

ANIMAL SAVIORS

Bullet *By Aynne Ingram*

They say that it's a dog eat dog world. They lie. The truth is it's a dog eat favorite shoes, leather couch, cashmere sweater, bury your Rolex watch in the backyard, and then projectile vomits his way around the house world. The industrious dog in question? Bullet. My baby. The busy boy who has been zipping his way around my heart and hearth at dizzying speed since the day I met him. Who might have guessed two and a half years ago that I would have so much entertainment to look forward to? The provocative horticultural gifts? The inspirational archeological dig? The castrato pulmonary capacity? This is his genius. Surely it is no wonder that just one look from those laughing brown eyes reduces me to Silly Putty in his paws. Even the cat adores him. Yet it was not always so.

Sadly, his beginning was not quite so enviable as his present.

For two walks Meatloaf the Pitbull tried to save him. Kim, Meat-

built on trust, and so on the third walk early one Friday "trash day" morning, Kim relented as Meatloaf steered her toward the Glen Green

and dehydrated half-dead puppy sheathed in a Gelson's plastic bag and stuffed in a garbage can.

As luck would have it, I live adjacent to that alley, and after a brief stint at Julie and Larry's across the street, that tiny frightened little pup of unknown pedigree came to live with me, and it was just like winning the canine lottery.

Bullet has long since made up for

there other pups abandoned elsewhere? How many dogs have just one pup in their litter? Not many, I'm sure. And who does these things? Are the cruel compelled by evil? Boredom? Anger? Just plain laziness? Is it dullness or meanness, or God's mistake that allows one to pay such little attention to life? I can't begin to guess. I do know that I am delighted by my enterprising pup with his mischievous smile and



Above: Bullet approximately 6 months old.

Right: Bullet approximately 5 weeks old.



loaf's person, was having none of it. Each time Meatloaf veered toward the alleyway garbage cans she pulled him back, "I don't know what you think you're doing, buddy. Trust me there is nothing in those trash cans for you..." But all good relationships are

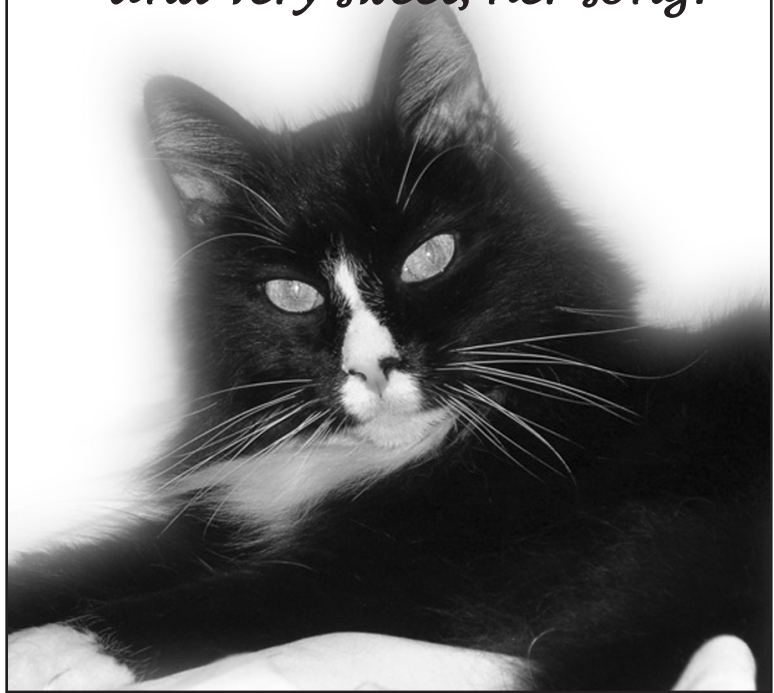
Terrace alleyway cans. Imagining half eaten moldy pizza, or at worse, the creative remnants of enterprising coyotes, she was ill prepared for the slight whimper, the faint muffled movements of an exhausted

those barely animate moments with alacrity and verve. Still I can't help but wonder were

adventurous excavations. Every time it rains now I have the pool I've always wanted.

Doty Kerk-Tabor 1987 - 2005

*Doty was a little girl
her hair was very long
her tail was long
her life was long
and very sweet, her song.*



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