

For whom the weenie dog bites

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Sometimes your words come back to bite you, and sometimes you just get bit.

On occasion, you get both.

Our 14-year-old son came home the other day with a minor dog bite to his leg. He had been to a friend's house around the corner and was sampled by a dachshund while walking home.

As concerned parents, we expressed the appropriate amount of concern and cleaned his wound. Then we teased him a little bit.

He said the dog barked at him and stopped long enough to sniff him before it bit. He was operating on the theory that if he let it smell him, it would decide to be friendly.

"Well maybe it didn't like how you smelled," I suggested.

He wasn't amused. But he's at that stage where he boasts about his athletic prowess and frequently references his "six-pack abs." So we have to put him in check every once in awhile.

"You know," I continued, "I understand they say the type of dog a guy gets bit by tells a lot about him. Yep, a weenie dog — wasn't that what bit you?"

The serious end of it was that we had to make sure the dog's shots were current.

An initial attempt to contact the owners wasn't successful. After a few phone calls and a few days, we couldn't verify that the dog had been vaccinated. We decided to try the owners in person again.

On second thought: Off my bicycle and a few steps into the driveway, I immediately wished I had given the phone another try.

The dachshund in question shot out from under a truck in full attack mode. And he had backup from at least two other dogs.

I think I was trying to decide whether I could bring myself to punt the weenie dog across the lawn when he bit me. I guess the answer was no. The trouble was, he wanted more. His friends egged him on. He barked and bounced around on his tiny legs. I continued to yell and kick the air. It was a pathetic scene.

After the owner got the biter and his friends corralled and calmed, it became clear that the dachshund hadn't had his shots. The next day he went to the vet for a 10-day observation, which he passed. I'm not sure if he was treated for his aggression problems.

Long pedal home: As I pedaled into our driveway with two trickles of blood drying on my lower leg, all I could attempt was, "It was the shortest pit bull you've ever seen."

Yes, dear. Yes, children, I confessed, it was the same dog — the same leg even.

My wife started with a chuckle and a "you've got to be kidding" before moving on to a full throw-back-your-head laugh.

Our 14-year-old wanted to phone my own parents immediately with an update on the weenie dog's latest victim.

I continued to try to put the best face on my misfortune.

I proposed to our son that I purposely set myself before the jaws of the weenie dog in a selfless act of solidarity.

"I feeeel your pain, man," I told him.

When one of our younger sons asked why I hadn't just run from the dog, I pointed to my character instead of my slow reflexes.

"Because I run from no weenie dog!" I proclaimed. "I'm a former Marine. I would rather take the bite and bleed all over the place," I glared.

I even tried to claim it was a pack of dogs all going for me while the weenie dog got in the lucky bite.

"They were all over me!" I added.

Even our youngest wasn't buying it.

I was a victim of my words. I was a victim of a weenie dog.

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