

The loopy dog

I was still loopy in the head from playing in the park with my dog. It was a day that I wanted to remember. But it was far from ideal. I had lost my ball and Frisbee that I was playing with and my dog, Sparky had seemed to have eaten it or discarded it somewhere. It was a strange set of events where everything seemed connected. I wanted to go back to the park and pick up on some trail to find what I was looking for, but for some reason Sparky didn't seem to want to go. I was unwilling to part with him even for a second outside.

I was kind of sentimental person that way. It was just in my nature to play tag with dogs and kind of shun people. I had remembered putting my ball and Frisbee down and next thing I know it was up and missing. I think Sparky had gotten his hands on it or something. It was difficult to do, but I'm sure he was capable of being able to pull it off. Since that's what dogs do best I'm sure of.

It wasn't like I could rewind time, I was a bit worried about not having anything to play with Sparky the next time we went out. If I could I'd have had those toys back in an instant. But times were kind of tough and it wasn't unusual to want to stock up on a couple of those for your pet if you were an avid park goer. I had made some mistakes in the past but this one was a bit big, but I didn't think it was something that would trail me for too long. I thought it was time for me to get going and move onto something else, but that was hard to tell. It was easy to tell when something was a bad idea. It was one of those days I guess. I was constantly on the downside of the struggle. It was one of those times when I really wasn't sure what to do because I felt so much like doing something simple. It wasn't a hard choice overall, but simply to go get something and take it easy on what I was doing. Getting worked up only ended in disappointment. If I had lost the ball, I wasn't going to find it mindset. But it wasn't all bad, Sparky was still there even if he had lost the ball and the other Frisbee. I wasn't so nervous after a little while, but it took a lot of what I had to come back to terms with what I was doing.

It didn't seem to me it was like it was the end of the world. Everything was being taken from me, like the ball and Frisbee. I was on the verge of collapse and wanted to be protected. This was the way I looked at things. I was super scared and wanted to be protected. There was a paradigm shift in the way things were going. I just needed to learn to believe. There was good things coming I just had to settle with what was going on now. This was the way to certain victory.

I wanted to badly for my ball and Frisbee to be back. I missed them desperately. This desperation got to me and made me feel bad about it. I just wanted some assurance that everything was OK. This was all I asked for. Really.

It may have only been a ball and Frisbee, but it certainly took up a lot of my day. I felt like eventually I was set on a certain mindset and nothing could take me from it. But that kind of thing was part of growing up as a person.

It felt a lot like a reset, thought John. He ran out into the open and saw the road diverging before him. There were many people on each side just chilling out and walking in relatively slow motion. I was again just a bit worried. But that came with the point I was in everything. I had some trouble believing myself sometimes. It was completely different from what I was experiencing and I felt like I got myself into trouble often. It was a plaid out experience, without much of me to contribute.

Out on the streets everything looked like Fallout New Vegas. There were lights everywhere, but everything was so dim and dull. It was like all the life had went from this place. I was coming back to get my Frisbee catching dog, his name was Sparky. He was particularly good at fetching and responding to his name. This was what I was most fond of him for being. It was difficult however to get him to say his name out loud for me.

It was about time I take a look for it now anyways. I felt like I had wasted enough time. But that was just for kicks, it wasn't as though I had wasted any time. It was just something to say. The park next to it was bright and green, and had everything a park goer and catching dog would need to have fun. It was far beyond

something so basic now, but at the very same time hard to see. Stuff that makes me feel too strongly sad is too much to handle. I have to stay away from stimulation so I don't have strong urges to eat. Even after eating I still felt like it for a second and that's a dangerous thing. Especially when dealing with Sparky, I don't want to get lost.

I walked next to Sparky, he seemed not out of sorts at all like you'd expect from a dog. He was outgoing and courageous. It seemed like all he needed was a direction and someone to point him in it. It seemed like it was just because I was so close to getting out that there was no future for the other side. Even though nothing was really happening either way.

I regret it regardless some 20 minutes later. I just need to read Lord of the Rings. It was an easy situation regardless. I was getting out no matter what.

I walked outside without him and there he was 20 minutes later. It was difficult to get away from him, when he was always waiting for me. The Frisbee and ball were no longer missing, but I needed something to keep going. I didn't want to be outside in the park in this weather.

Sparky always thought ahead when it was times like this and he already had the Frisbee in his mouth. The ball was lying in the grass just outside the door. He was walking away, diverging from the path. It was a complicated situation. Should I stay or should I go? I had no idea what to expect, and didn't think that it was such a good idea anymore. It was already difficult enough. Just finding the ball and Frisbee that was.

I decided to go, despite all the problems involved. I was getting desperate at this point. I needed a way out of what I was doing.

Sparky was now excited, it was going to be close to his last day not being able to go outside. It was kind of a big deal for him. He was scared for a while but now was ok. He began to debate whether or not he wanted to go Frisbeeing and balling today, and decided against it. It would be better on another day, he thought.

I always wondered what went on in the mind of Sparky, but never really thought about it. It was a bit of a mystery for me, being the person that I am. This was an odd reconcilliation.

I was afraid no one would come. It is a very scary thing to me. That's what I thought at first going on outside. It was irrational however since there were always people near the park. I was considering going without my gear and just walking around, that always made me feel better.

I decided against it, and just went to the park with Sparky. We ended up walking around but not playing Frisbee or ball. It was just a nice day. There were a bunch of park goers. Walking down from my street, there was already a bunch of people just going up and down, cars parked on the side of the road. The sky was bright today and the sun high in the sky. It was quite a beautiful day. The park itself was intricate, a lot of statues and flowers were everywhere. It was quite nice to look at. I often recommended people go just to see the scenery even if they didn't intend on going to the park itself.

Sparky seemed excited for some reason, even though I'm sure he knew we weren't going to be Frisbeeing or playing ball. It was alright though. I recognized some of the people from before just perusing around the park. It was a catch and go situation. It wasn't as though they knew who I was though. That would be a bit strange, considering how good I was at telling people apart. The first few times were the most difficult. Small moments like these.

I was still worried, I had little to no updates. It was still extremely hard. I had a set deadline of tomorrow though.

Sparky went out of his way to tell me it was getting late and time for lunch. They had a bunch of food carts parked at the edge of the street waiting for people to come by and buy their food. I was particularly hungry and wanted to buy some food from them. It was a green street with many people dressed in green, fortunenetly for me I was used to this by now.

Sparky thought to himself I kind of wanted to play Frisbee and ball after all. Now I can't right now. I want some food from the trucks too, good thing they sell dog food.

I walked to the edgerow of the street and waited on Sparky to make his way over here, he was a bit slow now. It was late morning anyways. It was coming on to 12 o'clock soon though. They were selling cakes and pudding in one of the trucks. I decided on getting a breakfast pizza and some pudding, on top of that a cake. I got sparky a dog burrito. He really likes those. It was a nice and bright day out.

We ended up eating well and got up and walked away. It was a good day to just walk around outside, even if we didn't know what we were doing or where we were going. I recognized a few more people, but some of them were completely oblivious to me. It was kind of strange at this point. Hi, I said to one of them and they completely ignored me. It was pretty annoying. But that seemed OK because it was in a different way than normal. It seemed weird that someone would be there that way anyways.

Sparky ran up alongside me and greeted me the same way he always did. It felt like an empty gesture but it was OK. That was because on the other side of what he was doing was totally normal. It's strange that I haven't considered it this way before. But there was really nothing to look forward to in the future without Sparky to play ball and Frisbee with. There wasn't really anything going on anyways and I hadn't made any waves, so nothing stayed going on. This was completely normal and part of the scenery of the situation. This caused me a lot of grief but was completely normal. I felt sad because of it too, and didn't know what to do sometimes. Analyzing the situation with Sparky was a difficult task but nothing that I couldn't surmount to.

I felt like going outside again, but realized that it was kind of moot. Everytime I left the clock struck exactly on the hour now, it was a confusing and strange thing. It was because it was allowed to progress this way. I felt like going outside still though.

I was still scared and nervous, I needed perfect reassurance. That was that me and Sparky would always be there to play ball and Frisbee. I'm always attributing "real world" reasons to understand why something is causing me to feel a certain way, when in reality that's usually just a mask and has absolutely nothing to do with whats causing it to begin with. Like I'll feel

afraid of losing a Frisbee when in reality it has more to do with stacking in the moment. It's real all of it. I just gotta chill sometimes.

I looked inside, it was a dark well lit room. There was a lot of stuff going on inside that room, but it was pretty obvious by now how close they were to accomplishing their task. There were a bunch of movers moving things around all around the room. He wasn't sure how but it only mattered that things moved along at this point to him. That was the way it seemed, because he'd been moving things so long. It was just exciting that it'd all come together perfectly at long last.

It was Sunday again, Sparky was getting a bit of motivation to go outside once again. But it seemed like a lot of effort. Sparky went off once again to go again. I was a bit afraid even though there was no problems and it was all green. But all I needed was to perservere a couple more days. I can't do both things at once, but I can do both once I'm finished I'll be motivated enough I think. I also just need one day, that's why I can do it. I have two days to cut down to normal diet and with that It'll be really easy to do stuff with what I'm doing now. That's why I think I can remain motivated enough. And then it was just time to wait.

Sparky wanted to go outside again unsurprisingly enough. He was ready to play with the Frisbee and ball. It was a warm enough day to do both. We walked outside to find it in good condition, knowing that it was OK either way. But needing to still even with a day left perfect my method of throwing the Frisbee and ball better. I needed something for tomorrow too, in case Sparky wanted to go. He was ready standing at the door. It was only a short walk to the park, and they had food trucks and various things to bemuse ourselves. I began to wonder about the word muse, and whether or not the participle in front of it was there by accident or something people decided to place in front of it a long time ago. This became something of a debate inside my head for a while. It didn't seem to help but kind of was. I wish I was more aware of it going on. I was still however somewhat worried, but that was going away today. Back tomorrow maybe, but that seemed OK, as long as I knew better. It seemed like a strange

dream I had, where everything was there but wasn't at the same time, it was really awkward for me. And other people involved too. It seemed like I was going somewhere but wasn't. Like I wasn't able to reach my destination. Sometimes moving backwards like through a fog or molasses even, it was difficult to gauge and harder still to represent properly. But this was just the way it was. Back to the topic at hand I was still in charge of looking after Sparky. I had a long way to go in terms of dog care proper, but I was working my way through it readily.

I was being cool, it was a difficult and precise matter that required a lot of my time. That was just the way it worked. There was nothing more that need be discussed, it seemed a ways a ways from the way things should be but sometimes that's just how it goes down, realistically. It should be known that is little to be said on the matter other than I am the oberman.

I walked outside it was cool and warm at the same time. That was saying something because it was in the middle of fog. Fall the month I should say.

I bear a heavy burden, a weight to be lifted just before the sack quarters of the month. It was just away from the last of the ways behind me and I kept it away still.

I looked in front of me and there it was, still isolated like a simulation of painstaking accuracy. But that was lacking something.