



The Memoirs of Obediah Fred

The Dog who became a Man

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Book 1: Birth, Pain, Memories and Destiny

Chapter 1:

Best friends

Hi, my name is Obediah Fred, and this is my story. I warn you, it is an unusual story. If I tell you, you probably won't believe me. But that doesn't matter. It is simply a story that must be told. Why must it be told? Well... the same reason all truly unusual stories must be told... To challenge us, to confront us, to make us think twice about what we think we know, and three times about what we have never yet considered.

My story begins in a beautiful home, filled with lovely people, caring parents, and playful companions. My puppyhood was an ideal time. Each morning I was greeted with the excited paws of my brother and sisters, the calming cold nose of my parents, and the boundless excitement of human faces. There is no doubt that I was loved. We all were.

These were wonderful times, these early morning visits. The children so excited in their running, wrestling, scratching our bellies and ears. We did love their attention, even as we were getting used to the very fact that we were alive, still trying to figure out how to walk properly without falling over or bumping into everything. These times were so joyous and innocent, and I do think I loved these times more than any else.

You see, I was a special puppy. At least that's what my best friend Constance said. Constance was 9, and she was my owner. Of course technically it was her parents who were my owner, however in reality it was Constance, because it was Constance who was my constant companion, and I never left her side.

Constance was a truly special girl. She was so special that she was given first choice as to who would be her companion and friend out of myself and all my siblings. Above all the others she choose me, and a fact that gave me such innocent pride as a young pup.

Constance meant everything to me,
and we were never apart.

Constance taught me many lessons in these early weeks of my life. Important lessons such as how to pee and poop in the appropriately designated areas, how to eat all my food and respond to my name, and how to make friends with both kin and people alike. Constance could tell that I was really smart, because I learned all these things very quickly. By the end of my first week of life, I was already a master of these simple rules.

Week two was a little harder as Constance wanted to challenge me, but I continued to surpass expectations. In that next week I learned everything that she taught me, and by the end of the week I knew all the tricks that my parents knew, and all the tricks that were written in the guidebook that Constance used to help her train me. It had been such a fun time together, running around with Constance and watching her pretend to be a dog to show me what to do.

For the next two weeks, Constance decided that I was so smart that she was going to teach me how to speak. The next two weeks were hilarious for everyone involved. You see, and this may come as a surprise to you but... Dogs can't talk. At least not human language. For most dogs this is because the language is simply too abstract, and their minds just don't work that way.

But for me that wasn't the problem. I could understand the language well enough, and Constance was certainly committed and able to teach me the basics. However I could not speak, because the mouth of a dog just isn't suited to human speech! But Constance was committed, and she persisted, and I learnt many things, but prevailed in no speech, except to be able to say one thing, "I love you". Why these words came and no others I do not know why, but I do know they gave Constance so much joy.

It was around this time that Constance started having lots of visitors. She loved them all very much, and she would always show me off to them. She told them how smart I was and how I could speak and understand her words. They laughed with her and said "Of course he can Constance, he's the smartest dog in the world!" Constance would smile and laugh and say "he really is!", but deep down she knew they didn't really understand.

Chapter 2:

Hurts, Pain and Memory

I remember the night they took her. I will never forget. We had been laying in her bed, snuggled close. Slowly that night she had started getting cold, her breath shallow. I knew something was wrong. I tried to lick her face to make her wake up. I thought that maybe if she got up and had some milk and a walk she would feel better, but she didn't respond. I started to feel scared, so I began to bark, but she still didn't wake up. Soon after I was barking her parents came. They called her name, they shook her, but she wouldn't wake.

I kept barking and trying to lick her face to wake her. I didn't understand. Her parents yelled at me to get away as they began to beat on her chest to wake her up. There was nothing I could do. I was small, I was scared. I sat nearby and I watched. Soon men in white coats came. They took her away. I did not see her again.

After that, there was silence... I was two months old when it happened. But that's not where the story ends.

That night, that lonely and cold night of misery and tears, I had a dream. In the dream, I was on Constance's bed snuggled in her arms. She was warm, holding me close. I cuddled close to her, closer than I ever had, savouring this moment, not questioning if it was real. In this perfect moment she gently turned her head and looked at me, into my eyes. In her eye's I seen rainbows. In her eye's I seen dreams. In her eye's I seen a princess, a queen. In her eye's I saw heaven.

And in that moment I knew that she was gone, and that she wasn't coming back. And in that moment I knew that I would see her again. And all these things I saw in a moment. And as we lay there, I spoke to her, and I spoke to her in the words of a man, and I said in a voice filled with sadness, "Constance why, why have you gone, and why are you here?"

And then I woke. I woke to the morning sun and the sound of silence. In the silence I sat. In the silence I remembered. I remembered my time with Constance, those times of deep joy. All my time with Constance had been special, but the last month had been the best. It had been the best because Constance knew that I understood. She called me her little miracle, and she told me many things.

She told me stories about the world, stories she had heard. She told me of the dreams that she had, and the things she had learned. She taught me about love, she taught me about truth, she taught me to be good to all, even the unworthy. The things she taught me, these things I believed, and I did not question. I did not question because it was her that spoke them, and her love to me was flawless, and I trusted her with my life.

When she spoke to me, I looked with keen interest. So much so, she knew by my eyes and the touch of my paws that I had endless questions. She was delighted to share her stories with me, and she did. But not only these things did she tell me, but others. She told me that she was sick. She told me that she would not last forever. She told me that the doctor's told her family that she may not live to be a teenager.

When she told me these things, I did not ask questions. I did not want to see her pain, I did not want to imagine her gone. She did not speak of these things much. For I knew, we both knew, that if I had a purpose, if such a thing could be had, that it would be found in laughter and not tears. And still to this day when I think of her, I smile, and I laugh, and the tears I shed are joy.

Chapter 3:

I Think, therefore What AM I?

The next week seemed long, so long. I was mostly left alone in this time. Because I spent all my time with Constance, I was not very well connected with my canine kin. And because I spent all my time with Constance, her parents and siblings found it hard to be near me. For this reason I was alone, left to my own devices, left with my own questions, and no Constance to share with me her answers.

I began to ponder myself, my life, my purpose, more than ever before. Until now my purpose had been found in Constance, in keeping her warm, in body and in spirit. My Identity? I had been Constances's companion. Her super intelligent, special, loved and cherished miracle. From waking up to going to sleep this is what I did, and all of my learning had been for this purpose.

But what now? Who was I now? What was my purpose? I wish I could tell you that I found the answers to these questions in this time. But I did not. The week passed, and at the end of it I found myself empty, exhausted, and none the wiser. I was losing weight, my body was stiff, my eyes as pout-full as they've ever been.

And then it occurred to me. Without my Constance, my guide, my guardian, I knew that the answers to my questions would not come so easy. I could lay on her bed, I could retrace her steps, I could remember her words for all my life, and at the end I would be no further, no closer. From now on, such answers would need to be hard won, they would need to be earned.

No longer could I lay in the arms of my beloved, my keeper, and have her speak to me the mysteries of life, and fill my heart with love. Instead I would need to venture on out into the world, to seek, to discover, and to earn true and hard won insight into who I am, and why I am here. That night I slept soundly. That night I had peace. And for the following nights afterward, as I recovered my strength and prepared for what I was going to do.

Chapter 3:

Following Destiny

Constance had once told me of an idea, she called it destiny. She said that everyone had a destiny, that everyone was somebody special. She told me that I had a destiny too, a special and wondrous destiny. I had thought at the time that she was right, and that my destiny would be found on her lap, and at her side, and cuddled to her cheek.

Now, many years later, I still believe her words. Though I confide in you that I had been not close in what I imagined it to be. Yet at that time, when all was yet future, and naught had yet come to pass, I must admit that such a promise of future hope was hard to grasp, and harder still to hold as true.

Yet it was with such thoughts I left my home early that morning, thoughts of possibility, thoughts of fear, thoughts of curiosity, thoughts of apprehension. For you see, this is not the story of a man about to go abroad on an epic adventure, sword in hand and strength abounding, with some clear vision ahead that he feels destined to conquer. Not at all.

Instead, this is my story. And my story, is the story of a 10 week old puppy, small, frail, and intimidated by a world that lays under the power of man, in all his glory and in all his vanity.

My only defence? That by some miraculous power, I had in my possession a mind that remembered with perfect recollection every moment of my life. And along with it, I had known Constance, who had been someone who through her love and care had given me the gift of wisdom. Someone who had inspired me with wild and fascinating tales of the world. Perhaps these things would help me to accomplish that hidden purpose I had not yet discovered.

And so it was with this knowledge and ability that I set out into the world. To seek mystery and adventure, to seek life and truth, to seek wonder and joy, and to seek answers to my questions. And perhaps one day, I will find my purpose.

These are the memoirs of Obediah Fred,
and this is my story.

Obediah's story continues in the form of short memoirs which will be released hereafter.

Readers can expect to be confronted with difficult and challenging life questions, as Obediah's journey takes him to unexpected places.

Questions of life, meaning, destiny, deity, love, self, growth, good and evil will all be explored as Obediah seeks to discover his purpose and fulfil it.

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