

The Loopy Dog

It was a strange set of events where everything seemed connected. The day was far from ideal. I was loopy in the head from playing in the park. Sparky, seems to have eaten his ball and Frisbee or discarded them somewhere. I wanted to go back to the park and pick up the trail to find them, but for some reason Sparky didn't want to go.

I remembered putting my ball and Frisbee down and the next thing I knew, they were missing. It wasn't like I could rewind time. I think Sparky had gotten his hands on them or something. It would have been difficult, but I'm sure he was capable of pulling it off since that's what dogs do best. I'm sure.

I was a bit worried about not having anything to play with the next time we went out. I would buy those toys back in an instant, but times were tough. It's not unusual to want to stock up on a couple of those for your pet, if you were an avid park goer. I've made mistakes in the past, this was big one, but I didn't think it was something that would follow 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 like doing something simple. It wasn't a hard choice overall to simply go get something and take it easy.

Getting worked up only ends in disappointment. I had a mindset that I had lost the ball, I wasn't going to find it, but it wasn't all bad, Sparky was still there even if he had lost the ball and Frisbee. Everything was being taken from me, the ball and Frisbee. I felt like it was the end of the world. I was on the verge of collapse. I 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. It had taken mental energy to come back to terms with what I was

doing. I wasn't so nervous after a while. I needed to believe there were good things coming. For now, I had to settle with what was going on. This was the way to certain victory. I wanted so 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 okay. This was all I asked for. Really, this was all I needed.

It may have only been a ball and Frisbee, but it certainly took up a lot of my day considering it. I had set myself on a certain mindset and nothing could take me from it. Determination was part of growing up. It felt like a reset. I ran outside into the open. There were many people on each side chilling out and walking in slow motion. In front, the road was diverging before me. I was again, a bit worried.

But that's 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 often got myself into trouble. It was a played out experience, my contribution to experience.

Standing there in the street everything looked like *Fallout: New Vegas*, a post-apocalyptic computer game. It was a clear sky, but everything was dim and dull. All life had drained out of this place.

I went back to get my Frisbee catching dog, his name was Sparky. He was particularly good at fetching and responding to his name. I was fond of him for being that way, for playing. It was difficult however to get him to say his name out loud.

It was time to take a look for the ball and frisbee. I had wasted enough time. Lost in thought, was for kicks, it wasn't as though I had actually wasted any time. It was just something to say.

The day was bright and park was bright green. The park had everything a park goer and catching dog would need to have fun. The park was fantastic, but at the same time, hard to go see it. Events had made me feel too strongly sad, too much to handle. I have to stay away from stimulation so I don't have strong urges to eat. Even after eating I would feel like falling, for a second, and

that's a dangerous thing. Especially when dealing with Sparky, I don't want to get completely lost in thoughts.

Walking next to me was Sparky. He wasn't out of sorts at all like you'd expect from my dog. He was outgoing and courageous. It seemed like all he needed was direction and someone to point him in it.

I was so close to getting out the mental rut, but there was no future on the other side. Even though nothing was really happening either way. Regardless, I regretted it 20 minutes later. I just need to read Lord of the Rings. No matter what, having loopy thoughts was an easy situation to get out of.

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

Back at home, in the house, Sparky was thinking ahead, he had the Frisbee in his mouth. I could see the ball lying in the grass outside. Sparky was walking in circles, 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. Just finding the ball and Frisbee was already difficult enough. I decided to go, despite all the problems involved. I was getting desperate at this point. I needed a way out from what I was doing.

Sparky was excited, he would soon be going outside. It was a big deal for him. He was scared for a while but now was okay. He began to debate whether or not he wanted to chase the Frisbee and catch the ball, and decided against it. It would be better another day, he thought. I always wondered what went on in the mind of Sparky, but never really gave it much consideration. It was a bit of a mystery for me, being the person that I am. This was an odd reconciliation.

I was afraid no one would be at park, it was a scary thing to me. That's what I thought when stepping outside. It was irrational because there were always people at the park. I was considering

going without my gear. Just walking around always made me feel better. I decided against it, and went to the park with Sparky, ball and frisbee. There was a bunch of park goers. Walking down from my street, there was a bunch of people going up and down the sidewalks, cars parked on the sides of the road. The sky was bright and the sun high in the sky. It was a beautiful day.

We ended up walking around, not playing. It was a nice day. The park has statues and flowers everywhere. Quite nice to look at. I often recommended people go to see the scenery even if they didn't intend on doing park things.

Sparky seemed excited, 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 perusing around the park. It was a catch-their-site and go situation. It wasn't as though they knew who I was. That would be strange and people aren't strange. But I was good at telling people apart. The first few times were the most difficult recognizing anyone. Small moments like these, stored for reference.

Sparky went out of his way to tell me it was time for lunch. There were food trucks parked at the edge of the park, on the street, waiting for people to come buy. I was particularly hungry and wanted something. It was a green street with many people dressed in green, fortunately for me I was used to this by now. The coincident was not disturbing.

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

I walked to the edge of the park and waited on Sparky to make his way over, he was being slow. It was coming on to noon. I decided on getting a breakfast pizza and pudding on top a cake. I got sparky a dog burrito. He really likes those. It was a nice and bright day. We ate well and walked away. It was a good day to walk around outside, even if we didn't know what we were doing or where we were going.

I recognized a few people. Most were completely oblivious to me, which now seemed strange. "Hi," I said to one of them and they completely ignored me. It seemed weird that someone would be here, and unfriendly that way. It was disappointing, but that's okay, no different than normal. Sparky ran up alongside me and greeted me with the same enthusiasm as he always did. It felt like an empty gesture, but it was okay because what he was doing was normal.

It's strange that I have not considered it this way before. There was really nothing to look forward to in the future without Sparky to play ball and Frisbee with. There wasn't really anything happening. I hadn't made any waves, so nothing continued to happen. Staying the same was completely normal, being part of the scenery was my situation. This caused me a lot of grief, but was completely normal. I felt sad because of it, and didn't know what to do sometimes. Analyzing the situation with Sparky was a difficult task, but nothing that I couldn't rise to.

Next day I felt like going outside again, but realized such an action was moot. Watching the clock struck exactly on the hour was a confusing and strange event because time progressed and I did not. Anyway, I felt like going outside.

Scared and nervous, I needed reassurance 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 a mask and has nothing to do with what's causing the nervousness to begin with. I feel afraid of losing the Frisbee, but in reality it has more to do with the stacking of moments. It's real. All of it. I just gotta chill sometimes.

It was Sunday again, Sparky was getting motivated to go outside once again. But it seemed like a lot of effort. Sparky went off all excited to go again. 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 the weather situation in good condition, knowing that it was okay either way. I needed to throw the Frisbee and ball better. That's okay, I needed something for tomorrow too, in case Sparky

wanted to go again.

The next day he was already standing at the door. It was only a short walk to the park, and there were food trucks and various things to bemuse ourselves. I began to wonder about the word muse, and whether or not the “be” 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. It did not seem to help, but kind of was helping.

I wish I was more aware of the going on in my mind. I was still however somewhat worried, but my worry was going away today. Back tomorrow maybe, but that's okay, as long as I knew what to expect.

It seemed like a strange dream I had, where everything, and other people, were there, but weren't. It seemed like I was going somewhere but wasn't. I wasn't able to reach my destination. It was awkward for me. Felt as if moving backward through a fog or molasses. 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 proper dog care, but I am working my way through it, really.