



Arf!

December 18, 2008 By [David Weiss](#)

Okay, I admit it: I haven't been blogging much lately. Why? I've gone to the dogs! I was never much of a dog person, but I suddenly find myself surrounded by them. Twelve, to be exact. Four of them are grown, three others are six months old, and five of them are four week old puppies. None of them has HIV (or CIV, if there is such a thing).

Twelve dogs. Forty-eight legs. Fifty two if you include mine and Eva's. Twelve dogs might seem excessive, but here on Boracay Island (in the Philippines) living with a pack of dogs seems to be quite common. I won't bore you with a long discourse on the merits of dog ownership, but watching the puppies grow has been almost as good for my immune system as the meds we all depend on, and I'd wager that my T-cells are WAY up there now. Highly recommended!

So is this the end of 'Wishihadacat'? Has the world's longest-living hetero HIV&HCV survivor really gone over to the dark side? We'll see.

On a (slightly) more serious note, the warm climate here has done wonders for my 58 year old body. The dry skin that used to plague me during the New York winters is no longer an issue, and the neuropathy in my feet (courtesy of DDI) has all but disappeared.

While much of my present good health is undoubtedly due to the climate here, the most significant change in my life has been Eva, my poz GF. We've now been together since August, and suffice it to say that having a partner who does not fear my HIV has been the best thing that has happened to me in years. Not all of us are that fortunate, but I am grateful that she is now in my life. As much as I did like life in the Big Apple, I like it here more.

To be sure, life abroad isn't all mangos and monkey business. Like all of us with HIV, I am tethered to my meds, and it's a rare day that I don't have some concern about my future. But call it faith or good fortune, I know that I'll keep on keeping on.

Now if only those %*&\$#@! dogs would stop eating my flip-flops...