

Animal Magnetism

By Stephanie Johnston

Scampering over, copper brown, full of life, unleashed and uninhibited, the dog burst onto my path. His tail, frantic and often, like a happy-o-meter-gauge told me he was overjoyed to meet someone who like me who needed cheering up. He flipped himself inside out like a soft twisted pretzel. I touched his short hair, while he leaned in to accept my gentle pats of love. I had just met the local greeting committee – Cooper, the dog!

