

Kirby: Ron's dogs mistook me for a juicy steak

Robert Kirby
Tribune columnist
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Ron Yengich's dogs bit me Saturday. I was walking past his house when Annie and Lily came to the fence and loudly asked to be petted.

It's not like I was a complete stranger. I've petted them in Ron's house. I've scratched their butts on the street. Ten minutes before, on the lawn at the state Capitol, they'd jammed their schnozzes in my nether regions in the usual Lab "pleased to meet you."

Things were different with a fence between us. It was like sticking my arm in a garbage disposal. They tore the sleeve off my shirt and bit a small hole in my arm.

As soon as they realized what they'd done, both dogs were chagrined and acted like their teeth had gone off by accident.

Annie: "We're sorry. We thought you were a cat."

Lily: "Did not. A burglar, we thought."

Me: "I'm telling Ron."

The dogs found that hilarious and told me to instead tell my wife not to use so much fabric softener in my shirts. They needed their fiber.

I know what you're thinking - "How satisfyingly ironic is it to get bit by a high-profile defense attorney's dog?" Save yourself the e-mail. I'm not suing anybody. Instead, I'll get this column out of it.

And I'm not going to the doctor or getting a shot. I shake Ron's hand all the time without any of that. Besides, imagine the columns I'll be able to write if I come down with rabies.

As my personal dog bite history goes, this was actually more of a taste test. Dogs tend to be hot or cold around me. Either they love me and want their butts scratched, or they want to chew on mine. It's hard to figure out.

The first bite occurred when Duncan's dog Petey and I were wrestling and our heads collided. I ended up with a fang hole in my forehead. When I came home and told my mom what happened, we spent five hours at the doctor's office.

Sometimes the bites haven't been so funny. When my granddaughter once asked me about the scars on my hand, I told her they were from a big dog that attacked me when I was a cop.

Her sympathies were with the dog. She wanted to know what happened to it for biting "a police." I said that it immediately went "to live on a big farm."

For all the damage they did, I still like Ron's dogs better than I like him. He wasn't home, so I left a note in his mailbox in case he saw the blue fabric and thought maybe he wouldn't be getting any more mail.

Ron, if you're reading this, you owe me a bite at a really expensive restaurant.

rkirby@sltrib.com

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