

One beautiful day in the fall, you know, when it's just right, not too hot not too cold — horse, dog, and me went for a rather long walk.

The fall colors were enchanting, even mesmerizing. And, an extraordinary sense of contentment and comfort prevailed within me. And, best I could tell, in horse and dog, too.

On our walk, we eventually came upon a rest stop that had a little general store.

Outside, in the front of this general store, stood a woman, and when we got there, and I got off of horse, she said “Good looking dog, what's his name?” And, I said “dog!!!” Which she didn't seem to understand, and she appeared to be surprised by my rather emphatic declaration.

She then said “Yeah, your dog, what's his name?” And, again, I said “dog!!!”

Then, she just kind of stood there with a sort of stunned and perplexed look on her face. So, I just stood there, too, basically expressionless.

After a brief silence she then said “Ok.” and “So, um, what's your horse's name?” And, I said “horse!!!”

Then she said, “Oh, ok, and I guess your name is Cowboy!!!” And, I said “No, my name is Allison. But, I like that. Cowboy!!! Yeah, Cowboy!!!, Cowboy!!! Yeah, the Cowboy!!! That sounds good. I like that.”

She walked off with a sort of dissatisfied dour look on her face. So, I went about my business inside the general store. Eventually, horse, dog, and me made our way back home.

Such a beautiful day, I don't think I'll ever forget it.