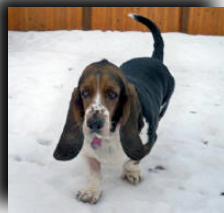


The Rocky Report

From Rocky the Rocket



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News Flash ...



It was a quiet early afternoon in November at the local Post Office. The cars parked outside gave evidence that there were people inside checking their Post Office Boxes for mail. Some were sorting through their mail, discarding political ads and other junk mail. Some were thumbing through the latest local newspaper, glancing at the headlines, and then neatly folding the newspaper, tucking it under their arm.

And then, out of nowhere, a car horn started blaring. It was terrible. It was so terrible that it was, yes, you guessed it, cacophonous!

**CAAACOOOPH
OOOOOONOUS!**

It was so loud people in the Post Office might have thought about covering their ears. It was that LOUD! The car horn continued to blare and blare and blare and BLARE. Absolutely no one in the Post Office was safe from that ear-splitting sound.

This continued for at least thirty-five seconds and stopped. Temporarily

stopped and then started again. **BLARE! BLARE! BLARE!**
BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAREEE!
There was absolutely no end to the sound.

The BLARE summoned the people inside to the window to see what was going on outside. They couldn't believe their eyes.

There, on the front seat of a Honda CRV, was a Basset Hound. The dog was proudly sitting with his paws on the steering wheel. Some said they thought they saw a smile on the dog's face. Some said they thought they saw the dog wink and grin. But there he was. A Basset Hound was the culprit.

People coming into the Post Office in the midst of this ruckus were laughing and laughing with amazement. A dog was responsible. Yes, that's right! Now try to imagine a Basset Hound at the steering wheel honking the horn, and by all estimations, enjoying it!

Who knows? Maybe the Basset Hound was telling his master to hurry up with getting the mail. Maybe the Basset Hound was telling his master that he was tired of waiting. And maybe, just maybe, the Basset Hound was telling his master that if you ever leave me in the CRV alone, this is what you can expect. Be forewarned!

More and more people started laughing. One even wanted to know when the master of the dog would start giving the Basset Hound driving lessons. After all, the dog had learned to honk the horn, and this was a prelude to learning to drive. The dog's master could not believe that his dog, Rocky "The Rocket"

Montana had learned to honk the horn. This was a first. And Rocky periodically stopped honking only to start honking again and again.

All in all, it was a wonderful day at the Post Office for all. After all, this was a once in a lifetime event. It was something comical. It was something to share with family and friends, laughter rippling out across space and time. And maybe, years from now, they would recall what happened for their grandchildren as well.

Way to go Rocky. Thank you for making our day, and causing a commotion we will remember for a long long time. Remember with smiles and laughter once again. What a dog. What a dog.

Clipart Image: "Newspaper" Retrieved from OpenClipArt at <http://openclipart.org/detail/22249/newspaper-by-nicubunu> on November 9, 2012.

Happy Thanksgiving ...

As I dictate this to my master, snow is on the ground, almost one foot of snow. I am grateful for so many things that happened this year. The Vet cleaned my teeth, updated all my shots, and I had a bath. My master stocked up on dog food for the winter so no Ol' Mother Hubbard for me. But best of all, my master and I are at peace with the world and happy.

A wish for you - May the gratitude you hold in your heart this season continue throughout the new year to come. Happy Thanksgiving from me and my master . . .

