



Granny with her dog Morchen

My dog Morchen

I was about 12-13 years old when my Daddy gave me a little puppy. He was black with brown spots on his face and legs. **O!**

I did love that little puppy. He and my brother grow up together.

In summer we all worked in the fields. My Mom would put baby Wini in a Basket and along he went with us. Morchen would really baby sit. As Wini was sleeping ,Morchen lay right beside him, watchen over him. Wen Wini would wake up he would come running to my Mom and bark, pacing back and forth till she followed him.

One day I had to bring something to one of our neighbors. Their big dog was always chained up but got lose and came running to me biting me on the side of my hip and tore my dress pretty bad. I cried out

“Morchen help” sure enough he heard me and came running. He barked at the big dog till he let lose of me and I ran home. A brave

little Morchen against a big dog. Morchen sure did not like the post man. Snapped at him a few times.

Sadly to say as we had to leave home in 1944, we had Morchen along on the wagon. He was always so scared of thunder and now the noise of guns that were all around us, he started shaking and then just ran back home, thinking he was save there.

We never could go back to live there any more. But my Daddy and I hitch a ride home with soldiers a month later. I found my little dor, only he did not know me any more. He was so scared that his black hair turned gray. He lost his hearing and eye sight. A bomb had landed in the garden, next to the house and damaged it and the barn. That was to much, to shacking to Morchen. He died soon after that.

I will always remember my little dog Morchen

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