

# *His Majesty - Perhaps*

*by Frederick Wickert*



*His Majesty Twinky*



*Kissy and Dippy*

Have you ever known something with all your heart, and not be able to prove it? Have you been absolutely certain but have no physical evidence to back it up? This is such a story.

It had been sometime since my beloved Freckles, a Cocker Spaniel had passed away (see MIDNIGHT VISIT). I wanted another Cocker Spaniel and a friend of ours had a puppy for sale. For some time, my wife Tae, wanted a Toy Poodle in the worst way.

I located a Toy Poodle puppy for sale in Virginia. We were living in Maryland, but I could get to the address in Virginia in about an hour. I phoned and made an appointment to see the puppy. My wife worked nights, so I went alone.

On a chilly and rainy spring evening, I placed a wicker basket lined with towels on the seat of my pickup truck and headed for Virginia. When I saw the puppy, I was amazed at how cute and tiny it was. Never had I seen such a tiny puppy at eight weeks old. I held the puppy in my lap while the lady checked me out to her satisfaction, and we agreed on the purchase. As I prepared to leave with the pup in my arms, the woman wrapped him in a towel and insisted I keep it to assure the warmth of the puppy on the way home.

As I backed out of the driveway for the trip to Maryland, the puppy climbed out of the wicker basket and up the back of the seat. At the top, he crawled to the back of my neck, snuggled up to me and remained there until I reached my destination in Maryland.

I went straight to the home of the woman with the Cocker Spaniel puppy and purchased him also. I stopped on the way home at Tae's place of work and took the two puppies inside to show to her.

As the puppies grew, the poodle loved Tae and me equally. Before we knew it, he became Lord and Master of the household. I bought more Cocker Spaniels and began breeding and showing them. The Cocker Spaniels were all several times the size of the poodle, but all understood that he was the boss. We stopped calling him Twinky, as we had named him, and began addressing him as "Your Majesty."

After retiring from the Air Force, we moved to my childhood home in Gilboa, New York. In a few years menopause came to Tae and she no longer wanted to share my bed, but His Majesty continued to sleep with me.

The sad day arrived when His Majesty passed away. Tae and I were both devastated. Tae told me she could not stand being without something little to hold. A woman an hour drive from us raised and showed some excellent Maltese and Toy Poodles. I called her. She was cutting down on her kennel population. She had a six-year-old Maltese female and a four-year-old Toy Poodle female she needed a good home for.

Tae and I made the trip to see these two dogs. The Maltese named Dippy took to Tae immediately. Kissy, the poodle took to me. She clung to me at the woman's home and continued to do so all the way. She was with Tae and Dippy during the day, and came to me in the evening when I returned from work.

Something very strange began to occur. In the evening, I sat in a big chair in the kitchen. Kissy attempted to come to me. When she got within three feet of me, she winced, cried out and stopped in her tracks. Again and again she tried to come to me and again and again, the same thing happened. She just could not get to me. She acted as if there were an invisible electric fence around me, beyond which she could not go. She desperately wanted to come to me, but some unseen barrier prevented it.

The strange occurrence went on for several nights until Kissy just gave up and stopped trying. She began avoiding me from that time on, and was completely Tae's dog. She no longer had anything to do with me.

During the same days and weeks this was happening, I could feel strongly, the presence of His majesty in my bed. I could feel his steps making a depression in the bed and I could feel the pressure of him on my back as he snuggled up to me. Of course, he had passed away. How can this be?

I came to the conclusion that His Majesty decided that I belonged to him. He refused to share me with another Toy Poodle, and his spirit was there, preventing Kissy from coming to me. I have no physical evidence and I cannot prove it, but I know with all my heart that it is so.