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Dog Days

Mike Vanden Bosch
Dordt College

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Dog Days

Mike Vanden Bosch

Watchdog Sport is old and slow, back leg busted by
a shepherd's bullet, so we plan long-range—to grow
a pup—call her Tricks—to be our new best friend.
We do not consult Sport—what do old dogs know.

We soon see the old dog feels more than we can
imagine. His dish in which we daily dump orts is
not any dog's dish, but his. But young pup Tricks
beats him to each bone, grabs it before Sport's

bigger fangs bite hard on the edge of the bone just
below Tricks' jaw. Now Sport, not too precise,
with one fang catches Tricks' upper lip. Dogs don't
judge intent, and in a fight for a bone, aren't nice

so Dog War I rages at our feet. Tricks, half Sport's
girth and losing the bone, circles Sport, then
clamps her fangs on Sport's back leg and jerks.
Pain trumps salivating and leads Sport to give in.

Tail between his legs, Sport limps off on three,
the fourth crushed, mangled bloody. Mean bitch,
we think, just what we need for our watchdog.
We pet Sport, then scratch him for the new Tricks.