

owner. Yep, that's my boy!

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Master of the RV

Several intrepid

friends have accepted my suggestion, "Let's take a trip together! I'll drive." Before we leave, a few policies need to be established:

—Don't leave the cabinet doors open unless you want the cat nesting in your stuff.

—Don't let the cat into the bathroom unsupervised. He's got this thing about disemboweling rolls of tp.

—Don't leave anything lying around. It will become a kitty toy. Pens, earrings, glasses, false teeth—if you care about them, put them away.

—Never open the outside door unless you know where the cat is.

Have you figured out who rules my RV? That's right! His name is Dolphin, and he loves to travel.

Want to come along?

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Wolf Park, Battle Ground, Indiana

"What big teeth you have, Grandma!"

The timber wolf's open mouth moved closer to my unprotected face. A wet tongue slapped across my cheek and chin. Joy and excitement rang in my laughter as I rubbed the wolf's ears.

Then the wolf moved his massive paw from the log to my shoulder. When a second paw pressed against me, I took a step back, not from fear but because 170 pounds of wolf was more than I could support.

I reached out again to rub his ears and face. What an amazing experience—to be this close to a wolf, to be his friend.

I wondered if this was how Adam and Eve felt in the garden, before they fell: friends with God's creation.

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photo courtesy of Monty Sloan
wolfphotography.com



I know I can catch them! by Dolphin

They're wings—maybe big birds ... maybe pterodactyls. Some flying creature that likes rain, anyway. I know, because they only fly when it's raining.

They flap their wings, back and forth. They never go anywhere, though. Mostly they sleep, right in front of our little house (Mama calls it an RV for some reason). When it rains, they wake up and flap. Back and forth, back and forth.

I try to catch them. It's an easy pattern to learn, and I know I'll get them some day. I leap, swipe at them, stalk them, lie patiently in wait ... one of these days, I **know** I'll catch them! ©2007, Elsi Dodge



My Figurehead

Old sailing ships had figureheads—elaborately carved creatures, often women, on the very front of the ship.

Dolphin, my tabby cat, serves as my figurehead, sitting on the dashboard of my RV and watching the world go by. He's looking for predators, no doubt.

I often hear people laughing or commenting as they walk through the campground or parking lot. Occasionally a parent will lift a little person high, and Dolphin will play patty-cake for a few seconds.

In the Mount Shasta KOA in Washington, Dolphin was happily chasing a bug when a German girl spotted him. Soon she had her whole family out to watch his antics.

Figureheads—a way of identifying the ship's



... yawn ... I think I'll
pull off there ... and rest.

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A Good Place for a Nap

Vacations are a time to rest and relax—not! I always have a zoo to see, a train to ride, another hundred miles before I stop for supper.

This is not true of my pets. My cat knows the best time for a nap: *now*. And the best place, of course: *here*. He prefers a sunny spot, or a place where he is in the way. That makes the dashboard a prime napping site.

The dog also likes to sleep in the sun. But she is content anywhere, as long as I'm nearby. If I move to another room at home, she drags herself off the sofa and follows me loyally.

Not so Dolphin. He is a good sleeper, and little interferes with his pleasure. After all, the world was made for him to delight in, so he might as well make the most of it!

I just spotted a sign:
REST AREA 2 MILES