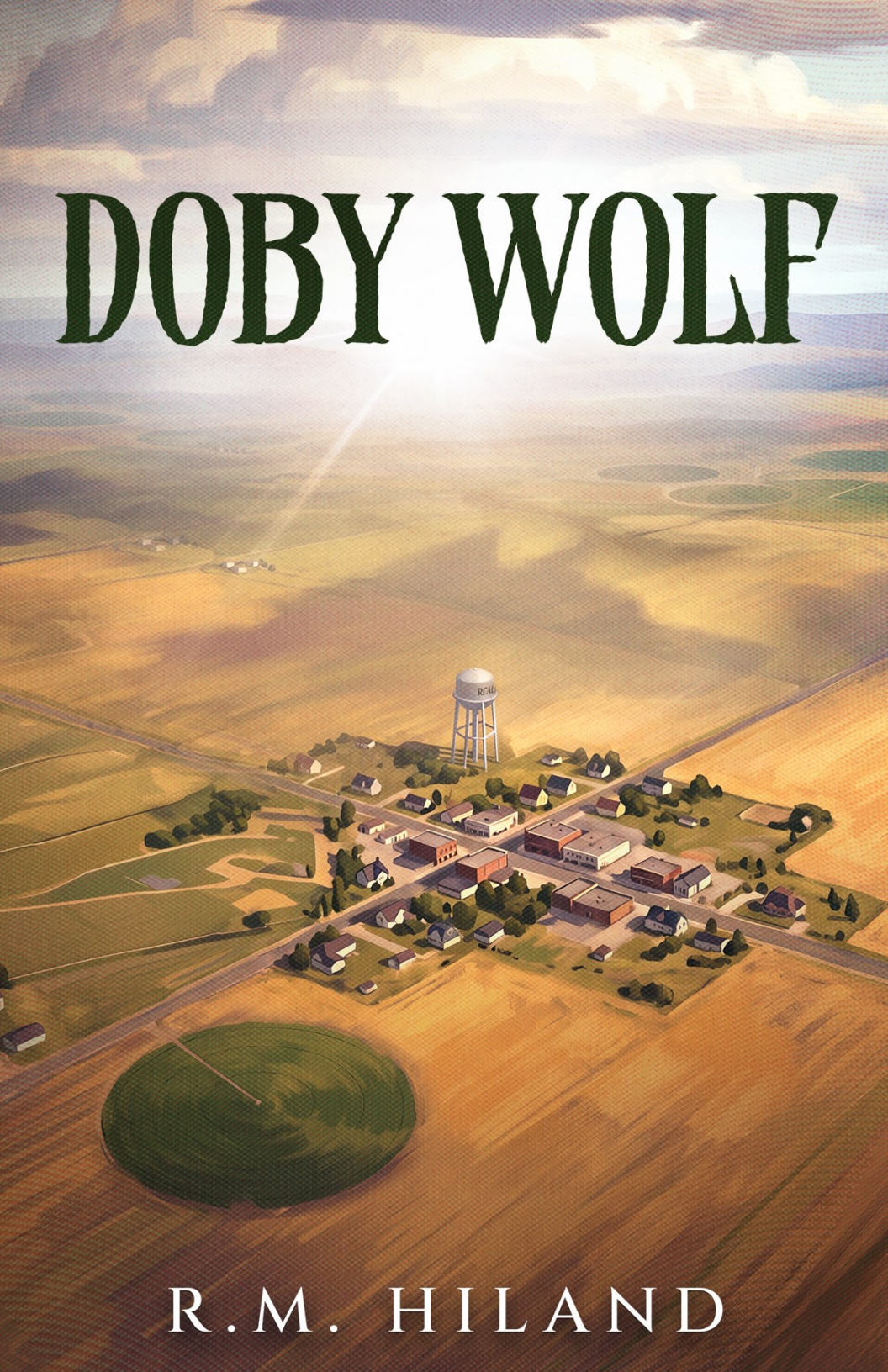
# DOBY WOLF



R.M. HILAND

# Praise for Doby Wolf

"In one short, beautiful novel, Robert Hiland establishes himself as a prominent American Magical Realist."
— Todd Borg, author of the Owen McKenna Tahoe Mystery Series

"Bob Hiland created a container for wisdom, tenderness, relatable characters and endless things to think about... this book opens the reader gently to what is possible in many realms... a welcome doorway to a better humanity."
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"I found the story asked me to stop, consider, feel into what was happening... like the emotion of the story was moving something within."

"A piece of peace in the midst of chaos."
— Victoria

# Doby Wolf

R.M. Hiland



J-STROKE PRESS
*If you paddle your own canoe.*

Hiland Creative

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# Chapter 1

## Doby

My name is really Dorothy but everybody calls me Doby. My little brother Anton gets the credit for that. He got his Rs and Ts and Bs mixed up when he first started talking. He was my biggest fan back then. He'd see me walking by his play pen, hold up his arms, spread a huge smile across his fat little face — more happiness than a baby ought to be able to hold — and chant. "Doby, Doby. Doby." Who could resist that? That's him playing his guitar in the other room. His music does something to the air in this house. He's getting really good. He should be. There's nothing else to do in summer after the sun goes down. Maybe watch the stars. Maybe wonder what goes on out there in the big dark nothing where stars glitter and flash and crowd the indigo velvet. Night life on the farm in Realmsveil, Kansas. Oh, my.

Daytime is different. Our farm south of town is more than two thousand acres. That's more than three square miles. That's a lot of tractor driving, and a lot of wheat. It's not all wheat. There's a lot of high-value cropland up on the bench above Plum Creek. Dad — Jakob Wolf — put in a pivot ten years ago so we could grow corn.

"Got to pay for you and Anton's college somehow," he said. I argued against it. I was only eleven at the time, but everybody knows the High Plains Aquifer is in trouble. Sucking out more water can't be good. I mean, we do all this other stuff; minimum tillage, variety rotation, less insecticide, spot fertilization — anything to preserve moisture. So how is it right to drain the aquifer for irrigation?

On the other hand, I'd much rather go to K-State than Hays State. I think I can get into the large animal vet program there in Manhattan — Doc Wassinger will sponsor me — if we can afford it. So that's all kind of what I was thinking about. I was side dressing the corn in the pivot with Johnny, our little John Deere, pulling the big orange tanks.

I'd stopped at the end of a run and walked down to Plum Creek. I was standing out in the open, heading for the big cottonwood and some shade when I saw her. A big, dark, beautiful hawk, black-tipped wings knifing through the air, just inches above the fallow field across the Creek. Going fast. Fast.

A Northern Harrier, I think, wings rocking side to side, nap of the earth, inches above the plants, swerving and darting like a piece of the wind gone hunting, listening for the shimmer in the grass. At the end of a long pass, down by the plum thicket, almost out of sight she flared up, turned, and made another run, flying right back at me. It didn't seem like she was hunting. Not mice anyhow.

When she got even with the cottonwood, she wheeled up, spread her wings to put on the brakes, extended her talons and landed on a naked branch.

She looked at me.

Studied me.

I could feel her eyes on me, going through me, all the way down into the heart of me.

*What? What is it? What do you want?*

I don't know how long I stood there, watching her. Being examined. Watched. Evaluated by her. When she flew away, I came up for air, like a bubble rising to the surface.

# Chapter 2

## Anton

I saw Doby standing at the edge of the corn, staring at the cottonwood tree. I could tell she was focused on something, the way she gets sometimes. Sitting or standing, she goes all perfectly still. I think she stops breathing. You can almost hear the gears turning in her head.

She thinks about things. Goes really deep. The way I do with music sometimes, when I get in the groove. She didn't know I was near, so focused she didn't hear the four-wheeler idling up behind her. Perfect opportunity to prank her.

But as I slipped up behind her, thinking I would snatch the seed cap off her head and run, she exhaled. Huffed, like she got hit in the belly. Then inhaled — a deep gasp. So instead of messing with her, I just stepped up beside her, put my arm around her waist and gave her a side hug.

"Hey. You okay, Doby?"

She didn't jump or flinch or anything. Just turned her face and smiled up at me. Her eyes were huge and shining. Like she saw an angel or something. Or was on drugs.

"Did you see her," she said.

"Her who."

"The harrier. In the cottonwood. She just flew away."

"Sorry, Sis. I was watching you. You were in that place you go when you get all still and focused."

"She was watching me."

"No doubt. Probably thought you were an owl with your eyes all huge and unblinking like that."

"No really. She was studying me."

"Yeah, hungry hawks do that. Fix their next meal with that hypnotic stare to freeze them in place."

"Come on, Ant Man. I'm serious. She was — I don't know — weighing me."

"Sure. All that mouse brown hair, she was probably worrying about indigestion."

"I wish you'd seen her, Ant. So big and beautiful. She was glowing, kind of, like a halo all around her, and—"

"Doby. Don't let Dad catch you smokin' weed while you're driving the tractor. You know what he'll say."

"I wasn't driving high, Ant. Only after dark, like always." She looked back at the empty branch where the hawk had been. "This was something else."

"Okay Doby. I believe you. I'm sorry I missed it. Tell me more about your hawk."

"Not much more to tell I guess. I could feel her eyes looking into me. You remember telling me about the first deer you ever killed? Watching her eye glaze over as her last breath jiggled a leaf by her nose? This was like that, only the reverse maybe. Something being born instead of dying."

That's when I decided. Doby was going to vet school. I didn't have any plans that needed a college education. I wanted to stay home and farm with Dad, and play my music. Maybe do local gigs with my band. But Doby had a special connection with animals. Always did have. She deserved to follow her dream.

As soon as I thought that, I felt something loosen in my chest and gut. It felt like that thing a good blues riff gives you when the fifth resolves and you come home to the root. It was the right thing to do. I'd tell Dad tonight. I gave Doby another squeeze and said, "Almost forgot why I came down here. Ike Waldtschmidt wanted you to come over and look at his horse. Said she was off her feed and not drinking water."

"Only if you go with me. I don't like the way he looks at me."

"Sure Sis. Finish your rounds and put away the rig. I should be done with the fences by then. We can go and be back before dark."



*Doby*

I stood for a few minutes after Ant drove away, gazing at the big cottonwood, remembering the glow that surrounded my hawk. *Huh. Where did she become my hawk?* When I climbed on Johnny, there she was again, gliding along the length of the waterline on the pivot. Hanging around. Watching.

# Chapter 3

## The Waldtschmidt Farm

Isaak Waldtschmidt had a concerned look about him when he met us in the barn. I glanced back at Ant. He was standing behind me with his big arms crossed on his chest and a little self-satisfied smirk on his face. I gave him that thin lipped, brows lowered glare that Mom is so good at. The smirk drifted into smug. Guess I'll have to practice that mom-glare. I turned back to Isaak.

"Isaak."

"Miss Doby." He was staring at my feet. I sighed.

"Where's Rosy, Isaak? Let's get her out into the sun so I can look at her."

Rosy was a big girl. A long-legged red roan Quarterhorse mare with flaxen mane and tail. A beauty to look at, even now with her eyes and coat dull and her head drooping. I didn't see it but I heard her stumble and Ike's breath catch as he led her out of the barn. And he was right. Rosy didn't look good at all.

"She's up to date on all the routine healthcare? Vaccinations, worming?"

"Of course, Doby. You know how I feel about..."

"Sure, Ike. I know. But... her coat. She usually looks so... glossy."

"That's part of it. She won't let me groom her. She gets irritable when I brush her. Stamps her feet. Shies away. She's never been like that before."

I went to her head and talked to her. Checked her teeth and mouth. Gave her my shoulder and picked up a forefoot. Clean as a whistle. I dropped her foot and she kind of shifted around, nervous, or, like Ike said, irritable.

"You been to any unsanctioned shows or meets lately?"

"Never. Not any shows at all since last winter, so five or six months ago. You think she might have picked up something?"

"Not likely if it was a registered show. Coggins testing should rule that out. And she's not eating well, not drinking enough?"

"I'll show you," and Ike led her to the water trough. Rosy just looked at it, snorted, and turned away. "Come on, girl. Take a drink. You know you need to..."

The concern, the heartbreak in his voice was hard to listen to. "Isaak, I don't know what to tell you. Maybe something with the well water? Have you taken her to the creek for a drink?"

"The way she is right now, it's hard to get her there. It's a three-mile ride, and the water's low besides. I filled a couple five-gallon buckets there this morning, but she wouldn't drink that either."

I tickled Rosy's nose. She snorted and shied her head, but I caught a whiff of her breath. She smelled okay to me — a little off, maybe — but then I didn't know her well enough to judge, really. Smelled like horse breath.

"Has she been wheezing or coughing? Any sign of throat or lung problems? Maybe a little short of breath?"

"I haven't been working her."

"You had Doc Wassinger out to see her?"

"Yesterday. He recommended you."

Ant said, "You get the well tested? Maybe..."

Isaak gave him a look. "I drink it myself," he said. "Tastes fine to me."

"You aren't a horse."

"I'll get the water tested. Anything else Doby? Anything you can think of at all?"

"You might try changing her feed. Might help, if she's just bored, or it might make things worse. She's not cribbing, is she?"

"Never has."

"Then, I'm sorry Isaak. I just don't know what to tell you."

Ike just kind of sagged then. His shoulders dropped and he looked down at his feet. "I'll get the water tested," he said, "but it takes a while. It might be—"

"Don't go there, Ike," I said. "Not yet. Maybe you can tempt her into drinking. Make up a horse Gatorade. Mix some molasses and a little salt, some apple

juice, carrot juice, beet juice. Go cut her a big swath of buffalo grass and bluestem down in the gully. I think she'll eat and drink when she's hungry and thirsty enough."

"Horse energy drinks. There's a whole new market for you Ike. Probably a million-dollar idea," Ant said.

"Well if it works and I get Rosy back to normal, that's the million-dollar idea. Thanks for coming over, D—Miss Doby. I'll get the water tested and give your idea a try."

When we turned into the driveway that evening just before sunset, I half expected my hawk to be perched on a fencepost. I was kind of disappointed she wasn't sitting there, waiting.

Later that night — well, early morning; the clock said 3:03 — I woke up with a start and sat bolt upright in bed, gasping for breath. Out of nowhere, a giant hawk flew at me. Right straight into my face. She screeched the way raptors do, high, shrill, demanding. Spread her wings, every feather extended, clutching at the air between us, then flapped her wings once just before she crashed into me. The puff of wind from her wings hit me as I gasped.

My hawk. For the fourth time today. Four. A sacred number for the Cheyenne and the Lakota, whose people have been part of this country since long before Kansas had a name. Did that mean something?

# Chapter 4

## The Morning After

The morning after the hawk crashed into my dreams, I woke up feeling like I'd been the clapper in a bell. A long, resonant vibration hummed in my marrow. The world, the real world, the awake world, looked the same, but it felt... thin. And maybe a little distant or just the tiniest bit out of focus. Like I was walking a half step behind the moment. It was the dream that was real; the colors brighter, the details so fine they almost hurt. I could feel myself smiling. All of me. Smiling.

It was going to be a hot day, but I put on a soft, baggy old vee-neck tee and overalls. I had it in mind to get water from Plum Creek and take it to Rosy. Maybe the different creek and watershed would be better for her. But I didn't want Isaak creeping me out and invading my space with his greedy eyes. So the unattractive look, thank you very much — with maybe just a little bit of temptation with the vee-neck, just to see... whatever.

When I went down to the kitchen, Dad was at the table, shuffling some papers spread out in front of him. The silence in the house was peaceful. It surprised me. I expected it to be charged, almost electric like I felt inside, like the air before a tornado. Ant was at the table, noodling on his acoustic guitar, not really playing a song, just finding chords that felt good. Every time he strummed a C-major, I saw the air ripple around him, a faint, golden distortion like heat off asphalt. It was the only thing in the room that felt as real as my hawk dream.

"Ant, what did you say to Isaak yesterday? I know you said something, because he wasn't his usual disgusting 'eyes-all-over-me' self."

Ant didn't answer right away. He plucked a low, grumbling note on the E-string. That single note vibrated in the air, a slow, blue smoke ring that drifted toward the sink. He kept his head down, watching his fingers dance over the fretboard, finding a rhythm that was lazy but steady. Thump, pluck, slap. Thump, pluck, slap.

"He was acting like I was radioactive," I said, leaning against the counter, crossing my arms over the bib of my overalls.

"Usually, he's trying to see down my shirt. Yesterday, he wouldn't look above my knees. It was weird, Ant. Good weird, but weird."

Ant shifted his grip, sliding up the neck to a higher register; something suspenseful, a little brighter, a little sharper. The air around the guitar shimmered yellow now, agitated.

"Maybe he just finally realized who's boss," Ant mumbled, though the smirk tucking into the corner of his mouth said otherwise. "Maybe he saw the professional doctor-lady in you and got respect."

"Respectful? Isaak Waldtschmidt thinks 'respect' is letting you carry the light end of the feed sack." I watched the yellow shimmer turn jagged as Ant bent a string, whining out a blue note.

"You didn't threaten him, did you? You've got twenty pounds on him. Dad can't afford a feud over fences or bruised egos."

Dad looked up, interested. Ant dropped back down to the root chord, that steady, grounding C-major, resolving the tension in the air. The blue smoke returned, thicker this time, wrapping around his hands like water. He finally looked up, his eyes dancing with mischief.

"Didn't threaten him," Ant said, letting the G-string ring out — the turnaround, the punchline waiting to land. He laid his palm across the strings to mute them, cutting the vibration dead. The colors vanished. "I just told him the truth. Sort of."

"Which is?"

"I told him that since you started spending so much time with sick animals, you picked up a... condition." Ant widened his eyes, feigning horror. "Told him

it's highly contagious to men between the ages of eighteen and thirty. Said the first symptom is impotence, and the second is that your truck tires go flat."

I stared at him for a second, mouth open, before the laugh bubbled up, relieving the pressure in my chest. "You told him I gave people impotence?"

"Reciprocity, Sis," Ant said, picking out a final, high harmonic that chimed like a silver bell. "He makes you uncomfortable, I make him terrified. Harmony restored."

Dad snorted into his coffee cup and shook his head at Ant. "I guess if he's dumb enough to believe it... Whatever works. You feel safe going over there to treat Ike's horse, Doby?"

"Of course, Dad. Isaak just likes to look."

"If you're sure—I'll be going up to Ellis for feed and mineral block. You two stay out of trouble. Finish the side-dressing, Doby. Ant, it looks like no rain for a while, so walk through the south meadow. See if there's enough growth for a first cutting. Doby, Mom will be home in an hour or so. Stick around and fix breakfast for her, okay?"

"Sure, Dad. Love to."

Things looked more normal after that. Not all the way normal. Colors brighter. Objects more in focus. The real world trying to be more like the dream, or the dream fading maybe just a little. I still had that fluttery something-is-about-to-happen feeling. But it didn't look so overwhelming now.

I had the eggs going and fresh coffee half made by the time I heard Mom's car turn in off the section road.

She came in slow. That told me the whole night before she said anything — Mom moves quick when she's got something left, and this was the other walk, the one where her feet found the floor a half-beat behind the rest of her. She set her bag on a chair instead of on the hook by the door. Didn't take off her shoes.

"You didn't have to do this," she said, and sat down like the chair had come up to meet her.

"Dad's orders." I slid the eggs in front of her and poured the coffee. "Eat before you fall over."

She wrapped both hands around the mug and didn't drink. Just looked at me. Not a glance — the long look, the one she uses at the clinic on a chart that isn't adding up, reading past the front of a thing to whatever's behind it. I turned back to the stove so she couldn't. I hadn't told anybody about the dream. Three in the morning, the hawk coming straight at my face, the wind off her wings. I wasn't going to tell it standing at a skillet.

"Something's got you lit up," she said.

"I'm fine."

"I didn't say you weren't fine." She took a slow sip and set the mug down with the care of somebody a long way past tired, down in the place where you're half into a dream already and the walls have gone soft. "You've got your grandmother's eyes this morning."

I stopped scraping the pan.

"She saw things too," Mom said. To the window, mostly. To the light coming up over the shelterbelt. "Things that weren't where the rest of us were looking."

"Saw things how?"

But she was already coming back from wherever she'd been. I watched her do it — watched her hear herself, and tuck it away, and put the mom back on like a coat she'd left on the chair. "It's nothing. I'm dead on my feet, is all. Don't listen to me." She pulled the plate closer. "Eat something yourself. And Doby—" She stopped. Whatever she'd started toward went somewhere else. "Be careful on the tractor today. It's going to be a hot one."

That wasn't what she'd meant to say. I knew it, and she knew I knew it, and neither of us reached for it. That was Mom all over. She'd stand between us and a thing before she'd name it. Before she'd name it even to herself.

"I will," I said.

She ate about half the eggs and fell asleep sitting up before she got to the toast.

# Chapter 5

## The Hawk

I drove the pickup down to Plum Creek, two empty five-gallon jerry cans rattling in the bed.

The creek was low this time of year, just a trickle over smooth stones, but the water was cold and clear. I knelt at the edge, dunked the first can under the surface, and watched it fill.

The cottonwood stood ten yards upstream, its leaves whispering in a breeze I couldn't feel down here in the crease of the land.

I felt watched. Again. Not threatened. Excited. I shivered; glanced around.

Across the creek a few scattered purple coneflowers and butterfly milkweed painted the stony bank. The first black-eyed Susans looked around for summer. Patches of winecup and primrose bloomed among the rocks. And something was watching along with me.

Not the creepy Isaak Waldtschmidt kind of watching. Something else. Something patient.

I looked up. My hawk was there, low on a leaning fence post at the edge of the field, close to the ground, perfectly still. Her feathers were dark, almost black in the shadow, but her eyes caught the light, sharp and golden.

We looked at each other.

My heart thudded once, hard, like a drum strike.

"Okay," I said out loud, my voice sounding strange in the quiet. "I'm listening."

The hawk tipped her head, the flat disc of her face swinging toward me — a slow, deliberate turning, like she was listening to me as much as looking

— and I felt the shivery something shift in my chest. An acknowledgment. A recognition. Then she smoothed her feathers and went still again.

I finished filling the cans, loaded them into the pickup bed, and drove toward Isaak's farm with my hands gripping the wheel a little too tight.

The road to Waldtschmidt's was gravel and dust, stretching straight through fallow fields that shimmered in the heat. Nothing moved. No cars, no tractors, no people.

Then, maybe a quarter mile ahead, I saw her. A figure walking down the center of the road. Tall. Really tall. Long black braid hanging down her back. A battered dark Stetson with something — beads? feathers? — catching the light on the hatband. She wore a thin cotton shirt and dark pants, not jeans, and carried a satchel on a long strap crossing her back. She walked with purpose, like she knew exactly where she was going, even though there was nothing out here for miles except farms and fence posts.

I slowed the truck, then stopped, then backed up until I was alongside her. I rolled down the window. "Hey," I called. "You okay? Lost? Need water? A ride?"

She turned. And I stopped breathing. Her eyes. Dark, clear, and seeing. The same way the hawk had looked at me. Not just looking at me but into me, weighing, evaluating, measuring something I didn't have a name for.

My chest tightened. Then she smiled, and the intensity softened, turned warm.

"Lost?" she said, her voice low and amused. "Maybe. Took a wrong turn somewhere."

I blinked. "Where were you headed?"

"Wherever I need to be." A slight smile. A lifted shoulder. Not evasive — just true. I didn't know what to say to that, so I said, "Well, I'm going to check on a sick horse a couple miles up the road. You're welcome to come along. It's too hot to be walking."

"I'd appreciate that," she said, walked around and opened the passenger door. She folded her long legs into the cab with easy grace and settled the satchel on her lap.

Up close, she smelled like sage and dust and something else I couldn't name. Rain, maybe. Even though it hadn't rained in days.

"I'm Doby," I said, pulling back onto the road. "Doby Wolf."

"Lucy," she said. "Lucy Tall Elk."

"So," I said, trying to sound normal, trying not to stare at her hands, which were large, strong, long-fingered, nails clean and trimmed short, resting easy on the satchel. "What brings you out this way?"

"I'm looking for someone," Lucy said. "A relative. Estranged, maybe. Or just... lost track of. It's been a long time."

"Around here?"

"Maybe. I wasn't sure until I started walking."

I frowned. "You walked from...?"

"Red Rock, Oklahoma. More or less."

I nearly swerved off the road. "That's — that's got to be three hundred miles."

"More or less," she said again, and smiled that small, warm smile. I didn't ask how the trip went. Something in her tone said the question wouldn't get a straight answer.

"What's wrong with the horse?" Lucy asked.

I explained: "Rosy won't drink, won't eat much. Her coat is dull, but she's irritable. Doesn't want to be groomed. The vet is stumped. The well water tested clean, but Rosy won't touch it. Creek water either."

Lucy listened with the kind of attention that made me feel like every word mattered. "Water's tricky," she said finally. "It remembers."

My hands tightened on the wheel. "What do you mean?"

Lucy was quiet for a moment, her gaze on the fields sliding past the window. "I was at a powwow last summer. There was a lot of talk about the drought and rain and water," she said. "Not just where it comes from, the well, the creek, but where it *is*. What it's touched. What it's carried. What it's forgotten. What it serves."

I glanced at her. "You mean like... water in different places is different? Not just chemically, but..."

"Yes."

I swallowed. "You look like someone who knows... things like that."

Her eyes flicked to me, amused. "Some things. Not all things. Enough things."

"Are you a—" I stopped. I didn't know what word I was reaching for. *Healer? Mystic? Witch? Curandera?* I gave up reaching and just said it: "A shaman?"

"I don't call myself that," Lucy said, her voice easy, matter-of-fact. "No real shaman does. That is an honor a community applies. I walk between the worlds — the Stone World, this one, and the Unseen World, where spirits live. I tend the relationships between them."

My pulse kicked up.

"You don't believe me," she said. It wasn't a question.

"I don't know," I said honestly. "But... something's been happening to me. And I don't know its name. I don't know what it means."

"Tell me when you're ready," Lucy said. "We've got time."

I looked at her, doubt and a hundred questions in my mind as I turned into Isaak's driveway, dust rising behind us like a veil.

Isaak met us in the barnyard, wiping his hands on his jeans. His eyes flicked to Lucy, then back to me, then away quickly, uncertain. "Doby," he said, nodding.

"Isaak. This is Lucy. She knows about horses. And water." It wasn't quite true. But it wasn't quite a lie, either.

Lucy stepped down from the truck, nodded at Isaak. "Good to meet you." He ducked his head, mumbled something, then led us toward the barn. Rosy was standing in the shade just inside the barn door, her head low. She looked a smidge better than yesterday; less dull, but still wrong. Still hurting. "She eating?" I asked.

"A little," Isaak said. "Drank some of that horse Gatorade you suggested. Not much."

I knelt beside the water trough Isaak had filled from the well. Clean, clear, cold. Rosy sniffed it, snorted softly, turned her head away. Lucy walked slowly around the barnyard, her eyes moving over everything; the barn, the fences, the old equipment rusting against the east wall. She moved like she was listening to something I couldn't hear. Then she stopped.

An old rain catchment system sat in the shadow of the barn's north side. A wooden barrel, covered with a warped plywood lid, fed by a gutter that hadn't carried rain in days. Maybe weeks. Lucy lifted the lid. Inside, gathered in the bottom, a shallow pool of dark water, thick with settled leaves and sludge, a skin of algae on the surface. "May I?" she asked, looking at me. My pulse quickened. "Sure."

Lucy pulled a tin cup from her satchel, dipped it into the rain barrel, and scooped up a cupful of the dark, murky water; leaves, sediment, and all. Isaak made a sound of protest.

Lucy walked to the jerry can of clean Plum Creek water I'd brought, poured the rain barrel dregs into it, shook it, and poured some into a five-gallon bucket by the trough. The clear water had turned darker, murky, richer. "What are you—" Isaak started.

Lucy lifted the bucket to Rosy, held it under her nose. Rosy's nostrils flared. She lowered her head.

And drank.

Deeply.

Greedily.

Her throat working, her eyes brightening with each swallow. When she finished, she lifted her head, shook her mane, and snorted. A sound of satisfaction, of relief.

Isaak stared, speechless. I couldn't breathe.

"Sometimes," Lucy said, wiping her hands on her pants, "they need a taste of home." Isaak stammered something — thanks, maybe, or disbelief — but I wasn't listening. I was watching Lucy. She met my eyes, calm, patient. Waiting.

As we walked back to the truck, a hawk's cry split the air — high, shrill, distant. I looked up, shading my eyes. A redtail circled high over the far pasture. Not my hawk... but I knew she'd be back. Lucy didn't look. She just smiled.

"Do you have any cornmeal?" she asked Isaak.

"Cornmeal? No, I—"

"Chicken feed?"

"Yeah. Some mash in the hen house."

"Sprinkle a handful in the jerry can before you pour it into the trough. For the water. Rosy will like that. And be sure to thank the chickens for sharing," she said, and grinned. Isaak just stared at her.

*That's the end of the sample.*

# Doby Wolf

by R. M. Hiland

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