

Doggie Heaven

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I was shopping with my wife at a local Women's clothing store, and as usual, she suggested that I find an unoccupied bench to sit and wait for her, that was at the front of the store. "Was I being punished at school again, and sent to the Principal's office, it sure felt like that?"

She had to shop, and that was the best place for me to be, if not at home.

I approached the bench, and will concede, that I earnestly hated the coming wait, sitting down alone, without my cell. I was trying to find a way to entertain myself, to pass the time. I saw a box containing store returns, not far from the bench. I stood up to acquire a better look in the box, and spotted a small book. Defiantly I thought, a book I could consider reading. I picked up the book, and returned, to the bench, to start some serious reading.

The story was about a boy, who was born in a distant land, and who at birth received a small puppy, that was black and pure, from his parents. The boy and his dog would remain inseparable, in the house on the hill.

Every day and every night, before and after school, three times a day, and sometimes more, the boy would chase his dog, as they played. Up and down the grassy hill with loving joy, and passing through the woods, finally to rest under their own "Special Tree." A "Special Tree" for the both of them, that offered shade and time, and stories told for them alone.

As the years passed by the boy matured, his dog grew old and weak. His black turned white, sometimes gray, and the hills he once climbed was not to be.

The boy now walks up the hill with utmost care, with his dog lovingly cradled within his arms. Both looking at the heavens for one more dance. The boy sits so carefully under their "Special Tree", fondly petting his dog, praying for an answer from the hands of time.

His Mom and Dad have both agreed, his forever friend is at his end, and he must make a decision. The loss may be too much to bear, but it has to be made, as he looks at his friend who has been faithful and true.

"You've been with me all my life dear friend, and why not a little more time. Just a little more, who do I ask?" As the boy struggles to know what is best, tears start flowing from his eyes, to his cheeks, and to his chest. In a moment, by exhaustion or chance the boy will land in dreamland, to continue his dance.

The boy awakes, rubbing his eyes in disbelief, seeing such a sight, with barking galore, licking of his hands, and tugging at his shirt, while under their “Special Tree.” There were many, many dogs of all types, sizes, and shapes, happily playing together.

In his lap were only his dog’s collar and leash, but not his friend. “Where did he go?” He asked. The boy looked among the many to find his friend, and realized they were all puppies happily at play, as his friend once was. He just wanted to find his friend, who was old and needed him. He called out to him again and again. All of a sudden a puppy ran to him, black and pure just as his mother had described his friend to him, back in the day. As the puppy was approaching, all the others faded away, and silence ruled, as it would remain, only the puppy and he.

The boy was so confused asking many questions aloud, “Was this his friend, or did the puppy just come to greet him because it was his job? Was this “Doggie Heaven” as he once heard could be, he would like to know?” He followed the puppy as it ran to his “Special Tree”, or was it their “Special Tree”. The boy sat down as he had often done with his friend, and the puppy jumped into his lap, just as his puppy often had done when he was young. “Were thy together again, was this the answer he had seeking. Was his friend a puppy once more, and would return with him, to their home on the hill?” There are many unanswered questions, and so little time. At the foot of the “Special Tree”, they hugged and played like old times, and much to soon it had all ended, the way it had begun. The boy wakening up, rubbing his eyes, finding himself still all alone, with his friends collar and leash in his lap, but not with his friend.

“At least I don’t have to make any decision now,” he exclaimed, in the moment. He believed his friend was in a safe and happy place, with his newfound friends in “Doggie Heaven”. The decision was made for him, one he could live with.

He would miss his friend who he had loved so much, and the times they spent under their “Special Tree”. The hours telling his friend stories, which at times he believed his friend understood. The many walks they took up and down the hill.

The boy ran up the hill to his home, whistling all the way. As he approached his front door, he stopped short of opening it. He started to ponder the story he would tell his Mom and Dad, the reason he doesn’t have his friend. He never lied to them before, and there is no reason to lie to them now, he’ll just tell them the truth. They’ll just have to believe a story he can’t quite believe himself, and he was there

As he was about to open the door, his Mom and Dad opened it first and to his surprise his Mom was holding a puppy that was black and pure. She placed the puppy on the grass in front of the house on the hill. “Mother he has no collar or leash, he’ll run away, and be gone forever!” His Mom just smiled as she hugged her husband, as they stood in the doorway with much pride. His mother replied, “Son, go to your “Special Tree”, and I bet he’ll be waiting for you there!”