

## Falling before Sight

For months...no a year, my mother had been yearning for a new puppy in the house. Really ever since our small Pomeranian, Max, and our unknown beauty, Lucky, had both died after falling innocent from different internal injuries. These two soldiers are seared into my mind because Max was bestowed upon me right after my birth and he lived a long twelve years alongside me. He was the smile that would spread across my face whenever I saw him. Lucky was christen with that name because she was taken from her mother barely two weeks after her birth and yet she thrived by devouring the bottle my parents fed her. These two held a special place in our hearts. We still have our Jack Russell Rusty in the house and one of Lucky's pups from her last litter outside still kicking. My mom wanted to add a puppy, a tiny Pomeranian pup, to the family on the basis that they are adorable when they are puppies and to have another animal in the house after the last of the kids, me and the two youngest boys, moved out of the nest. My dad's answer to my mom's undying proposition of getting a puppy? A straight, big, fat "NO." Sometimes it was accompanied by a "We don't need that" or "We can't afford to take care of that."

These doubtful answers never wavered my mom's persistence of wanting and looking for a dog. They did stop her from actually getting the dogs she was desperately looking at with puppy eyes. The seasons passed, fall dropping crunchy leaves from barring trees and winter carrying snow through the bare branches and grass until spring light caught and made puddles. It was one of those March days during my senior year of high school that were not yet spring but winter was dying with less snow and temperatures rising. My mom was hurried her way home from the local gas station located in the next county over, where she worked early mornings 'til mid-afternoons. She always came home and we'd sit at the old kitchen table, the chairs creaking as we sat down. The usual gossip was always about the

workers my mom had at the store and how they would get upset. Rarely did she talk about her customers, but this day she did.

She had a big smile on her face, recently new teeth settling in her mouth. A smile reached my mouth too. "What's that smile for," I questioned her.

"Oh, nothing. I talked to some interesting customers today. You know that street behind Casey's? There's a white house, if you follow it, across from it?"

"Nope," was my reply.

"Yes you do. That house that sits right across from the stop sign on that road," she explained exasperated.

"Mom, I don't live there nor do I ever go there, so I don't know where you are talking about," I countered.

She thought about this for a moment before she threw up her hands, sighing audibly.

"Whatever. Anyways there is this young couple there. They are okay people. They have three young kids, one a four month old baby. That's a lot of people for that small of a house, ya know? Well they have pets too. Mostly outside cats, but they recently bought a dog." She paused, trying to stimulate excitement in me.

My eyebrow reached towards the sky; curious as to how this was something to be excited about. "And?" I inquired with a bob of my head in impatience.

"Well," she continued, "the young couple is not allowed to have any inside pets. They are just renting that shabby house. Knowing they weren't allowed to have any pets they went ahead and bought a puppy. A black, baby dachshund they named Reese."

“Okay.....” My excitement was rising a little, but only because there was a cute puppy involved.

“They came into my store today to see if I knew anyone who could take their dog because their landlord found out they had her and he was threatening to kick them out. This was two weeks ago. Well he is supposed to be back this Friday and they still haven’t gotten rid of her because they thought they could hide her, train her using puppy pads to go in the house so their landlord wouldn’t know they still had her. They finally realized they could be homeless if they kept the dog. They have three children to think of so they decided they had to give her up.”

My excitement at this point was over the moon. “We’re keeping her,” the words rushed out of my mouth.

My mom was smiling, her thought the same as mine. “Well you’re dad says no more dogs in the house...”

“I don’t care,” I interrupted. “We’re keeping her and that’s that. Dad can’t say no to me and I won’t take no for an answer.” My mom’s smiled wavered, but I was resilient in keeping this dog.

Two days later, my little Sadie Lady burrowed herself into my arms and into my heart...

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