



The No Name Dog

We should have known that something was wrong with “the Dog” when the man who gave it to us had him in the trunk of the car. It was strange looking dog with wiry hair, pointy ears, a long tongue sticking out of one side of its mouth and with two different colored eyes, one blue and the other yellow.

“He is a little hyper,” the told us, and immediately the dog jumped out of the car and started running wildly around the neighborhood.

When my Dad asked the name and the age of the dog. The man mumbled incoherently, closed the trunk, got into his car and drove off.

“The dog will probably calm down after he gets a chance to run around a bit,” Dad said, as we finally caught the nervous dog. The moment I relaxed the hold on the dog in our backyard, the dog jumped out of my arms and started running full throttle all around the edge of our yard yapping all the time.



“Maybe,” I said, “he wants a name.” but we couldn’t think of one because of all the yapping.

“Let him calm down a bit,” Dad said “and we’ll think of one that fits him.”

The dog did not calm down. He kept running full throttle around the perimeter of the fence and always in the same direction and yapping all the time. At times he stopped in the path he was running for a moment, a leaf would move or he’d hear something and he started running again. If we called him, his only response was to run faster. He didn’t even stop for his food. He just jumped out of his path, took a bite and continued his run. It was incredible.

He never responded to us. He never played with me. He just ran. Soon you could see a path all around the perimeter of the fence.

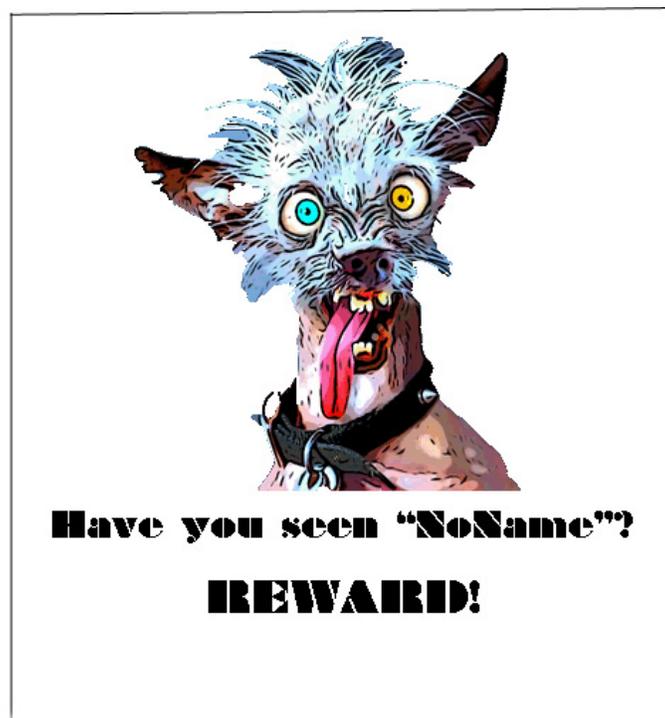


One time I caught him and I tried to pet him and see if I calm him down and play with me. It didn't work. The whole time he was wriggling, muscles bulging with his legs never stopping. He felt hard like metal not even flesh. It was like holding a vibrating robot dog.



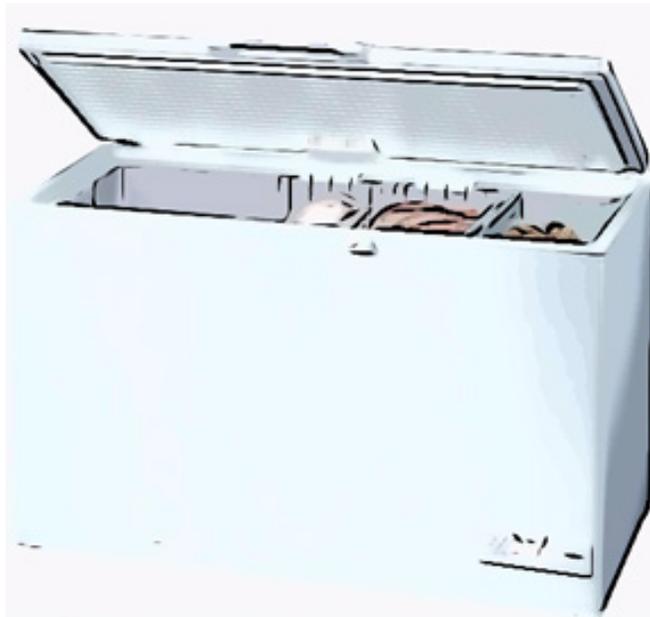
“No Name” continued running and yapping for months. The path was now a trench so deep that you could only see the tail and the tips of his ears when the dog was at the far end of the yard.

Besides running, “No Name” was constantly yapping. At first it was irritating, but after a few days it was comforting, like having the TV on for noise. Suddenly one day it stopped. We immediately knew something was wrong; it was quiet. “No Name” was gone! We looked through the whole neighborhood. We posted signs with a picture of “No Name.”



That night was so quiet without “No Name,” we couldn’t sleep. We were relieved and the same time felt guilty. The dog had come and gone and we hadn’t even named him.

It was not until the next day, in the afternoon, that Mama found “No Name.” He was in the chest freezer we had in the back porch—frozen! He must have jumped in and Mama closed the lid without knowing it.



I immediately took frozen “No Name” to the backyard and gently placed him on the grass. He was frozen solid. He looked fearsome with icicles forming on its fangs. “No Name” looked

like a little saber tooth tiger. I was hoping that the sun would warm him up and he'd be okay.



After a few hours, “No Name” was soft to the touch and limp. I had never felt him so soft, but he didn’t move at all. It looked so bad for him. I felt so sad.

Tío David asked, “Why the sad face?”

I told him the whole story. “...and now he’s not moving,” I trailed off.

“Oh, I can fix that,” *Tío* David said. “Bring me some gasoline and a funnel.”

I ran to the garage and brought back a small jar with gasoline. “No,” *Tío* David said, “I need a lot more gasoline.” I ran back to the garage and brought the whole can and the funnel.



Tío gently raised “No Name” to an upright position and had me hold him up. He then placed the funnel into his mouth and started pouring gasoline into his mouth. At first, I felt nothing, then, a little twitching and his legs started jerking. Before I was able to get a better grip on him, “No Name” jumped out of my hands and headed to the trench to continue his run. It was good to see him running full speed in his familiar trench but

there was a notable difference—no yapping. He ran quietly.

All you could hear was his panting.

The next day an older, kind lady came to visit. During her visit she went to the backyard and saw “No Name” quietly running in his trench. “What a cute little dog. What’s his name?”

“He doesn’t have a name,” I told her.

“Why not?”

“He never comes to us.”

“You have to give him a name, poor thing.” Then she called out, “Here little doggy.”

To our surprise, “No Name,” jumped out of the trench and came toward her. This was the first time the dog had responded to anyone! “No Name,” came to her and through her legs and into the house through the open door.



“That’s a fast little dog,” the old lady said as the dog dashed between her legs and into the house. Mom, Dad and I chased after “No Name,” leaving the old lady to fend for herself. By the time the old lady entered the house and sat on the sofa, “No Name” had already made several complete circuits around the house at full speed bouncing off the walls as it made quick turns. The dog jumped on her lap and quickly off again

jumping to the chair to the other chair to the floor through the dining room into the kitchen and back again.

"Active little fellow, isn't he?" she said calmly as the dog once more came by her, this time across the shoulders.

The attraction of the dog to this lady was undeniable. The dog kept making shorter and faster circuits, soon limiting his orbits to the living room and there was no doubt that the focal point was the lady. Yet, this attraction did not seem to generate from affection, but seemed more like a great, impersonal and universal force -- like gravity -- that was pulling this dog toward the lady and the dog seemed determined to resist this force by running faster, but the force was too great and each successive orbit was smaller requiring an even greater escape velocity -- a velocity it could not attain.

At first the lady raised her hands in attempts to catch the dog, but soon she was raising her hands and legs and rolling on the

sofa in protection against the cyclical contacts that were occurring in accelerating frequency with this insane dog with the incessant panting, panting, panting.

"For heavens' sake!" she yelled, "Get this thing off me!"

And just as she said that, "No Name," seemed to have gotten a seizure in mid air and all movement stopped. His legs seemed locked in place. Of course, he continued to fall and the momentum let him slide the linoleum floor past the family room, through the parlor, across the dining room, through the breakfast area all the way to the kitchen wall that he hit with a thump. "No Name" had run out of gas!