



That Was My Dog

A Zine Short Story
by s. Randall Colley c

2020

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I don't know where he came from. I just remember riding home in the car with my father, mother, and my sister, who was standing between them in the front seat looking back at me. I was in the back seat with my new puppy.

My sister was talking and pointing at the puppy, she called him, "CC Paw". We could not understand why she said that, or what she meant, we had no idea, but that became his name, CC Paw.

He was a black furry Japanese Chow with a blue tongue. He looked more like a bear cub, than a puppy, and he was all mine.

That summer CC Paw stayed inside with the family. He slept in my bed.

But as he grew older he wanted to stay outside more than inside. I think he liked guarding the house.

He was really not an inside dog.

One cold winter, believe it or not, it snowed in Florida.

We all went outside and watched the white snowflakes fall on CC Paw's black fur.

My mother took some 8 mm home movies.

It was a good day.



As time went by it became harder to take CC Paw with me. He was too much to keep up with, because he did not mind very well.

He would not always come to me when I called him, and he would not stay when I told him to stay.

I had seen Mike's dog Cookie, get run over, and killed by a car, when she followed us to the store one Saturday morning.

That was a very bad day.

Besides, he had gotten pretty comfortable sleeping all day in his little dugout place, at the shady corner of the house.

I was in the second grade, it was uniform day at school, and I wore my Cub Scout uniform.

Ok, the muse just told me that I had to tell the truth.

I could not find any clean clothes to wear to school that day, so I wore my Cub Scout uniform, because it was clean.

I told everyone that I thought, it was uniform day. They teased me all day long. I was a bad day.

On the way home from school, big Donna the sixth grade school bully. Who happened to live about five houses down the street from me, was teasing me about my wearing my uniform.

I don't know if I hit her first, or if she hit me first, but she beat me up and tore a merit badge off my shirt.

Big Donna could beat up any boy in the neighborhood and she did... often.

I must have gotten a few good licks in, because she sent her big butted teenage brother David, who was also a bully, to my house.

He stood in the street in front of my house, popping and cracking a 8 foot long bull whip, trying to scare me.

I stood at my door steps and we exchange words and threats.



I guess something I said, must have made him very mad, because he started swinging that whip around his head, and then he stepped into my yard, and headed towards me.

Now, I don't know a lot about Japanese Chows, but there must be something instinctive in their nature to protect their yard.

I was never able to train CC Paw to do anything, but he came out of his dugout place, the moment that fat boy, stepped into his yard.

Before I knew it, he had David on the ground with the most horrible, barking, growling, biting, and teeth flashing, I had ever seen.

My dog never actually bit him only his pant legs. But he sure scared the hell out of the boy and me.

David dropped his whip and ran home crying.

I played with his whip for the next two days cracking and popping it in my front yard.

I renewed my friendship with my dog, and so did my friends, after they heard what he did to Donna's fat brother.

He was a hero, we gave him three hot dogs from the refrigerator.

That was a good day.

Later on that fall, it was a warm sunny Saturday afternoon, I was playing in the backyard. CC Paw was in his dugout place by the corner of the house.

My father came home. He parked in the driveway, then another car pulled in behind him. I went around to see who had come to visit.

Several more cars came with more men. They got out of their cars, some of them were smoking, and drinking beer, and laughing.

The car behind my father had a dog inside. I ran up, and looked in the window, it was a brown and white bulldog with a short tail.

I was excited, but I wondered why my father had brought another dog home. CC Paw came up to the car on the side where my father, and the men were standing. He was barking at the new dog in the car.

My father opened the back car door, and the man grabbed the bull dog by the collar pulled him out of the car, and threw him on my dog.

I screamed as loud as I could, trying to make them stop. I begged those men, and my father to make them stop, the dogs they were killing each other, but no one would listen to me.

I remembered everything seem to be in slow motion, I remembered the sound of the dogs, ripping, yelping, growling, whimpering, it was terror.

My mother came around the corner with a broom, and began hitting the dogs, and screaming at my father. She could not stop the dogs from fighting, they went on, and on, it seemed forever. One of the men got a water hose, another help pull the dogs apart. The man threw the bulldog back in the car and closed the door.

CC Paw went to the corner of the house, the men got in their cars and drove off. My father got in his car, and follow them, I guess they went back to the bar.

My mother used a broom, and the water hose to scrub the blood from the driveway.

No one ever said a word, not one word, about what happened that day, at least not to me. I sat with my dog at the shady corner of the house, and cried.

CC Paw, became mean after that, and he did bite a boy, who took a shortcut through our yard.

Because he did not have rabies shots we had to keep him in a pen for 30 days. He only got meaner after that.

Then my father gave him to a man named Booker T., who owed a small junkyard on the edge of town and needed a watchdog.

I once got my mother to take me by, and let me see how CC Paw was doing at his new home.

I saw him from the car window as we drove by, he was chained to a small dog house in the middle of a bunch of junk cars.

The End.



MAKE A POEM
WRITE A STORY
MAKE A DRAWING
MAKE A ZINE
EVERYDAY

