



## The dog's letter

A long, long time ago, there was a small island that had been divided into two zones by a war that was so stupid and had been going on for such a long time that no one could remember why it had started.

Who knows, maybe it was over a silly argument between neighbors. Maybe there was one called Pau, who had a goat. And maybe one day Pau's goat ate a carrot from his neighbor Pere's garden. Then Pere, in a fury, roasted Pau's goat and ate it with potatoes.

When Pau found out, he was was enraged and set fire to Pere's henhouse, turning Pere's happy hens into sad barbecued chickens.

Then, as usually happens in these cases, if no one steps in to make peace, things get out of hand. First Pere's parents-in-law got involved and then, so did his wife, and his children, and his cousins, and his friends and..., and the more the merrier, or the more the feistier. And the same thing happened on Pau's side, so they had quite a nice mess on their hands!

After a while, there were crowds of people merrily hurling stones at each other in a fury that had never been seen before, worthy of the defense of such a noble "cause".

As the years passed, the stones became arrows; the arrows, bullets; and the bullets, missiles. And they would still be at it if it hadn't been for "The Dog's Letter".

So once upon a time, after ages of mercilessly beating the life out of each other, when it seemed that the war would never end, one army managed to corner the other.

Then the, uhum, "brave" super-general in command of the losing army saw that if he didn't get reinforcements immediately he'd lose the war. So he ordered the nearest soldier to break through the enemy lines to go get help from a nearby village on the other side of the river, and he promised him a medal for his bravery.

When the poor soldier heard this, he started shaking like a leaf and he thought, "Heck, if he thinks it's so easy, why doesn't he do it himself since he likes collecting medals so much." But, of course, he didn't say a word because a super-general's orders are super-orders. So he was quick to obey and the enemy was quick to shoot him down.

But nothing could discourage the super-general. On the contrary, he decided to try again with two soldiers because he thought that while they were taking out one, the other might make it through. But the enemies had better ideas and shot them both down.

So the super-general sent in three, and then four, and then eight, and then When he hardly had any soldiers left, the super-general had a super-brilliant idea and he shouted,

"Since the men can't get through, let's try dogs; they can run faster."

Said and done: he had a pack of hounds brought in front of him. He picked the puniest of all and stuck a letter in its rump with a message asking for help.

The poor dog was so embarrassed and humiliated by what that super-ogre had done to him that he turned beet red.

Then all the dogs paid close attention to the super-ogre's, pardon me, I mean the super-general's orders: they had to run to the village on the other side of the river where there was a man as powerful as him who would give them a good supper.

As soon as they heard that, the dogs, who were famished, tore out of there so fast that the enemy hardly even saw them go by.

But after they had been running for some time, dragging their tongues along the ground, the dog carrying the message started to feel sick. And who wouldn't with a letter stuck up his bum? The poor animal got such a tummyache that he had to stop to do his business.

And as could be expected, he made a fine poop, and it was a real unholy mess because the letter shot out like a bullet with three lovely perfumed turds.

When they reached the village, the dogs were welcomed by a mega-general who was so full of authority that you could practically see it oozing out of his nostrils and ears. He soon imagined that the dogs were carrying a message, so he searched them from head to toes. But the message was nowhere to be found. The other dogs tried to help him by sniffing under the letter carrier's tail, thinking that he was still carrying the message, but it was gone.

And that was how the super-general's desperate attempt to get help from the mega-general failed: on account of a crappy dog soldier!

Meanwhile, when the super-general saw that no reinforcements were coming, he gave the matter some deep thought for a whole half a second and decided to pick up a big super-white flag and surrender.

And that was how the war ended. And, like in all wars, there were the victorious and the vanquished. On second thought, like in so many wars, there were the vanquished and the vanquished.

And now pay close attention, because it's time to answer a question that I'm sure you've asked yourselves many times-why do dogs always sniff at each other's rumps? It's because they're still looking for the letter. Oh, and one more thing: when you walk along city streets, don't you see people scooping up their dogs' poop? Well, don't tell anyone because they'll think you're cuckoo, but you can bet your bottom dollar that what they're really doing is looking for the famous letter.

*Script: Manel Riera-Eures*



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