

Donny Beagle

...in memory of my Great Aunt Mary...
She never betrayed her secret
1908 to 1989

THE BOOTH

a voice was speaking it was a quiet voice a sleepy man's voice.

hi there it said

the woman pressed the receiver against her ear tossed the tattered cord over her shoulder out of the way and let out a long sigh it's me she said into the mouthpiece

I seem to dream a lot about you the voice murmured it's odd you'd think I would stop this nonsense after all this time you would think I could forget for a while that simple feeling from so long ago a simple fling

a simple love affair

yes of course lovers

lovers in love

that follows

they found me in here in the telephone booth again yesterday

how is that cozy little nest of ours I remember it so clearly a beautiful hideyhole two lovebirds coo cooing together in their little nest with telephone service the love making the promises the bluffs the air the warm sea air panting rising from the beach sand boats milling about in the harbour and out past the lighthouse gulls crying the eagle climbing to the sky overhead the sea ducks bobbing in the surf all of it so lovely but not so lovely as you

it's now deserted falling apart unused forlorn

sad are we talking about the telephone booth or you

both I suppose are you still in that old house still in England jolly and old

Bonnie died six years ago I stayed here

I didn't know

*I always meant to get back in touch I wanted to find you to come see you rekindle
an old flame maybe and then time just flew away with me and I started to wither
but never stopped trying to forget us failing couldn't forget*

what's that I'm hearing I'm hearing something else from your side what am I
hearing

*could be the mourning dove or the two of them could be the curtains moving in
the draft could be the early bus could be a thousand million things anything
I guess you may be hearing the insomniacs at the corner screaming at the kid on
his bike ringing the bell like crazy below their bedroom window or the sound in
your head might be the dew forming or the fog rolling in the tide changing my
heart beating*

or the earth spinning or time passing or me talking to myself will I ever see
you again

does it matter

I'm alone I am sad yes it matters I want to be that way again is that too
much to ask

we sailed together through the Panama Canal

we danced together in Panama City under the stars

I still have the knife

she looked down at her right elbow resting on the worn shelf just under the coin
return tray her fingers traced the carved lines I held the candle

I thought it was a flashlight

it was so tight in here

we were warm we were a perfect fit

we were very very warm you held me while the sun went down

the best sunset of my life I was still holding you when the sun came back up it brought a brand spanking sparkling new world to my eyes I wanted to sing

you did remember she was getting stiff she squirmed all that did was shift the stiff parts around until she hurt in new places do you remember your dreams

of course they are what's real how's your sister doing

you mean the other one the cute one

yes that one Florence

Flo died ten years after you left

you were a really good martyr you gave Florence everything she needed and everything you had you gave me up

I am so sorry she peeled the receiver from her hand good night then and put it back in its cradle just as she heard

it's morning here we ought to forgive each other

I forgot to tell you I'm getting a puppy dog naming it after you

are you making me up are you dreaming

she tried to answer but the connection was dead

Mary lifted her head and looked down to the choppy water through a gap in the Salal and scrub Oak. A troller was rounding the point, hitting the open sea and attacking the wave caps with the gusto and zeal built into these little vessels. Mary knew the boat, the skipper and the deckhand and knew they would be out past the fifty-fathom line, off Cape Scott, for the next three weeks; day and night hunting for the Salmon and hauling them in when they found the sweet spot. "Be safe, little

boat,” She muttered and rested her head on her hands on the shelf under the telephone. “Be safe and catch a lot of big juicy Salmons.”

Getting out of the booth was easier said than done. She felt like a clam being pried from its shell as she struggled to free herself...or that plumber that came by to fix a leak, got stuck instead in the vanity, tried to squirm out and yelled at her as his pants fell off. The tap was still leaking, and the bathroom floor was still wet.

Mary finally popped out of the old shell of peeling paint and shattered, foggy glass and waved at Margrete Finch, the community jogger, always on a path of some kind. Margrete slowed and waved back tactfully, trying her best not to stare at the neighbour who spent more time than what seemed natural chatting away on a dead phone in a derelict telephone booth. “What’s the harm?” she mused, as she disappeared around the bend and out of view. “It’s a gorgeous day in May. Leave the girl with her memories.”

CRACK OF DAWN

Mary clawed at the handrail, pulled it straight off the post, and went down with a loud crack. She barely had time to cry “look out!” before hitting the sidewalk, the crumbled hunk of rotten wood still gripped in her hand. When she came to, she emerged from black nothingness into blazing headache, buried in a pile of frantic monkey-things cavorting in her face. The whatevers-they-weres floated above her, lips peeled back against gums and boney fingers pinching and probing.

The world was suddenly far too close for comfort. “Get off!” Mary cried, pushing out with all her limbs and all her might. “What are you doing to me!” The outburst was all she had. She fell back into someone’s arms and closed her eyes.

Mary opened her eyes, her vision cleared and Ranier Tohms stepped into it, focussed his worried eyes on her. “You look like an anteater, actually,” she said. “Or a puppy dog.”

Ranier was her neighbour. They shared the back yard fence, and he spent a lot of time peeking through the gaps in the planks. It was weird, and he was odd, but she liked him in spite of it. The neighbour was harmless, if a little too observant, but he had a good smile and a great big laugh that she liked to hear echoing around the neighbourhood. She liked him in spite of his quirks. Ranier was okay.

Mary always guessed that her borderline nutty neighbour would help her if she needed - she somehow knew he would be there - she practically counted on it. "And here you are," Mary said to him. "And that's what your entire face looks like?" Ranier Tohms smiled and laughed.

Her voice was coming back. "Anyone *not* here?" she called out.

"Stella Crane and Mister Toledo took their affair to Spain for awhile," came from the back of the growing pack.

"Perhaps for the best," Mary said, and Ranier smiled and laughed again.

"You gave us a scare. You fell hard," said another neighbour from further up the block, the self-proclaimed award-winning gardener Mr. Slade. She called him 'Blossom; he liked that.

She noticed the kids standing back a little, already bored with the event, clutching their skateboards.

The young girl was rolling the wheels casually along her fingers. "Yeah, we were worried for you," she chimed in.

"You're far too young to worry about anything, Ginny." (God, her head hurt. Was her noggin cracked wide open? She was afraid to touch back there; it might be wet.) "You'll have lots and lots of time ahead - years, eons even - to worry about everything, all you want." Mary tried to get up on an elbow. That wasn't going to happen. "But worrying's an ugly habit and a big waste of time." She raised her voice to the kids and then collapsed back with a grunt of surrender. "Just don't worry. That's what I say. Okay?" Her young roadside worriers nodded in unison at her words, and she managed a smile, straight back at her bobble-head friends.

Mary caught the hovering eye of another neighbour. "Hi there, Stanley." Stan was in a class all his own. He was the street's reigning intellectual. She called him 'Smarty Pants', and he also liked his given name." She tried to wave, but her hand reached only as far as her face instead, where a good-sized bump pulsed hot against her palm. It felt purple.

"Little David," she called out.

"Right here, Aunt Mary!" one of the bobble-heads called back.

“Where are you two going?”

“Down to the bluff. Boarding.”

“Sounds like good fun. Give the booth a bit of a cleanup if you don’t mind. Since you’re there.”

David grinned widely. “Sure will!”

“And look after your little sissy.”

David’s grin dimmed. “Really?”

“For me. Okay?”

David shuffled.

“Does it hurt, Aunt Mary?” The little sister, Ginny, dropped her board on the sidewalk, got a foot on it, ready to go.

“Some, but it hardly hurts at all when I’m talking to the prettiest, smartest young lady in the whole wide world.” Ginny beamed back at the older woman. Mary loved the young girl’s smile, it was radiant, it made her feel young again just being near it.

A man appeared at the top of the steps.

“Aunt Mary!”

“Down here, Gordon.”

“Come on, let’s get you inside,” Gordon said as he joined the group at the base of the steps. He dropped his arm. “Take this.” And he hoisted Mary up from the ground. “You’re like a sack of potatoes.”

“French fries?”

“More like mashed.” Gordon lifted her back into the house and slid her off his shoulder onto the couch. “Stay put. I’m calling the ambulance.”

“What a lovely day for early-on May, Gordon.”

“Very poetic.” He waved his free hand at her. “I’m on the phone.”

HOSPITALITY

“We need to put a couple of pins in that shattered arm of hers,” the doctor said, lowering a clipboard and looking down over her eyeglasses. “But that will have to wait.” The doctor turned away. “Go home, give us three hours to check her out and at least put a few of those puzzle parts back together for you.”

Gordon returned at twenty-to-seven and was told to wait on the bench in the waiting area. The bench was stainless steel - no cushions or padding of any kind - that wouldn’t be sanitary. There were complications, he was told; not life-threatening, but serious enough to keep the medical staff gainfully employed for a few more hours, tidying her up.

After one and a half hours and an almost lukewarm spaghetti dinner from the vending machine, he curled up in the crook of his elbow, dropped off into sleep and revisited a time that lived deep inside him. Gordon drifted back thirty years to a moment.

.....

A woman walks up to a shady hole in the bushes, pushes aside some bramble branches with a cane tip and peers into the dark hollow beyond.

A boy freezes like a rabbit sensing a fox.

The woman stops, pulls off her head scarf, and draws in a deep breath. “Aw, the sweet sea air at a tide change, can’t get enough of it.” Her eyes adjust. She smiles.

He doesn’t move. He waits.

At least, that’s how he remembers the meeting. A stranger – finding him.

“I’m letting my eyes adjust,” she said. “I can’t see you yet - you have time to run away if you want to.” She pushed further in. “Are you doing drugs in there?”

The boy found his voice. “No, are you doing drinking out there?”

He watched the woman's head swivel like the light beam on Forney's Rock, seeking him out.

He tried to shrink.

"Where does your family live?" she asked.

"They don't...anymore."

"I am so sorry." She looked right at him. "Ah, there you are."

"It's okay, they were ancient."

"Like me?"

"You don't sound old at all, and I don't think ancient people paint flowers on their boots."

"You might be surprised. What about my cane?"

"It just makes you *look* old - I think maybe you're pretending to be old."

"What happened?"

"My parents? They died of old age, Dad three years after Mum."

"When did your Mum die?"

"Three years before Dad."

"Were your parents as difficult to talk to as you are?"

"Were you always this nosy?" He was trapped. "I don't like talking about them now, that's all."

"I am sorry again," she said. "But forgive me, please, I *am* being nosy, but it comes naturally. I like that quality; I think it's one of my better features."

The woman was now fully inside the hollow with him. "Why are you here instead of your old home?" she asked.

“My uncle rented our home out. I could have had the basement if I wanted, but no thanks, Uncle Asshole.”

“Is Asshole *really* your uncle’s name.”

“Yes.”

The woman laughed.

“I was adopted...are you done with me?” he said.

“Almost,” she picked something off her sweater and studied it for a moment, then brought it up to her face and took a long deep breath. “Coastal wild rose, you can taste the salty air coming off it.” She caressed her cheek with the soft petals. “And my God - lucky you - you get to live here in this bush. So lush. So magical. Come on, I want to show you something.” She waved toward the daylight behind her.

“I should tidy up here,” he said. “If I’m going out.”

“May I?” She saw him pause. “Help? I mean?”

They sorted out his stuff, put three empty juice bottles in a garbage bag and stuffed a blanket and a damp box of Cheerios into a backpack. There was also a tiny hand rake that she guessed passed for a household vacuum cleaner.

The boy arranged the pack on his back. “I have to take everything, every time. This place is full of jerks.”

The lady nodded seriously.

“What’s your name?” The boy asked.

“Everyone calls me Aunt Mary.”

“Why?”

“Beats me.” She poked and stirred the tip of her cane in a pile of leaves and roots by her feet. There was something blueish there. “Don’t forget your toothbrush. Use the thing while you’ve still got something to rub it on.”

He stuck the brush in his mouth where it hung out the corner like a popsicle stick.

“Let’s go.” Aunt Mary pushed out of the hollow and waited.

After some shuffling in the bush, he appeared in front of her. “Gordon,” he said.

She cocked her head. “You’re bigger and more grown up than I figured.”

“Gordon, it’s *my* name,” he said around the toothbrush.

“Gordon,” she said slowly, as if deep in thought. “You know, Gordon, I can not imagine you with any other name. Gordon...” The woman reached out to touch his face, thought better of it, and pulled her hand back to her chest. “Gordon.” She repeated the name slowly - lingered on the syllables. “Magnificent.”

“It’s okay, I guess.”

Mary turned and started back through the long grass. “Better than Mister Bushwacker,” she said over her shoulder.

It was so easy to follow the woman back to her house. Years later he would still be wondering why he went with her so willingly to the old two-story on the corner of Readyboat and Bluff Road, and although the mystery was never solved in his head, in time it became clear in his heart. He might have even drifted off while he was there in that wonderful house; but that was easy to blame on the crackle and glow of the small driftwood fire smoldering behind the iron grate in the corner, and the warmth of the sweet tea and buttery biscuits settling and working its magic deep inside him.

The young man’s eyes opened.

‘Aunt Mary’ was lifting the small brass tray from his lap. “Just crumbs left. Good,” she said.

“I’m not a street person.”

“I figured that,” the woman said. “You are a respectable bramble-bush person.”

“You think it’s funny?”

“Yes.” She stood up. “Please...” she said and held out her hand. “I’ll show you and your toothbrush around the old place.”

Gordon stood but declined the offered hand. “I’m okay, I don’t need help to stand on my own. But thank you anyway...Aunt Mary.”

“I’m not offering charity, God forbid such a thing,” she said. “I will over-charge you lots of rent if you like, but if you don’t have the money handy at any time, you can help me with things around the place. This building and the property are far too big for me to keep up on my own. Without help I will lose it.”

She offered her hand again and he held it for a moment this time. He took the hand, but not the room. “I’m sorry. I have my own place,” he said.

She spun him around. “There’s a lifetime of work here for someone.”

Gordon thanked Aunt Mary for the tea, picked up his pack and bags and stepped out into the early evening.

“The air is like a tonic here, don’t you think?” she said.

“I do.”

Three months later, Gordon was back at her door. “Does the offer still stand?”

“What offer?”

“The handyman for board thing. And a place for my toothbrush.”

“I suppose the offer could be revived?”

“I have a girlfriend.”

The woman didn’t speak, but to the youngster it might have looked like she was hiding a smile.

“I gave her a ring - I love her a lot, but you’ve seen my place, right?” he said, she nodded. “No matter how I arrange the furniture, there’s just not enough room for the two of us.”

“Is she nice?”

“My girl? You tell me.” He stepped away from the door opening and returned.

“Lisa, this is...”

“Oh my!” Mary broke in. “You are so pretty. So lovely.” The woman got a shy smile from the girl. “Sorry, we don’t do handshakes here, apparently.” Mary drew the young lady into her arms, lightly touched the deep red hair and studied the warm chocolate eyes. “Sweetheart, I think I have room for exactly two more people in my old heart, so come on in.”

“Do your parents like him?” Mary asked the girl.

“I think so.”

“Don’t worry, we can work on that.”

And that was that. And *that* was fifteen years back.

.....

Someone was shaking him.

Have some water,” a tired-looking nurse said. “It’s on the house.” She lowered a tiny paper cup to his face. “Your Aunt is ready to go home.”

“What time is it?”

“Time to go.”

The nurse handed him a hunk of towel and pointed to the corner of her mouth. “Spaghetti sauce?”

“I’m not sure, it was in the baggie with the noodles,” he said. He took the towel and pushed it around on his chin and the one, sticky cheek she was pointing at.

Fifteen minutes later, Gordon wrestled his broken-up aunt into a broken-down wheelchair and the hospital doors slid open. “Just bring it back when you have a chance,” the nurse said as she tossed him a blanket, closed the doors on the couple, and forced an exhausted smile through the glass.

Gordon pushed, Aunt Mary held on, and they started down Billy Goat Lane in the dead, dark quiet; the only sound the chair wheels crunching on old pavement and the wash and hiss of the sea scrubbing the base of the bluff.

“Do you remember when we first met?” He bent over and smiled in the dark. “I said you were pretending to be old?”

“Careful now.”

“Well, you’re not pretending anymore.”

“Just push.”

WAKE UP CALL

Four thousand, six hundred and sixteen miles away from the rickety wheelchair, give or take two or three small English-town blocks, the sun has already found a spot to start its new day. This place is Marple, or as the locals like to tell themselves and anyone else who will listen - this is *The Marple*...the quaintest, most perfect English hamlet in the British Isles, and the birthplace of the smartest of Agatha Christie’s famous sleuths.

Marples are a proud lot.

As dawn cracks, the new morning sun flows in over the heavily lacquered Oak windowsill and finds a lump snoring under layers of quilts and blankets in a loft in a grand house on the East block of Chimney Street; and as if inviting the new day in, the peach-white curtains are unfurling and waving softly in the embrace of the gentle morning breeze.

There is peace in this room; this is not surprising; this is, after all...Marple. But the peace and quiet is soon broken as a sleeper awakes, sheets are pulled back and duvets are cast aside. Pillows and cushions fly out from the mountain of bedding and tumble from the foothill lumps onto the hardwood floor. A befuddled man wrestles through the linen and duck feathers to the surface and sits straight up - he surveys the chaos around him - he shakes his semi-conscious head and forces his eyes open all the way. He can’t figure out why he is shaking - something was speaking to him.

The man finds the photograph in a bottom drawer under a pile of orphaned socks. It's still there, in the same faded blue air mail envelope it had come in, back when air mail was a big thing and the super thin, lighter blue envelopes kept the planes from falling out of the sky, apparently. The tattered border makes it easy to pull the treasure out of the envelope. He caresses the backing - flat black, like old felt - and runs a finger around the curled edges where the years have aged it. He focuses on the faded image, studies the black and white, relives the time and the moment. He savours it all; a figure in a cocked fedora, right arm around a woman's waist, standing in the full white sun at the base of a ship's ramp. He can feel the scorching sun just by glancing at this ancient photo. Tied to the gangway railing is a white board with four words painted on it. GUYS AND GALS HERE the sign proclaims with a big fat sloppy arrow pointing up the ramp.

The couple is laughing at something. The woman is looking up at her partner, one hand holding her floppy sun hat on her head; the other on its way to his face. Forty-five years later, the man can't remember what the joke was, but the soft grey eyes and the saucy laugh are unforgettable. The memory is solid, and painful.

He blows dust off the photograph and puts his lips to the image. "Shall we?" he says, shuffling an awkward dance movement across the worn floor to the framed mirror leaning against the wall next to the hanging closet. He studies the specimen looking back at him. "Hey, it's worth a shot." He puffs up his chest and turns to get a profile look - the new angle really doesn't improve anything. He exhales and deflates. "What's to lose," he gasps. "It won't kill me to try."

DEPARTURE

"What's the purpose of your trip?" The customs officer said.

"I have to make a connection."

"I don't see a connection here. - you're direct to Vancouver, Canada." The man behind the plexiglass looked up at the very tired looking man with the pleading eyes on the other side of the panel. He dropped the paperwork on the desk in front of him and stamped it. "...Okay, I'm not sure *why* I get it, but I get it," he said, and pushed the ticket back to the waiting passenger.

"Don't forget your hat." The officer gave him a friendly smile. "Nice old thing you got there so hang on to it - apparently it's going to be a rough ride out there." He waved the next passenger over but turned before taking the offered paperwork.

He watched the man trotting down the ramp. “Hey!” he called, knocking on his plastic barrier at the same time.

The man stopped and looked back. His shoulders sagged and he made a step back.

“Good luck to you, Mister Beagle.”

“*Donny* Beagle,” the man called back. “And thanks, you are a nice fellow, but I think I’ll need more than just luck to get through this.”

THANKSGIVING

“I can’t believe I’m saying this,” said Gordon. “But I would like some Brussels sprouts. Would somebody please pass me the Brussels sprouts. I’ll trade you for the gravy and some mashed potatoes.”

“Where’s our new puppy?” Mary said.

Lisa pointed down, beside her chair, and put a finger to her lips. “I can’t believe he’s sleeping. What a good little puppy he is,” she said, voice down. “But the name, I still don’t get that name, Aunt Mary - he *is* actually a Spaniel.” Lisa lifted the tablecloth and peeked under the table. “Yup, that’s what you are. You’re a gorgeous baby Spaniel dog. Right, Little Beagle?”

“I will fill you in on the little guy’s name... someday. But first, here is my toast to all of us; I *will* keep it brief.”

A squeak came from under the table on Lisa’s side.

“Has he got a blanket?”

“Your pillow.”

“Oh my!”

Lisa stuck her tongue out.

Mary tossed a biscuit at her.

Gordon laughed but kept one eye on the serving dish at the other end of the table. “The toast, Aunt Mary?”

Mary stood. “For sure.” She created an important throat clearing sound and pretended to look for paperwork. She picked up Gordon’s table napkin instead and held it out in front of her. “Okay then. If I’ve learned anything at all over the last several hundred years or so - no comment needed from you Gordon, thank you very much - it is that a cold Thanksgiving dinner is never an option – nothing to give any thanks for, and always a bad idea. Speeches and long, tedious toasts are for politicians who like cold turkeys and Oscar winners who won’t sit down. Sorry, but that’s not for this crowd.”

Gordon reached for the brussels sprouts.

“However,” Mary said, staring down Gordon and his move on the veggie bowl. “I will say one thing.”

Gordon withdrew his hand, leaned back in his chair and turned to his wife. “I was so close.”

“Somehow,” Mary raised her glass. “We three ended up as a family, a growing one at that, and it just so happened that we all really needed family. But we all miss someone as well.” Mary blew Gordon a kiss. “And we also send those same thoughts out there to loved ones who just didn’t show up for some reason.” She got a polite snicker. “Bless them. And to Lisa’s family in Amsterdam, I say this.” She waved her good hand in a greeting. “Hi Johanne. Hello Olivia. We hope you are having fun and enjoying Katy’s visit...while you can, because next time we get her all to ourselves.”

Mary sat down quickly and took up her knife and fork...“Just one more thing.” She put the cutlery back down.

Gordon lowered his head to the table. “I am crying here!” he laughed into his empty plate.

Mary reached over and gripped the man’s elbow. “Gordon dear...I also believe that your real mother is sitting here with you. Watching you. Looking after you.” Her grip tightened on the arm. “In fact, I know she is.”

After a very long silence, Gordon sat back and stared down at the hand on his elbow.

The silence was finally broken and the mood restored by Lisa's brilliant laugh. "It's my fault Katy's not here," She said. "I said yes to her. She got me in a weak moment, but now I worry about my baby. Amsterdam is a big, scary place for a thirteen-year-old girl."

"You will have your teenager back soon enough," Mary said. "In the meantime, enjoy the break." Her eyes slowly closed and then opened like she was waking from a dream. She shook her head - looked around the room as if she was seeing it for the first time, shook her head again, and grinned like a little girl.

"I almost forgot something." Gordon bent over, head and arms venturing under the table, and grunting like he was fighting with something. Little Beagle was yipping in excitement.

"In the pantry," Lisa said, banging on the tabletop to get his attention. "It's in the pantry, goofy. It's not under the table. The *dog* is under the table."

A few minutes of patient silence later, Gordon returned from the pantry, moved a plate to one side, and placed a piece of old looking, but polished, piece of wood in front of Mary.

"This is..."

"I know exactly what it is." Mary laid her hand on it.

"I got this out before they tore the booth apart."

"Oh my..."

"Lisa fixed it up for you."

"Katy did the sanding,"

"She did a beautiful job of it too." Mary rubbed the polished surface against her cheek.

"Are those initials?" Gordon said.

"Yes." Mary turned the specimen so Lisa could see it. "MM, big slash, and DB."

Lisa leaned forward and touched the polished surface.

“Mary MacKenzie.” Mary moved Lisa’s fingertip. “Donny Beagle.” She held the plank against her side, closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

“I remember the knife he used – I held the candle. It was a lifetime ago.”

There was a loud knock at the front door. Lisa went to answer it and returned.

“Who is it, dear,” Mary said.

“You will never guess.”

“Oh my.”

“It’s Ranier and he’s brought a bottle of ‘expensive’ Champagne tied up in a gold ribbon. He says the odour of Turkey is getting through his fence and he’s here to collect evidence so he can lodge a proper complaint.”

“I also need to meet the famous Little Beagle,” he said, appearing at the dining room doorway and looking about.

“Well...?” Lisa was pulling up the tablecloth on her side. “He is a real treasure.” A wet little black nose poked out from the shadow. “And a curiosity.”

Ranier got on his knees and gently took the little black nose between his fingers. A moment later a yip erupted and a bright red tongue rolled out and licked the hand. “He surely is a wonder,” the guest said. “We will have to make a doorway in our fence, Mary. Tomorrow.”

“Come, neighbour,” Mary said as Gordon moved chairs and brought a plate and glass. “Sit with me.”

“Don’t mind if I do,” Ranier said, making a show of tucking a napkin into his shirt collar and then rubbing his hands together. “Okay, who’s hiding the Brussels sprouts? I’m famished.”

“Good night.” Gordon was looking up at Mary from the base of the stairs; the little dog nestled in the crook of his right arm.

“Please,” she said. “Thank Lisa for me - for everything. The cleanup – doing it all. I’m just too tired out for some reason.”

“Oh come on, we loved it. The whole night was fun. Lisa and I really enjoyed yourselves - and so did Ranier, obviously.” Gordon laughed. “Him rolling around on the kitchen floor with Little Beagle was a memory in the making.”

There was a pause as the dog squirmed and yipped a bit.

“Anything else you need?” Gordon asked.

“Just one thing,” Mary hesitated. “Would you kids mind if the puppy slept with me, on my bed tonight...and maybe forever, after that?” She came down a step. “I can’t explain; it’s just that...”

Before she could end the sentence, Gordon was pressing Little Beagle into her arms. “I think the dog is actually purring,” he chuckled. “Remarkable animal.”

“Good night, my darling Gordon.”

The man laughed. “I don’t know what got you so mushy and sappy tonight, but it was a nice touch. Sleep tight and sweet dreams to you, Aunt Mary.”

“Maybe just ‘Mary’ from now on.” She shifted the puppy up until they were nose to nose. “Are we intoxicated?” Little Beagle licked her face madly.

Gordon kissed her cheek and backed down the three stairs to the main floor. The Beagle huffed and tightened its grip on Mary’s shoulder as it was carried up to bed.

The end

Epilogue to Donny Beagle

On Thanksgiving Day, October 13, 2018, a passenger jet flying out of Manchester, England and destined for Vancouver, Canada, flew into bad weather mid-Atlantic and disappeared off radar and GPS five hundred miles east of the coast of Newfoundland. As of this writing, there are no reports of survivors and no signs of wreckage. It looks like no one had a chance.

