feeding her; you know, the way the veterinarians do to cats." "Not funny, Bob," Glenda said, as her husband began a weary trudge through the house to check out Mom's 'weird' behavior in the front yard ....

He found her naked on the lawn with a cooking pot on her head, the black handle pointing to the heavens as the old girl peered skyward and chanted unintelligibly at Orion, waving her flashlights in the same direction. Bob slipped quietly back inside and said, "So what is it you'd like me to do; I mean, she is your mother." A tear rolled out of Glenda's right eye, left a glistening trail down her cheek in its mindless obedience to gravity, as Cindy, the Urp's well-coiffed Scottish terrier, under the influence of the pills Mom had been hiding in the sticky goop of the doggie chow, staggered out of the kitchen, stared blankly at the leg of the dining room chair, then rolled over and died with its little black legs pointing up at heaven.

— Dan Lenihan

Oceanside CA

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