

# The Dog on the Roof

A man and his wife didn't have any children, but they had a Labrador retriever that they loved and adored just like a child.

For months, the man's wife had been planning a trip to go overseas. The plan was that she would go to New York first, then fly to London. From London, she would go to various other cities.

When she got to New York, she called home and asked, "How are things?"

The husband's reply was shocking: "The dog's dead."

"What?" she exclaimed. "Why would you just come out and say it like that? This is devastating news to me. I mean, couldn't you have done that a little bit differently? I'm miles from home and you tell me the dog's dead. That's like telling me our child died."



"I don't know what else to say," the husband said. "I mean, he's dead."

"Well, you could have given it to me in stages," the wife replied.

"What do you mean?" said the husband.

"Well, for instance, when I first called to check in, you could have told me, 'The dog's on the roof.' Then when I called from London, you could have said, 'The dog has fallen off the roof.' And when I called you from Paris, you could have said, 'The dog had to be taken to the Vet and he's in the animal hospital and he's not doing well.' And then when I finally arrived in Rome and called, you could have said, 'Honey, sit down and brace yourself. Our darling Labrador retriever has passed away.'

"You could have done it like that," the wife added, "and then I would have taken it better. Then I could have handled it."

"I'm sorry," apologized the husband. "I'll try to do better in the future."

"Well, OK," the wife said. "I just wanted to clear that one up. You know, get it off my chest. Anyway, how's my mother?"

"She's on the roof."

That story ought to be worth a chuckle or two.

Any other conclusions you may reach about communications between husbands and wives are up to you; I'm not getting in the middle of that.