

Bodger

Then I met Bodger. I'd been in black out when I found the Greyhound.

Waking up under a viaduct that reeked of piss. Christ almighty it really did smell like a shithole, I leaned over and heaved, yellow bile pouring from my mouth. I felt disgusted with myself.

Unshaven, filthy. Clothes filthy I stank nearly as bad as the viaduct and all I wanted was for the earth to open up and swallow me whole. That was when I heard a soft whimper. Peering into the darkness could just about make out what could only be described as a bag of bones covered by matted grey hair.

Gingerly I stood up and as I did I once more heaved, my body wanting to get rid of the poison I had put into myself the night before. After puking a second time, my head finally began to clear.

Walking unsteadily over to the noise, gasped in amazement. Lying in his own piss and shit, unable to move lay a dying Greyhound. Some bastard had shackled the poor creatures head with a collar tied onto a piece of string no longer than a foot in length, tethering it to a steel spike bashed into the wall. The poor dog had not been able to lift his head let alone get up. What bastard could do this to a poor defenseless creature. As I hunkered down to stroke him he winced visibly waiting for a punch to follow, He had been there for days. No food, no water.

Unable to lift his head more than six inches from the ground. This dog was dying and if I did nothing else for him knew I had to get him away from this hell hole.

I undid the collar, at first he didn't move. So gently I placed both my hands under the Greyhounds stomach for support lifting him as I did so.

Finally shivering with fear and cold he stood unsteadily on all four legs. I took my coat off and wrapped it around the skin and bone body of the dog. Staring down had no idea what I was going to do with a bloody beaten up old Greyhound.

'What the hell am I going to do with you?'

'I bet you're not micro chipped mate, no one wants you do they?'

'Let's see how far you can walk, shall we. I've got a few bob I think we both need some food.'

'Come on boy'.

' Boy that's no name for you. You're in a right pickle aren't you mate, you'll need a bit of bodging up if you're going to mend.

' Bodger what do you think. Bodger do you like it?'

For the first time Bodger lifted his solemn warm brown eyes, to look directly at his Saviour.

'I'd follow you to the ends of the Earth, my friend.' His eyes spoke.

With that the two unwanted vagrants started on their lonely march to nowhere.