

Tale of Dogmeat Part 2

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Second part to my story about a Canadian World War 2 pilot.

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Tale of Dogmeat Part 2

It was night over London as the Luftwaffe again attempted to destroy the city. The glowing tracers from the anti air defenses of London lit up the night sky, streaks of yellowish light which lit up the evening. Several plumes of smoke from the destruction of the Luftwaffe bombers ascended into the sky. Near the center of London, Wilson's spitfire flew just several meters above the rooftops of the buildings as a sleek German fighter was close on his tail. Wilson's plane went into evasive maneuvers as his opponents cannons fired, as he flew his enemy got closer and the cannon fire got closer to his plane.

Wilson sat in his cramped cockpit as he held onto the flight stick, outside his cockpit he could see the German plane's tracer fire starting to zero in on him. He looked back and barked, "persistent aren't you."

Then suddenly a burst of the enemy fighters gunfire hit the plane, several shells of the German's cannons tore through Wilson's cockpit. He looked down at his body and was re-leaved to see that he was not hit. He looked back at the plane and shouted, "you win this one bastard."

Then suddenly Rex's voice spoke over the cockpit's radio.

"I'll get that bogey off your six Wilson."

Wilson looked forward and saw that Rex's silver spitfire was flying right towards him. Wilson then used his flight stick to quickly bank left, once he was clear of the enemy plane behind him; Rex's plane fired its cannons which then reduced the enemy fighter to a burning pile of wreckage which plummeted out of the sky. Rex's plane then flew around and now was on Wilson's tail.

Rex said over the radio, "squadron leader, you have been hit."

Wilson looked around his cockpit, several of his gauges and instruments had been destroyed by the gunfire, but his plane still was able to fly. He replied, "this crate should make it back to base just fine. Will be good as new after some repairs."

Rex voice spoke from the radio. "So should we call it a night?"

Wilson looked out the back of his cockpit at Rex's silver plane. He then said, "I think the Luftwaffe latest raided has been thwarted. Our job is done."

Rex replied, "acknowledge flight leader. Let's go home."

It was several nights later at Churchill airbase. Wilson, in his uniform, walked out from the mess hall as big band music bellowed from inside. Within the building most of the pilots were enjoying the company of several women who had come to the base, and now they danced and fraternized with the pilots. Wilson then walked towards a hanger and went through the massive open doors. In the back was Rex's silver spitfire, he was standing on a ladder as he worked on the plane's engine; a large wrench in his hand and wearing his flight suit. Wilson then stopped at the bottom of the ladder and looked up at Rex.

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Wilson asked, "why do you know how to tinker with the engine of a plane pilot Tremblay?"

Rex stopped and looked down at him. "My father was a pilot, a crop duster actually. He taught me a lot about engines, thought maybe I could improve my plane's performance a little."

Wilson nodded. "My father was a pilot too. He died not too long before the war started, just as well though, I guess he would not want to see another war after all the horrors he told me he experienced during the first one."

Rex lowered his head and seemed saddened. "My Dad past away as well."

Wilson asked, "why are you not in the mess hall, we have been under constant pressure since the battle of Britain began, do you not need to relax; maybe spend some time with a woman?"

Rex looked at him and smirked. "Why are you not in the mess hall then?"

Wilson shrugged. "Because the mother of my three son's would not approve."

Rex then resumed working on the engine as he talked. "Same here, there is a woman I'm being faithful to."

Wilson looked at the image of a brunet woman's face painted on the nose of Rex's silver spitfire. "Is it the woman you painted on the plane?"

"Yes," Rex said, "it is."

"She your girlfriend or wife," Wilson asked.

Rex replied, "we are just friends."

"So why are you not at the mess hall?"

Rex stopped and looked down at him. "For almost a decade I wandered across Canada looking for work, in that time I was with one or two women. Truth is, I barely remember them. Though she seems to want nothing to do with me, Felicia is the only woman who is important to me."

Wilson asked, "why are you trying to be faithful to a woman who does not share your feelings?"

Rex loosened a bolt as he talked. "Because I love her, I always have. I just have to accept that she will never feel the same way. Though she told me if I shot down thirty enemy planes she will go on a date with me."

"So you joined the war to impress her," Wilson asked.

"No," Rex replied, "I am a good pilot but not good at much else. I know it sounds stupid, but I know we were meant to be together. I'll just have to settle that we are only friends."

Wilson nodded. "Pilot Tremblay, you are the best pilot I have. Something tells me you will down at least thirty enemy planes before these hostilities cease."

Rex looked down at him. "Sounds like you are starting to see that I am a great pilot."

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Wilson then reached into the inside pocket of his uniform and pulled out an envelope. He said, "I know all about Felicia Tremblay, the whole squadron knows. How you write her almost daily yet she has never written you back."

Rex looked at the envelope and asked, "why are you holding that?"

Wilson grinned. "Since you saved my life a few nights ago, I actually was glad that a letter arrived today for you, a letter from one Felicia Seguin."

Rex smiled and then climbed down the ladder. Wilson handed him the letter and talked as he then walked away. "Hope you win the girl pilot Tremblay. Good night."

Rex opened the envelope and read aloud the letter.

"Rex, though I have not written you before now, I have read every one of your letters more than once. I find it hard to write to you since it is very likely you will not be coming home, that is why this will be my only letter to you. I am going to ask only one thing of you Rex, please come home safely. Honestly, your letters are very sweet; why could you not simply say those things to me and not always try to impress me with stunts. If you make it home Rex, I will be waiting for you. Good luck."

Rex then folded up the letter and put it in a pocket. He sighed then mumbled to himself, "no matter what it takes, I'll make it home to you."

He then ascended the ladder and resumed working on the engine of the plane.

Around dawn outside of the city of London a week later. Several fires had broken out across the city from the Luftwaffe bombing campaign and the ascending plumes of smoke appeared in the distance. A lone German fighter flew south towards the coast, it was a sleek plane painted entirely black and a gamut of skulls were painted on the nose, one for every plane this pilot had shot down.

In the black plane's cockpit sat a man, a well built man wearing a flight suit and goggles covering his eyes. Some of his brown hair was revealed beneath his flight cap. His eyes through the goggles seemed tired and weary.

This pilot who the Royal Air Force had named the Black Baron was actually a German man named Klaus Schmidt, who was almost forty. He came from a prestigious German military family, and ever since planes had become tools of warfare, the Schmidt family had become respected as the best pilots. Though Klaus had wanted to live a silent life of anonymity in Berlin, to please his father he had joined the Luftwaffe a decade before. Even though his father was dead, his memory compelled the pilot to serve the Luftwaffe with all his wits. Since the Battle of Britain began several months before, Klaus had downed over thirty five enemy planes, three that night alone.

Klaus then squinted when he saw a squadron of four RAF spitfires flying towards him, the last plane was painted silver. Even though all the other members of Klaus squadron had been downed by the enemy, he maxed the throttle of his plane and streaked towards the RAF squadron; his confidence in his own ability ensured him that he would emerge victorious.

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Rex sat in his cockpit and looked at the rest of his squadron in front of him. Then Richard's voice spoke over the radio. He said, "wait a minute, I think I see another German fighter."

Rex replied, "used up most of my ammo last night."

Wilson's voice spoke over the radio, "my guns are empty."

Richard spoke next. "Me and McDonald will take care of it."

Wilson said, "be careful pilots."

Then Richard's and Greg's planes accelerate towards the lone enemy plane which was approaching. Then Greg's voice, sounding a little worried, said over the radio, "is that plane painted black?"

Richard voice replied, "we'll get him."

Rex watched as both Richard's and Greg's planes fired, but the black fighter began to do a series of barrel rolls as it evaded the fire. Then the black plane straightened out and then Rex watched in horror as it fired its cannons and the gunfire ripped through the cockpit of Greg's plane and it spiraled downwards and crashed into a small river.

Rex shouted into the radio, "Richard, evade."

Then the black plane fired again, its munitions then tore an entire wing of Richard's plane and it began to spiral towards the ground. Rex yelled, "eject!"

Richard's voice frantically replied over the radio, "bloody canopy won't open!"

Rex watched in horror as Richard's plane crashed into the muddy bank of the river. Then the black plane quickly towards Wilson and Rex's planes, Rex yelled into the radio, "Wilson, get away, I'll take care of him."

Then Wilson's plane started to drift left and away as Rex flew directly at the black plane. The enemy fighter fired its cannons but Rex did a series of rolls and avoided the gunfire. Then both planes flew past each other and came with only a few feet apart. Rex then looked back and realized that the black plane had amazingly turned already and was on his tail. Rex looked ahead and said, "do you it, what the hell are you waiting for."

Then the black plane slowed its pursuit, Rex did not know that the enemy pilot finger was on the trigger of his flight stick. Then suddenly Wilson's plane swooped out of the sky and got into between Rex's plane and the black fighter; the German pilot's cannons spat out a stream of fire which reduced Wilson's plane to wreckage which fell from the sky. Rex looked down and was revealed when he saw Wilson's parachute deploy as he had escaped the his plane.

Rex shouted, "OK, you wish you would have shot me down when you had the chance."

He then pulled back on his flight stick and his plane flew upwards then upside down over the German plane then descended and was now on the black plane's tail. Rex squeezed the trigger of his flight stick, but his cannons only fired a few shells before exhausting his ammunition; but his bullets had hit the cockpit though the plane seemed in tacked. Rex then put the throttle to full as his plane got closer, unsure of what he was doing, Rex wanted to destroy this enemy fighter by crashing into it with his own plane.

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Klaus was in his cockpit, the silver spitfires cannon fire had not done his plane any significant damage, but blood was gushing from a wound in his leg. He seemed to not notice the pain and looked behind him and saw that the silver plane was almost on his tail and about to hit.

Klaus barked in German, "what are you doing you imbecile?"

Then the silver plane slowed down and began to fly North, Klaus would have finished the last pilot though he knew he needed medical attention urgently so he started to fly south. He looked back at the silver plane as it flew away, "next time we cross paths, you will die that day. I promise you that."

As Rex flew North towards his airfield, he looked over his shoulder and muttered, "next time bastard, you'll pay for Richard and Greg. I don't care what it takes."

He then looked forward as the two planes flew out of sight of each other.

A few days later. Beside a small church outside of London was a graveyard, Rex and Wilson, both in their uniforms, stood before two caskets with the flags of both Richard's and Greg's countries on them. One of the arms of Wilson's uniform was empty since he had sustained a serious injury which had made the medical staff of the airbase amputate his arm. They both just looked at the caskets in silence for a few moments.

Rex then looked at Wilson and asked, "so what now Squad Leader?"

Wilson glumly replied, "with one arm, I will not be of much use to the war effort. Guess I will go home and be with my wife and kids."

Rex flatly replied, "guess Richard and Greg's families won't be seeing them again."

Wilson said, "they knew how it is, this is war. Both knew they might give their lives, they were prepared for it."

Rex walked away and said, "still is tragic about their loss."

Wilson looked at the departing man and said, "pilot Tremblay, you are going home."

Rex stopped, looked back and asked, "what are you talking about?"

Wilson explained, "these are my last few days as a commander in the RAF, and I thought I would use my last days to see to it my best pilot can go home and be with the woman he loves."

Rex frowned. "I'm not going home, not until I avenge Greg and Richard."

Wilson seemed moved. "I'll lie on your record so it shows you shot down thirty enemy planes, so you can get that date."

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Rex turned away and said, "she is just a friend at most, but those two guys were also my friends. I'm not going home until the Black Baron pays for their deaths."

Wilson replied, "he is a damn talented pilot, even more than you. You can't win this fight."

Rex told him, "I have to try, even if it costs me my life. Please, don't ask me to turn in my wings until I make things right."

Wilson nodded. "OK, I'll let you have this slim hope of revenge for what that pilot did to our squadron. I just hope Felicia does not have to get a letter saying that Rex Tremblay perished in the war."

Rex talked as he walked away. "I should have realized a long time ago that she will never feel the way about me as I do for her. She might be saddened, but she'll get over it; I suppose there must be a man who she wants to be with and does not have to politely brush off all time."

Wilson then raised his voice. "Pilot Tremblay, just one last thing."

Rex stopped and looked back. "What is it Wilson?"

Wilson replied, "send the Black Baron to his maker, for the rest of our squadron."

Rex seemed stone faced. "You are right, I cannot beat him. But damn it to hell, I'm going to try even if it costs me my life. Thanks Wilson, and goodbye."

Wilson watched him march away then muttered to himself, "I can respect his commitment, but I hope if he makes it home that he'll get that bloody woman. Seems like the only thing the man really cares about."

Wilson then returned to looking at the caskets.

London England, 1944

It was a gray overcast day over Churchill airbase. The base was mostly silent, since the allies had successfully made it past the coastal defense of Europe and now was in force in Nazi occupied territory, it seems that the tide of the war had begun to turn in favor of the allies.

Inside the hanger, Rex sat in the cockpit of his motionless plane, wearing his flight suit and just looking at his controls with a blank expression on his face. He had changed much in the past years, no longer the mostly happy pilot he once was during the battle of Britain. Though it seemed that victory for the allies was now possible, he feared the war would end before he came across that black plane again. For the past few months the squadron he had been assigned to flew missions to escort British and American bombers deep into Nazi occupied territory. He had forgotten about how many planes he had shot down, there was only one plane which mattered to him; but he feared he would never come across that black plane again. He kept his ears open and had heard the Black Baron was seen shooting down bombers once their fighter escorts had turned back because of their limited fuel. His opponent was flying far beyond Rex's reach, but still he would begin every mission with the dim hope that he could avenge his friends. He still wrote letters to Felicia though it was much less frequent, he realized that he should have been smart to see that she never would care for him the way he wanted. He wrote long paragraphs about how he had lost two friends, and that now he was

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consumed by the mission to find the man responsible, and that he may never find him. Rex, a optimistic young man only a few years ago, now was a sullen individual who was driven to find the Black Baron but he knew that chances of meeting him where slim.

Rex pulled the trigger of the flight stick which only resulted in a metallic click since his cannons where empty. He muttered, " I wish Wilson, Richard and Greg where still here. I miss those guys."

Then a stern man's voice barked from outside the plane. " Pilot Tremblay!"

Rex stood up from the seat of his plane and saw that his current squadron leader, a somewhat heavysset man in a uniform with a thinning airline stood near his silver plane. The Squadron leader's name was Nelson Lucas.

Rex frowned and asked, " what is it Lucas?"

Lucas looked at him then nodded. " Good news, after our next mission, you are going home."

Rex seemed shocked and a little angered. " What are you talking about?"

Lucas told him, " you have done a great service for the allies, but I think you need to get back to a normal life."

Rex looked right at him and asked, " and what if I say no?"

Lucas replied, " I would say you don't have a choice. I hear a few years ago you actually possess a somewhat personable disposition, yet this man who was assigned to my squadron is the most serious and consumed man I have ever met."

Rex said, " war has the tendency to change people."

" That," Lucas told him, " is why you should go home. Get back to who you where before this whole war, before you become something which you really don't want to be."

" And what is that," Rex asked.

Lucas replied, " a man who is committed to a goal which will never come to pass and who has become sullen and distant. No matter how many mission's you fly, you'll never find the Black Baron. And even if you did, he most probably will kill you."

Rex said, " more then a few people said I would die at the controls of a plane. Guess that is what I was meant for."

Lucas turned to leave but said, " tomorrow, we are going to escort a flight of American bombers deep into territory held by the enemy; though as usual we will have to leave them long before they reach there target. Beside, it is pointless, from what I've heard the Black Baron has always been sighted far beyond the range of our planes."

Rex lowered his head and said, " please don't send me home, not yet."

Lucas explained as he looked at the silver plane, " you don't have a choice. Besides, do you really want to face one of the greatest pilots of the war with your beat up, outdated plane. And why do you insist on flying that old crate?"

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Rex sat back in the seat of his plane and spoke loudly. "This plane has been good to me, I have to be faithful to her."

Though he could not see him, Rex heard Lucas say as he walked away. "After tomorrow, go home and be with your family."

Rex waited until Lucas was far away then said, "I don't have anybody waiting for me back home, all I have is this vendetta with a man's whose real name I don't know." Rex then slammed his fist into the gauges at the front of the cockpit. He yelled, "a man who flies skies to damn far for my plane to reach."

Rex then grunted and was silent for a moment. Then he slightly grinned and muttered, "though I could reach him if I don't worry about having enough fuel to make it back to base."

Rex then held the flight stick and pulled the trigger again. "Besides, I probably am going to lose anyways."

Rex then just sat silently in his cockpit, knowing that the next day he would not be returning to the airfield. Either one of several things were to happen, he would continue to escort the bombers long after he had went past the flight range of his plane and either be shot down by the Luftwaffe, have to land in enemy occupied territory; or find the man who he had spent so long hoping to face again. Though he knew his chance of victory was slim.

Rex whispered, "well, guess this is where the story probably ends. I don't care, there is nothing waiting for me back home."

It was around midnight in the barracks. Rex lay in his top bunk as the man in the bunk below snored loudly. Rex was on his side and was writing a letter to Felicia, he stopped then read it aloud.

"Felicia, this will be the last letter I ever mail you since I am unsure of what will happen beyond tomorrow. Guess I just say sorry, sorry that I was so stupid to think I could ever win you with my antics at the controls of a plane. Guess I should thank you for putting up with a fool who could not see how the woman he cared for felt, for putting up with my constant attempts to win you. I should have known that day when I flew through that barn, that I was only a competent when it came to being a pilot; not when it came to being a man who you could possibly love. All I say is that I'm going on my last mission tomorrow and most likely I won't be coming back, thanks for reading my letters and for being kind to a fool who could only see how he felt and was completely oblivious to how the woman he cared for felt. You deserve better than me. If I do make it home though because of what I'm planning makes that unlikely, I think I will return to my boyhood home and work as a crop duster. Thanks for putting up with Rex Tremblay's antics for so long, and I do love you but I have come to the realization that my love for you was one sided. Hope you can find a man who unlike me may not be a great pilot but can be a more adequate man than myself in almost every other respect. Goodbye, and no matter what happens, I always remember you. Please, don't think too harshly of me no matter what happens."

He then folded up the letter and put it under his pillow. He closed his eyes and said, "well either I'm going to be killed or captured by the enemy tomorrow, but I give it a damn good try to find that pilot."

He then fell asleep unsure of what tomorrow was to bring.

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Rex and his squadron flew deep inside Nazi occupied Europe around noon the next day as the sky seemed clear and devoid of cloud, they were headed east. They flew above the clouds, ahead the squadron of RAF fighters were over a dozen American bombers, the gigantic green flying fortresses filled the sky in front of Rex's plane. Then the three other fighters ahead of Rex's silver plane then began to turn as Lucas's voice spoke over the radio.

â OK, we better turn back. Hope these fellas have a safe trip.â

Though the rest of his squadron was now headed West, Rex still followed the bombers.

As he sat in his cockpit, Lucas's barked over the radio, â Tremblay, change your course. We have to go back.â

Rex grinned. â I'm having a radio malfunction. I think you said escort these yanks to their destination.â

Lucas sounded angered. â Follow your orders pilot, or there will be hell to pay when you get back!â

Rex replied, â I think you just said a parade will be thrown in my honor when I get back.â

Lucas yelled over the radio, â you idiot! You'll have to land in enemy lands.â

Rex then turned off the radio and muttered, â doubt I'll have to land anyways, guess I should have known I would die in the sky.â

The silver spitfire continued to follow the bombers as they flew East.

It was almost an hour later. The bombers incursion had gone unnoticed until a squadron of four Luftwaffe fighters appeared underneath them from the clouds and flew towards the bombers. As Rex sat in his cockpit, he realized that the enemy squadron was led by a plane painted entirely black.

Rex touch the trigger of his flight stick but did not fire. He said, â well, one of us is not going to live to see tomorrow.â

In the cockpit of the Black plane, Klaus sat at his controls. The injury he had suffered from the short burst from the silver spitfire still pained him and he walked with a limp. He hoped that one day he would run into that pilot again and show him who was the better fighter pilot was.

He spoke in German over the radio. â We have to stop them before then reach their target. I want nothing but your best, anything less is unacceptable.â

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Then another pilot in his squadron talked over the radio. "Why is there a fighter escorting them, he won't have enough fuel to make it back to his airfield."

When Klaus saw the beat up old spitfire, he smiled and muttered, "guess this particular prey I am about to slay was born with out much common sense."

He then spoke over the radio and ordered, "the rest of you, take care of the bombers, that lone fighter is mine!"

Rex watched from his cockpit as the enemy squadron separated, three of the planes continued to approach the bombers but the black plane was heading quickly towards him. Rex then gritted his teeth and said, "well, hope my luck at flying pays off."

But as Rex quickly approached the approaching black plane, he watched as another of the German pilot's started to fire on one of the American bombers and soon two of its massive engines were on fire and it was losing altitude. Rex grunted and said, "Damn, I have to help them."

As the black plane flew towards the silver spitfire, it fired; Rex began to do a series of rolls and was untouched by the Black Barons gunfire. Then the silver spitfire flew past the Black Baron's plane and towards the bombers and the enemy fighters. They three enemy fighter planes were now on the tail of the flight of bombers, though the silver spitfire was quickly gaining on the enemy fighters.

Rex looked over his shoulder and realized that the Black Baron was approaching quickly on his six, as the black plane fired its cannons; the spitfire began to roll as the tracers blazed past the silver plane. But then several of the Baron's cannon shells hit the hull of the silver plane, yet it seemed undamaged by the gunfire.

Klaus continued to press the trigger of his flight stick when suddenly the gunfire stopped. He then continued to press the trigger, yet nothing happened. He yelled, "damn malfunction! Not now!"

Rex looked back at the black plane which was on his tail yet did not fire. Rex looked forward and the three Luftwaffe fighters he was approaching from behind, once he was in range he fired his cannons. The arc of his gunfire went through one fighter which then plummeted from the sky in flames, he continued to fire when his cannons reduced the last two fighters pursuing the bombers into smoldering hunks of metal which fell and vanished into the clouds below. But then Rex realized the pulling the trigger resulted in only a metallic click.

He yelled, "damn it girl, don't give up on me when I need you!"

Rex looked behind him. The black plane had slowed its speed and now Rex was some distance ahead. He pushed his throttle to the max and the silver spitfire gained a lot of distance from and now Rex's plane was flying between the American bombers. Then he turned his plane so now he was flying directly towards the Black Baron.

Rex grinned as he said, "hope you guys know how to play chicken in Berlin."

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Klaus looked as the silver spitfire flew directly towards him. Klaus grinned and said, "let us settle this and an ace does, with no fear of death."

He then pushed his throttle to the max as his black plane accelerated.

Rex watched as he quickly approached the black plane which flew towards him. Rex said when they were almost about to collide, "this is for Richard and Greg!"

Rex then quickly pulled left on his flight stick, his silver plane then went into a roll just over the black plane; and the wing of the spitfire tore right through the cockpit of the Black Baron's plane. For a brief moment, he saw the Baron thrown from his plane and fall towards earth. Rex then looked at the wing of his plane which had been torn off, his plane spiraled as it fell towards the clouds beneath. Rex then began to open his canopy as wind muffled his voice, he said before jumping from the plane, "thanks girl, I'll never forget you."

Rex then jumped from his plane and his parachute deployed. As he slowly descended, the last glimpse of his plane was it spiraling then vanishing into the clouds. Rex sighed and said, "well, either I can figure out a way to get back to allied territory, or I'll be spending the rest of the war in a prison camp for allied personal."

As Rex vanished into the clouds, he muttered, "the food is going to be terrible."

Green Falls, Saskatoon, 1945

It was a cold winters morning as Rex, still wearing his uniform. walked down the long driveway towards his boyhood home, snow fell from the dreary sky overhead, his duffel bag over his shoulder. He stopped and looked at the house, barn and runway. He glumly said, "guess I'm home."

The past few years had been dull, after he landed just on the border to Germany, he was captured and sent to a prison camp where he spent the rest of the war; though avenging his friends made it worth it. When the war ended and he was released from the camp, he had to walk to Paris. Because of his actions during his last mission, he was given a dishonorable discharge from the RAF; though the testimony of the pilots of the American bombers helped when they reported Rex had helped them. But Rex honestly never wanted to fly a fighter again, from now on he would at most fly his father's old plane.

He then realized that someone was standing on the porch, it was Felicia; the woman who by now was in her mid thirties seemed pretty and wore a coat and jeans. He slowly walked towards her but was unsure of what he would say to her.

She then looked towards him, smiled and said loudly, "Rex!"

Felicia then ran of the porch towards him. He was unsure of what to expect until she put her arms around him, he waited a moment then put his arms around her but said, "Felicia, what are you doing?"

She pulled away and looked into his eyes. "For the past years, I thought you were dead. I had no idea what happened."

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Rex replied, " sorry, there was something I had to do. I thought you may be a little sad if I did not come back, but not much."

She held him again. " I was happy when I heard you were coming back."

Rex asked, " how did you know?"

She replied, " I got a letter from a Mr. Wilson, he said that you would be returning home soon. I have been waiting here almost everyday since."

Rex said, " you did all that for a friend?"

She then looked tenderly into his eyes, " your friend James Wilson said you had shot down over thirty enemy planes, so I guess you'll get that date."

Rex shrugged. " Actually, it was closer to forty five."

She then rested her head on his shoulder and asked, " since it was forty five, if you ask me to marry you, I would accept."

Rex then pulled away from her and seemed dumbfounded. " OK, what is going on, for the most part, the entire time we have known each other; he have always given me the cold shoulder."

" I fell in love with you Rex."

He looked into her eyes and asked, " when did that happen?"

" After I read your first letter, I was with a guy at the time and I asked him to tell me how he felt about us; after I realized that he was not as eloquent about his feelings as you. The things in that letter and every letter that followed, I was moved Rex. I could you have not told me those things when we still were young, why did you not just tell me how you felt instead of risking your life with dim witted stunts to impress me."

Rex shrugged. " Sorry, I can write about my feelings, it is more difficult when you use actual words."

She then held him again. " Rex, I would have agreed to date you long ago, but did you know why later on I always said no?"

" Why Felicia?"

She softly said, " I thought you were going to die at the controls of a plane, and I did not want to get attached to you because I thought you were going to die young."

Rex said, " well, despite everything, I'm alive. So Felicia, do you really want to be Mrs. Tremblay?"

She nodded. " Yes, on just one condition."

" Which is?"

" If you ever fly a plane again, fly like normal pilots; fly safely."

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Then they started to walk towards the house. He explained as he went, "a relative of the family bought my parents place after they passed on, I bought it from him from my pay during my time in the war. Figure I fly my dad's old plane which is still in the barn."

She said as they walked up onto the porch, "will you do as I asked?"

He nodded. "Since I won you, well I guess there is no reason to be a hot shot anymore. Guess I'll be like the rest of the pilots, boring." He stopped and looked at her. "Felicia, seeing you right now is making me the happiest I've been in years. Maybe I waited almost twenty five years to be with you, but you are worth the wait. Thanks, I was afraid nothing was waiting for me but an empty house and a empty life."

She then took his hand, opened the door to the house and pulled him inside. The house then sat as snow fell from the sky over the Tremblay farm.

Tale of Dogmeat Part 2

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