

Now a fair piece of time has passed since I last documented the next chapter in This Dog's Life. Glory Be ... it's been a wild ride for sure and I aim to make sure you feel the breeze through your ears, here and now.

Yessir, time moved on like it has a habit of doing when you're not lookin' all was well, calm before the storm you might say, when deep into one recent night I found myself stretched out on the floor baying to beat the band. I was in some kind of pain and confusin', in a bad way ain't no dog ought to find himself in, no time. There I was, para-lized, and wasn't nothing the people who loved me could do, but haul me to the hospital and you know full well what happened after that.

Weeks upon weeks I was laid up on cold steel, being poked and stuck up like a pin cushion for no good outcome. For all that time ah's basically a science project for them white-coats, doing nothing but specu- latin' and not much more than that. Come to pass I was weaker than a snowflake and about as useful when the woman who loves me carried me home, carried me home to die I figured, cause there wadn't no good I was doing in this big world an-ways.

Picture me, sympathetic friends and scum-of-the-earth enemies. There I was, a sad sack of bones and nothin' more.' Laying up on my old bed, in my home, looking around for something, anything I could call my own. My whole life had been stripped from reach, everything I had was gone and the days was bleak and pointless. My life was truly over and for so many days I wished they had put me down like all the other pathetic beasts that come in and out of the stainless steel Hell, I like to call it now. I was ready to meet my maker for the good of it all and for the bad lay up there in wait for them who hated me in Life and got the best of in Death. But no, the woman who loved me, she dun' said I had to have every chance to live This Dog's Life and she was bound by her heart and her word, and so it came to pass, I recovered from my illness, that never made any sense to me no-how, and found myself getting back to doing the things I loved.

Time passed slowly and things began to return to normal and a new friend showed up to play for a while. My friend Rocket came to us in a bad way too, very sick in the heart, way worse than I ever was, and I heard talk he was getting the cure and would be just fine after nursing. Rocket and I became the best of friends and we played and barked, shared our food and ate up just about everything there was to eat in that house, week in and week out. Soon Rocket got better and better and was able to rough-house with me more. All was well, or darned near it. In fact I remember the day when old Rocket, we called him Rocket because everything he did was fast, I remember when old Rocket decided he was feeling better after his long illness. I remember that look in his eye, that wild, unpredictable Bull Terrier look that you better watch out because even he doesn't know what he's going to do next ... When I saw that look in his dark eyes, I knew, I knew he was cured and I could play hard with him from them on out.

And we played and we nearly tore the place up one night, till we got a fuss job for being rude and got put up for the night. Soon after came the baseball game for dogs at the Ballpark at Arlington, and although I was disappointed I could not go this year, I was pleased Rocket went in my place. Here is a photo of him and my friend Arley and some other friends they made that night. Next year I will be there, watch and see if Old Cooter Brown ain't tellin' the Gospel truth...



Well, all good things come to an end and sure enough, Rocket one day said goodbye and went to live with some good people in Oklahoma, leaving me and Texas for good. I think of him and how me and him were buddies and I hope he lives a good long life.

Now I know you have heard tell of the dirty people drooling over my misfortune, waiting like vultures on a wire for death and the dying to kick off ... but tell the truth ain't we all dying? Ain't we? And ah heard tell of all this filth posted across the Internet about me, and I ask you sympathetic reader, there ain't nothing more despicable than human-like vulture watching and waiting for the death and the dying. We's all dying, like I said, so what's the purpose in keeping watch, except for taking morbid pleasure in someone else's grief and misfortune. Not that my death will be my misfortune, ah's going where all good Bull Terrier's go when they give up the ghost. So there ain't nothing to cry over there. Maybe them's that love me will be heart-broken and torn up when I'm cold and buried. Maybe they'll shed a tear and think back on the days when we played and snuggled up close when it was cold and all those trips we took together, sharing everything along the way. Maybe they's gonna feel sad and bothered cause I'm gone from them. And that's sad enough. But there ain't nothing I can do to stop that. All I can do is live until I die and let God take care of those who loved me and cared for me special and also deal with those who were hateful to me and took pleasure in my misfortune and the grief it all gave to others.

And maybe all that hateful waiting and watching ain't really about me, ain't really about old Cooter Brown dying, it's about other people hurting, hurting to deep inside they's mixed up in the head and looking to hurt others as a result. Maybe it's about taking pleasure in my pain and suffering, hoping others is hurt beyond measure on account of what happened to me through no fault. Maybe it's about all the senseless hate and pettiness people feel toward each other that forces them to act out the Devil deep inside them ... All I know for sure is you reap what you sow and the Lord only when repentance is complete and the punishment enough.

But there ain't no need to get all sorrowful and melancholy over what certainly one day will come to all of us living and dying, four and two legged creatures alike. Every day is a gift to me, to be enjoyed and that's what I intend to do, enjoy every day of the rest of my life like it's a gift. And that's all I have to say about that.