

# WHERE IS THE SUSHI?!

By Aura Ta'var

35 ABY

---

Dogelander, order of the Shibe and devout follower of the Doge Bird of Shibe, looked out among the assembled crowd of hoomans and took a deep breath. The Dark Council had come, despite all the naysayers, to hear her plea on behalf of all the denizens of the Brotherhood. There was an epidemic happening right now and no one seemed to care. They were lost in their daily troubles that mounted as war drums beat on the horizon and had forgotten what was truly important in life. It was for this reason that the order of the Shibe had created a special device that allowed those pesky co-dependent hoomans to finally hear her words. The shiba panted anxiously but nevertheless took a deep breath and barked.

“Hoomans of the Dark Council, thank you for taking the time to hear my plea, one I make on behalf of the order of the Shibe. An urgent matter has come to our attention and we require your assistance.”

One of the Councillors scoffed.

“Don't act like the order of the Cat. We aren't here to see who the hecking good boy is, even though freedom of information is a thing in all the neighboring sectors. And no! We aren't here because we finally found the stick you lazy hoomans threw yesterday and wouldn't pick the heck back up!”

The rest of the Councillors looked up, one of which looked more content than the others. The Doge Bird of Shibe had reached out to that one. She had been told the one with the blue eyes could be an ally. Her tail nervously swished back and forth. Doge kind was relying on her.

“It has come to our attention that sushi of all kinds has been disappearing from doggo bowls across our entire sector. For days upon days we feasted on such treats in our quest to be a good boy, passing down what we had learned to our pups so they too could survive. But now it is gone. The fabric of the very universe is threatening to unravel already.

Shibes everyone are dying of sushi withdrawals. You want to know why we won't go for a walk and just lay there? Or why we growl whenever you try to pet us? It is because sushi fuels our bodies and minds. Our legs have no more kark's to give. Our minds wage war on itself as our primitive wolf ancestors assert their dominance and tell us that we are independent Shibes that don't need no hooman! Our young resort to buying some wow from shady shibe dealers, but it's never enough!

As we sleep in your windowsill next to the Cats and bork at people while you sleep, know we ignore you because you have broken the sacred covenant between Shibe and Hooman-like creatures! Sushi and wow for best frends when we feel like it and our consent to be put in adorable outfits for your dank memes,” Dogelander growled.

I think there's something fishy about the lack of sushi and think you can fix it. Frennds, bring back the sushi so that we may brighten your days moving forward. We're hecking good boys and girls and we would like to surprise cuddle you later today. Are we expected to just roll over and accept this treatment? As evidence I present to you our journal of the plight and torture of the Shibes. We appreciate help from the Cats in showing us this healthy medium. Please consider our plea and bring back the sushi. **BRING BACK THE SUSHI! BRING BACK THE SUSHI!**” Her fellow Shibes borked their demands in unison.

After the Councillors finally gained moment of silence after many attempts to shush the Shibes, the head hooman finally spoke up.

“So are you saying that you are dying because we haven't given you sushi today yet? We gave you a whole bowl yesterday. We don't have any today. You'll have to wait till tomorrow.”

“Fine. We will take matters into our own paws then. The Cats were right about you. **INITIATE SHIBA SCREAM!**” she borked. The Hoomans didn't know it was being sent to all Shibes, but they would find out soon enough.