

The Dog Trap

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One day I went to a 7-11 to buy some junk food from a friend's house who lived behind the store. In the back was a large dog tied to a railing on an extremely long leash. He seemed perfectly nice and behaved as I came around him the first time, but as I was leaving with a bag of soda, chips and candy, and rounding the back corner, this dog started barking menacingly and blocking my way up the stairs to the apartment complex behind the store.

Now, I have no fear of dogs, so I just kept walking toward him and said hi to him, expecting him to either calm down and realize I was friendly or move out of the way.

But instead, as soon as he realized he wasn't frightening me, he leapt from the front of the stairs, ran a fast circle around me, then sprinted off in the opposite direction. The seemingly playful but surprisingly rapid movement caught me off guard and I stopped and watched him run until he hit the end of the leash and my legs immediately snapped shut, the leash wrapped tightly around me, just under my knees.

The dog turned to stare at me, continued barking frantically, and backed away from me as forcefully as he could. I leaned over to pull at the leash, but found myself too off balance, and the dog too strong, so I hopped around for a long moment, pulling at either the leash or my pantleg with my free hand. Finally I pulled long enough and wrenched my left leg out of the loop, coming close to toppling over as the rope stuck on the tread of my shoes and the dog pulled in random directions.

But as I put my free foot down, ready to start on the second one, I noticed the dog sprinting directly toward me again at a full run. He wrapped around me again and took off in the same direction until reaching the end of the leash, trapping my leg once again against the other and pulling as tight as he could manage.

So I couldn't help but laugh at this point, and try to talk to the dog, like maybe he'd tell me why he was doing this, but he just continued barking incessantly.

I stood for a moment, concentrating on keeping my balance, and finally set my bag down and put both hands on the leash to pull the dog closer. He fought hard, but gave a few inches and I was able to slip my left leg out once again, but once again, this animal was ready and sprinted toward me, leaping right over my bag of junk food, looping around me and running again to the end of the line. But this time, I knelt down to grab the line as it wrapped around me, but instead of being able to hold onto the line and keep it from pulling tight, it simply caught my right wrist and pulled it tight against my legs.

Fortunately getting my hand free from the trap was a lot easier than a pant leg and shoe. But I found it even more difficult at this point because of my own laughter.

So I stood and stared for a long moment at this dog as he pulled and barked, then finally I picked up my

bag and hopped toward the stairway. I set my bag down on the stairs and leaned against the railing. I pulled my left leg free yet again, and immediately the dog sprinted toward me, but this time stopped when he reached the railing, unable to fit through. He turned to go up the stairs, but I stepped in front of him, waving my arms and legs. He stopped at the bottom and jumped back and forth frantically, still barking without pause.

I pulled my other leg free and stumbled up the stairs with my bag until I got halfway up, and out of looping range. I stopped and shouted a victory bark at him, wondering if the dog's owner was hiding in the bushes watching, ready to give him a treat if he got me to topple over.

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