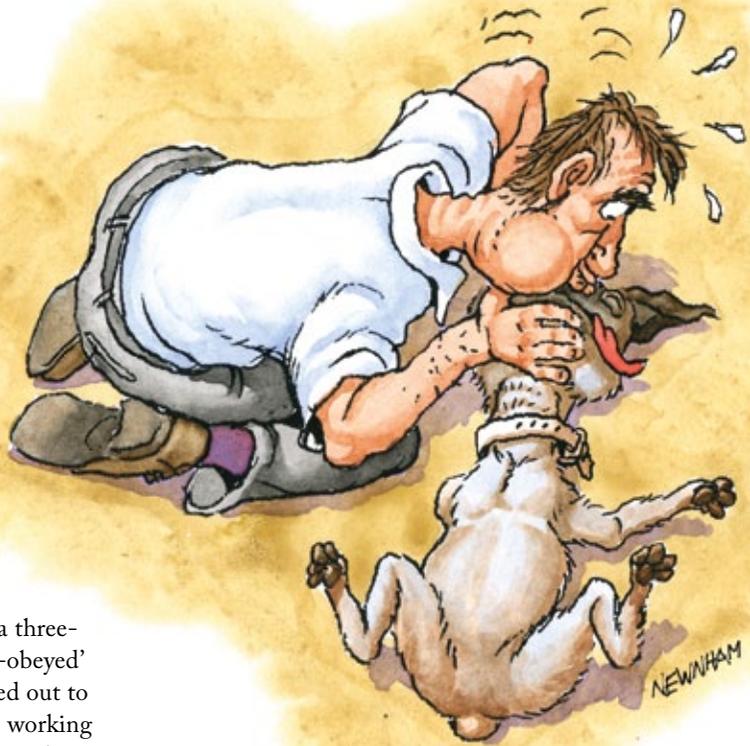


Thank Dog!



WINNER

Around 18 months ago I reluctantly agreed to take in a three-legged pug/kelpie cross female that 'she-who-must-be-obeyed' wanted to save from an uncertain future. The dog turned out to be an ignorant damn thing for town living (as we were working away at the time) and would take off at the first chance and go exploring. Many times I drove around Dalby (in southern Queensland) looking for her and cursing to myself.

Anyway, as with most things, dogs grow on you and I have come to like the dog, even taking it with me as a travelling mate when fencing etc. These days she even comes back when I call her.

On Easter Saturday late in the arvo I went to open a gate to let some cattle come in and, being in a hurry, I tied the dog to a tool box in the ute so she wouldn't jump out and chase the cattle away. I went about my business as normal, until I got home and didn't see her. I thought that she must have jumped out to chase something, completely forgetting that I had tied her in.

After driving the remaining 500 metres home, I expected to see the dog there already, which is normal for her as she moves very well and fast, even on three legs. It was only when I parked the ute and got out at the shed that I noticed the rope over the side of the tray. It was then that I realised what a drastic predicament I was in, not to mention the dog. I quickly raced around and unclipped her lifeless body, all the while cursing myself for my lazy way of tying her in, and thinking, "How am I going to tell the missus about this?"

It was then that a brainwave came over me – I decided to have a go at CPR. I cleared the muck out of her mouth, pulled her tongue out of the way and got stuck into the job. Within about a minute I could hear the dog breathing again, and a couple of minutes after that she was blinking and responding to her name. While she was trying to get up, I got her a drink, which she hoed into. About 15 minutes later I got on the four-wheeler motorbike to feed some orphan calves and she jumped up onto the back of the bike as though nothing had even happened.

Yes, I did tell the missus. She was delighted that I had thought to use CPR on the dog. Once again our little pug/kelpie had been saved from an uncertain future, and no, you don't count the compressions when you're doing CPR for real.

*Steve McBride
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HOUSE COW

The kids and I had been away at the Port Hedland School of Air Seminar when we arrived home to find my husband had started bottle-feeding an orphaned calf. After a few days it acquired the name 'Co-Co' and became quite a nice family pet. We kept him in the house yard, so therefore had to train him to steer clear of plants in the garden and not to loiter on the veranda. We were sure he didn't know how to be a "cow" as he would nuzzle noses with our Labrador Annie, and act like a dog. He would even go out to greet cars that drove up to the house.

One day, as the kids and I were arriving back at the homestead, I noticed Co-Co's reflection in the glass door. I thought to myself, "Oh, dear, he's been taking advantage of us being out for a couple of hours and is camping on the veranda again!" As I got closer I realized it wasn't his reflection at all, he was in the HOUSE! I yelled, "Oh, sh--! Co-Co's in the house!" My four-year-old son was right behind me and, after seeing for himself, repeated exactly what I had said. The other three boys quickly started trying to move Co-Co out of the house, but despite all the yelling and screaming going on he just wandered quietly out the door totally unfazed and looking at us as if to say, "What's all the fuss about?"

Trying to pull myself together, I sent the kids through the house to see how far he been in and what damage had been done. My biggest fears were realised when one son said, "Oh, he's done a wee here, Mum!" The second said, "Oh, here's another one at the office door!" The third said, "Oh no, here's the big one – he's done a pooh right in front of the TV!" It of course had to be on one of the few rugs in the house. Needless to say Co-Co eventually had to be put out into the paddock, as his door patrols became quite uncontrollable and he would sneak in whenever he found one open.

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