



June 30, 2018

Dear Oona:

It's started again! Every night now there are crazy loud booming sounds outside out house. Sometimes the walls shake and the windows light up. It's not raining or storming outside. Oona, what ARE all those evil noises?

Frazzled Fran

Dear Fran,

Beats me. I don't understand them, either. I'd LIKE to think people are celebrating my birf day, which is July 4. But nobody brings me cake. Nobody comes to wish me a happy birf day. There's no ice cream. I'm just sitting here on the couch with my nephew Oisin idly chewing on my ear like he often does. I can see people out the window lighting matches and sticking them on the end of little tubes stuck in the ground. I see the fizzing and the sparks. The things lights up, flies in the air and goes BOOM. But nobody says, "Happy Birf Day, Oona!" So I'm stumped.

Dad tells me humans are celebrating the birf of Americuh by blowing things up. I said he was crazy. I don't know what "Americuh" is and, anyway, if they're happy, why isn't there ice

cream? He said they also celebrate the birf of Americuh with ice cream and hot dogs. I said of course there are hot dogs. It's summer time. And people are blowing stuff up. And where's my ice cream?? It's nearly my birf day. And what is *with* all those big booming things in the sky???

Personally I think they're just trying to ward off evil spirits and are afraid to tell us. *That* would nearly make sense. But no. Dad insists it's like a birf day party for Americuh. I told him Americuh needs to find some other way to party because she's scaring the bejebers out of a whole lot of dogs. Night after night of big bangy things in the air and then one *big* night of it. On *my* birf day. I told Dad Americuh needs to go party quietly some place else and another day. I reminded him I still had no ice cream. He seemed to be having trouble staying on topic.

Fran, my advice is that you stay inside when all those crazy big bangs are booming. Maybe your humans will stay inside with you and watch *The Sound of Music* with the volume turned way up and the curtains closed tight. You could do like Sully does. He's one of the dogs in our house. When the big bangy things start up he climbs under the bed and stays there until it all blows over. And it will. The humans will run out of big bangy things and stop this nonsense eventually.

Then maybe somebody will bring me my ice cream.

Love, Oona