

Chancey's Tale pt.1

by

Astralite

Intro: Hey there, my name is Chancey, and I'm going to tell you my story, but first I must caution it's one of tragic losses, life long friends, the brutal ways of man, learning to trust again. And most importantly, finding out where I truly belong, but enough of that let's get this started shall we?

It was a bitterly cold night, the night I was born in the dank alleys of London, England. I was the last pup born to a proud Dalmatian mother; my father had ditched us, go figure. Oh well, there were eight of us little darlings, all healthy and strong, except me, I was the runt, the smallest and weakest pup in my litter, so my brothers and sisters always beat me to the food. It was a rough start to life, Mom cared for all of us as we grew, but my weakness wasn't going unnoticed by her, and neither was my little oddity, Of course, I was too young to understand how bad it was, but she wasn't. I had no spots! A Dalmatian without spots is like a zebra without stripes, it doesn't work! So, thanks to my flaws, I soon found myself alone, whimpering, hungry, and scared, on one of the coldest, stormiest nights of the year.

Even now I'm not sure how I Managed, but I pulled it off, I survived on my own for a few weeks at least, however, I really need to learn to respect my boundaries, wandering the dark streets of new turf, alone, at night, not my smartest move. I was stumbling my way down some rickety back porch steps when BAM! Light washed all over me like noon time. I looked at the man behind the flashlight. He looked old and ugly, and he smelled really, really bad! I was frozen like a deer in the headlights, he easily scooped me up by the scruff and grinned an ugly grin, his teeth (The ones that were there anyway) were yellow and rotting, I shivered as he took me into...I guess it was a house. It was small

area with a little wood stove, crates and papers and trash littered the floor and the cupboards looked to be in tragic shape, he flung me into the floor and I landed with a yelp.

- "Ah, shut up!" he snarled at me, he rummaged around grumbling until he flung something at me, it nailed me square in the head and fell to the floor with a thud. It was a bone, I'd seen better, but who cares? It was food! I tackled it and immediately started gnawing at it hungrily, after a while I was full, well as full as I was used to being, I was actually starting to fall asleep when something pressed itself tightly against my throat, I gagged, my eyes snapping wide open, and looking down at the prickly barbed wire around my neck, it hurt! I whimpered at the seemingly unending pain in my neck and received a violent kick to the chest for my efforts. I flew backwards and slammed against the wall before landing painfully on the floor, I curled into a ball and whimpered, praying he'd leave me alone, but he didn't. More violent kicks and hits came, I'd cry out, and he'd hit me harder, by the time sun rose, I found myself in a cramped up little barred cage, licking the blood off of my previously snowy white coat.

I don't know how many days or weeks passed, but I was getting older, and the barbed wire was getting much tighter, it was choking me, I had to get it off: more than that, I had to get out. The man, I called him The Grump, was passed out by the stove with a whisky bottle in his hand, drunk again. He'd made drink some of the stuff before, it was awful, I don't know how he was able to stand it, but I didn't exactly care either. I carefully edged myself up to the door of my cage and used my claw to remove the hinges, I gently pushed, it open, but not even I knew what happened next would happen. More humans stormed in, dressed in strange uniforms and grabbed The Grump up off the floor, he started to yell and shout and curse as the drug him outside. One human, a young man, noticed me.

- "Ah, you poor lass" he said and reached out for me, but I didn't trust him, I bit his hand, hard, and jumped out of the cage. I landed clumsily on the floor, but quickly scabbled up onto my paws and bolted out of the

- "house" as fast as my paws would allow.

I was free!, I couldn't believe it, all those long days of torture were over, but...where would I go now? I didn't have a family or friends, I was alone. I ran well into the night, reaching a small village just before dawn, my neck was hurting, as well as my paws, head, and well, everything. I trotted down the cobblestone streets and stopped before what seemed to be a barn...or something, it was hard to tell. I wasn't really sure going in was a good idea, but I was tired, and I wasn't fond of sleeping out in the open in case The Grump got away and followed me. I cautiously entered and collapsed in the warm hay, falling asleep instantly.

I woke when I felt someone gently nuzzle me, memories of my mother flooded back to me and unconsciously mumbled

- "Mama?" I heard someone chuckle and looked up into a pair of soft brown eyes belonging to a large black Labrador. I scooted away from him immediately; I had never come across another dog before, let alone a full grown male. He sensed my worry and smiled at me.

- "There's no need to worry, I won't hurt you." I glared accusingly at him

- "how can I trust you?" My eyes found the floor

- "everyone hurts me." There was a short awkward silence before he spoke again

- "I'm so sorry, but you have my word. I Charles the Labrador will bring no trouble to you miss...?" I giggled and answered

- "Chancey" he chuckled and continued

- "I will bring no trouble to you Miss Chancey." He squinted at me a moment

- "Chancey, what's that around your neck?" I swallowed

- "a collar" he stepped closer, inspecting it.

- "No, child, this is barbed wire, it's harmful to dogs" he informed me. I frowned and said

- "well now it makes sense"

- "What does?"

- "The Grump didn't like me, he put it on me the night he got me, I've worn it ever since."

Charles looked appalled at this

- "didn't like you? You seem like a perfectly alright pup to me." I nodded

- "yeah, but I'm not normal, that's why Mama left me. I don't have spots, I'm a Dalmatian, I'm supposed to have spots." Charles gave me a comforting nuzzle.

- "We'll have to get it out, it'll kill you otherwise." I nodded, accepting this.

- "I'm going to get a friend of mine, to help, I'll be right back" and then he left, but true to his word he returned...with a human! I growled at the elderly man, but Charles intervened.

- "It's ok, he's just taking the barbed wire out, then, I'll take you to a new home alright?" I nodded and the man gently picked me up and lay me across a nearby table. He had some weird things with him, one of them was layed out flat, and it was pink colored (a towel) the other was rolled up and fat and white (bandages) and the last was a strange shaped metal object (pliers). He picked up the

strange tool and its teeth grasped the wire and pulled it, I squirmed and yelped with pain, he released and stroked my ear.

- "This is going to hurt, there's no way to avoid it. I'm sorry." The tool's teeth grasped the wire again and pulled it, some of it came out, but I was in so much pain, and it started bleeding. My eyes found Charles and I looked to him for comfort as the pain overwhelmed and more wire broke loose, along with more blood. I whimpered pitifully.

- "It's ok" Charles assured

- "It'll be alright." I hoped he was right. I was on fire, my neck throbbed and ached uncontrollably as the man ached. I squirmed and writhed uncontrollably, shaking like a leaf in the wind. It felt like forever. But finally, he put the tool down and started cleaning my wound, and put the white thing tightly around my neck. I was panting heavily and sweating, but actually felt pretty good to have the thing out of my neck.

I stayed with Charles for about a week, I talk for a few days, but that seemed like a small price to pay. I was fine now, but I still didn't talk much, I'm not much for it. Charles told me about the farm he'd be taking me to, it sounded nice, but at the same time, I didn't know if anyone there was trustworthy, what if they hurt me, but I guess I'd figure that for myself. Turns out Charles's owner was going to drive right by the farm when he left to go see his sister this afternoon, so we were just going to hitch a ride with him. Charles talked to me the whole way there, telling me stories and comforting me, all of a sudden he picked me up (gently) and jumped out of the truck. We were there already? I really didn't want to leave Charles he was the first kind dog I'd met that hadn't abandoned me. He walked me up to a barn where two dalmatians were waiting, they both wore kind smiles, but looks could be deceiving. Charles gently set me down and spoke to them.

- "Pongp, Perdi, it's good to see you again" he greeted.

- "You as well Charles" the female, Perdi, greeted

- "Is this the little one we were told about?" she asked giving me a warm smile.

- "Yes, this is Chancey" Pongo smiled at me as well

- "welcome to the farm Chancey, I'm sure everyone is going to love you" he said, I flashed a small smile

- "She'll be well looked after Charles" Pongo said stepping beside me, Charles smiled.

- "I knew she would be so long. He turned to leave

- "wa-ait" I croaked out pitifully, almost crying, Charles turned to me surprised, and I rushed forward and nuzzled his leg. He bent his head and nuzzled me back gently

- "I'll miss you too, Chancey" he said softly, I let him leave this time, but I wish he'd stay, I'd miss him. I turned to the Dalmatians and looked to them expectantly.

- "C'mon, we'll introduce you to the other pups" Pongo said and gently nudged me toward the door. We stepped out and I saw lots, and lots of spots, there were Dalmatian puppies all over the place,

there had to be at least a hundred of them. I looked up to Pongo with an expression that said

- "What do I do now?", but before he could answer, a puppy ran up, his spots, oddly enough were in the shape of a horseshoe, I took an immediate step back.

- "Chancey, this is Lucky one of the ninety-nine puppies here" Perdi informed me, my eyes bulged, that was a lot of puppies, and I was only off by one, ha! I was good. I flashed lucky a shy smile when he said

- "Hi" he gave me a strange look, but smiled

- "cat got your tongue?" he asked teasingly, I shook my head and pointed to my bandaged throat.

- "Oh, you can't talk 'cos you're hurt, then I'll speak for ya! C'mon, I'll show ya around!" I wasn't sure at first, but he seemed ok, so I followed.

He showed the windmill, the huge trough were we all would eat, the barn, Where some bad dog called Mooch hung out and finally the Bark Brigade track area. I gave him a puzzled look at this.

- "It's like school, I guess this would be more like the P.E. part of it, it's pretty cool if you're in to athletics." I nodded at this, I loved running, it was fun, but also vital given my past experiences.

- "You'll probably go to class with us tomorrow" he continued and I wagged my tail lightly, this would definitely be one of the strangest things I'd ever done, I was sure.

- "You two!" I jumped at the harsh voice and pressed closer to Lucky.

- "What are you cadets doin' out here, tryin' to wreck the course huh?" A very small, very stinky dog showed up with another Dalmatian pup with three legs at his side, he had very few spots and a green sweatband on his head.

- "Up to no good again Lucky?" he asked with a sneer, I glanced at Lucky; he did have to speak for the both of us.

- "No" he remarked confidently

- "I was just showing Chancey around, she just got here today."

- "Ah, yes" the small, smelly dog remarked

- "I was told about you" I canted my head to the side, had I done something wrong?

- "You keep this in mind cadet, you break my rules, you'll be punished" he paused studying me with big buggy eyes.

- "You ever been punished before, cadet?" My gaze shifted to my paws and I nodded

- "What for?" Being different, not being good enough, I wanted to say it, but obviously I couldn't so I just shrugged helplessly.

- "Well you must've done something wrong, did you wet the floor?" I shook my head no.

- "Not follow orders?" I shook my head no.

- "Did you bite someone?" I started to shake my head again, but then I remembered that strangely dressed man, I had bitten his hand. I nodded my head yes.

- "Why?" I shrugged

- "You don't know why you bit them?" I nodded my head yes.

- "Then tell me why!" I flinched away from him, cowering slightly.

- "Chancey's neck is injured, she can't speak for at least a few more days" Lucky explained when he caught my pleading look.

- "She looks fine to me, I bet it's just an excuse" he sneered, he was right, but he was still a jerk, so I flashed a smile and shrugged again.

- "Ah, so you are healed" I shrugged again

- "Maybe, maybe not, what's it matter?" I asked voice perfectly normal.

- "Lucky's jaw dropped

- "I thought you were hurt" I smiled at him

- "I was, but I've been talking for two days. Just tested you Lucky, don't worry, you passed." He laughed humorously

- "you sure had me fooled, You were quiet all day, I haven't heard a bark out of you" he praised.

- "Cadet Lucky, I need to have a word with you, she might not know about curfew, but you do. Aptin Tripod, escort Cadet Chancey back to the barn." I shot Lucky an

- "I'm sorry" look and followed Tripod.

The next day was ridicule for me; I was the target for all the bullies. As soon as I walked out of the barn Mooch, an ugly mutt dog, and two Dalmatian pups were on me like stink on doggie doo.

- "Well if isn't the spotless Dalmatian" Mooch sneered.

- "Yeah, you're weird!" the pup with a blue collar said lamely. I rolled my eyes and started to walk by them, but Mooch was quick to step back in my way.

- "What's the hurry Blankley, goin' spot huntin'?" he sneered, my eyes started to water, I knew I wouldn't fit in.

- "No, now leave me alone"

- "Oh, touchy, touchy" he sneered circling me tightly. As soon as there was an opening I bolted, fast. I sprinted almost blindly through the farm yard, not paying attention to anyone or anything that was there until I ran right into someone, we both fell to the ground, and grumbled as we picked ourselves up off of the ground. I had run into Tripod, just fabulous.

- "Why don't you watch where you're going?" he growled as he wiped the dust off of himself.

- "I-I'm sorry, I didn't mean..." I trailed off nervously; he wouldn't hit me would he? I cowered from

him and backed up from him, he canted his head to the side.

- "What's wrong with you?" he asked with slight impatience.

- "I...I'm not..." I trailed off unsure how to finish.

- "You act like I'll hit you or something..." I glanced cautiously at him

- "...You won't...?" I was trembling by this point.

- "No...why would I?"

- "I did something wrong..."

- "You don't deserve to be hit for it"

I straightened a little at this.

- "I...don't?"

- "No, now come on, we'll be late for Bark Brigade"

He walked by my side as we joined the large crowd of puppies, Lt. Pug, as I had come to know him, was sitting atop a hill glaring at all of us.

- "Cadet Two-Tone!"

- "Here!"

- "Cadet Whizzer!"

- "h-Here!"

- "Cadet, Chancey!"

- "Here!"

- "Cadet Lucky!"

No response. Everyone looked around murmuring quietly.

- "Heh, figures" Tripod muttered as the Lt. shouted again.

- "Does he usually not show up?" I asked quietly

- "not if he has a better offer."

- "Oh."

- "Captain Tripod!"

- "Yes, sir!"

- "Get to the starting line; let's see what our newest Cadet knows about agility."

It was a direct challenge and one I wasn't afraid to meet. I lined up side by side with Tripod, he

looked confident, I wasn't I'd never done this sort of thing before, but you could bet your boots off I was going to try.

- "No spots, she probably doesn't have any talent either, this won't be too exciting!" Mooch sneered from the side line, earning laughs all around until Cadpig shut him up, I wonder what she said.

- "Go!" Lt. Pug shouted and I was off like a bullet, not looking, or caring, where Tripod might be, I hurdled a pond and some kind X shaped fence thing before he even got close. I pulled in front and climbed up a ladder, leaned against a bunch of hay stacks. I leaped off and hit the ground running, Tripod barely a step behind. A tire swing was just ahead of us, over a river? I didn't know what to do with that. Tripod pulled ahead and used it to swing to the high bank on the other side. He won, I lost, go figure.

- "Captain Tripod, the winner!" Lt. Pug praised

- "and cadet Spotless the loser!" Mooch chirped as I finally pulled myself up onto the bank. I turned my head away shamefully, avoiding as many eyes as I could. Tears pricked my eyes as everyone laughed, why can't you just be normal Chancey? I scolded myself as tears started to fall everyone gasped at this, I couldn't take it anymore, I turned and bolted away as fast as I could. Why did I even try? I ran all the way back to the barn, jumped up on top of a pile of hay stacks in the corner and cried, cried for all I was worth. Cadet Spotless, Blankley, no spots no talent, goin' spot huntin'? Oh, and the laughter, the laughter just made it worse, how could they be so cruel? I heard laughter, I think it was Lucky and his friends, but I was facing away from the door, so I couldn't tell. They must've seen me because their laughter was abruptly cut off.

- "Chancey, are you ok?" It was Lucky; I didn't want to see him right now.

- "No" I whimpered

- "go away" I felt the stacks move a little and soon Lucky was standing right there next to me.

- "What kind of friend would I be if I did that?" I looked up at him with watery eyes

- "You want to be my friend?" I asked disbelievingly. He wagged his tail

- "Yeah, of course, you're really sweet and funny." I pulled myself up into a sit

- "yeah, but I'm not normal."

- "So what?" a new voice piped up and I looked down to the female pup, and the male pup, and a...chicken?

- "Do I look like a normal Dalmatian to you?" the chicken said.

- "Spot, you're a chicken" Lucky objected, and I giggled.

- "How many times have I told you Lucky, I'm trapped in a chicken's body, I tell ya I'm a dog!" she argued, I rose a curious brow at this. And I thought I was weird.

- "Look, Chancey, you just look a little different, it doesn't make you weird" Lucky insisted.

- "Then why are they so mean to me?"

- "Because of your spirit!" the female pup chirped
- "your spirit shines with unique qualities that shines so brightly it shines through you making you seem different, but others envy you, so they treat you badly, tormenting your spirit, until it drives you to the point of breaking and then your inner evil will break loose, and you'll seek revenge on those who hurt your good spirit! You'll seek revenge, no MERCY!!" My eyes were bulging out of my head by this point, so were everyone else's
- "So basically, Cadpig's saying they're jealous" the large male pup summed up.
- "Oh" I muttered
- "I wish they weren't, I don't like it. I just want to fit in." Cadpig sighed
- "but being different is good, Chancey, your uniqueness is what makes you, you" Something fluttered inside me and I looked up at Lucky who was smiling at me. Now I understand! If there was no uniqueness, then we'd all be just the same. What fun would that be? I smiled at them
- "I get it now, thanks, you guys are the best!" Lucky laughed
- "we know, now c'mon let's go play!" We jumped off the hay stacks and ran outside, but were immediately halted by Lt. Pug and Tripod.
- "You four deserters!" he shouted glaring at Lucky, Cadpig, Rolly and Spot.
- "Have a lot of explaining to do! Cadet Chancey, for leaving the Brigade early I want fifteen laps around the Slop Area!" I sat there
- "What are you waiting for?" My ears flattened a little.
- "Um...I-I don't know where that is..." He grumbled about something a moment before speaking to Tripod,
- "Captain!"

- "I'm on it sir!" He nudged me and I obediently followed. It was about ten minutes before we reached a fenced in area, a really large one, with some gross brown, icky, gruel spread all inside it, I wrinkled my nose in disgust.
- "Here we are" Tripod said, I gave him a confused look, he motioned to the slop.
- "Go run your laps" he ordered I looked between him and it.
- "In that?" I was completely aghast
- "That's inhumane!" He glowered at me
- "that's punishment for leaving the Brigade without dismissal"

- "Who cares?"

- "The Brigade is very important to me, the Lt. and Colonel, and several pups here take it very seriously. You should do the same."

- "Why?"

- "I-

- " he paused in thought

- "I'll tell you after you finish your laps. I want fifteen around the pen! No breaks! Go!" Yeesh he sounded like Lt. Pug in that moment, I was actually a little scared of him. I jumped in, it was so slippery, I fell flat on my face.

- "EWW!" I exclaimed, it was like slime on my fur.

- "Get up Cadet! Go! Go! Go!" I pulled myself up and ran on his order. After nearly two hours, I was coated in gruel from falling so many times, I was sweaty, trembling, and exhausted, but I was done. I hopped through the fence and was immediately blasted by a ton of cold water, the sheer force of it sent me to the ground.

- "Whoa!" I yelped as Tripod used the water hose to blast the gruel and sweat from my coat, it felt good! After he was done I shook out the water, happy to be my normal white furred self again.

- "Ok, so why is the Brigade important?" I asked smoothing down my fur.

- "Because it teaches you" I canted my head to the side, a note for him to continue.

- "It teaches discipline, rewards for hard work, values, morals, it's very important for a pup to have, the feeling of accomplishment after you've done something, it makes you feel like you're the best, because you have to do your best." I could hear the pride and devotion in his voice, he really cared, this was really important to him, and you know what? It should be to me too. I promised myself right then and there that I was going to give Bark Brigade my all, I was going to give it my all, work my hardest, and actually accomplish something.

Tripod walked me back to the barn and we lay down, I was beyond exhausted.

- "Hey Tripod" I whispered

- "hm?"

- "Thanks"

He turned his head and looked at me

- "for what?" he muttered sleepily

- "for teaching me" I whispered to him

- "for being kind and patient enough to bare with me. You're really cool." I lay my head down on my paws and was asleep in minutes, just missing the smile Tripod gave me before he also went to sleep.

The next morning I was up bright and early, I felt like a new pup, Tripod, the Co lonel, and Lt. Pug all looked surprised to see someone besides Tripod there early.

- "Good morning sir" I greeted Lt. Pug as he marched up to me.

- "Why are you here? I thought you'd be dead in the barn you'd be so tired." I smiled

- "I am tired, but I didn't want to miss Bark Brigade today." He 'hmp'ed and walked off, Tripod walked up to me

- "surprised to see you here" he said simply.

- "After what you said last night, I decided I should take the Brigade more seriously." He started to walk off

- "Tripod" he turned back to me

- "c-could you be my trainer...I want to toughen up...will you help me?" He looked taken aback, and turned to face fully.

- "It'll be tough" he warned

- "I know, but I need this."

- "Even if it means late hours in the Slop Area?"

I shuddered, but nodded

- "even if it means late hours in the Slop Area." He smiled

- "meet me there after Bark Brigade and we'll get started. Got it?"

- "Yes sir!" I said and saluted him. Bark Brigade was actually fun, tiring, but fun. I loved the athletics, especially running. We did pushups, sit ups ran track, obstacle courses, map reading, and so much more, and I was so tired by the time we finished, I wanted join the other pups for a well earned rest, but I caught sight of Tripod heading for the Slop Area, so I turned Lucky and the gang down and chased after Tripod. It was hard work, he worked me like a slave, instead of fifteen laps he wanted twenty-five, then we moved to the pushups, again twenty-five instead of fifteen, sit ups, I ran the obstacle course four times, and finally five more grueling gruely laps in the Slop Area then he power washed me and we headed to the barn.

It went on like this for weeks each day up at dawn for Early Morning Training, then Bark Brigade, then Evening Training pushing me harder and harder and ended with me collapsing half dead in the bar, but I didn't do it alone, he often did these exercises with me, turning them into games or races, making me more eager to comply with his wishes. However, no amount of Tripod's training could have prepared me for what happened one afternoon in Bark Brigade.

- "Cadet Chancey, Mooch, get to the starting line!"

- "Yes sir!"

Mooch snickered at me as he passed and I looked to Tripod, he smiled and winked and I couldn't help but smile as I lined up. You can do this Chancey, you're prepared for this, you can finally prove yourself to Tripod! Show him, show all of them!

- "Go!" We were off like rockets, but I was keeping a comfortable distance ahead of Mooch, and I wasn't trying hard! We were coming up on the small trail that lead out to the road and the one that rounded around the track and came back near the finish line. Mooch snickered and cut down the trail

- "see ya Cadet Spotless!" he sneered, but he went down the wrong trail, that one lead to the road, I would know, I got a face full of gruel for picking it during a late night map reading lesson with Tripod.

- "Mooch don't!" but it was too late, I turned sharply and and sprinted down the trail after him shouting for him to stop. He didn't listen and ended up sprinting right into the middle of the road, I heard it then, the rev of a car engine.

- "Mooch move!" I shouted, I saw the blue car and in a split second decision I dove, shoving Mooch out of the way, but I wasn't quick enough to save myself. The car was over me, the tire crushing my left leg, with a sickening crunch, I cried out in sheer pain and terror. The car stopped and slowly backed off of me. I heard the car door open and the lady bent over me, she looked stricken and started crying.

- "Oh, you poor dear, I'm so sorry!" I whined pitifully as she gently picked me up. I still wasn't fond of humans, but I wasn't about to fight her off either. She carried me up to the house, I could hear all the puppies' panicked voices calling to me, all I could do was moan in pain. She informed Roger and Anita of what happened, Pongo and Perdi looked devastated and were actually crying, for me? I didn't understand. I managed to find Tripod in the crowd around me he looked horrified, his face was the last I saw before my world faded.

When I finally came back to my senses, Perdi was lying beside me, I looked at her puzzled.

- "Mama...?" I asked

- "Chancey?" she asked then I heard Pongo.

- "Oh, Chancey" he said as he nuzzled me.

- "hmm, I always wanted a Daddy" I muttered

- "mine didn't love me, Mama stopped loving me too" I sniffed near tears.

- "We love you Chancey" Perdi said

- "You're our daughter now." I moved to get up, but something was missing, I looked up to Pongo.

- "Daddy, why can't I feel my leg?" His face saddened, I didn't want to look down, but I did, my leg was gone, nothing but a stump remained. I looked at Pongo again, laying beside me, I buried my face in his chest and cried. No, I couldn't lose my leg too! I was already a spotless runt, I couldn't lose a limb! Everyone's going to hate me even more now!

It was a few weeks before I could leave the hospital, I had to learn how to walk on three legs, and they removed the bandages and stuff. Every puppy crowded the car as it pulled up and I slowly jumped out when the door was opened, I stumbled a bit, but picked myself up and met everyone's gaze. There was a brief pause and then everyone erupted into cheers. Tripod rushed forward from the crowd and hugged me, hugged me!

- "Chancey, 'm so glad to see you!"

- "Me too! I missed you Tripod, and look" I said showing off my missing limb
- "I look like you, now all I need is a headband!" He laughed as he hugged me again.
- "I can get that for you!" he laughed again.
- "Very cool!" I said and hugged him tightly to myself.
- "So, you ready to start training?" he asked, I gave him a funny look and laughed
- "training?" I asked.
- "Yeah, it's time for it" he wasn't lying it was time, and I did promise.
- "Lead the way Captain Tripod!"

- "Race you, loser gets extra laps!"

- "You're on!"