

Fall Fun

by Suzy Hopkins

Jill and her brother Mo were diminutive shiny black Dachshunds who lived with my family in the 1950's in a suburb outside of Boston. This older neighborhood had tall ancient elm, maple, mulberry and oak trees and large unfenced yards. For at least a month, every weekend, my dad and all the other dads in this nice neighborhood raked the accumulated fallen leaves into huge piles at the sides of the winding streets before burning them. During the weekdays Jill and Mo generously peed and pooped in the piles of leaves which attracted more dogs to do the same. By Saturday or Sunday when these leaves were pushed into towers, the local children would jump and play in the leaves. More often than not they got the donated dog-poop on their clothes and in their hair much to the pleasure of the watching dogs. I learned, early on, to avoid these piles.

After the towering dead leaf piles were arranged along the streets the dads set them afire.

As I'm sure you will agree, fun can be described in different ways.