

COMET, THE GREAT

Our dog's name was Comet, an unusual name decided after a lot of brainstorming. Our Pomeranian came as a puppy and won the hearts of all. Initially, he had a problem adjusting to the new environment; he would wail loudly and yelp for his mother as he had been separated from her. We were all moved by his cries. My brother did everything to console him, even allowing Comet to sleep with him in his quilt. Slowly, Comet settled in and took an instant liking to my mother as she would give him his meals (milk and chappati). He soon got familiar with the sound of the chain as it signalled the time for his walk. He would start jumping with joy. Though small in size, he could be a terror. Any stranger or animal such as cow or pig would be barked at loudly.

One night at around 2 in the morning, we heard Comet barking himself hoarse. He continued barking for half an hour, but we did not bother to get up and investigate. Next morning, much to our surprise, we found that someone had tampered with the door of the terrace. Comet had frightened the thieves trying to break in. They had broken the lock with much skill. However, they had not thought they would encounter a ferocious dog in Comet. It must have attacked them. They had retreated and left the terrace door ajar. We applauded his courage. Comet stayed with us for 15 years. He passed away and the void has not been filled. His memories are still alive in our mind. No one can take his place. — Ruchi Sharma, New Delhi



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