

Yaku Get's Her Groove On

Teri and I had realized our dream of buying a piece of land suitable for building a cabin, growing our own food, and raising kids. It was appropriately christened Poverty Gulch as we were dirt poor in the economic sense and the thirty-three-acre parcel was situated on half of a narrow valley (or gulch) high in the lower Kickapoo watershed. Most of the land was steep hills covered with oak and sugar maple. But there was a bit of flat, bottom land. That was where we were gardening and living in an eight by twenty trailer while we endeavored to build a small cabin ,on the side of a hill, with our own inexperienced hands, out of materials we had salvaged by tearing down two old buildings.

Of course, we had a dog. Yaku, who had been conceived in a back yard in Winnipeg, Canada, who was out of Kimba, a dog I had co-owned with my previous girl-friend Jean. Kimba was part Newfoundland with some lab and collie mixed in. Kimba had come in heat while Jean and I were passing through Winnipeg. We had previously agreed to breed her at her next heat. We drove around the city until we spotted a huge Newfoundland looking male tied up behind someone's house. We knocked on their door and explained to the young couple,

that we were looking for a male to breed our female, post haste. They appeared to be fellow hippies and took the proposal in stride. They pulled out four lawn chairs and I brought out a cooler with some beers. We settled in for the show. Their male was obviously experienced in the process and did the “wham, bam, thank you mam” before we had finished half of our first beers. We chatted with our new friends while we finished the beers and were then on our way, heading west on The Kings Hi-way.

Like her mom, Yaku was a sweet girl with some less than desirable qualities. If we didn't strap the lid on the garbage can down with several bungee cords, Yaku would have it scattered over a quarter acre when we returned home. She would normally stay around the homestead, that is, until another dog arrived. Then she would quickly entice the visitor up the hill and away for a two- or three-day frolic, chasing deer (or god forbid cattle), getting skunked, and losing chunks of fur and flesh from running through barbed wire fences. It was a behavior that made my blood boil even more than garbage scattering. If she ran down a sheep or a cow I would be on the hook for hundreds or even possibly thousands of dollars (if multiple livestock were injured). She had already been shot while chasing livestock, which she had barely

survived, at the communal farm where I had lived at before buying the Gulch. So, this was not idle anxiety on my part.

We were still living in the 8X20 trailer at the bottom of the hill when Yaku came into heat. She had already given birth to two litters of pups, so all of our friends who wanted a pup already had one. And there really wasn't room in our home on wheels, or in our life, for more four-legged family members. I absolutely did not want Yaku to get bred. The goal was to keep her inside except to go potty at which time we would take her out on a leash.

Even though our nearest neighbors were over ½ mile away, the scent of her heat attracted male dogs in droves. I would chase them out of our little (mowed) yard and into the nearby bush. They would just wait there with their tongues lolling then move back in as soon as I went inside.

There was also interest from one of my friends, Erica. She thought it would be cool if her male dog Marmaduke and Yaku got it on and produced a litter. I didn't think it was a "cool" idea at all. Erica and her boyfriend Jeff were helping us build our cabin and often played music around the campfire at

sunset. They were great folks but they were vagabonds. They had hitched into the area and were occupying an abandoned house and they could move on without notice. So, when Erica said she would be responsible for the pups once they were weaned, I was extremely skeptical. I gave her a big fat “no” and moved on with my daily effort to build a cabin, keep the \$50 vehicles running, grow a garden, and earn a little cash milking the neighbor’s cows. Busy, busy, busy.

One night after returning from working on the dairy farm, I sat alone at the tiny kitchen table by the light of our kerosene lamp, we didn’t have electricity yet, as Teri and our baby daughter were already asleep. I drank a couple of beers and smoked a joint of my homegrown. Even though we were working our asses off and were dirt poor I was feeling very fortunate. I was tired from a long day and had a pretty good buzz on. When I opened the door to go out for a pee, Yaku shot between my legs like a hard charging NFL running back and dove into the bush where a dozen horny male dogs awaited. They had been lurking around for almost a week. Suddenly the bitch in heat was streaking through them and beyond. It was dark so I couldn’t see, but I could hear the commotion as they started their pursuit. Crashing through the undergrowth, snarling and fighting each other on the run.

It would have been comical if I hadn't been so pissed. I knew it would be days before I saw Yaku again and she would surely be preggers when I did see her.

Sure enough, it was a good three days before she came home dirty, scuffed up, and sporting a swollen puss. She was obviously pregnant. Crap. When I told Jeff and Erica, Erica was all atwitter. "If she's already pregnant we might as well let her and Marmaduke have their fun". I wasn't immediately receptive to the idea but by the next day I figured "what the hell". We loaded Yaku in the back of our pick-up and headed over to Jeff and Erica's dilapidated shack for some doggie porn. When we arrived Erica and her dog Marmaduke strutted expectantly out into the yard as did Jeff and his barely adolescent, male Irish Setter, Siva. After a few bawdy remarks and opening a round of beers we got Yaku out of the cab of the truck to let nature take its course.

Yaku stood in the middle of the yard and surveyed the layout. Marmaduke approached from the rear and took an exploratory sniff of her butt. Yaku stayed put but cast a wary eye in his direction. Marmaduke stepped forward and started to mount the bitch. Yaku stepped away. Marmaduke tried again. Again, she declined. After the third attempt was

rebuffed Marmaduke wasn't sure how to proceed. I was starting to think that her heat was over and that she was no longer interested in the breeding process. Until she sidled over to the young hound Siva.

She went from demurely chaste to eager and aggressive. She turned around and backed her butt right up to Siva's nose. Erica cursed and took her jilted pooch into the house not wanting him to witness the cuckold. Siva was slow on the uptake but finally started to get the message. Yaku was shaking her ass around like she was waving a signal flag and the signal was "Do me you dope".

Siva finally made his move. But he was off target by a couple of feet. He mounted her left front shoulder and started a slow humping motion. If dogs were capable of rolling their eyes, Yaku would have done so. The look on her face plainly said "damn rooky". But Siva was starting to move in the correct direction. He slowly humped his way down her side and around her flank. He came around the home stretch and soon hit paydirt. The look on his face when he achieved penetration was priceless. Jeff and I were laughing so hard we were crying and falling on the ground. Teri thought it was funny as well but was not as much as us guys.

It took the lad about one minute before he came. Then, in slow motion he started to topple over. Just completely lost all control of his muscles. He would have collapsed flat on the ground except for one thing. His penis was firmly stuck inside of Yaku. So, he fell all the way over until his head and right shoulder were on the ground, but his crotch was still planted on the bitch's rear end. Yaku had had enough. She started to walk away but since Siva was still attached, he was being "dragged by his dick" behind her. Jeff and I were begging for mercy. It was the closest I ever came to peeing my pants from laughing. He and I were useless, so Teri knelt by Yaku, then petted, and soothed her until the vaginal swelling went down and Siva finally fell completely onto the ground.

Later we tried to tell Erica what a hilarious time she had missed but she huffed out of the room and never heard the whole story until decades later.

It wasn't easy but we eventually found homes for that third and final (we had her neutered before she ever went into heat again) litter. We had to offer incentives to some of the adoptive parents, and even gave one of the pups as a

“surprise” gift to Teri’s folks for their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Teri’s siblings tried to warn me off stating that if I went through with it, I would see Frank Gill’s (Teri’s hard-ass-ex-cop father) legendary temper up close and personal. But I had a good feeling. So, the day of the big party we loaded up Yaku and the last remaining pup and headed to the Gill household in Chicago. I kept the pup and Yaku in the cab of our truck, out of sight, until the perfect time. Teri and her nine siblings had all chipped in to send them on a dream trip to Ireland to celebrate their anniversary in the land of their ancestors. They were so overwhelmed when the gift was presented that they didn’t believe it right away. When it finally sunk in the mood was euphoric for the givers and recipients all. This was the perfect moment I had been waiting for. I quietly went out to the truck, grabbed the ten-week-old and already large canine, brought it into the back door, and turned it loose. It immediately ran pell mall through the throng of happy celebrants. I announced to one at all that the puppy was part of the Gill’s anniversary gift. The room went dead silent. Everyone was holding their breath and looking at Frank for his reaction. He immediately picked up the pooch, cuddled it, and looked at his beloved wife Barb. “We’ll name it Dublin” he announced to a relieved crowd. Except me. I never had a doubt. Dublin was the number one favorite dog in their household for over fifteen years.