

That Dog Don't Hunt (Michigan version)

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There was a Michigan farmer who lived way back in the woods with his wife and 4 dogs. He scratched out a living planting and harvesting and he would occasionally go hunting with his dogs. The dogs had separate pens and also one large pen for putting them all together to play. The dogs were all well behaved and stayed in their yard if let out of their pens. One day the neighbor came walking up the drive with a dog on a frayed rope leash. The dog was very thin, dirty, and appeared very tired. "Do you want another dog?", the neighbor asked. "This is a bad dog and he costs me money." "Does he bite?", the farmer asked. "Oh no, he's real friendly, but he doesn't earn his keep. I just don't need him anymore." "Hmm, well, a free dog. OK. I've got room for another dog I guess. Sure, I'll take him." And so the neighbor handed him the end of the leash, turned, and walked back home. The farmer put the dog in a pen by himself to keep him separate from the other dogs. He then untied the leash from the dog's neck. The farmer went in the house and came back to give the new dog fresh water and food. The poor dog had a voracious appetite and hurriedly ate everything in big gulps. The dog then showed interest in the other dogs and they in him too. When the farmer felt the new dog understood this is his new home he let all the dogs out of their pens and, once all the dogs got to know each other, they played and jumped in the yard. The new dog was well behaved and fit in perfectly. Some days later the farmer's wife told him there wasn't any meat for dinner, there's plenty of canned goods and root vegetables, but he needs to hunt something from the woods for a main course. The farmer grabbed his long gun, went outside to let the dogs loose, and they all wandered out into the woods. After they had walked out quite a ways a raccoon walked out in front of them and the dogs started the chase. Soon the raccoon ran behind a big tree but kept running away on the other side to fool the dogs. If a person weren't paying attention you'd think the raccoon ran up the tree. The dogs began running around the base of the tree, caught the scent of the raccoon, and scrambled to catch the raccoon now running off in the distance. The farmer slowly ran almost a mile and finally caught up with the dogs who were now barking and running end to end of a fallen hollow log. The farmer looked down the end of the log and saw two eyes glowing back at him. He aimed his long gun down the log and fired. He then grabbed the long gun by the butt end and shoved it down into the hollow log and out the other end fell the dead raccoon. The dogs were yipping and happy and sniffing the fur. The farmer put the large raccoon over his shoulder, put his long gun over his other shoulder, and they all made the long walk back to the farm house. The farmer handed the dead raccoon to his wife and she used it to finish making dinner. That evening they all ate until they were stuffed. The dogs gobbled all they wanted, and there was plenty of meat left over to can and save for another meal in the future. By then it was starting to get dark outside. The farmer went out on the front porch to sit in his favorite rocking chair and relax with his dogs. About that time he heard some barking out in the woods. Looking way out into the woods he could see the new dog still running around the base of the big tree. Exasperated he just shook his head and said to himself, "That dog don't hunt".