

Twenty Trouble

“Twenty! Here Twenty. Come on boy.”

I knew we were in for a blast, and here she came. “Morning, Mrs. Mackenzie.”

“Morning my foot. Why can’t you keep that blasted dog in your own yard.”

“Sorry, Mrs. Mackenzie. He keeps digging under the fence. Seems he likes your yard better than ours.”

“Well you better do something about it. Next time I’m calling someone.”

She was always calling someone. If she ever followed through, then maybe we’d learn who that someone was.

Scooping up Twenty I whispered in his ear. “You best stay away from her, she’s the wicked witch.”

“I heard that. You just keep that dumb mut on your side of the fence. Dumb mut with a dumb name. Why do you call him Twenty anyways?”

“Cause that’s his name. Have a good day, Mrs. Mackenzie.”

Once in our own yard I set my fuzzy friend on the ground and whispered, “You stay in our yard or that mean old lady is going to get us into a heap of trouble.”

“I heard that.”

How does she do that?

“Come on, Twenty. You’ve caused enough trouble for one day, let’s get you a treat.”

Mom admonished from the living room, “Twenty’s had enough treats for one day. He’s getting fat.”

“If he gets fat enough, maybe he’ll stop digging under Mrs. Mackenzie’s fence.”

“Maybe he’d stop if you quit giving him a treat every time he goes over there.”

I shrugged, who could resist those big, brown, puppy dog eyes? Not me.

“If he’s been digging, his feet are dirty. You should give him a bath.”

“Twenty, get back here. Mom, you can’t say the B word in front of him.”

“He doesn’t understand English.”

“Then why does he disappear every time you say the B word?”

I found the little brown and white fuzz ball on my bed. Yup, his feet were dirty all right. “Come on Twenty, time for a B.”

Shaking and quivering, you’d think B stood for beating. Maybe I’d just wash his feet in the sink this time.

Wiping the last of the mud onto a towel, which I hid in the bottom of the laundry hamper, I set him down and he started the “After Bath Hundred Yard Dash”, around and around the house, finally ending up back on my bed.

I opened the window to let out the wet dog odor and collapsed with a book beside my buddy.

He laid his head on my shoulder and I scratched his ears gently. “You’re the best 20 cent dog in

the whole world. You stay away from the neighbor's yard now or that mean old lady will get you."

"I heard that."