

A Visit From Puppy

My writing pad is empty this morning. Just how shall I correct that? Somehow an almost undetected shadow passed my kitchen window. Was it an illusion or something real? The morning is cold and snowy but I just had to look into that shadow.

This heavy wooden door of this old farmhouse was swung open. Now I had a good view of the back porch. Guess who was sitting there waiting for me. Now, when you are no longer young and live alone such a happening is really important. I'll tell you who was there. It was my friend "puppy", the little beagle hound. She is young in a pleasing combination of brown, black and white. Her world is in the barn where it is warm, but it is also with her nose to the ground for she is a born rabbit hound. Puppy often stops to see me even outside. I do not feed her because her owner does that very well.

Then one wonders why she so often seeks me out. Her greeting from me is a pat on the head and a kind word. We have a little talk as far as a human being and a special hound dog can do that. It is time for puppy to return to her world and me to mine. It is almost as if she understands me when I say: "Go chase a bunny." Now, from someone who would not injure the bunny I wish both puppy and bunny long life and happy chases.

Thanks puppy for helping brighten my day.

Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, December 2, 2014.