



Sept, 20, 2017

I try to stay in style as much as the next guy. Fashion, it's like, you know, my *life*.

It's after Labor Day so obviously white is out until next summer. Like everyone else, I follow indispensable fashion blogs ...My Daily Style, Ellen Claesson and Hippie Hippie Milkshake.

So of course I know that playful pastels are the new palette for the coming season. Must-have accessories are essential. You can't go wrong with cat eye sunglasses, low block-heeled sandals or a rose gold-toned stainless steel watch. And oversized men's blazers are in big this year. Boots, too.

But I have to wonder, as someone in the wolfhound lifestyle, what fashions this fall will tell the world I'm confident, aware and trendy? I ask this because I just found a wad of cheese *fused* inside the back pocket of my jeans...

Oona and I were walking down the sidewalk the other day past a row of cars stopped at the light and a guy held out a dollar out the to wash his windshield. C'mon, in my ratty T-shirt and spattered jeans, did I *look* homeless? Okay, apparently, but how many homeless people walk their wolfhounds? Details, people, they're *important*.

Admittedly, once you've had a wolfhound or two, you dress for survival, not the haute couture. Issues like color coordination, combing your hair or wearing two shoes that are vaguely alike, these fall clean away. Something one-piece in Kevlar would be sensible, but that's pricey. And our disposable income has gone to the dogs.

Now and then you'll see fashion ads with a 90-pound model in a Christian Dior wobbling on crazy heels, leashed to a couple of Irish wolfhounds. You know she's one squirrel away from a fashion disaster. One stray cat and she'll beat the production crew back to Paris.

What were these ads trying to convey? I'm terrifically carefree and chic

and I have a crazy big dog? Most wolfhound people know it says, "Hi, I don't know it but I'm about to fly like Mary Poppins. And then be dragged chin first through every briar patch from here to Toledo."

I just hope to go out with a jacket that has pockets. They all *had* pockets when I bought them. But Oona ripped them all off bobbing for cheese. Or anything else interesting down there in the bottom. I learned to pivot to save my jacket but then we got her nephew, Oisin. Now I swivel and —why there he is, long snout and a can-do attitude. Oona has trained him well. I spin like a top but I just won't escape two giant hounds bred to drop wolves.

Why do I *have* cheese in my pockets? To negotiate. Yes, it's a Catch-22 situation.

I avoid pastels altogether. I go with something dark. It hides the blood better. And there *will* be blood... Luckily, the hot new color this fall is red. Or it's toney cousin, burgundy. If the in-crowd ever discovers bruises and band-aids, I'll be a sensation.

But, let's talk shoes. The fashion conscious cannot have too many shoes. Because the dogs eat them. But usually only one. So I buy all my shoes alike — black cross trainers. They're made for speed and balance, they shed water (or other liquids) reasonably well and they have a nice tread for grip, but not too deep. This is critical when I scrape dog poop off my soles. Practical, very practical...

So I ask all of you, what else is my ensemble missing? Besides metal plating and springs on my bottom for a quick bounce-back when I get knocked down? Suggestions...?