

*Had a dog once.*

Had a dog once. Damn thing ran away. Probably hit by a car. Dead on some road. Don't really care. Just pretend he's still here. Fill his dish each morning. Never eats much. Always end up throwing most of it away. Call him. "Butch!" Damn dog never comes when I call. Sometimes I can hear him breathing in his sleep next to my chair. Reading the paper. Don't let him out much. Not in this weather. Just long enough to do his thing, then in again. Too damn cold for both of us. Such a big house. Go for walks in the halls. That's enough exercise either of us needs. Can almost hear him padding along at my side. So quiet. Nothing much to do. Too damn old. Both of us. Used to take him hunting. Never got anything. Damn near shot myself once. Just time alone that's all we wanted. Now there's plenty of that. Old. That's what it is. Damn dog never really got old. Never knew the loneliness, that's for sure. Probably too stupid anyway. Old. Elderly? Malarkey. Old. That's what it is. Sitting here idly. Getting mail is excitement enough. Visitors? Hell no. Friends are all gone. Mostly dead, but some's moved away. Old. That's what it is. Damn dog anyway. Never comes when I call.