

A Writing in Faulkner's Style

My mother threw away the stick today, the old, gnarled-up one that I had thrown to my dog Ranger many times, not the black and white dog that used to eat Mrs. Fisher's poppies, the yellow and orange ones that bloomed in the spring when all of us schoolchildren were longing to have summer vacation, so we could go swimming in the old swimming hole by Johnson's store where we ate the little peppermint candies that Mrs. Johnson would give us if we were polite and asked her for some, nor the yellow dog that we couldn't quite get potty-trained as it got very excited when we had company over which was very often because my father was the postman and had many friends that loved to come down to our house and chat and bring lots of baked goods that smelled delicious from miles away, just like when my grandmother lived next door and would bake all afternoon and night, sometimes letting me come over to help lick the bowl, but the little white dog that didn't look like it had the strength to carry such a big stick, but it was hollow and didn't actually weigh that much, although I have seen lots of things that are small but weigh a lot like the time Jim threw me a piece of wood that looked like it was balsa wood but it wasn't and it hit my leg, making it bleed so my mother had to spend time cleaning off my leg instead of getting ready to go to the square dance that she always spends hours preparing for even though I think she looks pretty all the time but she wasn't unhappy that she had to clean off my leg because she said she loved me, but I know now not to judge the weight of anything by its size because he could carry that stick just fine even though he was a small dog, smaller than any other dog I have had and I've had many because I don't have any brothers and sisters so my parents let me have a dog for a companion since they think that every young boy ought to have a close friend and a dog is very loyal my father once said although he really doesn't say much normally because he is pretty shy, a characteristic he inherited from my grandfather who is always sitting in his chair with a good book, stroking his thin grey beard with his thumb and forefinger like a wise man who is constantly pondering the meaning of life and if the phone rings he will wait for Grandma to answer it because he doesn't like to talk to anybody although he will talk to his best friend Mr. Kilpatrick who owns a farm over near the schoolhouse where I found the stick after school when it was late and I really was supposed to be getting home but I decided to visit him anyway because his farm is a really adventurous place to be, so I started climbing his old oak tree (I can climb really high when I am in good shape) and I stepped on a branch and it broke because the tree was old and the branch had died and that's why it's hollow so I took the branch home (it was really a stick not a whole branch) and I threw it to Ranger, who brought it back right away just like he always did when we played with that stick, but now my mother threw it away so I can't play catch with Ranger anymore, but that's okay because Ranger is dead, buried under the tree that blooms in the springtime looking like pink cotton candy and none of my other dogs after him like the shape of the stick because it is curly and not really the right size for a dog to play catch with.