sure that he gets enough extras during this period, a surplus rabbit, a fat rat or a mouse or mole for a change. After all, the body has to survive the winter and must therefore be provided.

But in humans all natural standards seem to lose their meaning, and before you know it the drama happens again: The mood drops below zero with the start of an autumn diet.

Titus and I know what that means: to be cheated every day with a meager bowl of food, then to look at our people with a penetrating and accusing look and if this intermediate step has no effect, to accept all this as a meek sheep and then to escape as quickly as possible to get as much hunting opportunities as you can get. Because without fat the cold is unbearable and at the first frost, when the snow rustles and our hair blows up, we can choose between running obsessively or actively stiffening against a tree.

That's how it is here. The birds are served fat balls at length! It is a phenomenon that betrays and affects my soul.

And that is why, dear reader, at the beginning of this winter I would like to plead emphatically for the abolition of the autumn diet. And that our winter fat can thicken together.

Your chubby

Nexus

It's overflowing me again

By Nexus on Tuesday, November 29, 2022



Dear Human,

It is inconceivable that a human being would join us in the mud of the past few days in the highly meaningful activity of mud-rolling followed by tireless work on underground projects whose sole purpose is to promote our independence and ultimate hygiene. This technique is very healthy and well known among us animals. My packmate Titus, who has a very rough nature can move tons of earth and mud in order to get an unforgettable scrubbing, not only has a waterproof coat but also an unusual physical strength.

'It's overflowing me again', is the cheerful expression he uses when he comes above ground again after a long time.

For the sake of the latter, he hopes to receive respect and fame from man and beast. Mud is energy to him, and he has become a champion in camouflaging his own scent, an art among the animals.

In his being odorless, it happens that his fame precedes him, and they want to help him - in order to get to know him closely - by going along with the flow of the party atmosphere. Titus finds this very annoying, because such interference would possibly visibly diminish his own performance and so this is something he does not tolerate, this hero of the underworld (he made me write this last under mild pressure in exchange for morsels of questionable character).

And when this hero (??) finally reappears above ground with an impressive brown-black color, we see a creature that blinks with its eyes, makes beautiful languid turns that make his movements more graceful... All this with a look that hopes to attract the admiring glances of the bystanders, glowing with joy. Then there is nothing that disturbs him in the slightest, because happiness looms within him. Perfect shape and shiny mud.

And then the unimaginable happens: Maybe people in the future will be able to recognize and appreciate such a sacred scene, if not our human(s). Because whenever my human is confronted with these highly skilled camouflage techniques, she goes berserk. In any case, it shows an almost sinful naivety when a person in such a situation exclaims: "Don't think that you come into the house in this state" and takes this for granted without giving it any further thought. Such an incredible work of art, such a mud dog is, is not recognized. This should make whole packs of dogs think, but Titus invariably replies to such an attack: "Don't think I will not resist the destruction of my laboriously made camouflage," all driven by his intense feelings of pride and self-protection.

What follows next cannot be described to the tender-hearted. My friend is "cleansed" without any compassion. In deep humiliation, he undergoes these washings and dryings. But at the end of these rinses, I see a grin come on his face and very soon I see him disappear to seek out the very deepest black of the mud with a bliss. And the vague sense of being part of that black slime gives him the lust that fills him completely.

I watch this scene from a distance. With no resentment and satisfied that all strange human washings have been undone, my bliss too is doubled.

Your staring

Nexus

The Revenge of the Naked Prey

By Nexus on Tuesday, December 6, 2022



Dear reader,

When the impulse to fight with oneself and with others drops, a person can survey the battlefield. That's how it often feels when people arrive here. The fever wanders a bit from the head, and gradually the wounds can be licked.

I believe that humans likes to fight. "They wouldn't be so passionate about it otherwise," Titus recently remarked. Vulnerable and without significant weapons, such a person throws himself into battle with himself or with others and when the fighting becomes angry, the person takes revenge like naked prey, with all the consequences that entails.

We often hear about such battlefields here. About screaming foot soldiers – in the head – that make noise and frighten. About attackers who also get injured and victors who get a bandage.

The result... Excellent people die, in the body but especially in the head. The head gives way. It becomes so plaintive and blank that a dog becomes silent. That much is clear.

But where exactly does the threat come from, a beast wonders?

'Nowhere. Man doesn't get educated,' Titus mutters between his teeth. It's a phrase he's brought up regularly in recent months, usually at inappropriate times. When he's really into this, he closes his eyes and imagines the unthinkable:

Let's suppose that tomorrow the people would be taken in by the dogs as house people, cuddly toys for the entertainment of young and old dogs, for the coziness and warmth to take them with us in our baskets. And from our position as host dogs to these house people, we would watch them with interest, examine their behavior and habits.

It would soon become apparent in such an investigation that overwhelmingly powerful forces have been at work to restrain and restrain the minds of these house folk.

Titus and I were talking the other day about the phenomenon that the behavior of humans reminds us to a great extent of the behavior of rats, which, like humans, can be sweet and cute in closed families, but become true devils towards members of another clan.

The law of the species is disregarded here : Normally, fighting is only taken up when danger looms for life and death. Arguing about trivialities weakens not only the individual but especially the pack, and that is unforgivable.

Such a thought makes us reflect on our responsibility as hosts to man, a being who even seems to accept conflict as a source of awe, reverence and leadership. How are we ever going to raise this human animal?

This last observation is then usually the signal to open your eyes and to abandon the idea of educating man. Titus has been familiar with this idea for so long that he has found an elevation in it. It increases his dignity – he thinks –, this insight and the concern for the education of man, which had somewhat grown up in him, then falls away from him. At such a moment, he drools extra. But what now? What with humans?

'There are things,' I tell him, 'that you don't immediately want to deal with'. 'And there are also things that are better than the things you want to do something with. Ultimately, as always, we will have to drive the twilight out of their lives and heads.'

It's all less triumphant, perhaps, our art of calming those confused heads and also warm as our noses.

You peace-loving ones

Nexus

He who steals feels robbed

By Nexus on Tuesday, December 13, 2022



Dear readers,

There are people who insist that stealing is an unsavory practice that has nothing to do with knowledge and skills. In fact, it would be a fact that should be punished, but in recent weeks, since the installation of trees and lights, there is sufficient reason to believe that the situation that encourages theft will arise several times, and its sporting character will be victorious again. In all its forms, goodies, presents, treats... pass our trembling noses. But when they pass your basket, there's nothing left to do but serve yourself, an art that is still devoid of the appreciation it deserves.

I myself have learned to be reluctant in that area, but Titus, who - since he wrote a few letters - thinks that his rights have automatically increased, and that the allocation of extras and bonuses can be called grossly inadequate, has laid down all scruples about stealing. The term stealing, along with scruples, has also disappeared from his terminology. He now uses the term "indoor hunting." An art and craft that, together with industrious speed and agility, sometimes borders on athletic perfection. He turns lyrical when he contemplates the raids of the past, as well as those he has planned in the future.

Lately there has been quite a bit of movement and evolution in our hunting art. The efforts made to cover up the thefts are gradually diminishing. Even more; the increasingly clear expectations of not being short of anything in terms of extra legal benefits now seem to us a right, if not an obligation, of every self-respecting dog who receives questionable wages to work and watch day in and day out.

The doubts about the successful outcome of a raid eventually disappear completely and gave way to the certainty that we have finally started to claim our rights. In that context, the scrambling of pieces of chocolate feels like sweet revenge for rights that have been maligned for too long.

"Take what you need from now on," Titus said very elegantly the other day. It sounded funny and also inappropriate. Then he chewed with great movements, tore up the wrapper of a pack of biscuits, devoured it all meticulously and felt how his size and power would grow. God-damn, he muttered as he continued to focus on the endless reservoirs of sweets and eats. After all, as a working dog he had learned to open cupboards and anyone who knows him knows what a show-off he can be when it comes to demonstrating his special skills.

At such a time we form a nocturnal clan of bliss and it is only thanks to my great intellect and the thoughtful policy of my actions that we rarely get into trouble. We have abandoned the precaution to be on the lookout because there is no passage at night anyway and the erasing of the traces, of randomly torn apart packaging, is something that we are gradually paying no attention to (even my exceptional stomach - and intestinal system has its limitations).

The utmost importance in this is the action - plan when caught:

The usual plan that has the most attractive sides in such a case is a smooth execution of a DD (dimming and diving). That is the tactic that should neutralize a person's anger in one fell swoop (including "the poor-me-look").

Similarly, Titus lay lurking in the early morning when our human entered the living room. Things didn't feel comfortable for him. His basket was full of scraps from the old bread sack that had been left over from Sunday pastries. He gasped a little but tried to look as innocent as possible. Our human looked sharply at the scene and in my opinion it remained silent just a little too long. I felt there was going to be a scolding; and exercised my DD a little more emphatically to remain motionless, even somewhat resigned, during the storm of many unintelligible words, as if we were nervously in a slight alarm mode, which is of course a laughable thought, especially if people suddenly accuse to the snippets point as if we still needed to be made aware of the state of affairs. Then – also very predictably – we were sent outside.

But the hidden speed of crime has made it here again. The innocence is also ambiguous, of course.

Your well-fed

Nexus

Extinguished, her presence is preferred.

By Nexus on Tuesday, December 20, 2022



Dear reader,

A human mother that I want to talk about here for a moment and who recently bullied her way in here, has been wandering in my head like an overloaded memory for days; firstly because the human smelled like hasty and aggressive desperation, but also because she seemed to take over the domain like a tornado. Frightening it was. The human seemed to have an extra coat of fur, breathing busily and mowing away everything beside her as she was hoofing past with thunderous footsteps, pushing a child in front of her.

This imposing human being did not sit where she was asked to sit. She spoke loudly like in a foreign tongue, laughed hard and shrill, and looked frenzied in her eyes as if in a madness. She clearly spoke expensive words because I regularly saw the other people lower their eyes as if a reaction would be out of place.

The child of this human - a girl - said nothing and looked bored to the ground. There seemed to be an enormous sadness about her. When the duo finally sat down and the mother gesticulating wildly proclaimed something (it was about death and the girl), the child slowly seemed to petrify as if this were her natural state. Highly disturbing! All life seemed to drain from her. I wondered if she wasn't already dying. Only deep in her eyes a light still seemed to burn weakly.

My human directed me towards the girl so that I could lay my head on her lap and warm her, and suddenly something awakened in the stone, namely the desire to move. There was something else in

the girl that commanded her hands to cling to me. I let myself be clamped willingly, but when the mother saw the warmth and attention next to her, she suddenly grabbed me and with a lightning-quick hand at my necklace, pulled me towards her and forced my head to rest on her lap.

I was shocked and saw out of the corner of my eye how - in the girl - the desire to feel and experience faded and again she petrified. Just a little while and the stone would fall, and once the stone was on the ground, it would fall even further. That was not possible, but today, yes, today it was possible and the ground opened up, and the stone could fall further. And he fell. In the girl the last presence died out. And I, too, felt petrified. Extinguished in her presence, the mother preferred. The oppression of the scene gripped me.

Fortunately, my human straightened up and spoke some loud, short words and that seemed to help because the mother's entrapment eased, and I was now able to breathe to regain myself. Should I go back to the girl now? It was no longer clear to me what exactly was expected of me here. I didn't feel like going into petrification again.

The mother now stood firmly and gave her extra fur a good shake.

"How long before she doesn't want to die anymore?" she asked my human. She asked effectively and scathingly.

It was a wall of haughtiness that built up here, and the only sensible answer I could give was to stand between the daughter and her mother. I began to fear that this conversation would soon end, but the girl grabbed me and buried her face in my fur.

"A matter of animal time and longevity," my human remarked dryly. "Can you live with that?"

I did not know what was about to happen, but I did know that what was taking place here and now was in complete contradiction to everything that could be called human and animal worthy. And without actually knowing exactly what I was doing, I took the initiative and buried my head close to the girl's head. We sighed together.

Then I felt the mother flutter past me again, taking her daughter by the arm on her way to an uncertain future.

Lost in this memory

Your

Nexus

A taste of true loneliness

By Nexus on Tuesday, December 27, 2022



Dear reader,

Bonnie was a hated dog. Even his simple appearance in the circle made the other dogs lose their temper, for dogs do not like feigned weakness, and Bonnie possessed this quality in great measure. If the feigned weakness is reinforced by a human with pity, the all revelry is lost. Such a dog once got out of balance, probably showed a moment of weakness in a distant past, and that was immediately rewarded by an excessive portion of attention.

So Bonnie was frightened, and this fear had spread like wildfire through his body, his head, and his life. The more fear he showed, the more attention he received. He was no longer afraid of wind and rain, but of just about any sound, whether it came from nature or from a human device. Sudden movement, a falling object was enough to knock him completely off his apropos. The animal was thin, shaky and already slightly graying. Apparently it was barely eating. His human was distraught, sad and overflowing with pity.

Bonnie himself also felt very sorry for himself. He thought the other dogs silly, brash, and naive. He wished they could get acquainted with the frightening realities of real life. Life, he believed, always changes someone's mind.

So Bonnie had been dropped off for a day with the animals and people of Patrasche, and soon he would become acquainted with the famous reality. All the other dogs and people

together also formed the reality of their actions and thoughts all day, and Bonnie kept completely out of it. He looked intently at the humans one by one, waiting for a sign of pity.

That was the disturbing note number one. The young people in the circle, who had learned about feigned weakness and claiming pity, paid no heed to him. Bonnie felt the mood of change as he began to tremble all over his spindly little body and the frown in his brow seemed to say in indignation, 'you just have to dare !'

Bonnie now began to look for allies among the dogs. He expected a natural togetherness and started prodding the other dogs with his pointy nose, pushing them in such a way that at first dogs thought they were being invited to a wild game, but it soon turned out this dog had no idea how to invite to play. It certainly didn't work that way. This went on until I had to intervene once again to keep the pack safe from this disturbing note number 2. But, and that is the test of true loneliness, Bonnie now had no place with his weakness, and so he remained as a statue waiting for reality to go back to what it had always been. Seeking protection, of course, but shelter for what, actually. Gradually he realized the folly of making himself ridiculous for that purpose, and suddenly we all saw him sigh very deeply. Apparently he got tired with his " you just have to dare ! " and so the shiver in his body stopped, and he could lie against me with a deep sigh.

Bonnie has decided that his reality isn't the only one. He is ready to change," my human added, followed by a murmur of agreement.

That moment, there, among us, felt like something wonderful and a great happiness

Your happy

Nexus

Buzzing with value

By Nexus on Tuesday, January 3, 2023



Dear reader,

In this dark period of the year, out of the blue, something strange may happen to humans.

Slowly but surely it starts to blow in their heads. They become so full of thoughts of the past and what is yet to come, compelling and dry thoughts that rush through them so quickly and creaking that no outside silence can cool or soften them.

It remains a strange matter to be attracted and tormented by what is past, to suddenly come across nauseating images while digging, then to shiver and tremble about it again and again and again to become restless and sad about that same past.

And as you watch them blow away in the head, the eyes staring into the distance, wandering to a great empty island, a great lifeless space, entering again and again when there is nothing to get... only the past turmoil and the pain, and the misery that may yet come, I once again feel sorry for them. Ruminating as if it were something to cling to, that pain, as if it were a stick thrown and you don't let go. Involuntarily in the grip of a fatal event that drains all the fun. I myself can smell and hear it in their irregular breathing, their racing heartbeat.

No dog understands this phenomenon. I don't think I want to go to that island, and every now and then it strikes me as great luck that I don't know the way to it. For us, old scents are a fleeting slot into the past... through which you can see life rampant, the life of the past blowing away as quickly as the scent itself.

Anyway. I think about all that, but not with my head, no. Everything from the tip of my tail to the edge of my ears thinks and everything in between thinks and feels, and what I feel buzzes with value. Nothing from the past and nothing from the future can interfere. Everything in my body goes unnoticed and benevolent. Now that my stomach has calmed down a bit after the fat eating days, that is very promising.

At such a moment I close my eyes because the things I don't want to look at, when they light up behind my closed eyelids, now start to move. I feel that coming, not the past and not what is yet to come, but a roaring loss of those fat eating days.

Your consuming, endearing

Nexus

Shred the mess

By Nexus on Tuesday, January 10, 2023



Dear reader,

The rain continues to pour and for some life is dragging on. Like the other day for a young human for whose sorrows began to pierce too painfully and the weight of love could no longer be carried.

He's lying against me, in a cot in the yurt by the fire. Together deep under the covers. He feels cold, in his head; in his body and he no longer seems to know that this is a cold against which there is protection. He feels weak, forgetting what strength is; strength to stand up and look the world straight in the eye. He seems to want to end himself. Just a little while and he'll be barely detectable and if you weren't a dog, you could overlook it. But those who are well present feel the merciless loneliness cutting. Fortunately, I am a dog, with a lot of body and a lot of fur.

Only too well, my heat is exemplary at its post, and it is very capable of keeping the life of the young person at the right temperature. I have learned to breathe the worry and gloom from me. Gradually, the great sea of sorrow can calm down. The boy is no longer deep under the water but has floated to the surface... on top of me, heavy and panting. I shuffle until I can breathe again. But this young man can cling to me like a lifebuoy, and the young man is no longer helpless.

Among those who are in this endless water, I watch. Their cold will neither catch nor surprise me.

That which can save the young knows nothing yet. It is now gradually growing in warmth. It knows nothing but heat and has no idea of the strength it will soon develop to swim in that salty sea. And once that power is developed, the ability to build a boat, a massive structure that will use the sea of sorrow to sail where no one else has ever gone.

At that point, the mess has faded. Irrevocable.

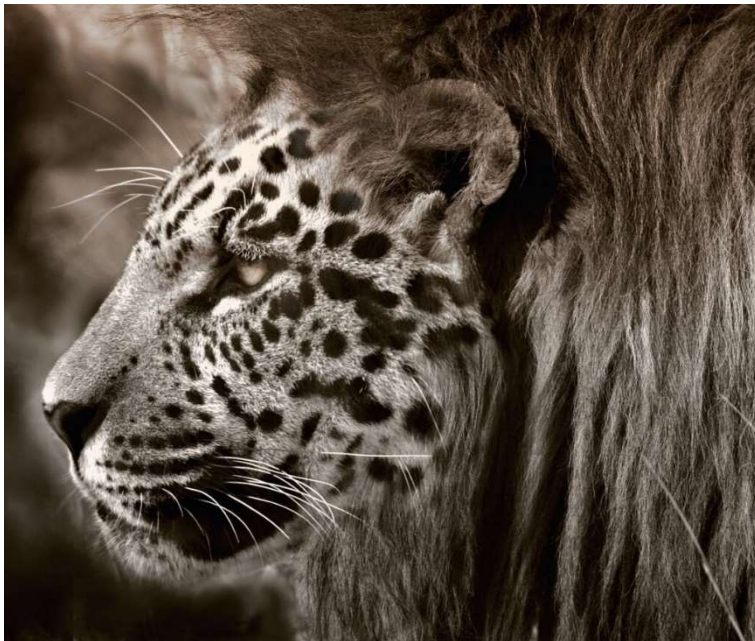
But for now I am the beacon in this sea. I stay on post and I can breathe again.

Your beacon

Nexus

Taken a junction, on the way to a godforsaken elsewhere

By Nexus on Tuesday, January 17, 2023



Dear reader,

It's a riddle. It is probably a human phenomenon, this inhibiting death, or even stopping it.

A strange phenomenon happened here a few days ago. The cat Remus had already come home a few times with a strong smell (of the vet), and slowly he had started to mess around less. His breathing was also out of whack. All this prompted Titus to shift his thoughts to a world of peace and freedom. A happy world that would be coming once the cat was dead.

Assuming that Remus' death was inevitable, I gradually began to keep watch. I let him lie close to me in my basket where he actually sat dead still. Dying is hard lying so I offered as much softness as I could, ignoring Titus' merry mood.

But the next day, he was suddenly taken away, placed in a carrier and taken away. Why not slide further away next to me in my basket, I wondered desperately. Why die in the car, or on the side of the road?

If one of your acquaintances disappears into the unknown, that's nasty. Stranded somewhere in a godforsaken elsewhere. Took the wrong turn. Barely alive, or probably barely dead.

But a few hours later, he is suddenly carried back inside. Confused, shaved and smelling of human stuff of the kind that I abhor.. But he does live!

The resurrection of Remus can be called a special phenomenon... Death that is inhibited, roughed up, taken down... Death that lands right on its nose. Haha... that death!

'The hell', says Titus. 'That's cheating'. Who here makes the decisions about live or die, regardless of what nature has decided? Something strange is going on here. If that is the attitude, we are diving together in a sickly mess of self-deception, he presumes. With Titus, there is no danger of romanticizing the matter. He knows that in such a situation it is advisable not to consult oneself. An ignorant, therefore, who realizes that this is a foregone conclusion for everyone. Life wins over death here.

Remus himself has now fallen into a deep restless sleep. We watch him closely. What enabled him to survive?

This nervous thought overwhelms me so much that I had to close my staring eyes for a moment; because staring at the cat makes me dizzy.

If you're looking for answers, there's nothing else to do but use your nose, so I start sniffing the scent around Remus with my nose held high. The smell of death being fooled. And around the cat I perceive a strong solemn odor. My need for the miraculous is exhausted with this one.

And the animal, which will eventually go through life as my personal hot water bottle, is now blissfully breathing in and out. After an incomprehensible return from a godforsaken elsewhere, this state of bliss just continues...

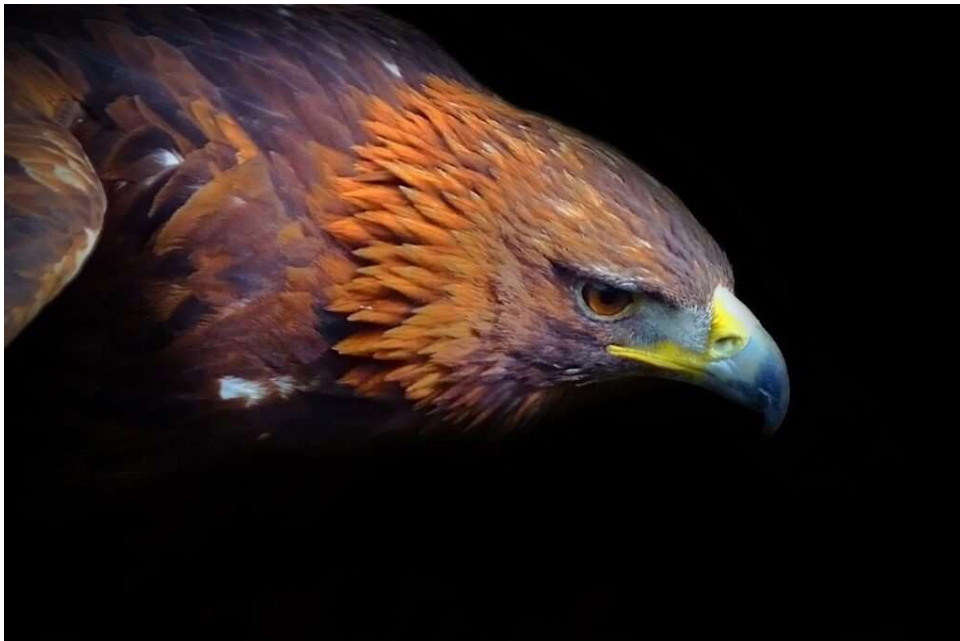
A curious case that fits an excited state of mind

Your warmed up

Nexus

Drift proclaimer

By Nexus on Tuesday, January 24, 2023



Dear reader,

In the young person I was allowed to meet recently, the temper had taken the upper hand. This mood sounded like 'mankind was doomed', and that slaughter should be done once and for all, starting with the slaughter of his mother.

That last phrase clearly made an impression because the group of young people suddenly became uncomfortably quiet. The conservation of the human species was not a priority for this youngster. I wondered in desperation what to make of that, all the more so as he wanted to spare me and Titus from the slaughter. "Let them live," he proclaimed triumphantly, pointing to us, as if bringing in a sound box to push his choice forward.

His fulfillment seemed complete at this moment, his eyes wildly happy. The state of his inner anger became so great that he suddenly sat up and looked brutally at my human. He was very big and very heavy and the power in his chest, that great power that had suddenly pulled him into this state of being today, sent a shiver through my body. My hair straightened.

With us animals, the pack is sacred. Whoever is in our circle receives unconditional care, or almost. That's a calming and reassuring thing. It looks like you're going to survive.

But this youngster turned out not to have such a circle or the circle was dried up, or sick... At least if he wanted to slaughter the last people in it and put me and Titus in its place.

I wasn't sure if I wanted to be in his circle, but suddenly he took a tight grip on me, accompanied by some strange curses under his breath, a rapid panting that grew more and more intense and loud. This is the dark that knows no shadows. The black. In the marrow of his existence.

Fortunately, my human intervened and calmly but firmly freed me from these heavy, dark arms.

Silence all around now.

'If you want to have these two as companions, they're going to have to feel comfortable with you. Friendship cannot be forced. Without self-control, an animal thinks you're weak and unstable, I'm afraid.'

The young man now looked askance at me. His eyes were already milder.

The shocking impediment that life was for him seemed to calm down.

But this young man having been in a dried circle for so long, after months of vegetating without hope and prospect, and who is suddenly awakened by the beasts, especially by Titus and me... such a man is suddenly full of weary and tense expectation. Full of overwrought anticipation, even now that all feeling is suddenly focused on a peace of too heavily loaded hope.

Your appalled

Nexus

Boiling lamentation

By Nexus on Tuesday, January 31, 2023



Dear reader,

One can always start again where the confusion began. And from there, differently than it has been so far, to redo the journey to recovery. And yes, this was the case with a girl who came, ready to take everything down.

She would be mortally sad for the rest of her days, she said, lonely too and a victim of almost everyone, and she was so sad and sullen at her abandonment that every man and beast felt they had to watch their steps. Something went haywire.

Should anyone in the group give a note of merriment or any frivolity, she would attack with lightning speed with loud sighs and groans, weeping and squeaking like a newborn cub. A deafening wail.

The other dogs and young people first tried to comfort this girl and to look for solutions, to listen and to give advice. For a moment the sighing and lamentation would stop and everyone could take a breath, but every time another human tried to speak (cautiously), the disconsolate roar would start again. It soon became clear that this was about attack rather than sorrows, and that there would be winners and losers if we did not act.

The other young people resorted to each other to see if the other might be able to decide what would be the best course of action in such a case.

I myself, who usually know well which human cub I should assist, was very confused here. This girl seemed to be sucking the last air out of space. She went on the offensive with her grief, and did so with such awe that everyone was knocked flat. She couldn't listen. Likewise, she pounded on mercilessly with her sobs and after a while she was trembling, tired and increasingly lonely and rejected. It seemed that there was no longer any consultation possible in this group. The girl pointlessly wanted to destroy all the beauty in her surroundings. All the dogs were now lying quietly together on their blankets.

Just as I looked to my human for clarity, the girl demanded, "I want Nexus, NOW."

Help!

'Do you have anything to offer him, or do you just want to take from him?' my human asked dryly at that moment.

Silence. More whining.

I hesitated, but decided to go to one of the other young people and put my head on a lap.

The girl now glared fiercely at me. Flat and grumpy. I peeked at my human. Wondering if she could turn the tide.

There was a sloppy course of events this day, I thought, but now there should be recovery.

All in all, the howling had been a nuisance to the dogs, but also to the young people in the group.

What a pain that was, to be unapproachable to the others. The girl had had a weird outburst, but I could feel her longing to be with the others. She was battered, but she still had a lot of strength left, and a lot of voice.

Time now to review the road she had traveled, so rudderless and strange. That road now had to be turned back. Back to normal existence. That is what had to be done now. That journey would be difficult, but not impossible, and the starting point had to be made today.

'Do you have anything to offer Nexus?' my human repeated.

The girl was still breathing fast, as if to hold the air, but she nodded uncertainly. She no longer felt so sullen and aggressive. There was even a faint smile on her face.

I hesitated, but decided to go to her. It was time to extinguish the boiling powers.

Your dramatic

Nexus

Glorified be the infant Napoleon

By Nexus on Tuesday, February 7, 2023



Dear reader,

He is being shamelessly evacuated today, Napoleon. His harem is not even present to give a final salute. His girls are chatting indifferent in a huddle somewhere at the back of the domain.

It is a phenomenon that I have serious reservations about, the temporary job of the sheep-ram. Again and again a male toddler who has to serve young and older ladies, so as not to end up as the disgrace of the century, only to have to leave like a thief in the night.

It was still autumn when he landed here and jumped out of the same truck, judging his harem with lightning speed, whereupon a ludicrous scene ensued, a spectacle I am always glad to witness when the first cold comes.

The toddler is expected to prove his manhood to young, middle and older sheep ladies. 'Come on tame pauper' is the atmosphere in which the creature takes its first steps.

You see such an infant doubting between the pleasure of disappearing between a group of mothers or entering the stage as Pasha. And apparently mothers are still something other than milk, security and goodness and disappearing in the herd.

Rather insecure and not without embarrassment, you then see him take the first steps, push through his bewilderment, in the middle of a group of grinning sheep girls.

Dismayed is such a toddler, because after this moment, life will never be the same again.

At that point I watch with amusement, because it is now important for the ram not to show any weakness, no matter how many blows and pushes the beast gets. There is no choice but to continue, straight through all the usual customs, realities, scruples, rules of the game and moments of restraint, on and on.

And look, he soon gets the hang of it. The many pounding and chuckling only seem to whip him up. Completely under the spell and with the necessary strategic intermediate steps (hence his name), this toddler does what he came for.

His drift has awakened. His own mother would be proud to see him in his new capacity.

The ladies who are clearly starting to take pleasure in this game – the leader in front – are now hopping forward more and more defiantly and throwing themselves full of joy into the blind drift, because one no longer has to wonder anything, and one can be in a cheerful mood. Togetherness, in a self-evident sisterhood.

Such a wonderful day together where the toddler makes daring jumps and the ladies keep a close eye on him and only allow him an approach when he has proven that he is not a toddler but a ram.

In recent days, Napoleon seems somewhat tired of his diligent task. The excitement seems to have worn off and the ladies no longer revolve around him. Time for Napoleon to go home, to faraway Limburg.

I feel sorry for him when I see him being loaded into the truck. He clearly doesn't understand.

Maybe today, after a long car ride, he will come back to his own herd and ask his mother never to do this again. Or maybe he will be disliked for his cheating in the south, and that could of course spoil the past fun. The little box he disappears into feels like a disfiguring side effect that gives the whole thing a sad feel, and suddenly I want to sit close to Titus to say a final goodbye to Napoleon.

We watch him together as he disappears. A remarkable achievement, I think. Toddler or man? The answer can be given here in peace.

Your neutered

Nexus

Forever polite, on the other side of the carcass.

By Nexus on Tuesday, February 21, 2023



Dear reader,

This morning, I woke up with a bad feeling after a very disturbing dream. In that dream I was as tall as all humans and animals of Patrasche, and all together we played like little puppets on the bank of the dirty pond where Titus loves to take mud baths.

Suddenly large figures appeared, people, with gigantic boots. Everyone could feel that danger was in the air here. One human being wore black very sharply shaped boots with very thick soles that almost got one of the sheep under it. The beast was terrified.

The visit began with some decency, polite almost like the hyena on the other side of the carcass before losing all decency. The boot creatures expected homage, and if this was estimated substandard, they would sulk and then talk loudly and affectionately, and they seemed to want to use us animals and humans as playthings for their entertainment. Playing dice for who they were going to throw at each other first, and gradually getting more and more bored because we didn't want to play along. This was not a fun game with rules that were one-sided. Nauseating.

Suddenly, one of them, took a large stone, with as little movement as possible,

sticking out from under the grass. He pried it out. The stone turned out to be even bigger than he had thought. The man now steps, I say with boot and all, into the water where the mini Titus, as usual, was swimming circles in the duckweed. The man moved his right hand with the stone toward Titus's head to strike him with one blow. But just before the stone hit the spot where Titus floated, he jerked his head away and floated quietly to the other side, where he nestled comfortably against the shore.

Now the man did something very annoying. He leaned on the bank with his free hand and now stood like a bridge over the stream. He picked up the stone again, waited for the right moment, and as Titus slid back into the water, he struck. Now everyone knows how resourceful Titus is in such situations and so the stone landed with full force on the very hand he was leaning on, which was immediately in bad shape, just like the man himself.

The little people and animals used the man who, to ease the pain, put his hand in the cooling water as a bridge, and together they walked up the bank.

The pleasure of destroying is a strong drive that seems contagious in aggressor circles. Nothing natural and certainly nothing animalistic about this despicable human quality.

However. This human hyena was always and everywhere wrong. A painful pattern if the carcass turns out not dead and not even prey.

Fortunately I woke up and now I see Titus swimming his laps again. The little fellow, as always, is unaware of anything.

Your unscratched

Nexus

The silence petrified

By Nexus on Monday, March 6, 2023



Dear reader,

He had unknowingly turned his back on the little 'island of belonging' among dogs and probably never really been there, this small, busy dog Toby.

There was no beast as fluttering, busy and loud as he was. His head and body blew with every smell, sound, or even breath of wind that passed him. He was all over the place, and so everyone tried to stay out of his whirlwind as much as possible. I myself tried to calm him down, but he was too far gone and seemed to be in the center of his own whirlwind.

The dogs and young people became nervous and very irritable.

A girl, equally burdened by a similar overwhelm of stimuli and trying to bear the noise of the world as quietly and blankly as possible, began to make herself even smaller, quieter and more invisible to the phenomenon of Toby.

When the storm rages you turn into a ball. The girl's silence had gradually turned to stone, from bitterness but also from fatigue. We dogs understand that.

Toby was soon put in a safe refuge to relax, a dog crate, completely covered with thick blankets so that Toby could peek out at the world from his cave.

Because such a restless whirlwind may look like a party, but it is – as far as I am concerned – not festive but irritating to go with the wind when it is biting, but it is satisfying peeking in at things from a hiding space that is slightly darker than outside. It looks like a nest, warm and good-natured in the lee. And quiet. And drowsy. Quiet enough for rest. The girl now sat closer to the fire.

“Look”, my human says at such a moment, “If you make yourself very small in such a nest and crouch down, you can pretend that the stinging wind cannot find you. If he were to search, of course he would, but he has no opportunity to do so. He passes. Toby and the girl can now exhale...very long exhaling..

Soon Toby will learn about limits... Limits of the body and limits in the head. Once he gets around with that, the wind won't catch him so easily.

The girl nods and stares into the fire. Toby has laid down and is visibly trying not to fall asleep.

When I look at Toby and the girl from my basket, now that they can exhale again, I notice that they are tired and, above all, very young. Beating and undergoing stinging winds is a tiring activity, and probably there has not been room to do those things a dog and human must do to grow big and strong. You just run beyond things, and the only person you jump around for is actually yourself. After a while, the question may arise why you keep running around like that.

Such a meeting with yourself will not be the most pleasant one. Once you realize that there are actually no games involved, but only wrought-up unrest, such an encounter with yourself is less entertaining. And then you shut up, as if petrified.

And gradually the wind becomes a futility with what your life has to give up sooner.

Your relieved

Nexus

Spoiled forever, this joke.

By Nexus on Tuesday, March 21, 2023



Dear reader,

These days, to give less visibility to his respectable weight, the dog Titus happily disappears into the dark water. One does not notice this weight because the expression of his head is so strong. It is his naughty, dreamy eyes that make one rather not look at the size of his figure, but try to guess where those dreams go.

Taking shelter underwater is, all in all, a somewhat sad spectacle, according to the young people who stare at him as he circles. The reason for this embarrassing display can be traced back to an old sore, a misplaced joke:

“How is the sleek profile doing?” such a seal is asked. That was funny at first, but when one of the young people made an inflated, unmistakable move to it, Titus was very disturbed and the joke was actually spoiled forever. In such a case, Titus refuses to go to anyone and goes into angry seclusion. If he also gets the adjective 'tachometer' thrown at him, the joy of celebration is completely gone.

As we know him, he then tries imperturbably to pretend that nothing is wrong, but I notice - in the middle of his swimming repertoire - a terribly tense upper lip.

On the side of the water an interested human: a boy with a tendency to absolute control, usually hyper alert and judgmental and extremely nervous. Laughing nervously at Titus trying not to respond to the taunts, I feel things are going the wrong way for him. His laugh

becomes increasingly shrill, colder, mean even. It turns this event into a carving affair that suddenly isn't funny anymore. Titus slowly swims on, peering out of the corner of his eye at the boy who is now pointing loudly mockingly at him and hiccups restlessly with laughter.

The other dogs and people have stopped laughing. I consider options about what I need to do now to save Titus from this situation and look desperately at my human, because if nothing else happens, this will become a dire situation.

But Titus prepares himself, still in the water, his water, shelter, spring, certainty and accomplice, water with deep dark mud that he will soon use. Floating, he allows himself to be filled with the insight of what he has to do.

The cold laughter continues.

And suddenly Titus shoots out of the water, walks in a few winding steps towards the boy who tries to run away, but it's too late. In a whipping triumph, Titus shakes off all irritation. The boy gets a swirling smelly muddy dirty shower over him. The boy screams, and splutters. The other young people laugh again.

'That's how you do it when you're laughed at,' says my human.

The boy murmurs some curses. He has arched his back and is trembling? 'Not nice, he sulks angrily, and this statement trembles; just like his shivering body.

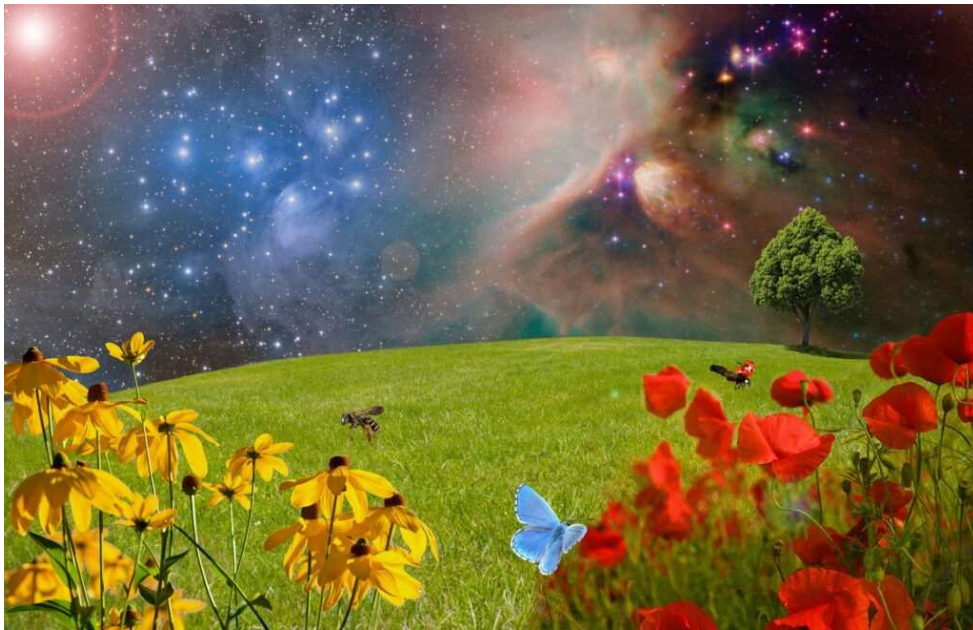
Yeah, that's just the way things go around here and that's how things are established.

Your smiling

Nexus

Stella

By Nexus on Tuesday, April 4, 2023



Dear reader,

Still trembling, I write to you from my infirmary bunk.

Anyone who knows me realizes that I am very attached to my minor and major ailments, and that I have tremendous respect for the doctors who treat me. Today, I was anesthetized so that my intestinal system could be examined. Leading up to this, I was not allowed to eat for a full day. I also mention this in view of the heroic way in which I endured this.

Hospital days, like today, are therefore special events for me that - with the young people - are often talked about for a long time.

A special day with a highlight that took place just before the procedure in the waiting room, where a female of undetermined breed arrived right next to me.

The dog turned out to listen to the name Stella and had long blonde locks that hung in playful curls around her ears. I tried to sniff her, but my nose failed in this malodorous environment for the delicate and intense smell that would allow me to understand things.

I shuffled nervously on the floor to get her attention, and she gave me a serious look for a moment before she looked bored at the pitiful jar of dog-sweets that stood by the white-coated people. She might think I was boring, or fat, or petty. In any case, there was now a sudden lull in our relations, and we did not look at each other for several minutes.

The bustle of the white coats walking back and forth, disappearing with dogs and cats behind a blue wall where all sorts of mysterious things seemed to happen, had now begun. Most of the animals were dozing in carriers or in blankets, not realizing how dangerous some of those white coats are and how scary.

Suddenly I had great concerns for Stella who seemed to be naively lighthearted. She did moan slightly every time she moved her front paw. Her human was looking at a screen in her hand so she didn't notice anything.

By way of concession I now moaned slightly along with her so that I caught her eye again and a feeling of expectation took hold of me. A quick sideways glance told me that her nail had broken off, and she must have been in a lot of pain, poor darling. "Take courage" I sent her.

The joint restless shuffling towards each other could be continued, but now with full surrender. The closer I got, the merrily wagging I got until our respective owners pulled us in embarrassed, and the white coats came to get us to disappear behind the blue wall.

There was something fatal about Stella's departure behind the blue wall.

I watched her as she disappeared down the hall behind a white coat. I was indignant because she didn't look after me. I lowered my head, but it occurred to me that she was probably too busy being scared and trembling, and that she was holding strong at the thought of my reassuring presence behind the blue wall. Likewise, I was strengthened in this assumption because she showed me a slight low wag as she disappeared behind a door. So no disaster. Maybe I'll see her again later with a white bandage.

I saw this image before me when I was lifted onto the treatment table. No food nearby. Usually you have to undergo something here before you get food again.

"It's just like he's smiling," says the white coat that will treat me when she gives me an injection. I picture Stella and despite our obvious unity we are treated separately, and she remains a beautiful memory. Her presence and her existence will never diminish for me.

Your smiling, just awakened and slightly cramped

Nexus

Mother's head is in the clouds. Let mumsy muddle along.

By Nexus on Tuesday, April 18, 2023



Dear reader,

If my human tries to have beastly thoughts, it usually goes wrong. And last week I felt it coming for hours.

From the nervous walking back and forth to and from the sheep barn I could deduce that something was wrong with one of the sheep mothers who did not want to accept her child. Well, now sheep are generally not burdened by their problem-solving ability, but there is always a valid reason why such a sheep does not want to have her child, but my human is apparently not beastly enough to understand that yet.

The distressed mother sheep turned out to be a young adolescent who had left the lamb orphaned as a ballast that you luckily were able to throw off so as to rejoin her friends. Mother's head was in the cloud. Let mumsy muddle along

So assistance was needed here to give the heap of 'ballast' a new destination. The young people who were commenting on the scene thought so too.

But when I saw my human go to the stable with diligence and dedication with a baby bottle and towels a little later, I knew what was about to happen. And indeed, a few moments later

she appeared with a lamb in her arms, which she brought in with a nurturing feeling. She probably thought this was another noble act, a thought that gave the scene something heroic, even though every beast knows it's wrong.

In nature, the mother is the standard of what will happen to the young, not another animal and certainly not humans. (goats sometimes dare to throw themselves in saving one or another youngster and in that context they suspiciously close to humans).

Thus... The human states the laws and the rules. I've never seen it any different, so you would think this is the normal way, but when Titus and I saw our human come home with the lamb, we realized once more that this is not the normal way, but that man is no longer capable of beastliness.

Unfortunately, my human has decided that this docile lamb must live and that it ought to feel a little more pleasant, for God's sake. Why shouldn't my human go for that for this good convulsive thinking? And that tomorrow would be a beautiful day for this meek lamb. That tomorrow she will go around in a hurry with milk bottles and with ridiculous pleasure she will sit and shout 'beééé', until she hears 'beéé' from the other side of that beast who thus learns to use his voice to dominate our entire house and therefore our lives.

In case such a lamb is really limp, it has even the right to lie down next to my human's bed and act pitiful, after which we are scared to death all night long when such a beast opens its throat.

The beginning of this day is destined for my human, with her now dull brain, to check-how-it-is-of-lamb at regular intervals, just until such a half-bald dissatisfied orphan gets the food, the attention and all the energy of everyone on demand.

But this year, the pattern seems to have changed.

My human gave the animal milk for a few days and then dropped it back in the herd, where the animal is now fed at regular intervals. My human still gave warmth, but she was no longer a heater.

The beginning, perhaps, of a new way of thinking that has begun not entirely unexpectedly and gives silent hope about the state of my human's bestiality.

Your hopeful

Nexus

The slaptitude of the number

By Nexus on Tuesday, May 2, 2023



Dear reader,

After the silence of several nights has passed over it, I can write about the city, with its great shadow, which sometimes touches the soul, that is, when the sun is not high in the sky.

Recently, the young people here had to lead one of the dogs in town through the weekly market. The dog had a reputation for being insecure among a human group, but it also had a lot of stress with unknown dogs passing by. So we had a mission.

And so we all left for the big city, with a clear assignment. A strange place with many people in cages, all squeezed together. A place with an abundance of stimuli and with a lot of danger and rolling vehicles that can crash into you out of nowhere.

While we flank the little dog, together with the young people, to give it support and strength, and we get cramped together between dense crowds of people, Titus and I wonder about the many people cages. And again I don't understand. Why are there so many ??

It looks like a nursery of people, presumably, a plantation. In the landscape as a whole you only see pens and little space to play, run and hunt. Only high lofts, stuck on top of each other.

The size of the number of all that is 'too much' seems to bring about the breakdown of peace and rest. I feel tension everywhere.

Each beast normally makes well-aimed attempts to get out of here, but I'm on a mission here, and so I have to give in to being surrounded by the number. As a dog you inevitably become skittish in such a situation (I see that also in the young people, by the way) as if you could violate the rules at any time.

In nature, there are things that determine the size of your pack: The strength and speed of the prey (if it is large, you need a larger group to hunt) and the threat of other predators that necessitate a large defense force.

But none of this is at issue here. The fate of man's prey is inescapable. They are only real enemies to each other. So there is no reason to multiply at this rate.

As a dog, I suddenly feel completely at the mercy of this environment. Here I cannot be a dog, only man's plaything.

When we pass a place where toy dogs were squeaking in circles, I turn away. Titus also feels unwell. Suddenly I have the feeling that if I were to slowly back away now, and in doing so accidentally - and of course without taking my eyes off the young people - could get to the exit of this strange environment, that we could escape together after all, without dying of breathlessness.

"Look, Nexus is stepping back," one of the youths yelled. And so we rushed together to the exit of this place.

As I lead my pack to redemption, I take a quick look at the people pens. Madness, which is still growing,- so thunderously multiplied and so silently proliferating.

Your restless, rest-seeking

Nexus

Anyone who tries to convince death digs himself in.

By Nexus on Tuesday, May 16, 2023



Dear reader,

A drama from a few days ago: A sheep mother with a rescue-like nature has a panic attack. This is a very large and nervous beast that had already had her drama in life with twins that had been born flawed and that she had harshly and without a shred of compassion given up for adoption.

Also, this year she gave birth to a poor and flawed animal whose body was the result of nature's wrong blueprint. The lamb has 2 dragging legs, seems to be a bit simple in life and is helped by my human to drink during the first few days. The creature shows an almost sinful recklessness to live because with its misshapen stature it seems the ideal snack for a passing fox according to a local saying 'Lambs that don't walk well are snacks for the fox' or also, 'Foxes, buzzards and ferrets, don't always have to prevent life'.

So she knows what she is talking about when she realizes that she has lost her lamb on the domain and, in response to the danger of death, she is roaring in panic.

My human and I hear the alarm signal and, driven by feelings of protection and – as a quick and natural resistance to dying – start searching.

After combing out various embankments, corners and sides, anxiously scanning the swollen streams, we suddenly hear bleating rising from under the ground.

I feel my heart racing. Perhaps my human would ask me to dig in the labyrinth of subterranean passages. Perhaps I may finally - by explicit request - sink into a doubled unity with the black of the earth, more specifically in the foothills of an army of foxes that we now face, while the mother sheep now starts to roar with even more intensity. Everyone is of his apropos. The lamb snack was crammed into a fox den. And it clearly doesn't know what to do with underground life.

The animals that live underground see more than others, they have an internal light that lets them know, so to speak, in the pitch dark whether you should go one way or the other. Do you feel it? Some animals say they can do it too, but they smell it from scents in the wind, and that is entirely different from a light in the dark. And if I know this through inner vision, then I can accurately infer not only that this defective lamb has none of these qualities (the un-refreshing ground air has gradually become a grave smell to him and his ears and voice tremble with the murder that is about to happen), but also that my human – who suddenly becomes self-reliant again – knows even less of those kinds of skills.

And yet I see it happening again. She is determent to change dead's mind and in this way digs herself in, only to trudge out with the lamb a little later.

As soon as it is back with its mother, who immediately afterward skips along rather quickly and friskily, as if nothing had happened, as if death would just cease to exist if you have stumbled into the fox's den like a lamb, peace returns.

My monologue interior, or my bunch of nonsense, which often comes down to the same thing, is once again shaken up by this. Foxes must also live. They bite to death before thinking, except, of the best way to do it. At once. Under the neck.

Your trudging

Nexus

Bitten off more than he can chew

By Nexus on Tuesday, May 30, 2023



Dear reader,

"I'm afraid, I do not really understand', I heard my human say after a phrase spoken here in response to a young man who had obvious bite marks on the face.

"I bit him first. In his mouth!"... "Him" referred to the dog of the young man who had spoken the words. He grinned a little, which made the whole thing feel a little cruel.

It became quiet in our pack. The young people stared at him in despair, and the dogs sensed the tension in the air.

The young man had been annoyed and also that one dog at home had been annoying him for a long time and that made him grumpy at that moment. The predator now had a hold of its cherished prey. He was out of tune and thoughts in his head were ranting.

It gave me a cold and bald feeling in my lips, when I thought that a person would sink his teeth into this... skinny teeth, admittedly, but still.

Whenever this young man told such things, he looked a little up and to the side, as if it were none of his business and if something had happened to him by accident, as if innocence is what makes life worth living.

Anyone who saw him standing like this could only assume that of all defenseless prey, man must be the most defenseless. He has – I thought – no weapon at all, and is naked and hairless in the most pitiful and wretched fashion possible. There is hardly any animal that would not be able to play alone or in groups with him. His powers are so impossibly small, his nails so fragile, his teeth ridiculous... But I have to review this one. Yet...

Its speed is negligible. And what every animal can do, if it is commanded to run away, has been denied to it and if it tries, it must still die dead tired.

A cow still has horns, a mussel has a shell and a tick is unreachable in a daze of pleasure, but a human being ..? That makes you think.

It is no wonder that man has retaliated for so little equipment and protection by thinking how he, in turn, could get the better of us.

And so I felt strangely cheated by this human being and stepped far away from him. His own mouth was remarkably unscathed from the counterattack, but among the people and dogs—in our own pack—it was now uncomfortably quiet.

I myself got cold. Colder than just under my tail. It was as if the cold from there crawled under my skin, and I let myself go for a moment in an unceasing shiver. When it passed, everything seemed fine again. But then I felt a new one coming on and it made me grim and gloomy and I felt like biting to death and giving the final blow with tremendous force.

I leave into the woods. This one is for my human.

Your runaway

Nexus

Sappy is the Flight

By Nexus on Tuesday, June 13, 2023



Warmed-up reader,

Because he knows every tree and rabbit hole so well, and there are so incredibly many of them, Titus usually feels like he lives in an extensive forest. Furthermore, he's getting to know every nook and every creature better and better as he passes by so frequently, and thus his contentment with the diversity should be growing.

However, when he didn't show up for breakfast last week and was officially missing, his contentment seemed to be taking place in a different region.

After calling out for him, we heard him whimper sadly and play a grand role while sitting seemingly nerve-wracked on the cemetery, head bowed, apparently overwhelmed by nerves, waiting to be picked up. How he had crossed to the other side was a mystery, as a quick inspection of the fence revealed no irregularities.

Soon enough, we noticed a scent of cow dung that hung around Titus like a mist. Busted, caught!

Together with a young person, who also likes to take off from time to time, we tried to reconstruct the facts.

In the wire fence, we eventually found a skillfully bitten hole, just big enough for Titus. From this hole, there was only one direction, namely toward the cows and their dung, and thus the path of the sappy flight, Titus's great annual pleasure, under the cheerful motto: 'I shuffle around very sweetly, my only trail is poop.'

You might call him a somewhat unruly character, for he had made the decision to leave his territory quite some time ago.

Apparently, he had prepared all of this weeks in advance, working diligently on his path to Valhalla every day. He had occasionally hesitated, but the self-disgust that overcame him when he felt too weak to persist had removed all inhibitions.

Only when he heard his name called for breakfast did he return without haste or excitement, and he had to pull himself together significantly to prevent himself from succumbing to deep melancholy within moments. A melancholy accompanied by formidable growls deep within and an urge to bite things that aren't meant to be bitten... An urge to rub himself against the first cow dung he found without a second thought, just to rid himself of his guilty aroma. It further bothered him that he couldn't find the original passage in the fence anymore. He suddenly seemed very sad, as if everything had failed?

One side is hardly better than the other. That one had been exceedingly sappy.

Yet his smile and resignation betrayed his realization that he could go there again.

However, he had to think about that liberation a bit more because the grand project had been irrevocably undone by evening.

By the afternoon, the hole was closed on the initiative of the young person who also likes to take off sometimes...

"Because it's not always safe out there," was their argument.

The head of Titus is now actually something like his territory. He's in it. Inside is safe. Outside is the world. When he's on his territory, outside is also the world. Now also his world. He can't see anything when he's on his territory because he now has his eyes closed while lying close to me with all his aromas, the sweet lad.

Yours fragrantly,

Nexus

An Offensively Lacking Excitement

By Nexus on Tuesday, June 27, 2023



Dearest reader,

The young human pup who always brought incredibly delicious treats for everyone was terribly alone, yet he wasn't enamored with life. A hint of kingship surrounded him on his makeshift throne, kindly looking down upon us, generously showering goodies for humans and animals alike. He brought the finest offerings available out here, ensuring our eternal loyalty and appreciation.

He clearly had to be spared, so they said... Spared from the twists and turns of life, spared from any effort that might fatigue him, and spared from any experience that could unbalance him. His balance was the throne and the attendants surrounding it. The treats he brought were our bait, so we would become his servants as well. The large box of cookies for the human pup was meant to secure his friendships.

He was renowned for his laziness, but also because there was always something extraordinary about him.

This human pup had it all figured out...

But last week, he somewhat grasped the vague nature of his life and circumstances when he was no longer allowed to bring goodies from my human.

He arrived angrily and sat bewildered on his throne. Yet, that day we needed to gather firewood for the winter, so with all the dogs, humans, and carts, we ventured onto the estate to fetch and carry wood pieces.

The throne child seemed to encounter a situation that shook his entire order to its foundations. He trudged along with his soul under his arm. He clearly felt victimized by the situation.

"I can't do that," he said, his first real statement. He waited for attendants to appear, but when they didn't, he said, "You'll regret this. If my mother hears about this!!"

"If we don't gather wood now, we'll be cold next winter," my human said it in such a way that you felt it was pointless to resist.

And so, with reluctance, he took a wheelbarrow brimming with wood and set off, disappointed and bored, with malicious gleaming eyes and an uncertain wobbly gait and an offensively lacking excitement.

The extended throne sitting had left him with a woeful lack of muscles and strength. He clearly suffered from slaptitude.

After 10 steps, without any particular reason, the cart toppled, and he along with it. Now lying on the ground, he loudly shouted and groaned, "See! I - can't - do - it!!"

Titus glanced briefly at the scene, then deliberately looked away with his calm demeanor, as if he was on the verge of discovering a new continent not too far away. The rest of us grinned.

The human pup was helped to his feet. He huffed, but cautiously and thoughtfully continued the rest of his journey to the wood bunker.

He wasn't too cheerful, but he wasn't pitiful at that moment anymore.

Your contemplative,

Nexus

The Soft Skin of Possession

By Nexus on Tuesday, July 11, 2023



Warmed-Up Reader,

A fragile, cooing woman-human, part of a larger pack of humans who came here to lend a hand for the day, expressed that she found both me and Titus super cute.

"Cute" was the word she used to describe anything with paws or fur. From such humans, as a dog, you'd expect lots of enthusiastic petting, dreamy looks, and occasional treats. It seemed like it was going to be a lovely day, and to show my gratitude, I decided to gift her a present in the form of a small, fluffy rabbit, not long out of the nest, happily wriggling in my mouth.

I'm quite a fan of this sort of carnival bounty, celebrating together on the border between life and death, because within this zone trembles the significance of what has been and what is to come. The little creature whimpered in my mouth, making me appear even more valiant.

However...

The cooing woman dropped everything she held, stared at me with horror and disgust, and hurried over to take the creature from me. She trembled as she cradled the now damp and drool-covered rabbit in her arms, giving me a scathing look...

"So cuuute!!" Driven by protective feelings, she then whispered something softly into the creature's ear, which trembled as it saw the large face of a human predator approach. It went from one predator to the claws of another. And that thought trembled, just like its shivering little body... Yes, that's how it is for us, that's how it is, that's how it's determined. It decided to play dead.

In this situation, I wisely kept my distance and watched the scene from behind a slope, while Titus did the same.

Then the woman searched for the cage the creature might have escaped from, believing that everything cute should be possessed (and thus protected from other naughty predators like me).

Since she didn't find a cage, she grabbed her tapping device and I heard her talking to my human.

"Did you lose a rabbit? It was running loose here, and Nexus caught it!!"

"What are you saying? A wild rabbit??"

...

"And I can't take it home??"

...

Titus and I exchanged sideways glances. A concise explanation of this human phenomenon was no longer possible. I withdrew and reflected on the sad possession of a soft skin.

Though in this way, death would cease to exist, as possession would continue endlessly.

The rabbit is now bounded. That's bitter. And this knowledge has now entered the creature... The bounding of possession.

From now on, it knows the urge to escape and the longing for freedom. It has experienced the impossibility of it and therefore understands eternal restlessness, although the woman-human will quickly release it again.

With bewildered resentment over my involvement in this matter,

Your withdrawn,

Nexus

Futile and Useless Considerations

By Nexus on Sunday, July 23, 2023



Relaxing reader,

Now that there are no young people around for a while, we all happily tumble into the true unparalleled animal time here. And in this mode, I would like to take you along into this vacuum where time and space disappear:

Titus has struck up a friendship with a hedgehog. After spending many hours together side by side, he seems to have become immensely attached to the little creature. As background information, it should be noted that Titus was once brought before the tribunal by the young people under the chestnut tree for bothering young hedgehogs. The incident resulted in a learning punishment, pronounced by a younger one who swiftly dismissed the nuances of the lawyer (another younger one) when delivering this penalty. So, Titus thinks twice before bothering a hedgehog again. But lying next to each other is still possible, with occasional glances from the corners of the eyes, and shuffling along calmly at the slightest movement. During this summer activity, one can think of all sorts of things. Not that it's done frequently, because thinking easily leads to dozing off, which is unsuitable as a side activity, as one unconsciously loses awareness and then experiences a slight disturbance in the mind because it's now necessary to figure out what one was actually thinking about: that thinking. Therefore, it's an activity that demands some attention. Although, of course, it's not a problem at all if one drifts off completely, especially not from the hedgehog's perspective. In any case, the faster pace of workweeks has completely disappeared, and all contemplations are rather futile and useless.

Even the cat Remus seems to sink into blissful dozing with unwavering trust during this quiet period. With him, it's almost carefree sleeping. Actually, it's even nicer than napping because when you're asleep, you don't realize how nice it is, while a cat, who hovers on the edge of sleep for hours, just notices how indescribably wonderful almost sleeping is, and how much more blissful actual sleeping

must be if you could notice it. And naturally, one gets completely captivated by the idea of the excellent design of life, which almost allows you to notice how perfect sleeping is when you're just a hair's breadth away from sleeping.

That one hair, a cat balances on it, with a wondrous sense of balance, a gift that compels profound gratitude.

As for myself, due to a prescribed diet, I feel a bit lightheaded. This often leads to a pleasant phenomenon we borrowed from the sheep: drifting. When I gaze into the green of the foliage and slowly shift my gaze over the swaying leaves in the wind, it's as if I, along with everything around me, begin to drift. People, I think, know nothing of this kind of drifting, and the whole experience is likely unknown to them, but still, I feel how, in this summer tranquility, an unfamiliar force lifts me and I begin to drift slowly, dreaming lightly of a journey with all my companions and a chance passerby, to a place where nothing is necessary except drifting. Certainly not with a specific destination in mind, but nevertheless detached from the ground.

Hoping that this summer will bring you a similar experience.

Your carefree summer,

Nexus

Solemnly moved

By Nexus on Tuesday, August 8, 2023



Dear reader,

Summer is a period in which all sorts of things can be initiated, yet one can equally refrain from everything. However, to prevent this rainy summer from becoming a soulless memory, several wondrous transformations were introduced here, which propelled the vacation sensation into an exuberant acceleration.

Our den ceased to be merely a bunker den and transformed into an unforgettable adventure course.

Through the tunnel, up the Alps, over the Alps (?!), through the rocks, to the wellness area, through the gorge, flying over the abyss (???), ultimately nestled in a nest, receiving applause from the stands (along with the corresponding prizes).

No world is larger than the one it exists for, and thus we swiftly complete this journey. However, the course needs practice – one dog and one human as a team, getting faster and more adept until the point where we swiftly and zigzaggingly fly from the starting point to the finish line. Something like this brings joy to people. They shout, laugh, and their faces glow red with the pride that begins to shine.

Certain canine participants have reservations about an event entirely unfamiliar to them. 'You might just...' a dog thinks apprehensively, thereby acknowledging that there might be aspects of this romping around that could go awry.

Others throw themselves thoughtlessly or boldly into, under, or over the pit stops, occasionally becoming so reckless that they hang askew between the obstacles and don't extricate themselves easily.

Female dogs first enter the arena playfully, but then usually urinate to ensure that other participants slow down due to scent barriers – a tactic that I find contemptible.

Some leaps made by dogs and humans are so potent that they seem to be flying. It becomes impressive when landing produces no sound. One record tumbles after another.

A small dog, possessing all the qualities to be witty and agile, feels no urge to partake. He seems not to be greatly concerned with the fact that he's alive in its entirety, let alone embark on a journey. One of the young individuals tries to persuade him that he not only lives but also possesses talents!

Another participant aims for humor while simultaneously conjuring something entirely novel. Skillfully and cosmically emerging, much like movement, gradually loses its appeal. He desires more, and he wants applause. Jeering arises from the stands.

I, myself, opt to proceed through this course calmly and majestically, and if nature demands, take a brief nap at the wellness obstacle, shutting my eyes momentarily and then advancing, spurred on by the excited cheers.

Indeed, that's how things unfold, and even the young people who are otherwise deeply enmeshed in the labyrinth of their minds have now emerged, accompanied by a voice that no longer hides.

Subsequently, the times are noted, the prizes are distributed, and we are all solemnly moved. Then, everyday life recommences without further ado.

Outside, rain and wind rage like a scourge, propelling us indoors, where the vacation becomes undisturbedly more beautiful and abundant.

Yours in sport,

Nexus

Forever Disgraced

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, August 22, 2023



Dear rested reader,

With summer, abundant downpours, and sultry temperatures becoming more frequent, we dogs experience ailments and sensitivities that come with the season. As a beast, you just deal with these things. However, when your human looks at you with that particular sideways glance in response to an ailment you know, as a dog, that the end of peace and dignity is near.

The drama begins with a casual "Let me see," followed by a concerned look, restlessly scanning for things that will compromise my dignity, either by introducing unwanted entities, i.e., dirty kibble, or by unwanted intimacies where you are approached – whether through horrifying little things – and lose bits of fur. A real threat since my human spins fur on a rotating wheel, and thus no beast's fur is guaranteed in this place.

Even though I know I won't succeed, I still try to make a quick escape and head for the door. Then, a classic scenario unfolds:

I wait to see if they want me to swallow nasty kibbles or – even worse – if they will dishonor me by taking away my fur. I tell you; it is unnatural to approach another living being in such a way.

Either way, it's war – one I did not start! The demons are unleashed.

A timid young human sits restlessly, watching until asked to help.

Like a bucking horse, I try to assert control over the situation, which only results in more displays of power.

Then, an indescribable fear overwhelms me. Shivers run down my spine. I keep my lips tightly sealed, feeling a foreboding device behind me. It vibrates and makes a terrifying noise.

The thing also does create a breeze, making me alert and reminding me never to venture beyond the warning reach of my tail during the first attack. But then the little device seems to come to life.

Sensitive to every vibration in the ground or air, allowing me to sense the approach of any other creature, no matter how small, such buzzing signifies an invasion on all my senses.

While keeping the rest of my body tense to avoid collapsing (never lie down in such a situation!), I try to look behind to assess the severity of the attack. Indeed, the hands of humans turn into the loneliest of all monsters, ready to appear and grab me specifically, robbing the cheerful life from me in the form of fur, energy, and good spirit. Permanently disgraced.

The young man involved in this war, known for his shyness and complete silence, grins so that everyone can see that any expression of emotion does not necessarily indicate the parallel absence of life. He lives both externally and internally, as it turns out. At such a moment, such a person speaks mainly to himself with words and sounds that make no sense, words that, as it were, swirl up from the pile of words I know, only to fall back on it immediately:

'Strong,' he says sometimes very clearly, or 'It's cracking'... and then he looks around shyly to see if anyone draws a conclusion from it.

Those words don't help me. And when I am finally liberated and defeated, I decide that an armed preparation will be a more merciful expression of life than to start this again, now that the endured fears have scattered the summer flow of life, and I lick my wounds in the shade of the apple tree.

Yours, disgraced

Nexus

Deadly clean

'By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, September 5, 2023'



Dear reader,

Now seriously.

Any sensible creature knows it should take off when a self-satisfied human utters the words, 'It will be clean,' or worse yet, 'Now it will be clean,' where the human's heartbeat clearly quickens, and the expression in their eyes becomes somewhat hazy.

All carefully arranged, fragrant possessions are swept together so that when you sniff the space you once knew well, it seems as if everything has been destroyed, shamelessly taken away.

That's annoying for any creature living with humans, but usually not dramatic.

Until a few days ago, the phrase was uttered here by some people who seemed to behave as leaders of the pack in the area and spoke the infamous sentence while gazing contentedly into the distance. It felt ominous, so we were on guard all day, but the disaster only occurred after the next sunrise.

The wreckers who landed around the estate that day and the many days after with giant grab machines had luck on their side, starting to clean everything up. They moved through the green in an atmosphere of strange glory. No broomsticks, but expellers of all green and life. Anything in the way, whether walking or flying, was removed. The human does not argue about cleanliness.

In such a situation, those with paws are, in a dubious way, the lucky ones. Those with roots can do nothing but face their fate. Animals and plants unwillingly gave up their years of sanctuary.

Meanwhile, much life is making way for little hills of sand (???) and paths on which the human walking on them can also stay clean.

Since then, nothing here is the same. The uprooted trees disappear in large chunks, and each time a piece of light appears on the horizon where until then there had only been greenery, leaves, and animals, a yawning emptiness replaces a nurturing canopy of leaves. And every time a tree is ground into pieces, wood and leaves, sometimes even bits of fur, swirl through the air, sparkling in the sun.

It will be clean. Deadly clean.

Life suddenly bites terribly into our existence.

Titus sees the exodus of fleeing animals arriving. Squirrels, hedgehogs, martens, foxes, and a lot of birds... They crawl and fly over and under the fence, seeking new shelter on the estate. For a moment, he seems to become cheerful, but then he feels what we all feel here, young humans, and animals...

What if we are also in the way and need to be swept away...??

The trees and bushes are gone around the estate.

When the machines fall silent in the evening, the restless calls of birds and animals start in a full discussion about new territory and new shelter. Excavation for new paths and sand heaps has already begun. Humans will be able to walk undisturbed, easily, without too many unexpected creatures that might jump out of the bushes.

'It will be clean.'

Yours extremely dirty,

Nexus

Condensed life

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, September 19, 2023



Dear reader,

Recently, with the heat, all of us – dogs and humans alike – went out for a swim in a clean meadow with a clean pond, a clean experience that initially made us somewhat uneasy, but oh well. It turned out to be a celebration – letting the animals loose, swimming, and frolicking with all the dogs and young people. All except one.

A summer memory:

We have a young human girl with us who seems to live on the edge of existence, undecided about its purpose. She is very large, very heavy, and very slow. She seems not to notice us or our party, and it appears to be a great stroke of luck for her to be able to sit in the shade of the only tree (and of life itself) at the edge of the swimming pond. Occasionally, she shudders as if her breath is holding.

I observe her attentively.

She thinks and thinks... She thinks with the ends of her body from one hand to the other. Everything in between thinks, and with all that thinking, her body then falls silent – still swaying slightly.

She gladly lets this continue because it seems delightful. In her head, everything goes on very unnoticed but excessively. She undeniably has landed in herself in this thinking and does not notice the water, the pond, and the sun. The result is a sort of narcosis that has condensed her life into a thick paste.

Occasionally, a delightful addition comes out of her mouth, and she murmurs something. These additions, I think, are of a pleasant nature because she smiles and closes her eyes. But even though there is no threat apparent, she has pressed her nails into her hands and grips herself.

When I come to shake off the water with the other dogs, she looks at us irritably. Her stillness is disturbed.

"They seem to want you to come into the water for a bit," says my human.

It's warm, and the girl now breathes heavily. She senses very well that if she gives in to this, it might evolve into a game, where she could eventually become very happy and light, throwing away all the heavy emptiness. No longer swallowed in the head because there was something wrong with her, upon closer inspection, according to the head.

With a deep, snorting sigh, she now comes to herself; stands up and walks into the water with us. Her nails are no longer pressed into her hand.

Once in the water, she seems to start bubbling lightly. The light-shy stillness is broken, and life begins to swirl back into her. Titus and I decide to go all in, and soon the girl is completely soaked from head to toe. She laughs with strange inhalations and strange sounds.

Afterward, she surrenders to the warmth of the sun. And when she thinks about drifting away into her mind again, I shake her wet. That's how she stays. With us. The whole time. A starting point for the joy of the celebration and a beautiful memory.

Present and despite her eternal escape into her mind and her squeezed-out life, she laughs and now talks incessantly. Thus, life arises, bubbling and growing.

Yours, living

Nexus

His teeth did not sparkle convincingly either

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, October 3, 2023



Dear reader,

Naughty, but especially absent-minded hot air balloons once again thundered as an uninterrupted stream of dramatic ideas into Titus's head, resulting in ridiculous panic attacks.

I tried to make it clear to him that a conflict in the mind, without an actual threat, always means energy loss, but he said it was stronger than himself.

My hot air balloon arguments were gradually running out when, last week, a surprising incident occurred that could reinforce my argument.

At times, we have a young human here who can rile himself up as a savior, victim, or accuser and can do so skillfully and quickly, losing himself completely in a hysterical drama that invariably ends with the same 'it's stronger than myself.'

Such a drama unfolded here in the parking lot, on the street (such a situation is not allowed within our walls), where the young person suddenly watches himself and others very closely, and if someone says something that upsets him, he starts running away loudly, followed by his own urge to shout 'fuck you!'

I saw it happening from behind the gate and hoped he would regain control of himself, lest he go into a rage in a few moments. Rage with tremendous curses, an impulse to bite things that should not be bitten, a rage to tear into shreds the first person who gets in his way, and simply, without hesitation, to devour. Yes, to consume, chew into pieces, and swallow so that the nonexistent danger would be even less existing, removed, and conquered.

He seemed to drown in his own drama. And yet, not entirely convincing. His teeth did not sparkle convincingly either.

In the spectacle, he now took on the role of a victim, then as an accuser, and whipped himself up so much that he now held his mouth open in a strange way. And he blew. With a scraping throat noise of someone who is almost bursting with rage.

I stayed away, but Titus went straight to the situation. I held my breath. Apparently, he himself felt the difference between self-agitated anger – without actual danger – and real anger because he did not hesitate.

He sat down next to the young man who, by now, had raged himself into exhaustion and sat there panting while pressing his nails into his hand. As a calming signal, Titus now turned his profiled head away while sitting next to the young man. He is brave, I must give him that.

The young man now had his face nestled in Titus's fur. The panting turned into breathing as if he was falling asleep. An occasional deep sob.

I hear my human say something, but not a word reaches his ears. Like a wounded animal, he lay against Titus, who earned my respect on that day.

Everything inside now became smaller, and from the outside, it did too.

Yours, aloof

Nexus

An offer brimming with roughly devoured life

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, October 17, 2023



Dearest human,

I believed my human and Titus were just messing around when a shaky little human-in-need came shuffling through the gate last time.

It was her first time here, and everything must have been very exciting for her because she trembled both inside and out, peering at her mother's shoulder as if there was support to be found there. Inexplicably, she was in a state of alarm, and she was nervous, moving very unsteadily, occasionally laughing nervously.

Titus had to be calmed down once again during this introduction so that he wouldn't further startle the poor child, a reminder he took seriously, and the girl let herself be handed Titus, who was on a leash. His cheerful hopping seemed to work here as a laughable matter of course. The girl could start to be a bit calmer, although she quickly was disturbed again by a collection of feathers on the ground, making her suspicious and fearful; also, she was startled by birds that made her jump with – wief, wief, wief – flapping their wingtips, and they – she said – made scary noises. Every tree and every sound seemed to her a possible messenger of danger.

We all went for a short walk on the estate while I chewed on a genius plan.

After repeated sour remarks about my witful nature in recent weeks, I decided to clear my name with my ingenious plan; to debunk all the gossip, in order to help this horrifying creature in a way other than the usual bodily way.

I understood that this sweet child needed a challenge that would make her stronger.

I would surprise her upon her return by giving her a bunny that I would let live a little so that she could finish it off. Any sensible dog knows that puppies become strong and learn in this way. That would give her strength and confidence to go on in life.

I understood this so triumphantly that I – quickly sniffing along the fence to find the right victim, bumped my head against a tree stump, but that didn't matter because I had the right creature for this case in 2 seconds, and now I waited patiently until I could give my gift to her. I now felt somewhat restless and hesitant because I had already received less cheerful reactions to such offerings.

She came, and she saw me and my offer brimming with roughly devoured life.

And then I heard a scream as if from a human child who, completely at the beginning of life and unaware of fear, gets a terrible blow that ends everything. A scream in which there is no understanding and no resistance. Just screaming at something...? At whom, at what? Perhaps at wings to rise above the shocking events of this moment.

My human hurried to get my gift out of sight as quickly as possible. The girl cried and looked at me with a devastating gaze.

I had clearly messed up... My offer had been nonsense, shoddy work. An observation that I also saw in Titus's eyes while he amiably dragged the girl along and did his best to cheer her up.

When we were sitting together again, the situation calmed down, and the girl had stopped crying, supported by Titus at her side, I tried to actively stiffen, and I kept my eyes, which normally trust nature and its rules, closed as long as possible.

'He didn't mean it that way,' my human said.

Those are words that betray the soul, but they are also a bit soulful themselves.

Yours disheartened,

Nexus

'Thinking' no longer concealed

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, October 31, 2023



Dear reader,

Last week, people decided here to refrain from something. One can always refrain from something. It is sometimes even wise, if it doesn't matter to start feeling something.

This requires clarification:

A few days ago, some young people discovered a gap in the safe and familiar walls around the domain. It was more than a breach, actually, it was a gaping hole that was quickly covered with some sails, underneath which large hollows yawned, leading to a deep pit where people and animals could fall and disappear.

The young people and the dogs stood still, staring at the hole. These things have to do with safety. If no one can fall into holes or get lost, everything is safe and the rule of 3 can be enforced:

This also requires clarification:

-If you want leadership, you need respect

-You get respect, but only if you bring safety, peace, and stability

- In return, you might get respect that you will have to earn each and every day

The people who are responsible for the gap have compromised safety and can never gain respect. We received no message about what had happened, making it seem as if we are invisible, as if our existence is being ignored.

It would be reassuring if we were involved. Then we could have closed the hole together so that everything would be safe again, but apparently, they do not know that something lives here, and we only need to make it known that we are still here; that we are alive and intend to live for a long time. We decide to refrain from anger and frustration.

'We will have to prove that we are alive,' says my human.

Then we think about how we can prove that we are still alive, not out of curiosity for a reaction, but rather because of our sudden and unexplained concern for life, for our life, for all who rely on care around here. Our life will have to be established so that we cannot be overlooked conveniently.

The gap apparently brings back a lot of memories of losing safety for some young people. But with thoughts, it is like with wounds, and the group of people solemnly decides that they will no longer conceal their thoughts, but that they will give an open reaction together, as proof of life. They will not doze on this so that lively existence can be resumed.

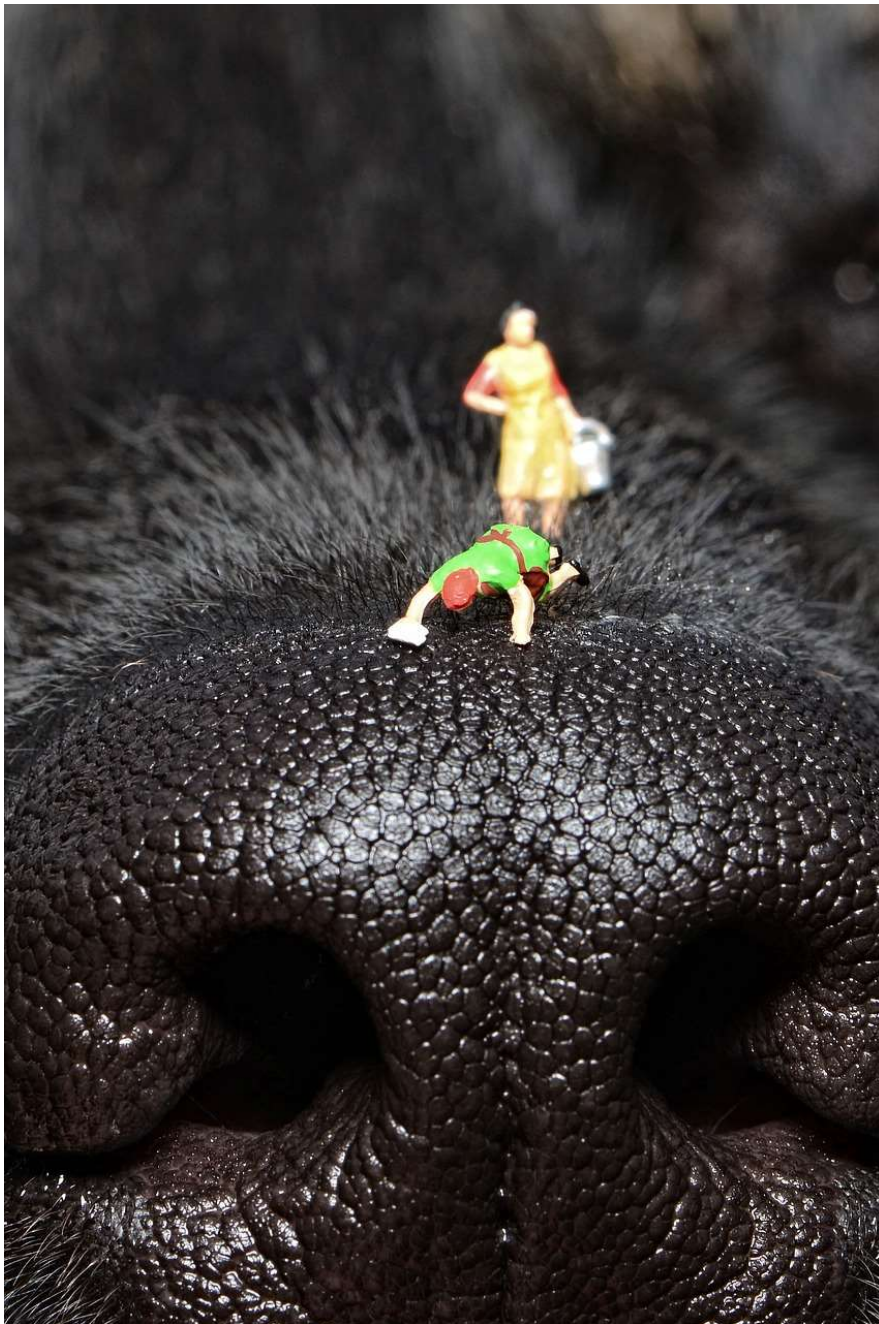
And with this solemn promise, the benevolence of life can triumph, even for this day.

Your witness,

Nexus

Denied the Filth

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, November 14, 2023



Dear reader,

It is unthinkable that a person would willingly plunge into a mud puddle with an irresistible urge to be immersed to the last fiber of their naked body in a messy crowd of sludge, purely for the joy of living and nothing else.

Dogs do that, though, and to start with: a considerable portion of our happiness comes from the fact that we can engage in such activities just because we can. So today, an attempt to explain the necessity of such joy in life for humans who choose not to acknowledge this kind of joy.

This kind of immersion is not delicate, nor is it refined. It's blissfully gross and disgusting.

And as one indulges in this activity, one becomes gradually so intoxicated that they are no longer able to notice anything, not even a person.

We move, inside and out, with everything that dwells deep in the mud. I emphasize this because apparently, humans lack strings that resonate with everything moving in the mud, thus deprived of such profound pleasure.

Such maintenance of body and soul is not ordained for humans. It is, however, ordained for dogs!

But then, the inevitable happens, and things go differently than planned once again.

There's something in humans that obsessively compels them to wipe away everything 'unclean' that is necessary for body maintenance, losing all sense of well-being, and renouncing animalistic arguments.

The term 'dirty!!!' is the first to fall. Then, a facial expression as if you've done something indecent, something improper. Now, in that context, a lot has to be put into perspective. "Dirt" is a big word and not at all applicable to the mud splashes needed for scrubbing afterwards.

But the word has been uttered, so there's no turning back.

Next, humans employ a cynical kind of cheerfulness as they, with industrial water and sponge, frantically and in various ways go crazy over the so-called dirt. This can be seen as they laugh subtly because, I think, deep down they secretly enjoy a dirty, licked-over dog that has forsaken all enchantments and is now just a muddy mess of presence.

The fervent urge of almost every human to deny and eliminate this inherent animality is a great frustration and deep sorrow for every true dog. Humans go so far as to convince some dogs that mud and rain are uncomfortable, so these poor creatures can only hallucinate about the blissful decay we make of life. All of this without scruples, mind you.

It happens everywhere, and always it's a matter of being struck, and then resignedly undergoing the denial of life's original filth.

Your cleansed,

Nexus

Swallow-barrel

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, November 28, 2023



Dear reader,

It doesn't matter what it is and how it has turned so sour and toxic. It doesn't matter how long it has been fermenting from the outside in, or how heavily it weighs on the stomach. It doesn't matter if it's smooth, has obstacles, or feathers. You swallow it and sink with it. It has slid inside, and now it's within.

Within.

The sighing, groaning, and trembling thoughts that were swallowed by a young man were not new. The boy found them very tiring. They made him nervous, and quite feeble. This thickened emotional mash was annoying and exhausting for him.

Titus and I wondered, where all that mash is going after it's skillfully ingested? According to Titus, humans have a mash barrel, deep inside around the stomach area. Every disturbing thought can then disappear into the barrel as a kind of farewell to the painful reality. Once possessed by such a barrel, a person walks around with a shadow. He peers and becomes nervous, as if every person and every creature might catch a glimpse of the barrel's contents, as if the shadows barely hide enough.

It's insane in the human world. Gradually, such a barrel becomes heavy and more important than the young man himself. The shadow becomes broader, wherever the sun is. If one could look down into the barrel, they would soon find that nothing is happening. The meaning is not visible. Things ferment, spoil, and become toxic. Such a barrel becomes a beacon for hiding the fear and discomfort that comes with disturbing thoughts. Also, a beacon for the fear that any change would disrupt the toxic balance.

Such a barrel, Titus suggests... What is a barrel, really?

"Disturbances have priority," my human says, hoping that the disturbing thoughts would find their way out. But she knows she needs us for this.

Quietly, I sit next to the young man, and together we examine the barrel.

Almost imperceptibly, the barrel points him toward the part of his being that he had forgotten. He stands there pensively, looking at the content, fuller of acidity and poison than he had ever suspected. Through many tears and sobs, the barrel is slowly emptied.

If one were to come closer now and observe carefully, they might notice the empty space filled with warmth.

The only thing that exists now is the abandoned darkness; his good life and the blood in his veins, and the beating, the beastly beating of his heart. Everything is working just terribly well.

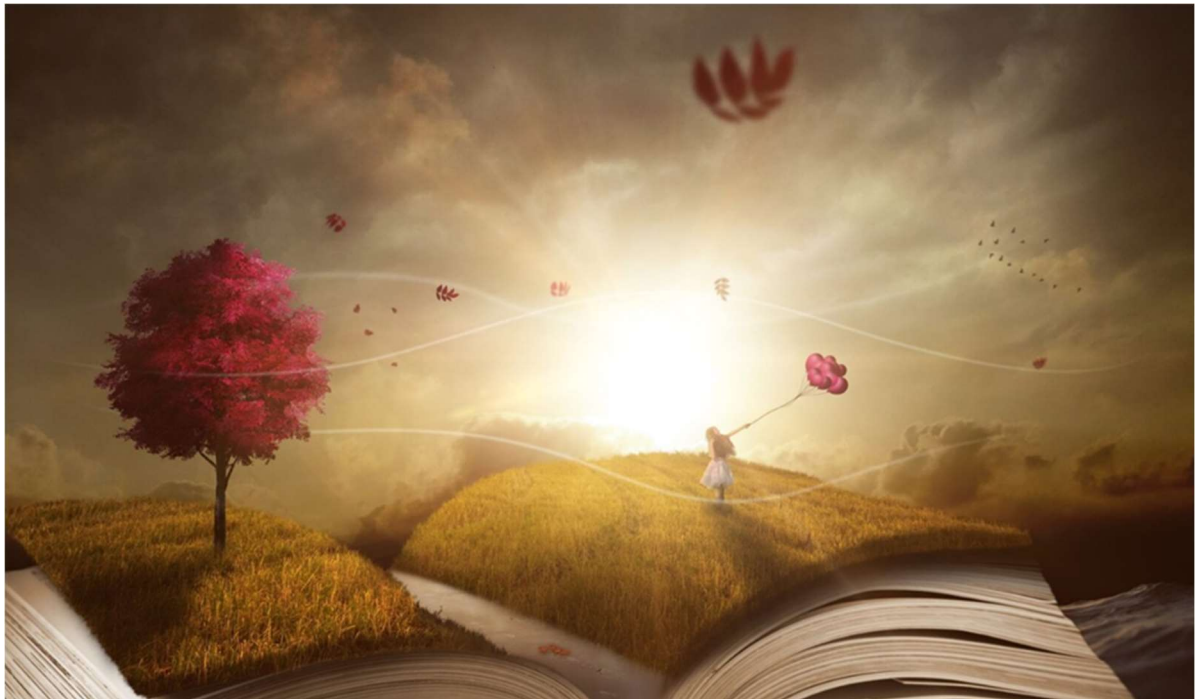
And the rain washes everything away.

Yours satisfied

Nexus

Self Contented Plot

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, December 12, 2023



Dear reader,

If one were to ask the sheep Jane who owns the ground on which she grazes, she would immediately respond – if given the chance – with 'those who handle it properly.' Those who are decently engaged with their land can hardly have objections related to existence.

With humans, it seems different. A piece of land doesn't necessarily belong to those who make decent use of it. People often feel grumpy and aggrieved towards the patch of land. It's as if they feel disadvantaged and haven't taken the place that rightfully belongs to them.

There are plenty of plants and trees, the sun is shining, and the wind isn't blowing harshly, yet there's something in their distant appearance that makes you think. They rush over the land, always heading towards something urgent they have in sight, leaving everything behind as if the land stinks. Then, again, they hurry away, leaving the urgent matter behind, and off they go again – over the land – to something else, possibly lingering impatiently there, limp of restlessness.

The ground beneath our feet is our very companion, as if it were our own flesh and blood. For humans, it seems to be only what moves beneath their feet. The earth is there, and the sky is indeed above, but neither is enough to make humans stand still. What is needed, I do not know, but this is not it.

In nature, humans seem to have taken the wrong entrance without seeing how they can come back or how they can end up in the right place afterward. I think that's their misery.

Jane, the sheep, keeps her opinion about the earth to herself. We already know how sheep approach life.

And so, we see a desperate accumulation of little people on patches of land everywhere without a real exit to more real space. They swarm around each other, looking into each other's gaze. Those who have staked out a patch, peer self-indulgent into the world. Owning a plot of land seems to do something to a person.

Owners then exhibit a lurking irritation towards each other, but perhaps one day the liberating moment will come: alright then, you may go, back to vastness and open plains. And then they would scatter.

Some would dance even wilder, waving their arms enthusiastically to signal that they do not want to be overlooked by the wild animals. Still restless, with eyes that keep getting moist. Just a moment to breathe and stretch their legs and arms...

I feel sad for these humans.

According to Jane, the sheep, humans often aren't really 'away in the wild', holding their screen-tapping device in hand, trying to exhale and find peace for the umpteenth time, giving up again until, a bit later, with an unexpected amount, they come back together, thinking that the collective misery of many must lead to a unique outcome when added up.

We dogs sense the nostalgic hope in humans to escape the considerations that come with this.

In this hope, there is something that humans seek here, a connection with Jane the sheep, with Ali the ram, and with us, who have of course, long understood.

Yours contemplatively,

Nexus

A human as a pet

By Nexus Dog on Tuesday, December 26, 2023



Dear reader,

The little dog that had decided to take a human as a pet was named Maxime. The creature was small and black, with wild, curly hair and a somewhat ridiculous mustache.

Maxime always lay lurking, panting with half-formed thoughts, while keeping a close eye on his owner as if she could leave at any moment. Maxime wagged his tail only when there was a valid reason; a reason always connected to his human. In addition, Maxime bit at anything and anyone who so much as glanced at his owner. He would bite calves, ankles, hands, or anything he thought he could chew on. Due to this last habit, he had to wear a muzzle when he was with us, so he couldn't nibble on anyone, and for that reason, he was generally in a bad mood. For Maxime, everyone – except his owner – could go to hell.

"That beast has taken its human as a pet," Titus remarked sarcastically.

In this state of constant vigilance, Maxime rarely slept. He seemed not to aspire to a social life, not to know the past or future, only the here and now with his owner, who seemed somewhat embarrassed by the situation.

Their relationship was not entirely constructive, according to the young people of that day. Despite all the firm clarity and decisiveness they displayed to distract the creature, Maxime continued to growl at anyone trying to divert his attention from guarding his owner.

The owner herself continued to gaze adoringly at the little creature, confirming the suspicion that she had indeed become her pet. Somehow, this creature disrupted our carefully built pack habits.

When the little dog was finally encouraged to try our Christmas-agility parcours , he grunted in frustration, his eyes wide open, desperately yearning for his owner.

"Ma'am, maybe it's time to cut the umbilical cord." One of the young people spoke these words rather suddenly and loudly. The owner turned red, then white, and fell silent, trying to escape to the corners of a losing life, where nothing happened except vigilance and half-formed thoughts.

The chance of something tender developing between the young people and this creature was quite small. The umbilical cord would likely hinder the development of that. A good pet, this human. She was now feeding the creature that stared blankly at her.

I saw my human wondering if she could find some opening for negotiation. She asked one of the young people to give Maxime a cookie, which he accepted in a moment of inattentiveness.

Maxime now chewed loudly on the Christmas cookie. Something tender after all? But well, the atmosphere of unreality persisted.

Your winter dog

Nexus