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The Short Leash

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The Short Leash

My father fenced the garden so groundhogs couldn't get his beets, and he poured beer in a bowl to drown the slugs; then, before he went inside, he told me to tie the dog under the apple to scare off the deer: "And keep the leash short that beast will eat whatever's within reach; all my good training for nothing..." He left, and I did what he said. but the dog tugged; my fingers already bled from pulling up some beets, so I said, "I'll set you free today." The dog sped away, and I followed; together we plunged in the river. Moments later, I heard the cry of a rifle. I ran back to find my father—a buck trapped inside the fence—panting: "Here, boy, here!"