

## Owner's Remorse by Nancy Mann

A Denver man noticed a small ad in the paper that said "Free to a good home. Talking dog." And because he had nothing to do on a Saturday morning, and because he thought "This ought to be rich!" he piled all his kids in the car and drove to North Denver to the address listed.

When they arrived and got out of the car, they met an old farmer who held a leashed, beautiful and alert German Shepherd.

The visitor stepped up close to the farmer and the dog. "I'm here about the talking dog."

"Oh, sure. Here he is. I don't want him. Please take him off my hands!"

"Why don't you want him?" the visitor asked.

"The dog is a liar! Please get him off of my property!" said the old farmer.

The visitor stepped up closer to look at the dog, and ran his hands over the dog's coat, searching for a device, like a small walkie-talkie, but found nothing. He said to the dog "Speak, boy!" but instead of "Arf! Arf", the dog responded "My name is Frank and I can speak just fine, sir!"

Amazed, the visitor and all his kids examined the German Shepherd again, and his collar and leash, sure they would find some kind of microphone on him. But they found nothing.

"Where are you from?" asked the visitor.

"I was born near Ft. Hood, and I could talk since I was whelped, born as you say," answered the hound.

And he continued ... "Yes, I was born near a military base in 1967. I was trained by a handler for the Green Beret unit. He taught me Vietnamese, and then crated and sent me to a camp outside Phnom Pen."

"Get him outta here!" cried the farmer. "He's lying again!"

"Well," continued the German Shepherd, "I was trained to infiltrate the camps of the Viet Cong, where I went unnoticed, being only a dog. I listened and picked up military plans and information from the V.C., returned back and related them to the Green Beret leader in my home camp. It was good and important work, and I worked hard. I was retired at age 7 – that's age 49 years in human life calculation – and given to this farmer."

"Get him out of here! He's a liar!" shouted the farmer, again.

Still amazed, and almost struck dumb, the visitor questioned "How so?"

The farmer was now yelling ... "I've got a Vietnamese pot-bellied pig in my backyard, and yesterday the pig told me that that dog has never, ever been in Vietnam!"