

A Weekend Walk

This weekend, August 10, 2007, I took my four-year-old Golden Retriever Mazie for a long walk. We strolled down Main Street and Wayne Street looking for something to do. We waved to Mrs. Lucy and Mr. Roberts at the pharmacy. We heard the laughter of people mingling in the McDonald's parking lot, and we visited with a round woman walking her black-and-white speckled Dalmatian.

We continued our adventure; we went down to Tower Park in Warren, IN. It's about six blocks from my house. The flowers that lined the walkway were beautiful. Mazie walked quickly by them with her nose close to the blooms. I think she was getting a whiff of their sweet fragrance.

As we walked the curve of the sidewalk, Mazie saw the slide and began pouncing excitedly. We went up and down the slide together seven times. With each "ride" I had to haul my 20-pound dog up the steps to the top of the slide. It was like carrying a large sack of sand—awkward and heavy. But it was worth the effort. Sliding down the sleek aluminum strip was hilarious.

Starting out about 4:30 p.m., we were gone for almost two hours. It was a great way to spend the afternoon.