

KING:

When my master Billy and I were young, we were inseparable. He'd say "c'mon King," and we'd tear through the neighborhood, wrestling in the mud and getting covered with dirt. Then we'd head on home. First up – I'd shove his dirty little butt in the bath, then shake the towel and dry him off. Next, I'd help him with his homework – the math was hard. Then he'd put on his Roy Rogers cowboy pajamas and we'd watch our favorite show. Billy liked watching because he had freckles and blond hair just like the kid who starred in it – but I liked it for altogether different reasons.