

Blue and the Sheep

Bob Magor

WE PENSIONED off old Blue the dog
When old age got him down,
And we sent him in for company
To old Grandma in the town.

2. But while Granny was elated,
Blue still craved the great outdoors,
And he'd roam the town exploring
While old Granny did her chores.

3. So it was this Sunday morning
Blue was fossicking about
Through the paddocks near the township
On his normal daily scout.

4. When a canine gourmet odour
Over powered his sense of smell,
Though his eyesight had diminished
His old sniffer still worked well.

5. And the source of his excitement
Was reposed down by the creek,
Where a sheep had met his maker
For the best part of a week.

6. For its woolly corpse was spreading
And the air was far from fresh
From this rancid flyblown carcass
With its seething greenish flesh.

7. It was a dog's idea of heaven
And old Blue, he rubbed and rolled
Till he ponged just like the sheep did
And with ecstasy extolled.

8. Then an idea formed within him
As he gave a gentle tug,
And he found the carcass followed
Like a matted lumpy rug.

9. He would take it home for later,
It should last a week or two –
If he stored it in his kennel
He could keep his prize from view.

10. So he gripped the carcass firmly,
Proudly into town he went,
But his load proved fairly heavy
And Blue's energy soon spent.

11. And the only shade on offer
Was this building with a bell,
And he dragged his prize towards it
With its flies and feral smell.

12. Then the dog and sheep both rested
In the front porch of the church,

And old Blue looked up the gangway
At the parson on his perch.

13. He was revving up the faithful
To repent to save their worth
And said Satan was the culprit
For all rotten things on earth.

14. As he roared of fire and brimstone
And redemption for the throng,
Up the aisle came Satan's presence
In this God forsaken pong.

15. And they all cried "allelujah"
And they fell as one to pray,
But by now old Blue had rested
And he hadn't time to stay.

16. He proceeded up the roadway
With the woolly corpse in tow,
With a shortcut through the nursing home
The quickest way to go.

17. When the matron, in a panic
Counted heads in mortal fright,
With a smell like that they'd surely lost
A patient through the night.

18. And the members at the bowls club
Lowered all their flags half mast,
Doffed their hats and stood in silence
For the funeral going past.

19. But Blue lugged his prize on homewards
Travelling past the bowling club,
Till he took a breather under
The verandah of the pub.

20. There old Boozing Bill was resting
Sleeping off the night before,
To await the Sunday session
When they opened up the door.

21. When a stench awoke his slumber
Which was highly on the nose,
And he thought his pickled body
Had begun to decompose.

22. And he missed the Sunday session
When he ran home to his wife,
To proclaim the shock announcement
He was off the booze for life.

23. Meanwhile Blue could see Gran's gateway
At the far end of the street,
So he started up the pavement
With his ripe and tasty treat.

24. But there was movement in the back streets
As the town dogs sniffed in deep,
They broke chains and climbed high fences
For a piece of Blue's dead sheep.

25. And Blue felt the road vibrating
From the stamp of canine feet,
As this pack of thirty mongrels
Came advancing down the street.

26. But he wasn't into sharing,
So he sought a quick escape
And he spied a nearby building
With a door that stood agape.

27. Through this door he sought asylum
But his presence caused a shriek,
For he'd chosen the local deli
That was run by Nick the Greek.

28. And Blue shot beneath a table
Where the sheep and he could hide,
But the dog pack was relentless
And they followed him inside.

29. Now the table Blue had chosen
Was a double-booked mistake,
With a law enforcement sergeant
Sipping coffee on his break.

30. And the sergeant sat bolt upright
With a dog between his feet,
And his eyes began to water
From the dead decaying meat.

31. Then the sarge leapt up in horror
But in haste he slipped and fell
Falling down amongst Blue's mutton
With its all embracing smell.

32. And he lay, somewhat bewildered
In the gore, flat on his back,
When the mongrel pack descended
In a frenzied dog attack.

33. With first thought self-preservation
From the rows of teeth he faced,
The sarge fumbled for his pistol
In its holster at his waist.

34. There were muffled bangs and yelping
As the random shots rang out,
And a whine of bouncing bullets
Off the brickwork all about.

35. As he blasted in a panic
From beneath the blood and gore
A front window and the drink fridge
Were both added to the score.

36. And the cappuccino maker
Copped a mortal wound and died,
Hissing steam, it levitated,
Falling frothing on its side.

37. And Nick the Greek, the owner,
Grabbed a shotgun in his fright,
Blasting into the confusion
Of the frantic canine fight.

38. At short range it wasn't pretty,
Dogs were pasted on the wall,
There was laminex in splinters,
Clouds of dog hair covered all.

39. Then the smoke detector whistled
With the gunsmoke in the air,
Which set off the sprinkler system
And a siren gave a blare.

40. And the dogs that were still breathing,
Most dismembered and unwell,
Dragged themselves away in terror
From this pizza shop from Hell.

41. And the echoes still were ringing
When beneath the dying heap,
There emerged old Blue, still dragging
At the remnants of his sheep.

42. Its head was gone and several legs
But it hadn't lost its smell,
In the armistice that followed
Blue decided not to dwell.

43. He leapt the fence at Grandma's
For his feet had sprouted wings –
Pure adrenalin propelled him
Fleeing dogs and guns and things.

44. Now old Gran had influenza
And had lost her sense of smell,
With Blue's sheep now in the garden
That was probably just as well.

45. And she looked out from her front fence
At the town in disarray,
At an ambulance, police cars
And the RSPCA.

46. Then the fire brigade rushed past her
Flashing lights of rosy hue,
And she hugged the old dog tightly –
He'd protect her, would old Blue.

47. "You just stay here like a good dog,"
Grandma told him with a frown,
"Cause you've no idea the trouble
You can get into in town."