

Sunrise Meetings

A whistle sliced through the early morning air. The working dog jumped to his feet eager to start the day. Ducking under the low entrance of his wooden kennel he bounded across the lawn and up the deck to greet his master as he slid on his boots. Impatiently pacing around his owner with his tail held high. Finally the master stood and made his way to the quad, bumping into the mistress along the way who was holding a strange smelling box. The working dog cocked his head to the side whilst pricking his ears only to sense the loss of his master's presence beside him, reminded of the day ahead the working dog made a beeline for the quad forgetting about the strange box.

The following morning a whistle once again awoke the working dog. Routine well known, he tore across the yard to his master on the deck. Suddenly, he skidded to a stop. Lifting his nose to the air, his sniffing guiding him past where his master sat, past the front door till he abruptly stopped again at the window. Confusion clouded in his eyes, uncertainty showed in the way he stood but soon curiosity had him slowly creeping closer. There on the open windowsill sat a small tabby kitten. Seeing the working dog, the kitten playfully arched its back and jumped on the spot. The startled working dog jumped back, unsure of what to make of the kitten's display. However, the delighted kitten misinterpreted this as it began to run up and down the windowsill, playfully pouncing when it reached either end of the windowsill only to turn around and do it again. The working dog, now mesmerized by the kitten's display, once again began to creep closer. The kitten stopped running and crouched, mischief glistening in its eyes. Then

slowly the kitten reached out towards the dog's nose, till there were mere centimeters and then BOOP the kitten tentatively touched the dog's nose. The dogs' ears shot up only to catch his master's call, turning he sprinted to him leaving the kitten to watch them as they got smaller against the horizon, the sun painting a breath-taking sunrise.

Sunrise was the only time the kitten and the dog crossed paths, but unfailingly for the next month the kitten made sure that they did cross paths. Every morning the kitten presented the dog its beloved toy only for the dog to overlook the kitten's heartfelt gesture and hurry off to work. One morning the kitten ambushed the dog from the deck railing pouncing on his back only to lose its footing and slide down the dog's side. Quickly recovering, it ran out in front of the dog, sitting it dropped the toy at its paws. Chest puffed out, head tilted up and tail wrapped neatly around its paws. It beamed with pride. The dog glanced down then continued his march to the quad, without looking back. Another sunrise the kitten had waited patiently in the entrance to the deck. The work dog came around the corner to find the gateway blocked by the kitten sitting proudly with the toy at its paws, upon seeing the dog it began to purr and kneed the ground. Strolling up to the kitten the dog bunched his muscles then simply jumped over the kitten. Doing the same when his master was ready to depart.

One sunrise, the working dog came around to the deck to find only his master. Cautiously he padded around expecting the little feline to jump out any moment... but it didn't. Inhaling deeply the working dog could only detect the strange stale scent of the kitten. Head and tail

drooping a little, he returned to his master's side ready for work. The following morning was much the same except the dog took the search further, by checking through windows and the tin shed beside the house. Once again, his head and tail began to droop. With a sinking heart, he heard his master call. Hesitating till he was called for once again, he reluctantly gave up his search and went off for work.

It had been three days since the kitten's disappearance. The work dog sat at his master's feet looking at the horizon as the sun just began to say hello to this side of the world. Only coming back to the present when a hand suddenly touched his head, not his master's hand but the mistress' as she spoke to the master whilst throwing worried glances his way. Finally, she turned, pausing as she opened the door to say something. Seeing a chance and taking it, the dog barged inside, racing around sniffing. Finding only disappointment at the nearly undistinguishable kitten's scent. The strongest scent came from a small pet bed, lined with a blanket. Within the layers sat a toy, the same toy the kitten had presented to the dog, a toy mouse. Footsteps sounded behind him as the mistress found him, ceasing him by the collar to guide him back outside where he then laid. Gaze once again glued to the horizon which now displayed a sunrise. It had taken a lot of coaxing from his master to go to work that morning.

The dog woke up to the call of his master but didn't move till the sound of a food tin hitting a metal dish rung through the air. Heaving himself up he plodded around to the deck. He stopped... Heart beating fast, tail starting to wag, eyes brightening, he lifted his nose to the

wind. Hope filling him, he bolted. Skidding to a halt as he took in the scene in front of him.

There on the windowsill, sat the kitten. Just as quickly the excitement had come it started to fade. The kitten looked the dog up and down, hurt flashing briefly in its eyes before it looked away and began to clean itself. Disheartened but not losing hope, the dog stopped advancing.

Then all of a sudden, he went to the door and starting to scratch at it, rushing past a startled mistress as she opened the door. Searching, searching till he found it. Gingerly he picked it up in his mouth and raced back to the kitten. Placing it at the kitten's paws he sat down anxiously waiting for a reaction. The kitten started to purr and knead the ground. The dog's tail started wagging, his tongue hung out and his eyes glistened with the love of friendship.