

Diary of a Mountie Epilogue

by
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Some time later on that cold September day, a startled young Constable found himself at the door to Inspector Moore's office. The blonde man barely looked up from his desk long enough to note the fellow's presence and thrust a hastily sealed envelope into his hands. "For Preston," Moore said roughly. "No one else." Then the Inspector went right back to the stack of paperwork on his desk, not even bothering with a proper dismissal.

The Constable found Sergeant Preston at the kennel-yard, watching the training of a newly arrived batch of dogs. His own dog - who looked as if he just might outweigh the Constable - sat next to him, giving every impression of watching the goings-on himself. "How about that one? She's not half bad," Preston said as the Constable arrived.

"Sergeant?"

Preston glanced over his shoulder, apparently caught by surprise. "Oh. Ah- I was just commenting on the new dogs. . ."

That's funny, thought the Constable, I could've sworn he didn't hear me coming. "Um. I suppose she's a good choice," he said diffidently. "I haven't really had the chance to look."

The older man nodded. "You might want to. It looks as if we've got some really promising two- and three-year-olds."

"Actually, Sergeant, I'm lots better with horses. They're going to send me to Calgary instead of keeping me up here."

"I see," murmured Preston. His eyes fell on the envelope. "That a message?"

"Why- yes, Sergeant. From Inspector Moore."

He offered it to Preston, who produced a knife from somewhere and slit it open. A smile crossed his face as the Constable watched.

"Good news, sir?" the younger man inquired.

"Hm? Oh- yes. . . yes, I think so. Thank you, Constable."

They exchanged salutes, and the Constable turned to leave. Behind him, he heard Preston saying, "What do you know, Prince - it worked! It actually worked!"

Well, people did say Sergeant Preston thought an awful lot of his lead dog. The Constable shook his head lightly, smiled to himself, and walked away.