

Welcome Home

I was heading home on the long ride to Pennsylvania from Indianapolis after wrapping up my coverage of the 2011 ATA Show. The three days at the show are always grueling as I survive on a pack of crackers and one bathroom break per day trying to jam 90 minutes of time into each hour in order to gather as much information as possible for the show edition. To make matters worse I never get much sleep for those three days as my roommate and fellow writer for ArrowTrade Mike Raykovicz snores. Actually to say Mike snores is a major understatement. The first night we shared a room the sounds from his bed were so frightening that I was sure that a vicious alien had somehow entered his body and was devouring him from the inside out. However the next morning there he was, alive and fresh as a daisy while my eyelids were hung up on my lower lip as I struggled to stay awake.

After three days with no sleep and nursing a bad cold and sore throat I was looking forward to getting home and some rest. The ten hours on the road were grueling but finally the key turned in the door and I was home. On the old TV series Ozzie and Harriet when Ozzie came home Harriet was there to greet him along with the two boys and their dog. I do not have two boys so I was looking forward to being greeted by my wife and dog.

As I stepped inside my family room I just caught a glimpse of my wife lying on the couch peeking out from behind a pile of tissues that looked like a small white haystack. Her red nose, sneezing and hacking cough told the rest of the story. Like me she was coming down with a bad cold. On the other couch which I like to think of as my couch laid my wife's dog, Misty. Misty is an English Springer Spaniel with more papers and pedigrees than Prince Charles and for what my wife paid for her dog I could have bought a new ATV with a winch and plow installed.



John Kasun

Although Misty is truly my wife's dog we have reached a living arrangement. Misty allows me to pay for her food, and a wide variety of high priced dog treats, take her out whenever nature calls and in return she lets me live in the house. While on TV the dog runs to greet the master Misty never moved a muscle, only opening one eye slightly as if to say, "Oh no, he's back" then rolling over she went back to sleep.

I was dead tired and decided to head straight to bed. Misty normally sleeps at the bottom of the bed but with me out of town she had apparently decided to claim my side of the bed for the past week. It quickly became apparent that she did not see my returning as anything that should change her new sleeping arrangements. Before I could even get undressed Misty was curled up on the comforter, her head on my pillow. My repeated commands for her to get down were met with obvious disdain as she looked in the other direction acting as if she suddenly went deaf. When I attempted to physically move her she stiffened her body with legs outstretched and gave a new meaning to the term "dead weight." Just about that time my wife came out of the

bathroom and said, "Misty honey, get down." Misty immediately moved to the bottom of the bed but not before giving me a look like I was the innkeeper at Christmas telling Mary and Joseph there was no room at the inn. For several hours my wife and I both tossed and turned hacking and coughing. Finally just before dawn we both fell into an exhausted sleep.

Just as I reached the deepest part of my sleep I suddenly shot into an upright position as our security system siren went off. Trust me; there is no sleeping through a home security siren and you do not wake up gradually. One instant you are in deep sleep and the next you are sitting upright, poker straight and wide awake. Jumping from the bed my wife and I both looked at the control panel on the wall while a friendly computerized female voice slowly announced that the motion detector in the downstairs living room had tripped. "It's a burglar," my wife said excitedly opening the drawer on the bed stand and reaching for her gun. With guns in hand we started down the hallway just as Misty appeared at the head of the stairs and casually walked between us heading towards the bedroom without so much as a glance. With siren blaring she jumped up on the bed, curled up and plopped on my pillow. The darn dog had gone downstairs and tripped the alarm system and no one can convince me she didn't know exactly what she was doing.

A few minutes later after shutting down the siren and resetting the alarm I headed back to bed wide awake. Again Misty refused to move. "Oh leave her alone," my wife said as she slid under the covers. "The siren probably scared her, poor thing." As I stared down at Misty in the early dawn light I swear that dog was smiling. I never thought it possible but about that time I actually missed Mike Raykovicz and his snoring. ←