

## HURRIED AND HARRIED

A true tale by Lyn Olsen

I couldn't be late again, I had promised, but I had too many things to do and so I left late which now had created a great urgency for me to hurry. Driving on the streets in this town was bad on a good day, but today had been a bad day in many other ways, so it wasn't hopeful that my driving was going to help improve the day especially as my frustration and impatience continued to escalate. The heavily congested traffic was so slow it felt like it wasn't even moving and so my frustration continued to grow. As the seconds rolled by on the clock in the car, they seemed to be telling me how late I was and that I was never going to make it, so I tried hard to not even look at the clock because then I could at least kid myself I was going to make it this time.



As the road began to open up I switched lanes and began to speed up, hoping to make up for lost time and perhaps going faster than I should or was allowed, and hoping that no cop would be lurking somewhere because then I would be even later for sure.

I breathed a sigh of relief as the road up ahead opened up and again I sped up, but... up ahead the cars in the opposite lanes were stopped and the I really hoped it was nothing to slow me down again but with my bad luck I knew chances were that there was something up ahead but I did remain hopeful there was nothing. With this hope, I began to speed even more, but a still quiet voice in my head began to grow with an urgency that I should stop, even I didn't think so, but I ignored it and continued to speed, still the urgency remained. No matter how hard I tried to silence it, it wouldn't subside, so against my better

judgment, I began to slow down.

That's when I saw him, a mangy hairy mutt slowly crossing the road as if totally unaware of the imminent dangers that lay before him. But the dog was in the other lanes and heading off the road on the other side, so I didn't hesitate to speed up again, but the quiet voice remained as equally persistent, so again I succumbed and began to slow down though my frustration and impatience continued to mount.

As I drew nearer the mangy mutt, he turned and quickly scurried into my lane. Oh, thank God I thought, that I had slowed down and I drew a sigh of relief for despite what would not have been my fault, I would have been devastated to hit the mutt.

Just as I stopped with the mutt standing in front of me staring at me, silently from the bushes on the sides of the road a baby in diapers stepped in front of my car. Within a moment, I realized that the lane next to me was open and the baby was toddling towards it, so I slammed my car door open and flew out, abandoning my car without a single thought, and surrealistically swooped the baby up into my arms.

With the baby in my arms, I ran towards a cluster of trailer homes that lay within the dust and weeds of some dilapidated fencing. Hearing voices from one of the homes, I called out and immediately a woman came bustling out, exclaiming at the sight of her baby, so totally oblivious to what should have been.

Breathlessly I told the mother about how her mutt had saved her baby and watched as her face paled and she sputtered out the words that the dog wasn't hers, but a lost mutt who had shown up at their trailer earlier in the day; they had meant to take the dog to the pound but hadn't been able to get there yet.