My Memoir By: Ben Miller

I was eight, I lived in a poor part of town, and I only had one friend. I remember the day as sunny, but not a friendly sun, no this was the kind o’ sun that makes the streets glare. I was walking to my friend’s house (they lived across the street and three houses down) when I heard a noise. It was the neighbor’s dog. This dog was not only the biggest dog around, it was the meanest dog around and it was no wonder it was so mean, as its owners were the meanest people in the area. The only reason they still had a dog was because they were best buds with the animal control person. They would only let their kids play every once in a while and only with a select few. They hated all their neighbors, and nearly all their neighbors hated them back. So I don’t reckon it t’ be totally the dogs own fault that it was so mean, but at the time it sure would of helped if the bog had been just a wee bit nicer. I turned to my side and saw the dog come barreling toward me, and just my luck I was stuck right up against the fence, and there was no way I could o’ out run the thing, it was going so fast it was probably breaking the speed limit. I naturally turn to protect my vital organs, so the beast takes a chunk straight out of my hip! I collapsed upon the ground and the dog circles around into the street and starts coming back for the kill! Then, just in the nick o’ time, its owner comes out to get the groceries out of her car, sees the gate open, sees me and *finally* comes to my rescue and calls off her dog. I go home thinking that maybe she’s not so bad after all.

I was wrong. The next day, she calls up and says that it’s my fault her dog attacked me and that I had provoked the attack – from all the way across the street! She demands that I write a letter of apology for **throwing rocks and sticks at her dog** –When I had done no such thing! If I didn’t write the letter, they said they were going to sue. So we had a nice talk with them and explained in very simple terms that we are not to blame for their dogs horrid behavior, and that if they wanted to take us to court we would gladly present; a picture of the wound, my shredded pants, and a witness who says that I was not a participant in throwing rocks at the dog, but that he did it alone and because some kids had told him it would make the dog like him. In the end they did nothing, although they seemed particularly distasteful towards us from then on.

The moral of the story is . . . um well I guess that you should always be careful around dogs, mean neighbors, and sticks.

THE END