It all started in the merry month of May when the grandsons, on a visit with us, were quietly at play outdoors. The note of their pleasure suddenly accelerated and I could hear pleasurable chuckling noises. When I checked the situation something new had been added -- a visitor. She was, perhaps, six months old, wearing an embarrassed and ingratiating grin and a tail that wagged mightily as she snuggled at the overjoyed children. She also wore a collar denoting that she had been given the rabies vaccine. Checking through the health department, then through a veterinarian who had administered the shot, I was able to get the telephone number of the owner.

When I dialed the number a surly male voice answered, I told him why I was calling. He said, "I know you've been awfully anxious about your dog." I said, "Well, you can pick her up at this time." At the other end of the line there was a pregnant silence punctuated by heavy breathing and then, an explosion. "Look, little lady, I'd just like you to know I got six kids. I don't need no dog!"

"Are you telling me that you dropped the dog off at my house and purpose?" I said in as sure voice.

"Do what you want with her. Lady! I don't want the dog!"

My ears rang for several moments from the impact of the telephone receiver.

What! Another One?

When my husband returned home that afternoon, I broke the news to him as gently as possible. Poor man, I have worried him with a succession of animals which have somehow found their way to our home.

"I don't want the dog. I don't want the dog! I do not want the dog!" he said.

What does one do when confronted with a crying, affectionate homeless, starved, waif of dubious ancestry cast out by a beast of a man? Well, I fed her and gave her water and for want of a better name I called her Gigi. She soon became sleek and sassy and within two months the gentlemen began to call. For her mate she chose a rather peculiar looking mutt, with low slung black and white chassis, bowed legs, a blue face and long upright pointed ears.

In due time and with extreme delicacy Girl retired to a hole under the house where she remained for some time finally emerging looking exhausted and very, very thin.

Girl was an attentive mother the puppies under the hatches were evidently content for we heard only small murmurs from them when they became hungry.

All was peaceful until that memorable Monday night. The family had stayed up somewhat later than usual watching television. We were roused from sleep by frenzied barking.

"Ah ha!" thought, "Someone on the property and Girl's warning us. She's baying off." But I realized in a short while the barking was coming from under the house and what would an intruder be doing there? Now the startled pups were busy shifting their shrill yipping to the frantic baying of their mother's voice. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when I grabbed the flashlight and went out to track the sound after the location of the fracas. Pandemonium reigned. The pups were staggering around and yelping. Gigi continued barking a steady stream of invective at some threat I was unable to see.

I joined me and shortly afterward our sleepy son came outdoors and the flashlight illuminated the object of Girl's fury.

O, ill-fated 'possum to have invaded this family's domain! Now with the scene lighted the drama unfolded further. Girl continued to make a short shift of the loathsome creature. Suddenly I felt too queasy to witness the sorry scene and retired to the kitchen to brew a pot of coffee.

As the rosy finger of dawn etched sunrise on the eastern horizon sometime later, a realization occurred only to be shattered by the clamor of the alarm clock.

Girl looks like a miniature police dog. Her puppies are adorable, three are tan and one is black and white.

But, I don't want the dogs! I do not want the dogs!