

## One-Man-Dog Band

As a one-man band, I'm always searching for pots and pans and odds and ends to add to the crazy music contraptions that I enjoy building and playing. Making people smile on street corners may be a tough way to make a living, but I love it and it is sorely needed these days.

Hanging in a back corner of the Goodwill was a life-size marionette of a shaggy Afghan dog. Charming . . . could I rig him up to dance on my rotating stage that I use for the peace wave generator? And only five bucks: what a bargain! I snatched him up and brought him home and decided to call him Digger.

The following weekend I was headed to Boston to play in the public gardens. My sister lives nearby in Sharon, and both my nieces were visiting at the time, so I planned to stop by.

I emailed my sister to ask her if it was OK to bring my new dog Digger. I knew news of a new dog would send shockwaves of excitement through my sister's house. We are a family of dog lovers, and both my nieces are crazy about dogs.

So I was not surprised to hear back immediately from Lonny. Of course I could bring Digger -- everyone is looking forward to meeting him. What kind of dog was he? How old? Where did I get him? And would I send a photo?

I deflected and told a little white lie that my camera was broken and said they would find out tomorrow.

I heard that both my nieces were so excited that they were jumping up and down on the sofa, singing doggie songs. Zelda, whose beloved Yoda had gone on to doggie heaven years ago, even got out her old leash and dug out her leftover tick and her worm medications to give me!

When I pulled into my sister's driveway, my nieces came out to meet him with high expectations. I'll never forget the looks of disappointment on their faces when I brought Digger out of the back of my van! Uncle Dan!

I guess it was a bit of a mean trick, but I had to keep up my reputation as the practical joker of the family. I was in the doghouse with my nieces for quite a while after that, but they eventually forgave me.

And besides, I really do love Digger. As dogs go, he is trouble-free. No picking up poop or paying expensive veterinarian bills. And Digger the Dancing Dog became the main attraction on my last trip to Mexico. With Digger dancing, there is no language barrier.

Who knows? Perhaps one day we'll do a world tour together. Just a boy and his dog out on the road.