
THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN MY CHEATING EX-BOYFRIEND &
MY ROOMMATE'S CHIHUAHUA

[489 words]

Just as I began missing someone who aimlessly follows me around, whines about wanting to sniff my panties, and who can't eat onions, I look back and see the bug eyes of my roommate's chihuahua. This makes me wonder, whether not having my ex-boyfriend around, even really changed that much for me.

They're eerily similar. They both can't make decisions, they both don't photograph well. They both don't like fries unless their mine. I'm sure if they were both literate, they would both text other women. Walks in the park with them proved to me that if given the choice, they both certainly prefer *looking* at other women.

Both are equally 100% Mexican. Both are born and raised in Indiana, too. Both look at you with nothing behind the eyes if spoken to in Spanish.

They have both torn their ACLs, although of course Pepperoni doesn't blame *his* failed soccer career on the injury. Pepperoni blames it on the lack of professional management.

They've achieved a similar number of things in their lives, too. Despite Antonio studying for three years now, he is still as much of an accountant as Pepperoni is. And they would both have many children they never see if Pepperoni wasn't neutered. They both spend Christmas staring directly into the fireplace and trying extra hard to not leave pee on the floor in the bathroom. Antonio managed to keep it in the bowl most of the time. But he never looked quite as guilty as the dog did when caught.

Although, that's not the only aspect that Antonio is below Pepperoni.

I don't have to be embarrassed about being hairier than my roommate's Chihuahua. Pepperoni is 11 and balding, so it's hardly my fault. I don't have to beg Pepperoni to brush his teeth; I just do it for him.

When I confronted Antonio about cheating, he told me that he was innocent, that it didn't happen, and that I was crazy. He told me he didn't do anything wrong, and didn't deserve to be sent to the doghouse.

You know what Pepperoni said when I told him about Antonio cheating? He said, 'That's completely unreasonable of him Sarah, you deserve so much better than a manipulative Libra, woof'.

Antonio had good things over Pepperoni too, of course. He could catch a frisbee way faster. He could gnaw on a bone slightly quieter. He could digest dairy. He didn't very often, but in theory he could. He certainly intimidated the mailman more than the 14lbs Chihuahua does.

But for the most part, they're similar. At first, it was nice to have them in bed because they radiate heat, but quickly I realise just how long their nails are. I technically love them, but kisses are still kind of gross. And most importantly, they're both cute, but it's a shame they both prefer my roommate.