

# **MY LONG JOURNEY TO MY FUREVER HOME** by **HOBO CONSTABLE**

(written by Pat "Grammar" Constable and Renee Blake)

Hi everyone!

My name is Hobo and this is my story...

About a year and a half ago, 2024, I found myself lost and didn't know where I was, where I came from, or where my owners are. I began to look for them, but nothing looked familiar. I think they must have had a truck because every time a truck goes past me, I have to check it out and with no luck. I'm scared and lonely and I just want to find my home.

People saw me in the Kindersley area in the early fall of 2024. From there, I went south to Eaton, but had no luck, so I felt like I should keep going south and ended up in a town they called Leader. There I met some people who put food and water out for me and tried to be friends with me. So, I stuck around Leader for a while, thinking that maybe there was somebody there who knows me or who I belong to, but I felt like I just had to move on...there was something missing!

Now it's November 2024 and I travelled south, stopping in this small town called Burstall for a rest because I had hurt my leg along the way. It was getting cold and I was getting very tired, so I decided to stop for a while and rest my leg.



A lady behind the school saw me and put some pictures of me on Facebook thinking that maybe somebody out there would know my family or where I came from. She fed me and I was thinking, "Maybe this family would take me in and give me a warm place to stay until I can find my real family? They have children and I love children!" But because I was so big and black and had a deep bark, the family was scared of me and that made me sad.

At night, I would roam around the town of Burstall, protecting the area, keeping away the coyotes and deer. And yes, my barking was very loud, so many town people didn't like that, but I felt like I was trained to guard. During the day, I found some old buildings by the golf course that I discovered would help keep me out of the wind because it was getting colder!

A woman and a man came to the house of the lady behind the school. They started putting food and

water out for me and they put a shelter near that family's house...a kennel with straw and a tarp to keep me warm, but I was skeptical because this seemed like a danger to me, so I wouldn't go in.

Since no one knew my name, the lady started to call me "Hobo," which I thought was very appropriate as "Hobo" means "homeless wanderer." I would hear her call "Hobo!," and I would come out of the buildings where I was hiding but would not get too close as I was still apprehensive.

Now it's getting really cold during the day and night! The couple also made a bed with straw near the highway by some trees where I would rest. Three times during the day for about three months, they would come to visit, bringing me food and water. I really appreciated it!...but as soon as I was starting to trust to them, a man came out at night and would chase me with a flashlight! Once again, I started to become wary of people.

One day when they came out to see how I was doing; I felt the need to run away from them and I don't know why. I felt scared again, scared that they might start to chase me like that man was...but they kept following me! I went to the other end of town and they were still behind me. I just kept going down the road to a farm about a mile south of Burstall where I met a wonderful friend, a dog called Rusty! I think this was in the beginning of February 2025.

Every day, the same couple and another lady would come out and try to play with me and bring me special treats. Then one day, Rusty followed his owner to the garage and I thought, "Hmmm, if he goes in there, I could probably go in too!" so when Rusty went in, I followed him. Suddenly, the door closed behind me, but I wasn't worried because it was so nice and warm in there. There was sunlight coming in from the window and I laid down in the sunbeam. The next thing I knew, there were many hands petting me and I felt so at ease and safe for the first time in a long time. I just relaxed and immediately fell asleep.



The next few days, I didn't go back to town for food or water. Rusty's owners were very thoughtful, putting a dog bed on the deck that was so comfy and also leaving me food and water. The three people still kept

coming to visit and I was becoming remarkably familiar with them. Since they gave me the name “Hobo,” I gave them names as well, “Gramma, Grampa, and Auntie.”

On February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2025, Gramma, Grampa, and Auntie stopped by again, but this time they drove their truck into the garage. Rusty and I were curious and went in to see what they were doing. As we walked in, the truck doors were open and I could smell the wonderful aroma of food! I came closer to the truck and when I looked in, I saw Auntie sitting inside with pieces of warm sausage laying on the floor of the truck. I jumped in the truck and started eating the trail of sausage. The next thing I knew, Gramma got in behind me and closed the truck door! Grampa got in behind the steering wheel and we started to drive to what would be my new home.

We arrived at a house I did not recognize and Grampa drove the truck into the garage and closed the door. All four of us got out of the truck and went into the backyard. There was a large deck at the back of the house and I followed them up there. When Gramma went in the house, I followed her, looked around a bit, and my attention was drawn to...a dog bed on the floor? It had white and black spotted dogs all over it...could that be for me? I thought I would try it out and it was so warm and comfy. No one seemed to be angry that I was laying on it, so I curled into a ball and fell asleep, sleeping for days, only getting up to eat and drink.



Now it is a year later, February 14<sup>th</sup>, 2026...what a journey it has been! I have learned many things like how to walk on a leash, sit, stay, shake a paw, and I am still having a problem with playing that game called “fetch the ball”...Are you kidding? What’s the point? You’re just gonna throw it again! Gramma also insists that my feet get dried when I come in the house, which I think is silly, but rules are rules and I present each of my feet to be wiped while thinking “Really?” and giving her “a look”. I have also met some great people and everyone recognizes me when I’m walking with Gramma in town. I found out that Auntie Patti lives down the street with her two puppies, Daisy and Bella, who have become my besties! Whenever Auntie walks them past my house, she always brings them to say hi. Auntie also babysits me when Gramma and Grampa go away.



Since Gramma and Grandpa don't know my real birthday, we have all decided that February 14<sup>th</sup> will now be known as Hobo's birthday!



I thought I would be lost and lonely forever, but I found my "furever home" with a loving family and many friends.



Hobo with Grampa (Larry Constable) and Gramma (Pat Constable)

Oh, here is a song that Gramma said reminds her of me. I think it is very appropriate, don't you think?

**Excerpts from The Littlest Hobo Theme Song "Maybe Tomorrow" - written by Terry Bush**

"There's a voice that keeps on calling me  
Down the road is where I'll always be.

Down the road that never seems to end,  
Where new adventure, lies just around the bend.

Every stop I make, I'll make a new friend  
Can't stay for long, just turn around and I'm gone again.

Maybe tomorrow, I'll want to settle down,  
Until tomorrow, I'll just keep moving on.

Maybe tomorrow, I'll want to settle down,  
Until tomorrow, the world is my home.

Maybe tomorrow, I'll find what I call home,  
Until tomorrow, you know I'm free to roam."

**Thank you for all of your love...HOBO**

