

# Shag Rugs



by Charlie Wild

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Back in the 50's and 60's shag rugs were all the rage, you know. Well casas down in La Mision became the grave yard for them when wall to wall carpeting came along. The shag rugs looked great but became safe havens for fleas and such, along with sand and muck. So it was no surprise when our family found one rolled on our doorstep here one dark and stormy night, upon our arrival from LA.

Since we had no floor covering in our place, some kind and thoughtful friend left theirs for us to enjoy, fleas and all. It was huge, soaked thru and impossible to move so we trudged over it with all the food and junk for the weekend. Gosh it was cold, so I went out again for

firewood, our three boys trailing behind, arms outstretched. "I can take another log, Daddy." "Don't trip over the rug kids."

Now the fire is crackling away in the fireplace. Mom made hot chocolate. Dad made a Margarita for Mom. And we all settled down, wind and rain beating on the louver windows outside.

Now the shag rug gets up and with all the dignity of an English Earl saunters in, his baleful eyes taking everything in with great disdain. He centers his huge body in front of the fireplace and "kerplop" ...squish... he's in position for the whole weekend. It's Pinto, the beach dog, belonging to no one and

everyone at the same time. He would choose a temporary place with the sound of kids' laughter or adults partying. No need for a garbage pail, he ate anything and everything. We all looked about proud as the devil as this arrogant, smelly flea bag dozed in the prime space in our home. He would have stayed out in the rain if he didn't approve of us. Something like the "Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval." You know.

