

My Favorite Mutt

The science of this article is the most intense yet. It is only a test. If it were real science, it would be banned forever.

Our children were playing in the woods the other day when they uncovered the most exciting discovery! No, it wasn't a snake, a special rock, or even a pretty flower. It was an old dead, well; a jaw bone! Yes - a real one! It was one of their most exciting days ever - living here in the mountains.

One tooth suggested this jaw bone belonged to prehistoric man. We quickly pulled out all the reference books we could find (including *The Berenstain Bears Go to the Museum*) in order to identify this jaw bone. It didn't take long for us to determine that we had just discovered a truly amazing gem of a jaw bone. Are you ready for this? You need to sit down. It belonged to, (are you sure you're ready?) a dog! No, not just any dog. This jaw bone belonged to one of the most intelligent species to ever exist. But before you get tuned into my story, let me finish. It came from the type of species that was so special, they even made feature television shows and movies depicting the creature's amazing talents. Naturally, this species could not have possibly evolved here. He clearly migrated from a neighboring county!

Sophisticated smell tests suggested the bone was 6 to 9 months old. However, based on other tests, (beyond the scope of this paper) we figured this dog had been dead for 27-½ to 29.74 years. That puts it older than our house. That means no one lived here at the time. (We disregarded the younger age because it doesn't fit the story line.) Consequently, the dog must have been here before anyone lived here. (You probably already figured that out.)

That being the case, the dog probably belonged to a hunter. OR, we could probably more accurately state, the hunter belonged to the dog. We quickly looked for more bones. We dug everywhere. We dug through numerous rock strata. We dug for a hundred yards or more in every direction. (You should see the mess in the yard!) But, after all that digging. We never found one slightest evidence of remains of the hunter!

This is a key point of the story. Pay close attention. IF, the dog died, and the hunter didn't, THEN, the dog must have heroically sacrificially saved the hunter from his very own demise! Knowing the geographic area of these mountains, we would have to assume the hunter was about to be attacked by a giant black bear. The hunter probably had broken his leg and got mud in his rifle trying to use it as a crutch. The dog, being as intelligent as he was (we could tell it was a "he" by the shape of the jaw bone) must have snuck up behind the bear and grabbed her by the neck. (We know the bear had to be a "she-bear" because they are the most vicious when cubs are around.) In this manner, he (the dog) could avoid the razor sharp claws and teeth of her (the bear.)

At this point, I would like to pause and solicit any donations you may be inclined to give to build a museum right here on the mountain side for all to see. (It's too muddy to live here any more.) The museum feature presentation would be the very dog on the exact replica of the bear he attacked. I am sorry to say "replica" of the bear. We just haven't found any remains of the bear yet. (But we will. According to countless eye witnesses, the northwest corner of the property is the most likely location. They all say the exact same thing, "Rock, ledge, bones.") However, using computer simulation and artificial intelligence, the dog's appearance would be fabricated to be as convincing as possible using the actual artifact. The reproductions will be of the finest quality; complete with authentic coloring

and facial expressions during the actual attack. If you feel so inclined, donations of over \$1000 each will be accepted at my personal residence. Now back to this exciting story!

By now you are certainly wondering why we have discovered remains of the dog, but not the bear. Well, science doesn't have all the answers! BUT, we do have this one jaw bone, so we know for sure, (we have had this relic examined by numerous associates, and they ALL agree) he died. Therefore, we can clearly deduce, the bear must have killed the dog. I know this comes as a shock to you. How could the bear kill such an intelligent dog? That certainly NEVER happened in any TV show. BUT, I've checked all 13 channels, and only reruns are still on the air!!!

Obviously the dog did not intend to die. It doesn't take a Ph.D. in anthropology to know that. So, it is perfectly clear. When the bear died, she fell over backwards on the dog. Being a very large she-bear, she was much too heavy for the dog to move, and so he died. I would ask that you keep this part of the story a secret. If too many people (especially from PETA) understand the full impact of this aggression, they may be inclined to boycott the museum. This would only serve to stagnate the very cutting edge of science today.

Work is already under way on the museum. The foundation has already been dug. (Well - that's the most important part!!!) It's a perfect location. My next door neighbor believes he found another ancient relic. The missing link between dogs and bears! He has the creature almost fully reconstructed. The only remaining piece of the puzzle is how to assemble three jaw bones.

Naming a fossil often takes years, but the results can be most rewarding and exciting. We first wanted to call this marvelous dog Rin Tin Tinosaurus, but the Canadians already discovered a fossil by that name. Old Yeller would have been a good name, but our hero was still a young puppy. We next considered My Friend Flickosaurus. But this would be misleading. (He was a Chihuahua, not a horse.) The name "Bullet" seemed to be an obvious choice. But we already used this name for the hunter's dirty ammunition. We tried Lassieosaurus, but this name strongly suggests a she-dog. The meeting was getting tense. Mr. Phelps thought it was impossible. Leave it to Beaver to conjure up the most appropriate name. After 101 ideas, the scientific community, including the renown celebrity, Dr. Wil Bixby and his favorite Uncle, Dr. Ray Walston, has determined that the most appropriate name is unequivocally "My Favorite Mutt"!!!

BUT, as I stated before, I must finish my story before you get fully tuned in. (Besides, My Three Sons believe the jaw was actually from an adult deer.) This is a serious test. It is only a test. If it were a real test, it would affect your SAT scores. This test will affect your entire future! IF you accept this story, you need to stay completely away from all museums. If so, you have the innate potential to become a truly great evolutionist. You could rival Darwin himself! IF you do not accept this story, then you are destined to the world of reality and creation science. God bless you.

Yours Untruthfully,
Sergeant Thursday.
(Jay A Auxt)

Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight! Isaiah 5:21