Let 'Em Grind

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This is a story about the interesting events that occurr during a family gathering in Uncle Johns new house. This story is told through the eyes Tania, Uncle Johns niece.

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I have a little story to tell, this is very deep and serious stuff so pay attention. This is a story about my Uncle's dog named Jet. Jet had a hobby, a very interesting and very annoying hobby. Jet liked to hump legs. Yes I said it; he liked to HUMP legs. Jet would hump any and every leg he saw and pump his tiny little manhood against it. Now this type of behavior never agrees with me, or my brother, in fact my older brother got this treatment more often than I did. And I was OK with that, as long as he stayed away from my leg I was fine. My name is Tania, by the way and I'm fifteen, now sit back an enjoy this funny little story about an interesting little black dog named Jet.

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It was a beautiful sunny summer afternoon, me and my brother and mother all went to my Uncle Johns house for a little family barbecue . It was a little family tradition my Uncle John started when he moved into his new house. We all loved my Uncle Johns barbecued chicken, hotdogs, and hamburgers, they were oh so yummy. â Where's that lil rat of yours, John?â My Aunt Del asked as she stuffed a hotdog into her mouth. Jet was not literally the size of a rat, he was about 3 inches below the knee, but my aunt Del was just being her usual â honestâ self. â He's in the basement, Del.â said Uncle John, flipping one his delicious grilled burgers. â And it's called a poodle.â added Aunt Lin studiously. â I know it's poodle, Lin!â Shouted Aunt Del. She doesn't like it when her sister treats her like a half-wit.â I don't care what it is neither, queer lil thing is always grindin' on folk.â â I hear it's a stress reliever. â My mother said, trying to slip into the conversation. She's not the type to sit quietly during interesting topics. Like, for example: â Why dogs hump legsâ , she just couldn't pass it up the opportunity. â That ain't no stress reliever, Tish, that there is a freaky dog with the sexual appetite of a 25 year old bachelor!â shouted Aunt Del. My Grandma Lucy choked on her burger and beat her chest to get it down. My brother and I doubled over and laughed like a couple of tickled children. â My Lord, Del , we're eating!â yelled Grandma Lucy.â Don't no body want to hear about no dogs sexual appetite! It's a dog for crying out loud!â Aunt Del apologized to everyone for her outburst and quietly ate her chicken while me and my brother tried to calm down, but of course we still snickered a little. The time passed and we all had finished eating. Sunset wasn't far off and my Grandma was about ready to leave, it was getting close to bedtime, 6:30 pm can be a little pushy for her. â Lin, can you be a dear and fetch me my coat?â Grandma requested.â I'm about ready to go, I'm getting sleepy and I don't want to be anywhere near that dog when John lets him out.â â The dog does have feelings, mom.â said Uncle John as he washed the dishes. â Sure, momma, I'll get it for you,â answered Aunt Lin, â And John, it's a dog. Momma has every right not to want to be here when you let him out, he has no self control.â â He's only three,â pleaded Uncle John,â he'll learn when he's ready.â â It better be soon...â muttered Aunt Del getting the broom to sweep the floor. â Oh there's no need for the broom, Del, Jet will lick that right up.â said Uncle John proudly. I swear we all heard the â Jawsâ theme song (well except Uncle John) as we watched him walk over to the basement door to let Jet come up and help clean. We all knew he wasn't going to clean anything. Uncle John opened the door and Jet came rushing past him, slipping as he rounded the corner into the kitchen. Towards Aunt Lin. We heard a her shriek and the 'BOOM, BOOM' of something like stomping. 'She wasn't really going to stomp the poor dog was she?' I thought. â Lin!â yelled Uncle John as he ran into the kitchen to stop his crazy sister from killing his companion. My brother and I rushed in after him and found Jet grinding on Aunt Lin's leg. Aunt Lin was just standing there shaking, (probably afraid the dog was going transfer some non existing disease through her leg) and , quite hilariously, crying. Seriously this was a small dog that didn't even bark at her, she was acting as if she was being assaulted! â Jet , down!â commanded Uncle John. Jet just humped away as if he hadn't heard a thing. Uncle John yanked Jet from his play thing and placed him a safe distance away from Aunt Lin. â He did me!â shouted Aunt Lin.â He stuck it to me like a dog in heat!â While Aunt Lin shouted hysterically (and unnecessarily) Jet roamed around sniffing out his next victim. He went

for my mother, who jumped onto the couch with her knees close to her chest. He moved on and spotted Chase (my brother) who didn't notice the dog eying him from across the room. Jet, to my surprise, played it cool and trotted over as if he really was going to do his duty as the vacuum cleaner. Chase was at the kitchen island eating his fifth hotdog (how is he STILL the skinny one?!) not noticing Jet advancing upon him. I was really curious to see how this was going to play out. Jet sneaked up behind Chase and 'Snap!' He clung to him with all of his might and humped like there was no tomorrow. Chase screamed like a little girl (literally) and tried to shake the dog off, not succeeding at all. I doubled over laughing so hard I couldn't breathe! I've never heard Chase scream like that, not even when he was little. And he screamed because a little dog was â playingâ with him, that is what made me laugh so hard. â Jet!â exclaimed Uncle John. â Alright back to the basement, boy.â He attempted to pry Jet off my brother and surprisingly failed. â Get it off! Get it off! Get it off!â cried Chase. And he literally cried. I was on the floor laughing up a storm while my mother stared in horror at was happening to her son. Grandma Lucy was asleep on the couch, and Aunt Del was in the pantry, apparently she went in there to â count the cansâ and she had no idea John was going to let the dog out. When Uncle John finally got the dog off of my brother he tossed the dog lightly through the door to the basement and quickly shut the door before Jet could run back up, like he was closing the door before the monster could get him. â So!â He said enthusiastically.â Who wants pie?â Grandma Lucy snapped up and asked sharply,â What kind of pie?â Everyone, except Grandma, cracked up laughing.

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