



Stories for the Train

Tales on the go

0:4:00

Cooper's Envy

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I'm absolutely livid. Every time I think about it, It makes me want to rip something to pieces and totally destroy it. We had a lovely walk this morning. She's a bit slow these days, "Mother". She insists on calling herself that you know, but I can't see how she could be. I mean, isn't it obvious? You only have to look at us side by side to know we're not even related. For starters, we aren't even the same breed. Not that I know what sort of breed I am mind you. It's not like I can trace my lineage or anything. Both my parents were wanderers. I know nothing about my father, but I do remember my actual mother. Well sort of. I mostly remember that she was warm and that she had a particular scent. I'd recognise that anywhere. I also know for certain that she had four legs just like I do, and not two like "Mother" does. If I had fingers like her instead of paws, I'd make air quotations when I say "Mother" in the way she does when she talks about father "working late again". I wouldn't give up 4 paws for only 2 though. No way!

Ahem, sorry, I seem to have wandered off topic, haven't I. Must be genetic. Anyhoo....So, We're out walking this morning and we come across some other walkers. One of them is similar to "Mother", only fatter and slower. The other is a fellow canine. So there I am,

cocking my leg against a fern, giving it the full raise and this fella comes running straight at me. "Oy!" I says to him. "Steady on, you could let a bloke finish his message before you barge in." That slowed him down a little, but he keeps on coming, shouting "Sorry Mate" at me. And I'm walking towards him steady like, still giving him what-for and blow me if he don't run straight past me and right over to the fern. MY FERN.

He lifts his leg as I look back at him. I'm fuming already, and then I see them. Those great big, hairy, gorgeous, pendulous BOLLOCKS. Smarmy bastard. I knew there was something off about him the moment I saw him. "Oy! You think you're special eh fella?" I says to him and I run over to him shouting in his ear. "You think you're better than me hey?" I have a go at shouting in first one ear and then the other. He starts mouthing off and then realises he's no match for me and starts backing away from me. Coward.

"Mother" is shouting something. His mother-person is shrieking something else, I can barely hear myself so I shout louder. I'm working up a real froth now I tell you. His mother-person tries to grab him and the ponce starts crying. I haven't even touched him. "It's not my fault, I can help it" Blubbering baby. I'm just moving in for a proper nip to give him something to really cry about and "Mother" grabs me by the collar, yanks me back and she starts yapping at me. "Naughty boy! Yaddah, yaddah, blah, blah", she goes on. She's dragging me backwards from the Big Wimp and when he's out of gnashing distance she yells to the fatter version of herself "I'm so sorry! Since he's been done, he has a thing about unneutered males. All mouth and no trousers. Jealousy I think." And she laughs. LAUGHS! Can you believe it? Insult to injury. I should bite her. I give it a try, I tell you I did. I was fuming. I was still telling that whipper

snapper exactly what I thought of him and his bollocks. Mummy's boy. He just cowered and let himself be walked off, and I had no choice but to stand there and watch him go, those glorious, large, hairy, swinging bollocks disappearing with him. Jealous? My arse!

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