

## Dotti Hi Socks Saves the Day



So she's not real bright. She has several bad habits that I was not told about when I adopted her. And her ears are bigger than Dumbo's. I've tried to return her a dozen times, but those darn people who gave her to me keep telling me they don't take returns. And now I think I'm stuck with her due to some ancient foreign legend that vaguely drifts about in my head. You know the one, "If someone saves your life, you become \*theirs\*". So does that count if it was an accident? Maybe there is a loophole yet.

This is how it happened. Dotti Hot Socks and myself have taken to walking for fun and exercise. Well maybe more fun for Dotti and more exercise for me, but anyway most evenings I pack the little bundle of neuroses up in the van and off we go to the local recreation trail for our evening stroll. I figure this has two positive effects. First I get in better shape and second Snotti Dotti gets worn out so she doesn't go on any "search and destroy missions" in the middle of the night.

So I packed the ever anxious, bouncing demon into the van shortly before dusk and headed down to the park. Upon arrival I decided to park on top of the bluff overlooking the trail instead of down in the trail's parking lot. I figured this was close to the fountain that Drippi Dotti likes to wade through and would be a nice ending spot for our walk.

Now you have to understand that I drive a mini van with tinted windows so unless you look very closely (or Dotti is being extra



obnoxious) you wouldn't know she's in the van until I open the door and let her out.

As I exited my van, carrying my fanny pack and juggling my keys, headed around the back to the slider door on the passenger side, I was approached by 5 subjects. These subjects were all male, in their late teens early twenties, and one of them was carrying a stack of round plastic kitchen clocks. Very strange but I just ignored them. Then, as I was making the corner around my van, they formed a semi circle behind me and one of them tried to make conversation.

"Are you having fun yet?" he asks in a slightly aggressive tone. "Nope", I replied as I continued to edge toward the slider, fumbling with my keys, trying to find the right one. "Do you want to have some fun?" the guy continues. "Nope", I reply. Then the dude starts flinging the clocks behind my back into the grassy area next to my van, missing me by about a foot each time. "You sure you don't want to have some fun?" he asks. I realize that he wants me to turn toward the flying clocks (ok so maybe they couldn't find any Frisbees so they stole all the clocks or something) and distract me so the others could jump up and grab my fanny bag which was still hanging in my hand.

At this point I finally had managed to make it to the slider door, find my key and I inserted it quickly and pulled open the door grabbing Dotti Hi Socks by the collar as she jumped out onto the pavement. What a sight as she bounded out, ears standing taller than the fiercest Doberman's, tail riding high, lunging and tugging to get to



the hoodlums. One of them called out to the others “Man she’s got a dog let’s get outta here” and they took off jogging down the bluff.

Poor Dotti, of course, was still standing there looking puzzled as to why they weren’t overcome by her cuteness and wanting to give her the adoration she so deserves.

Dotti Hot Socks and I continued our walk, and I rewarded the little accidental heroine with an ice cream afterwards. She’s still trying to figure out what she did to deserve that. And I’m trying to find a loophole in the “if she saves your life, she becomes yours for life” legend.