

Found Dog

Pam Fisher

The dog lapped the water, its frantic slurping in contrast with the river’s slow, swirling flow. It had walked many miles in the August heat from where its owner had let it out of the car and then driven away never to return. At first the dog sat, ears pricked and tail thumping, and waited for its owner. But, as the sun rose higher in the sky and the temperature climbed, the dog started off in the direction where its owner had gone, looking for him or at least some shady spot to rest.

The dog continued drinking, unaware of the mother and son coming nearer as they walked along the greenway path. “Look, Mommy! Look at the doggy by the river!”

The dog lifted its head and turned towards the boy. The child’s voice brought back memories of playing with its owner’s niece when she occasionally visited. The dog had loved playing with that girl.

The dog took a few steps towards the boy. “Mommy! I think the doggy is going to come and see us!” The dog wagged its tail when the boy spoke again. Its canine senses told it that this boy was kind and would be a fun playmate. The dog liked playing. The dog trotted up to the child and his mother, and the boy patted and petted it.

“Can we take him home Mommy?”

“Oh, honey. It probably belongs to someone else.”

The boy’s mother looked around the greenway area. It was a very hot day, and no one else was about. At this late point in the summer most people had had their fill of ninety degree, sunny afternoons and elected to spend their time in air-conditioned interiors. The mother bent down to look for dog tags, but found neither tags nor collar.

“Please, Mommy, can we keep him?”

“We’ll see, honey. Let’s walk to our car and see if it comes with us.”

Come. The dog knew that word and what it meant and so followed the boy and his mother to their vehicle. And when they opened the car door, the dog jumped in without any coaxing. It turned around three times and then settled in the back seat, head on its paws.

The boy named the dog “River” and delighted in playing with him every day. His parents advertised for the dog’s owner on Facebook and in the newspaper. When after several weeks, no one came forward to claim the dog, they decided they could keep him.

“River, you get to stay!”

Found Dog

Pam Fisher

A—The dog lapped the water, its frantic slurping in contrast with the river’s slow, swirling flow.

B—It had walked many miles in the August heat from where its owner had let it out of the car and then driven away never to return. At first the dog sat, ears pricked and tail thumping, and waited for its owner. But, as the sun rose higher in the sky and the temperature climbed, the dog started off in the direction where its owner had gone, looking for him or at least some shady spot to rest.

C—The dog continued drinking, unaware of the mother and son coming nearer as they walked along the greenway path.

D—“Look, Mommy! Look at the doggy by the river!”

A—The dog lifted its head and turned towards the boy.

B—The child’s voice brought back memories of playing with its owner’s niece when she occasionally visited. The dog had loved playing with that girl.

C—The dog took a few steps towards the boy.

D—“Mommy! I think the doggy is going to come and see us!”

(continues)

A—The dog wagged its tail when the boy spoke again.

B—Its canine senses told it that this boy was kind and would be a fun playmate. The dog liked playing.

C—The dog trotted up to the child and his mother, and the boy patted and petted it.

D—“Can we take him home Mommy?”

“Oh, honey. It probably belongs to someone else.”

A—The boy’s mother looked around the greenway area.

B—It was a very hot day, and no one else was about. At this late point in the summer most people had had their fill of ninety degree, sunny afternoons and elected to spend their time in air-conditioned interiors.

C—The mother bent down to look for dog tags, but found neither tags nor collar.

D—“Please, Mommy, can we keep him?”

“We’ll see, honey. Let’s walk to our car and see if it comes with us.”

E—Come. The dog knew that word and what it meant and so followed the boy and his mother to their vehicle. When they opened the car door, the dog jumped in without any coaxing. It turned around three times and then settled in the back seat, head on its paws.

The boy named the dog “River” and delighted in playing with him every day. His parents advertised for the dog’s owner on Facebook and in the newspaper. When after several weeks, no one came forward to claim the dog, they decided they could keep him.

“River, you get to stay!”