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# Imaginations

*All stories printed in IMAGINATIONS are fictional. Any references to people, places and all other names existing on earth are used completely for fictitious purposes. I apologize for any misinterpretations since these stories are not meant intentionally to offend anyone.*

## Maniacs At Otter Lake

One spring day at my cottage, I felt a strong craving for a watermelon. But on my way into the kitchen, I was attacked by a German Shepherd whose owner was coming through the side door wielding a pistol.

"Good dog!", said the man. "Good dog!"

"It's not a good dog!", I yelled as I attempted to beat the dog off with my fists. "It's a very bad dog!"

"You are terribly mistaken. You don't even know my dog."

"What are you doing in my kitchen?" I demanded as I jumped up onto the table.

"I'm just looking for a patient soul who will lend me an ear," he said and pointed the gun at my head. "You see, I'm very depressed."

"You're crazy," I told him, and jumped from the table and smashed through the window over the sink.

I got up and started running down the path through the woods. I looked behind me and saw that the dog was only about 10 yards away. I glanced around trying to find something heavy to hit it with. I spotted a good-sized rock and was about to pick it when the dog lunged at me. It knocked me to the ground and was about to bite my face when I grabbed its head with both hands and pushed it backwards. Then using both feet, I kicked it onto its back. I grabbed the rock and struck the dog on the forehead. Its eyes closed and its body went

limp.

The man with the gun was not yet in view. I turned and ran up a slope dotted with shrubs, and came out on a high rock from where I could see Otter Lake. Several people were in the water and a few were water-skiing. On the beach, two or three families were having a picnic.

"Damn it", I thought. "I don't want to lead that maniac to all those people. I'm going to have to go back."

Terrified, I turned and ran in the direction from which I'd come. It didn't take me long to find the maniac. He was kneeling over his dog, crying and whispering to it. His gun lay about 15 feet behind him, where he had dropped it.

"I'm sorry," I told him, hiding partially behind a tree.

He jumped to his feet and, with his back turned, frantically wiped the tears from his eyes. "Why'd you have to kill my dog?"

"I'm a first aider," I said, coming out from behind the tree. "Are you sure the dog is dead? Can I have a look?"

"If you want. But I'm sure he's dead."

I walked over to the dog and knelt down. After a brief examination, I turned to the man and said "This dog is breathing and he has a pulse. I think he just has a minor concussion. I'll use my shirt to make a bandage for his head."

"Thank you. I...I really appreciate it."

"We'll have to be careful how we move him, though," I said as I ripped up my shirt. "Why don't you run down to my cottage and get the