

The Chase

By Bonnie & Tai MacFarlane

I was born to chase balls: big ones, small ones, red, blue, or any color ones. I chase hard ones, soft ones, ones shaped like pots and ones shaped like frogs. My Mom has named each one and tries to get me to discriminate amongst them, but I often bring the one I want to play with. Then, she puts that one to “beddy-bye” and she waits until I bring the one that she wants.

Since my job is to chase and retrieve balls, work starts early. When my Mom wakes, she’ll often find a ball on her chest. The fun starts when she throws the ball a few times as a warm up. After breakfast, the real fun begins. While brushing her teeth, Mom can throw the ball into the kitchen or the bedroom. I could win a contest: I can catch a ball in the air, after a couple of bounces, while being rolled on the floor or just about anyway. Mom also tries to hide the ball. She puts it in the sink or bathtub, on top of the towel rack, behind the bed, into the fold on the curtains, under the bed, or in the laundry basket. After checking the usual spots, I have to use my sense of smell, which is a real challenge.

My chasing doesn’t stop here. When outside, I’m always scanning the horizon for squirrels. If only my Mom would let me off the lease more often, I bet I could catch one, especially the ones at Windsor Gardens. The squirrels here are so used to being fed; they come as close as a foot away. However, my favorite animal to chase is Rabbits. They drive me crazy. They stay very still until I make a move, and then, their white tails pop up as they zigzag back and forth. Once I pulled so hard on the lease, that I broke free of it. Mom was yelling all over the neighborhood until a neighbor apprehended me. Too bad for me as I was hot on that Rabbit’s tail. Now, I’ll have my Mom tell you about chasing dreams.

I have some very interesting dreams and should start writing them down. Last night, I dreamt about skiing in the Alps. In the beginning, I was helping a little girl ski, but since I felt I was slowing her down, some other people took over. Part of the skiing involved hiking at the top where I met some Germans who were drinking schnapps. They had placed their special glasses in small round groves. Then, an artist was hanging large dark green blankets around the Alps and blocking some of our sunlight.

Last week, I dreamt that I finally made it to Africa. After a long safari where we saw giraffes, tigers, and zebras, I was getting ready for bed in a screened in tent.

I have recurrent dreams in which I can fly. I especially enjoy flying around at parties so that I can listen in on people’s conversations.