

# Comes a Little Dog

by Adam Robinson

A LOVE STORY

by experimentalist,

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(& on)

**ME:** I had an insane dog who followed me from room to room, stared at me with love, bit the faces of children, and died.

**HOLMES:** His dog barked through the 4th of July so loud we almost fell out of the boat trying to watch the firecrackers. His dog bit him in the face then.

**DMITRI:**

I liked his dog

She was great at fetch

Which helped a lot

As I was bad at catch

**WOMAN, DURING *DAYS OF OUR LIVES* COMMERCIALS:**

Well . . . I hafta agree — that's an impossible situation for the man, but it's nobody's fawlt. He does need to be considerate of his wife, who probably, less be honest, doesn't even care if he slips out to the bar or whatnot, she could prolly use some alone time herself, but come the day he don't ask her permission, whatever — what? Oh, he had a beautiful dog that really loved him. I always thought there was something weird about the dog, though, the way it sat at his feet and stared.

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**ME:**

I wrote a poem, an anagram, for her:

Time

Holds

Ultimately

Nothing

Dear

Except

Reunion

Actually, I wrote dozens of them. That's one I remember.

**STEPHANIE:** My cat is just a little baby!

**BARB:** I was always more interested in boys that act like puppies, you know, who came loping up and you pet them a little and they're ever-faithful, hopeless, smitten. So when he got his own dog I wasn't impressed. I figured he would be clueless about taking care of it.

**ALLISON:** When we picked her up at the humane society, next to her cage there was another dog, a thick-set husky with ground effects and a bandana looped around her neck. Her name was Apple, and we joked that Apple was a lesbian and then we broke up and he moved and I hate him and he called me when his dog died and I hate him for that.

**ME:** Here, I wrote this poem, "Laps Like a Little Dog" --  
on a spring day and dog walkers  
we roll and cherish

of understanding like Laska's —  
ended, unbegun

**STEPHANIE:** When his dog died he wept in bed for days. At the vet they let you hold your dead pet's remains, all floppy, and later that's the only thing you remember — the way the neck gave no support and the head drooped over your arm like you imagine and imagine and your muscles.

