

# The Vulture Affair

by C. T. Martin



No one ever dared approach the old Berryhill estate, not with the vultures watching over the old abandoned home. Harold, an old retired dog catcher, was the exception. The vultures always eyed him with anticipation. When he came to visit them, they knew they would be fed well, and when he left they looked forward to his return with another carcass.

As he approached one day in the large white van, the vultures could see Harold, with a passenger in the front, and two large rottweilers in the seat behind them. Plenty of food for the hungry scavengers. The van pulled up to the property, Harold and the tall, younger man with him stepped outside the van.

“So this is where ya dump them!” the man said with delight as he surveyed the house, overgrown with shrubbery and vines. “Stupid neighborhood dogs. I’ll be glad to have gotten rid of ‘em!”



“Yep, this is it,” Harold confirmed. “You see those vultures up top?” he said, pointing to an old tree in front.

“Yeah, I see them,” the man replied, looking upward, squinting because of the brightness of the full moon above.

“Those birds won’t leave a trace of anything,” Harold said, smiling with satisfaction.

Harold pulled out his night stick and hit the man extremely hard over the head. Harold left the man for the vultures and drove away, petting his happy dogs as they climbed into the front seat of his van.

Who knew that a former dog catcher would have such a change of heart in his retirement, and become a dog lover?