

(THE LOSS OF TWO PALS)

(REWRITE) Now 9/15/99 Wed. At 9:36 a.m.

On 9/4/99 Sat. at about 4:45 p.m. I opened up my front door an noticed
my landlord walking towards his truck. I asked him

what was going on, an he said Babe (His Brittney Bird Dog) had

wandered off, an Jake his other bird dog went after her. He said he

had been on the phone for awhile. He had no idea those to would
leave the yard. After all they had been trained not to by the use of low power
shock collars. And only once or twice in the 4 years i've lived her did Babe
go pass that point in the driveway. But never Jake.

As my landlord left I walked out to the open field that faces west
towards hwy 99. I called there names a few times, but didn't see or hear
them. My landlady came out an also called, but nothing. (THESE DOGS
WERE TRAINED NOT TO BARK, AND THEY DIDN'T) If either of us
thought like bird dogs instead of human beings. We would know that these
dogs don't run in a straight line. They sniff the ground an go back an fourth.

My landlady said it was the opening of Dove Season. An being Bird
Dogs, they thought her husband had gone hunting without them. And he
needed them to retrieve the birds.

The lady across the street, said she shoed them back into our backyard
around 2:45 p.m.. I went an got my Bi-knock-ca-lors an took off to help him
look. We now only had 2 an a half hours before it got dark.

I drove up an down Garner Lane an all short roads to either side of it,
but nothing. I went north to keefer Rd., west to 99, south to Wilson Landing
Road. Stopping 3 times to look across and around that opened freshly cut
hay field. But never spotted them. (It never dawned on me to go west on
Wilson Landing Rd. I wished I had now.) When it got dark we had to give
up.

End of 1st page.

Copywrite Sept. 1999

(2)

On 9/5/99 Sun, I left at 5:30 a.m the first time an drove over to Hicks Lane which is east of here. I drove north to Keefer Rd.. Then west to Garner Lane an back home. At 6:45 a.m. my landlord said he was going to go look on the westside of 99. I asked him if he wanted to take my 2 meter hand held just in case he found them an he could let me know. But he said NO.

About 5 minutes later I took off again. As I turned to go south on Garner Lane, my landlord flagged me down. He was a little shakey, so I knew something was not right. He pointed over towards 99 an said he found them both dead. And somebody had taken there collars an dog tags. I said are'nt you going to bring them home an bury them in the backyard. And he said NO, and don't you either. As he drove off I pulled into the cull -tee - sack across the street an balded my bloody head off.

I don't know how long I was there, but as I was drying my eye's I saw him driving south on Garner Lane. I guess he was going to Church early. I knew what I was going to do. I went home an got a shovel and a couple of large garbage bags. I drove over there an found them just north of the storage bins on the west side of the highway. Babe was really messed up. But Jake didn't have a mark on him. I've always had a weak stomach for stuff like this. But for some reason or other I kept my emotions in check. I put one in each bag an then put them in my trunk.

I drove north on 99 about 25 miles out onto the wide Vina Plains, where the western Elk use to roam. I went to a friends ranch in an unnamed area, an asked if i could have a spot of ground under a cottonwood tree to bury these once loveable dogs. He said anyplace you want it's yours. He said you can use my backhoe if you like.

So I put the dogs in the bucket  then drove down into this rocky

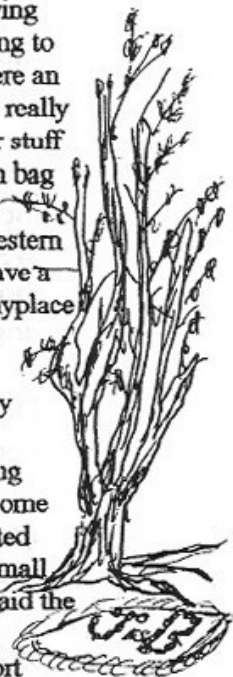
creek bed an worked my way east until I found a large stately Cottonwood Tree. I dug a nice deep hole, then placed them in it facing each other. I put some earth an then some dry branches, an more earth an dry branches, an finished it off with sandy dirt. I patted down the earth pretty good with the bucket. Then went an gathered up a bunch of small lava rocks. I placed them on top of the mound in the shape of an (J) and a (B). I said the LORDS PRAYER and a few words of my own.

I cryed all the way back up to the barn. Put the tractor away, an visited for a short time, an then drove home. My landlord was not here, but my landlady was. And I told her what I had done. She said thanks for doing that for my husband. Because he was unable to do it. I said I didn't do it for him. I did it for the dogs, because they had done nothing wrong but love him unconditionally, an didn't deserve to be left out there to be run over again.

Even tho they were not my dogs, I still loved them as if they were. I had taken care of them when my landlords were off to points unknown the past 4 years since i've been here. I don't know how either one of my landlords really feel about the loss of there dogs. Because they have choosen not to talk to me about it.

End of 2nd page.

Copywrite Sept. 1999



And they never once asked me how I was doing. So I assumed they did not care how I felt since i'm not family. Well I had a very rough time for a whole 6 days. I had no sleep at all from 5:30 a.m. Sunday to 7 a.m. Friday morning. Everytime I tryed to close my eye's I kept seeing those two once prized Bird dogs running towards 99, and I could'nt stop them from getting run over. And i'd pop up in a cold sweat. Finally at 8 a.m. Friday morning I took 6 Somenix sleeping pills. And I never saw 8:15. But I was only able to sleep till 3 p.m. that afternoon. It was better than nothing.

I don't know about my Landlords, but I for one am going to miss there perky little faces as they waited to be let out of the back fenced in yard to go dashing off behind my apartment looking for those snakes an lizards in the wood pile an garden area. I'll miss them waiting patiently at my front door, for me to give them there morning treat of milkbone biscuits that i had spoiled them with. I'll miss seeing them dash over to my landlords truck for there morning ride into town an others places he took them.



I'll miss seeing them pick the ripe tomato's off the plants an take them over to the grassey area an eat them all. I'll miss them cracking an eating the english walnuts each fall. I'll miss watching them chase each other around the yard. And Mostly I'll miss stratching there little tummy's as they fall asleep on the grass.

My landlord did not waste much time before getting another Brittney Bird Dog. And he named him Corky. I'll try not to get so close to this one. Then if anything happens to him I will not get so emotional about it.

This is the end of this short story. Writen an Typed By Alan W. Padgett



One

Finger Style Typing.

Copywrite Sept. 1999