



## Chapter Three

### *Be Proud*

Out of the clear blue came the day when Montague found out what people really thought of him.

“The dog park, you’re going to love it!” Elaine told him excitedly.

She took Montague inside the small fenced area filled with dogs roughhousing and running wild. Just as Elaine turned to latch the gate, a large man stopped her.

He called out, “Hey look Lady.” He pointed to a sign reading-***No Pit Bulls***. “Didn’t you see the

sign?”

Elaine answered, “No, what sign?” Montague could tell this guy was some sort of jerk, but he wasn’t exactly sure what *kind* of jerk, so he stared him down to protect Elaine. She unclipped his leash and gave him the motion, “Go on. Go play.”

The man pointed again to the hand written sign.

Elaine said forcefully, “You can’t keep him out. Who made that sign anyway?”

Meanwhile, Montague found a friend. A Puggle was chasing him around doing crazy dog circles having a silly good time.

## MONTAGUE: THE PIT BULL OF PARK AVENUE



The man continued, “It is what it is, Lady. No Pit Bulls allowed.”

Elaine questioned him, “Who posted this? He’s an American Staffordshire terrier.”

He looked, “Fancy dog name. He looks like a

Pit to me.”

Elaine came back, “Yes, he’s Pit Bull, and he’s a good dog.” People shook their heads. “He is. He’s been *socialized* with people and other dogs. Why are you singling him out?”

“Because he’s a Pit Bull,” he said.

“*Any* breed can misbehave. You can’t blame one breed. Dogs *depend* on us. If a dog is made mean or turned loose on the streets, it’s the owner who should go to the dog pound.”

The man said, “Nice speech lady, but I’m calling the cops if you don’t leave.”

“OK, we’ll go for now, but for the record, he’s been accepted at the Barkley Finishing School for



Dogs.” Montague was having a blast playing with his new friend. Elaine was disappointed, “Come on then, Montague, let’s go!” He didn’t understand why they were leaving so soon. Elaine clipped on his leash. Then a surprise, Montague’s little playmate ran, jumped up on his back and bounced right over the fence. She caught air, landed on her feet and ran out of sight. People in the dog park gasped.

The sour woman rushed over, “Look what your dog did!”

“What? He was just standing there.”

Montague shrank down thinking he was in serious trouble.

“Your dog’s a trouble maker Lady,” added the

man.

“Who owns that dog?” Elaine shouted out to the whole park. “Anybody? Whose dog was that?”

A lady in a track suit talking on her cell phone came forward coldly, “Yeah, yeah, I gotta go. Julie’s escaped *again*. Which way did she go?”

“That way! I can help you look for her,” Elaine offered.

“Don’t bother. This is the hundredth time she’s run away. She’ll come back.”

“Are you sure? She really took off,” said Elaine worried.

“Yeah, yeah, she’s always pulling this.” the lady said looking over the fence, “Julie! Julie, come back



here!”

“We’re going that way anyway. We’ll look for you. Come on, Montague, let’s go,” Elaine led him out the gate.

Montague followed behind Elaine. She looked for the lost dog, but no luck. He didn’t fully understand what had just happened back there, but he did know it felt like a failure, a total failure. He was dragging his feet. Elaine got down and looked him in the eye, “You’re a good dog. Be proud. Come on, I’ll take you to Zabar’s for some cheese.”

## Chapter Four

### *Barkley Finishing School for Dogs*