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Eli the Flying Dog

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Eli the dog didn't always know that he could fly. When he was little, he was smarter than his brothers and sisters, and he was always the first in line at mealtime. His mom was impressed by his intelligence, but, then again, she thought all of her puppies were special.

At six weeks old, Eli was a little ball of white, black and silver fur. He had large brown eyes and copper eyebrows. At 12 weeks old, his hair was growing longer and he was turning into a beautiful dog.

As Eli and the other puppies grew, their owner, a kind old farmer, would play with them every day. He'd take them out to the cow pasture and throw a ball for them. One day as the farmer launched a ball far overhead, Eli raced to the front of the pack, then suddenly began to soar. Soon, the earth was falling away from him as he flew through the air. To his surprise, he found himself flying high above the heads of the other dogs. As he flew, he opened his mouth and grabbed the ball.

"Look at Eli fly!" The farmer called to his wife.

"He's fast, isn't he?" She remarked back, not convinced that he was actually flying, but rather soaring just a little. After all, everyone knows that dogs can't fly. The farmer shook his head, marveling at the little dog, then went off to feed the pigs.

Eli continued to grow and fly, and one day a young couple came to take him home. The wife picked Eli out as a present for her husband who insisted he didn't want a dog.

Eli loved his new family, and the feeling was mutual. The young husband, who didn't want a dog, quickly fell in love with the little pup that followed him around night and day.

"Come on, Eli. Let's play some ball."

The two went out to the front yard and Eli's master casually threw a ball overhead. Eli's short little legs ran, quickly building up speed. He leapt up high, straining for the ball, and in a flash, he began to fly. His master watched in amazement as Eli flew over the grass, ball in mouth. He called to his wife.

"Meg, Eli's flying!"

Meg, who was busy inside, called back, "I know. Isn't he fast?"

Steve threw another ball. Eli soared. Meg, who had since joined her husband on the front lawn, stood there, mouth wide open, and watched her little flying dog.

Eli loved to fly. The wind whistled through his fur as it carried him through the air. He'd look below and watch the people and animals beneath him. The sky was bluer when he was flying; the grass below was greener. Eli flew every chance he could -- morning, midday and late afternoon.

When Eli's owners had a little boy, Eli became his babysitter and best friend. When his boy was three years old, he noticed that Eli could fly.

"Dad, why does Eli fly?"

"I don't know, little one, but I think he is so happy and so good, that his goodness spills out and gives him wings to fly with."

The funny thing about Eli is that no one besides his owners ever noticed he could fly. The neighbors were too busy to watch the flying dog. Everyone went rushing around, running errands, not stopping to notice this little miracle. When Steve would tell his friends about his flying dog, they'd all say, "He's fast, isn't he?" They just didn't get it. But that's okay, for not everyone is meant to have a flying dog. But if you ever do get the chance to have a flying dog, you really should, even if no one else ever notices.

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