

In memoriam Aboo

The day I started to live was also the beginning of my end I know now. Of course, without these last happy months, my life would have been finished much earlier.

My first five years I was tied up in a kennel. Of my mother, brothers or sisters, if there were any, I remember nothing. They were probably killed shortly after our birth, smashed to a wall, or drowned in a bucket of water. I lived alone in this small kennel, as big as a table. I envied my brothers and sisters because my life was a mere boredom and they were probably in heaven. Absolutely nothing happened between my ears and in sight of my eyes. The days were endless and lifeless.

However, three or four times a year, I had the honor to be invited to a hunting game. That was as far as fun, that I could stretch my stiff and long legs and run, breathing the fresh mountain air. Last but not least, I experienced the joy of peeing and shitting in nature, instead of doing that next to my pillow, whatever that would have been.

A hunt went like this: long before sunrise they woke me up, dragged me from my den and shut me in a small cart behind bars. This cart danced behind a 4x4-van, bumping over rocks and through holes high up into the mountains. Other cars with more dogs followed. Once released, we, some twenty or more dogs, took off barking and bellowing by joy and pleasure for a few hours of the so much desired liberty.

During my last hunt, I withdrew myself somewhat from the crowd of man in hunting green garments and the horde of dogs. I tried to dissolve between the shrubbery and the yellow and red rocks. I climbed up a hill and ignored the whistle of my master. I thought, out of sight is hopefully out of his mind. Partridges, rabbits, quails, even a group of wild boar ran like me, to safety. I moved on until sun sank behind the rocks in the distance. Exhausted I flattened under a shrub, watching the red sky turning black while pondering on food and water, then I fell asleep.

For days I wandered through the mountains, ate dead bodies, drank muddy water and became very sick. A shepherd found me and took me to a village. He gave me bread and leftovers. I recovered, but was far from happy. I was pestered and harassed by other dogs, beaten up by villagers who did not want me near their houses. At my wits' end, I was prepared to die. I could hardly walk, my wounds were inflamed, ticks and fleas were taking over my life. Under an unemployed cement mixer, I found the perfect hiding place. Nobody was allowed to come near me anymore, I wanted to die.

Until that day, a man and a woman passed. They saw me and talked to me in a funny foreign language, I didn't understand them. Though, I did understand their good intentions. Her voice was caressingly and sweet; he seemed committed. Nevertheless, I was not used

to this sort of tending and had to raise my upper lip, however my wagging tail betrayed me. I was skin over bones and light as a feather and they lifted me to take me home. Two smaller dogs, a black boy and a golden brown fellow welcomed me in; as if I had been their lost brother.

That day death faded in the mist of my exhaustion and slowly life steadied down in me again. The couple gave me peace, love and reason to exist. They fed me with so called dog food, hard chunks I had to chew on and meat from a tin. They took me, and the other two guys, for long walks along the beach. They admired my running, 'It is, as if he dances, so gracefully he moves,' I heard them say to each other. I was happy and felt beloved.

They taught me to listen to a name, Aboo. When I heard a firmly spoken NO, I was supposed not to do something. They praised me for the things I did well and I learned more and more to understand what happiness meant.

However, one thing I couldn't learn. My constant craving for food had become an obsession. Nothing was save on the table, the counter or in a cupboard. I ate everything edible. I was punished severely, even beaten by my new master, but I couldn't help my addiction.

The two small fellows were fun, especially the golden brown one, he is the kind of guy you instantly like. His brother was ok too, but he wanted to be the master of the pack, without having the skills. He is a bit of a creep and easy to scare off. Sometimes the brown one and I took off, we did naughty things together, like chasing women and raping them. We also raked the area to find food, my favorite hobby.

It is about a month ago now, that we found the dead body of a goat, not so far from home. The brown dog warned me, well fed and spoilt, he was not so much interested in the bones. He moved on, saying 'master will be mad'. I could not restrain myself; tore pieces of the smelling and decaying meat apart, swallowed bones, injured my snout. Hours later I came home, fagged. I ate with the others although I wasn't hungry anymore. Several times that week I went back to my secret find, craving for more bones. Until my stomach ached so much and I couldn't shit anymore; I couldn't vomit and could not eat. I had become the victim of my own greediness. When master and mistress found out I was actually ill, they were mad at first, then worried and finally took me to the vet, anxious.

Meanwhile I was in a state of constant pain. Not knowing what to do anymore, my mercy was in their hands. They paid money for me, a lot apparently, because the vet took away half of my intestines and a kidney; everything that was affected by the decay of my secret goat. That cadaver full of maggots, flies and rottenness incarnated in me. I recognised death again, its veils blurred my eyes. The vet said I could live on, not as before, but without pain and with enough joy and pleasure. Master and mistress were happy, they wanted me alive. My life meant something to them.

But I, do I still want it? Will I give life one more try? Put in my last will power?
No, death is approaching me. He stares into my eyes. This very moment, he touches me. A velvet cloth of transparency is thrown around me. He lifts me and we fly away. He takes me along, to a better world, finally.

December 2004 © Maryet Maks