

The Celebration of Travel

by

Vixxy Fox



It was upon the celebration of Judge Bulldog's retirement that it was suggested to him that he might travel and see the world a bit before he died.

"So you are saying, sir," he said over his glass of wine, "That because I am now retired I am teetering with one paw in the grave and no purchase to grasp but thin air?"

The Dog he addressed was thin and dressed in a dark double tailed coat much as an undertaker might dress but was, indeed, a Clerk of the Court. Some might argue this occupation was a kissing cousin to the other but that is an aside. This Dog was a Greyhound and his name was Jenkins. He was not put off by the Judge's grumpy demeanor as he had known him for years and took quiet delight in egging the old boy on.

"I never said that, Your Grace," this Dog replied with a sly smile, "I merely have pointed out that like all things of God's earth, you grow older and the only things of that earth with true longevity are the mountains."

"And the seas," interjected Admiral Jacobs. This venerable water Dog, being of course from Labradorian decent, never knew anything but the seas and oceans of the world. He was dressed in his best uniform for this occasion and had come back from his home on the shore just for the occasion. "I dare say the seas came first did they not?"

"I don't know," Jenkins replied in a flat voice, "I was not there."

This caused the Bulldog to nearly choke on his wine, his mirth getting the better of him. The Admiral sputtered as the Judge chortled, while the Clerk rubbed his paws together and smiled, knowing he had gotten the better of a better.

"I will travel if the two of you two will travel with me," the Judge finally told the pair after dousing his laughter with more wine. This took them by surprise and both looked to the flattened face of the now retired Judge with raised eyebrows. "All then that remains," he furthered, "Is the question; where in the world should we go. Certainly we cannot go to Australia. I've sent too

many down under during my career and that would easily get my throat cut... and yours too should you be associated with me; which you are.”

Many were the places suggested and debated. Many also were the places it was agreed were full of disease, pestilence, and none too savory a character.

“That place is full of surly and unreasonable peoples,” the Admiral decried when America’s wild west finally was suggested.

“Full of aboriginal Coyote types,” Jenkins added, “Who I am told will cut the scalp from your head just for saying the wrong thing upon saying hello. Apparently you are supposed to raise your right paw and utter the word ‘How’.”

“And Cattle Dogs by the hundreds,” the Judge threw in. “I’m not sure why they call them Cattle Dogs, but I am curious to find out.”

“I had a Bull on one of my earlier ships,” Admiral Jacobs reminisced, “But that did not fare very well... at least at first. The lad was so very heavy that where ever he went upon deck, the ship would proportionally lean in that direction.”

“What was the outcome?” the Bulldog asked, going straight through the bush rather than around it; knowing his friend’s sea stories were more than longish if you allowed him to go on.

“I found,” the Admiral explained, “That if he was directed exactly where to stand I could sail a full point closer to the wind and that saved us on more than one occasion.”

“So then,” Judge Bulldog furthered with a smile as he raised his glass up, “I propose that in one month’s time, which will give us pause enough to place our lives in order for such an endeavor, we three shall depart to America and take an extended journey to their ‘wild west’. Unless of course you are too afraid to do so and...”

He let this bait hang in the air and the pair hit upon it like a trout on a well made fly.

“Agreed!” the Admiral and the Clerk said in the same voice.

Poor America, for her part, had no idea what they were in for.