

Davis, Shanna Kaye

Carly Davis' Family Stories

Carly Davis
April 23, 1995

English 1st Period

Davis, Shanna, Kaye. 31 March 1953. Fayson, Utah. Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 17 April 1995.

My mom has 2 sisters, Connie and Lynda, and 2 brothers, Don and Kirk. They lived in a small house in the tiny town of Spring Lake, Utah. My mom was the 2nd youngest, Lynda was the youngest. It went Don, Connie, Kirk, Shanna, then Lynda. My story is about my mom's first puppy.

When I was ten, my sister Connie had a beautiful friend named Elsie. Her dog had just had puppies, and she told me that anytime I wanted to, I could go and look at them. So I'd go down and crawl through a hole in the fence and look at the little puppies. I went home one day and asked my parents if I could have one, and they said yes. That night I couldn't sleep because I was so excited about getting my first puppy.

The next day I went down to Elsie's with my niece, Tammy, and my sister Lynda. I picked him out, brought him home and named him Peppy. My mom said he had to sleep outside, but eventually I talked her into letting him sleep in my room, if he was in a box. I never got any sleep that night, because Peppy missed his family and crawled around in the box, whimpering and scratching. I got kind of tired leaning out of bed, so I snuck Peppy into bed with me (a bed which I shared with Lynda). My mom found him and asked why he was in my bed.

About a year later, Peppy got into a fight with the dog across the street. He got all beat up and everything, came home all bloody. Lynda and I were hysterical. My older brothers, Don(26), and Kirk(16), were teasing me and Lynda, telling us they were gonna have to shoot Peppy. We were so

sure he was gonna die, so the next morning we took him to the vet. All he got was a cast on his front right leg.

I was in junior high when Peppy died. He didn't come home one night, and we looked everywhere for him. Finally, we found him. He had been hit by a car trying to cross the highway.

Davis, Larry, Wayne. 28 November 1950. St. Anthony, Idaho.

Personal Interview. Castle Dale, Utah. 17 April 1995.

My dad was born in St. Anthony Idaho, and he lived on a farm with his parents and 2 sisters, Lynette and SuAnn. His chores on the farm were bringing the cows in, washing their udders, feeding them and hauling potatoes. In my dad's neighbourhood, there lived an older man. My story is about this older man.

His house was cold and gray looking. No paint, square house. To a kid this man looked about 150 years old. He was really thin, bald. He had an old dog. He was sort of a recluse, didn't socialize with people, kept to himself. He had Parkinson's Disease, a serious nervous condition, which made him shake a lot. But we, as kids, didn't know what was wrong with him, so we called him Mr. Waggle Head.

One Sunday, a bunch of neighbourhood kids and I were playing, riding our bikes around. Mr. Waggle Head was out in his front yard we'd ride by yelling, "Mr. Waggle Head, Mr. Waggle Head."

So he said "I'm gonna call the cops," and then he went

inside, so we all went down by the river to hide out. While we were down there, we kept reassuring each other about this, saying, "he deserved to be called Mr. Waggle Head," and "he doesn't have a phone," stuff like that. Well it started to get late, but we'd decided to "swap clothes" so the cops wouldn't recognize us. So we left.

When I got home my parents and my Grandmother Davis were waiting for me. Mr. Waggle Head had filed a complaint. They were all angry with me, but my Grandma was the most, because she was about Mr. Waggle Head's age. So I got grounded and a pretty good lecture to go along with that. My parents also made me go to church with them in Mudlake, Idaho, because my mom was singing in the choir. So I was pretty bummed out about that.

When we were coming back from Mudlake, it was pretty dark and I saw tons of rabbits crossing the road. That eased my pain, seeing all the rabbits. But I thought a lot about Mr. Waggle Head, realized how cruel we really were to him.