

Ska-Ruffy

A real wire-haired terrier,
and everybody's pal.

By
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The story about a special dog who made the best of any hairy situation!

Ska-Ruffy tossed out like trash

Ska-Ruffy was a wire-haired terrier. Not your average wire-haired terrier. He had real wire hair! He was born into a wealthy family. They were fancy dog breeder. They quickly found it was easier to use Ska-Ruffy as a brush than to brush him!

With his tough wire-bristle coat, Ska-Ruffy stood out from his puppy brothers and sisters. He was not the runt of the litter or the pride of the litter. He was just the litter of the litter and unwanted.

Ska-Ruffy's best buddy, Poolee, was a fluffy Poodle. He had a problem too. Poolee had narcolepsy, which meant he would fall asleep – well, pass out- whenever he got too excited or scared. Whenever he passed out, he looked like a pile of cotton balls!

Well, when you're bred to be a show dog, rubbing the judges the wrong way and passing out on the judges' stand are not championship maneuvers. It was bristlingly clear that Ska-Ruffy and Poolee had to go.

One dark and dreary night, they were pulled from their cozy kennel and tossed into a long, slick black limousine. The limo slowed at a junkyard by the muddy banks of a foul-smelling river. As the limo's white-walled tires crunched on the gravel, a pack of guard dogs jumped up inside a dirty junkyard. and started barking and growling.

The chauffeur never stopped as the rear window rolled down and a black-gloved hand tossed Ska-Ruffy and Poolee out into the cold, damp night air. The pair of misfit puppies landed near the flimsy junkyard fence. The tinted glass window closed up squeaky tight. The deed was done. Ska-Ruffy and Poolee had been thrown out of their posh kennel home like trash.

The limo's big back tires kicked up dirt and greasy gravel like a dog burying something from its behind and threw dirt onto Ska-Ruffy's wire coat and into his sad little, wiry face. The slick black limo disappeared into the thick, dreary fog, leaving two little abandoned pups out in the chilly night air. The junkyard dogs were growling and lunging at the rickety fence.

Ska-Ruffy and Poolee were on their own now and only one year old in owner years. But, there they were, Ska-Ruffy, a real wire-haired terrier, and Poolee, a passed-out poodle, were being barked at by an angry pack of junkyard dogs.

Ska-Ruffy was shaken but sat up. He stuck out his tongue and very carefully licked his wiry hair. Poolee was scared and passed out cold like an unlit light bulb. Ska-Ruffy, however, was tough and wiry and knew he needed to make the best of this very bad situation. So he did.

The dogs' barking grew increasingly vicious, and they lunged at the flimsy fence. Ska-Ruffy had heard about junkyard dogs, although he had never met any personally. He knew that Bulldogs could be bullies. Pit bulls could be the pits. And, Rottweilers could be, well, rather rotten. Poolee slowly opened his eyes. He took one look at the dangerous situation and rolled his eyes up into his fluffy little head and passed out again into a warm pool of poodle. Ska-Ruffy knew that he and his passed-out puppy pal would need to make friends with these formidable frothing canines, or else! Ska-Ruffy studied the situation.



The guard dogs growled and lunged at them! They showed their fang teeth as juicy gobs of drool and slobber dripped from their flabby jowls and pink gums. The only thing that separated the delectable innocence of puppy meat from the junkyard dog chopping hungry jaws was the damp air and a rickety fence.

Ska-Ruffy's heart raced. He was thinking fast. Although he had no direct experience with a situation like this one, he

knew if he could get the junkyard dog to laugh, he and his passed-out poodle pal might have a chance. So Ska-Ruffy said to them in his squeaky puppy voice, “Say, you look mighty tense.” He tried to sound as confident as a petrified puppy could be, given the situation. “Looks like you guys could use a good message? Oh, you are all boys, right?”

The big junkyard dogs all stopped to think, which was unusual for them all. The Rottweiler, who did not look like the smartest canine in the yard, stopped his bad attitude bark and thought to himself. “Ya know, I am kind of tense, a message sounds kinda good.”

Ska-Ruffy noticed the look on the Rots less than scholarly mug and said, “Well, what about you, Rotzy? It looks like that big thick head of yours could use some attention.” One of the other dogs heard “big thick head of yours, and it got his funny dog bones laughing. That was all Ska-Ruffy needed; he got a laugh.

“What about you, funny bones?” Ska-Ruffy said to another dog, “Can I interest you too?” Ska-Ruffy said loud and clear and bold, for a young, inexperienced puppy.



Poolee heard Ska-Ruffy’s wisecracking voice and opened his eyes again. He sat up and looked at his wiry protector pal with a “What are you doing!!!” look. Ska-Ruffy noticed Poolee’s look had changed the mood of the dogs. They started to bark again. Ska-Ruffy looked at them and said, without missing a beat. “Say my buddy Poolee gives the best massages.”

Poolee looked at Ska-Ruffy, did a triple-double-take, then passed out into a mound of what looked like dirty cotton balls.

All the dogs laughed at the sight of the passed-out pile of poodle. Ska-Ruffy knew he and his narcoleptic sidekick were in the clear, but just barely! Ska-Ruffy whispered to Poolee, “Once you

get them laughing, you're safe. They won't eat the entertainment, he thought. "I hope!" he prayed. Ska-Ruffy was right. Once he got them laughing, he and Poolee found the junkyard dogs were not all that bad. Ska-Ruffy learned he could make even the toughest mutts laugh. He knew even junkyard dogs need a pal. Ska-Ruffy, as you will see, was everybody's pal!

When the sun came up, Ska-Ruffy and Poolee were cuddled up, sleeping with junkyard dogs. They all got up and started to play! The junkyard owner opened the gate. He saw Ska-Ruffy and Poolee playing with his guard dogs trained to be vicious. They were all happy and playing games. Poolee was tickling the dogs with his fluffy poodle tail and making them laugh and giggle. Ska-Ruffy was brushing their coats and pulling out matted hair. Well, junkyard dogs are not supposed to be happy and playful.



Their owner bred them to be mean and ferocious. The junkyard owner yelled, "Hey, stop that!" Poolee passed out on cue, and Ska-Ruffy smiled nervously at the owner, wondering what would happen. The owner grabbed Ska-Ruffy and let out a cry, "Ouch," as he found that Ska-Ruffy had real wire hair, and it was no fun to grab him by the scruff of his bristly neck. He shook Ska-Ruffy off like he was a thistle burr and grabbed a shovel. Ska-Ruffy knew this would not be good. So he ran over to Poolee, who was still passed

out, and rolled over him. Poolee was now stuck on top of Ska-Ruffy's wire-bristle hair like a cotton ball backpack. Ska-Ruffy and his soft poodle passenger high-tailed it out of the junkyard and ran and ran.

They could hear the owner hitting the dogs and heard them yelping and also heard them cry out to Ska-Ruffy and Poolee as they ran away, "Be safe out there. Ska-Ruffy knew he had made new friends, and they would be back one day!"



Ska-Ruffy is everybody's pal!