

## Trigger, Part 3

“They think I’m dead,” thought Trigger behind eyes that didn’t blink, “but I ain’t. I’m *alive*, thank you very much. I jus’ can’t move fer beans, thanks to that goldarn pole they have stickin’ up me bum anchorin’ me to the ground. And it ain’t even real ground. It’s some fake particle board or somethin’. If I could get down there, I’d know fer sure. I may look uncomfortable all stretched out like this, but it ain’t so bad—’cept when my dadgum hoof goes to sleep. Man, that’s when I really miss bein’ able to get down an’ roll over. Ya know, I ain’t seen Roy in a while. He didn’t look so good last time he was in, like he had gas or somethin’. Crimony, I’m so bored I think I’ll yawn. Whoops, fergot about this bridle. If only it weren’t so goldarn tight!” But I can still whistle a little bit. Now what was that silly song Roy ’n Dale used to sing each week as we was ridin’ off into the sunset? Happy ...? Happy somethin’. Well, I’ll remember it one o’ these days—these days that go on, and on ... (sigh) and on.”

