

Over the years, there have been many dogs. There was the one who carried potato-sized rocks in his mouth, apparently for pleasure, on mile-long hikes. There was the one who coped with her separation anxiety by barking, continually and at top volume, for as long as she was left alone. There was the one who brought pieces of dry food onto the living-room rug, meticulously arranging each pebble into a strange, specific configuration, reminiscent of Stonehenge. These dogs trembled during thunderstorms. They found devious ninja techniques for getting into the garbage. They stalked butterflies all over the yard. Unlike most of my stories, “Dharma at the Gate” required no research at all. My people are dog people. Home is where the dog is.

—*Abby Geni*

