

## Dog Gone

*Wilmer (WoNo) Nussbaum (August 2011)*

A Summer Ecology Course in Hawaii combines a disproportionate amount of work/ study programs with a modicum of pleasure. Searching for answers by checking and testing various streams for pollutants that are killing indigenous fish requires fatiguing efforts. "R&R" evenings were in order, and five or six University of Dayton coeds would participate in bull heifer sessions by telling stories - the best they could recall.

Molly told this hilarious tale about her sister when they were living in a Chicago high-rise. Sis used to babysit the dog of some elderly friends in an adjacent high-rise. One time she was asked to feed and water their dog every morning for the four days they would be away. The first day went well, but on the second morning she arrived only to discover the old dog had died! What to do?

In her panic she thumbed through the phone book and called a veterinarian who, after sympathetically listening to her dilemma, maintained he was in business to treat sick animals not resurrect them. However, acceding to her hysterical pleas, he relented. If she could bring the body to the Veterinary they would, at least, dispose of it. Sis searched for a container, and spying a suitcase in the closet, she reluctantly stuffed in the dead dog, scurried down to the main floor, and hurried to the El (elevated train) platform; all the while she contemplated what she would, how she would, tell the owners when they returned.

The Veterinary was on the north side many miles away. Midmorning riders were scarce, and as she approached the concourse with her cumbersome burden, an intrusive voice inquired "Whatcha' got in the suitcase, honey?" Sis turned to face the approaching thug.

Realizing that she couldn't run or call the Never-There When You Need Them Police, she bravely uttered: "Just some computer parts. Deciding that it was a worthwhile prize, the mugger snatched the suitcase from her grasp and ran to the exit; leaving her to ponder whether or not the owners would accept such a story.

The U.D. group did, and they crowned Molly "Queen of the Story Tellers".