



## **It's a Dog!**

*Glenn John Arnowitz*

“What the heck is that?” I asked my wife. “I don’t know,” she answered. “Looks like a rabbit,” I said as we got a little closer. “No, that’s not a rabbit,” she said. “Oh my God! It’s...it’s a dog!” she screamed. Yes, it was a dog. A Yorkie Terrier, in fact, running with abandon at about 15 mph, hugging the double yellow line on Route 94, a county road in the lower Hudson Valley with a 55 mph speed limit. Cars on both sides of the road were playing dodge the dog, trying desperately not to flatten the little thing. My wife was behind the wheel, and the pup was heading our way. “Pull over!” I barked.

I instinctively jumped out of the car and, without looking both ways, chased the little dynamo as it booked it down the middle of the road with cars backed up on both sides. People stopped and got out of their cars to see what all the fuss was about. Well, the big fuss was that I couldn’t catch the damn thing! I serpentine in and out of traffic with no luck, but then finally was able to scoop it up in my arms to the sound of cheering motorists.

I returned to the car with the brown terrier in my arms, who by this time had not stopped licking my face when we noticed the little fellow had no tags. My wife and I sat in the car for a moment to catch our breaths as traffic began to move around us. “Now what?” my wife said. “Well, let’s knock on a few doors and see if anyone recognizes him,” I answered. “Sounds like a plan,” she responded and then pulled into a long driveway across the street. Nobody home. We rang a few more doorbells with no success. As I stood by the side of the road with the hope that his owner might drive by, my wife called the local animal shelter, and they suggested that we bring the dog in. As we drove over, the tongue baths continued. We both agreed that although he was a cutie, he would not get along with our Maltese, who not only lacks basic doggy social skills, but who needs to be the center of attention at all times, to the chagrin of our two adult daughters.

We dropped the dog off at the shelter, filling out the appropriate paper work that included our name, address, phone number and explained the situation and how we found him. We then said goodbye to our little friend. Since I didn’t hear from anyone by the following afternoon, I called the shelter to find out if someone had claimed the dog. “Yes,” they told me. “Someone came by this morning.” When I called my wife at work to give her the good news, we both paused and thought it was a little odd that the owner didn’t call to thank us. A few more days went by and nothing. And as we began to recount our story to friends and family, the one comment that kept coming back to us was, “What did the owners say?”

Now, we weren’t expecting a reward or anything, but if that was our little pup you could be sure that a bottle of wine would be dropped off as a gesture of our appreciation for saving a member of our family. More than a few weeks have gone by, and I got to thinking. What if the little guy was living in an abusive environment and, like Tim Robbins in “The Shawshank Redemption,” spent years digging through the floor in the hopes of someday being free, and we were the ones responsible for throwing him back in to his doggy hell? Oh my. Now when my wife and I drive on that same strip of Route 94, we both think about that pup and hope he’s okay.

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