

Fall Fun

By Suzy Hopkins

Jill and her brother Mo were diminutive scruffy black Dachshunds who lived with the Mustardhater 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, Mr. Mustardhater and all the other dads in this nice neighborhood raked the accumulated fallen leaves into huge piles before burning them. During the weeks 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.

Jill says, "I made the most donations."

Mo counters, "No way. It was my good work."

After the dead leaf piles were arranged along the streets and the dads set them afire, Jill and Mo would remark to each other, "Ah, the lovely smell of dog-doo burning."

Fun can be described in different ways.