

"Yo, Dog"

Written by Karen Woodward

[Karen Woodward can also be read at Industry Nexus.](#)



"Happy Thanksgiving, Dog."

Those are the words of the best friend of my new downstairs neighbor. I have no idea what this guy's name is, but I'm very familiar with this voice, because I hear it all the time, day or night.

I have a new downstairs neighbor that I'll call Matt Jeffries, because that's pretty close to what his name actually is, but I don't want to get sued. When I first moved into this building, my downstairs neighbor was a woman named Joan Jeffries, who I occasionally heard leaving early in the morning, but I only ever saw her once or twice. I assumed she traveled a lot, or was a vampire, or a member of the CIA.

About two months ago I heard the voices of 20-somethings outside my front window. You know what I'm talking about – that pitchy arrogance of douchebags. Male or female, it's the same voice. "Dude, Dog, Bro" of the male species, "Hey! Oh my god! I can't believe you did that!" or the female variety. I glanced out and saw a couple of bimbettes and a Channing Tatem-type guy hanging outside the abode below. Now, I never actually met Joan, but I instinctively knew these weren't her friends. This was trouble.

The following weeks were filled with the sound of these voices, the smell of smoke and stale beer that filtered up to my living room, the vibrations of silly giggles and post teen hormones. It walked that fine line between amusing and intolerable.

The first time I thought "Matt Jeffries has to die" was when one of his bimbettes was having a hard time figuring out where he lived. It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was calmly, adult-ly, having lunch and reading when I heard a screeching, "MATT JEFFRIES?" which I ignored.

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"MAAATT JEFFRIES!!???" I ignored. I mean, she wasn't talking to me.

Suddenly, the sound of metal clacking. This nutcase was entering my staircase! I opened my door, face to face with the enemy. "Can I help you?" I asked.

"Oh my god," the biscuit wailed. "I'm trying to find 646!"

"Well, this is 646 ½, as the numbers here clearly indicate. Try downstairs."

She didn't. She simply jumped into her SUV and drove away. I swear she was in tears. Probably terrified of the girl - er, woman - in 646 ½. I chuckled and adjusted my pointy hat.

I finally met Matt Jeffries when I was returning home from somewhere adultlike and came across Channing Tatum (he of the "Happy Thanksgiving, Dog") in the front yard. "Are you Matt Jeffries?" I asked.

He leaned inside, "Yo Matt! Yo Dog!"

And Matt Jeffries appeared. A nice looking guy, but multiple-bimbette worthy? Hardly. I introduced myself and turned the charm up to 10+. Channing did the same and Matt Jeffries had a hard time keeping up. Clearly the bunnies were there for Channing. Anyway, point being that we were all very civilized and friendly.

Until.

2am on a Wednesday morning. Pounding on the downstairs door. "YO MATT! YO DOG! LET US IN!" This continued for several more call outs and an attempt to pry the screens off the windows. "MAAAAATTT!! WE'RE OUTSIDE!" Yeah, no shit, but enough of this. I slam my window open.

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"Will you fucking quit it?"

"Sorry, but we can't get in and we're staying with Matt."

"Too bad, call the Holiday Inn."

"Yeah but..."

"No yeah-but. If you're trying to get Matt Jeffries kicked out of this building, you're doing a great job." Slam window.

The next day, my doorbell rings. Not another honey. Oh my god, I'm starting to talk like them. I open the door. Matt Jeffries.

"I'm so sorry," he says. "I didn't know they were coming over. I'm so embarrassed." He then proceeded to invite me downstairs "anytime" for a beer.

"This isn't the fucking dorm," is what I wanted to say. But shit, the kid's here apologizing, saying he's embarrassed and olive branching with a beer invite? I guess I could try and let this pass. Maybe. We'll call it a strike one, and see what happens.

So Matt Jeffries is unofficially on probation, and he's actually been okay until the Thanksgiving "Hey, Dog!" nonsense. Don't these guys have families? Don't they take a day off?