

HENRY AND THE WOLF DOCTOR Part 3:  
LIBERATIONS AND ACCOUNTABILITIES

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## CHAPTER 1

No less than five officials in black suits sat behind the desk, playing and being God to the man in front of them. Reams of paper lay between them and the mortal whose fate lay in their blister-free hands. The prisoner led into the room by overly armed guards was clad in white from neck to toe. His eyeline fell a foot below his examiners after his hurting ass hit the chair, nothing in front of him except his naked and burnt right arm.

“Good morning, and may God bestow His blessings on you, Sirs,” the still somehow handsome and perfectly proportioned prisoner said with a humble bow. Upon looking up the Keana Reeves at fabulous forty look alike, despite the bruises on his face and swollen eye, appended his greeting with, “And you, Ma’am,” addressing the short haired androgenous woman leading the proceedings.

“Those burns on your right arm,” the senior and sole female member of the parole committee inquired of the prisoner. “They look to be...four or five days old.”

“A week” the prisoner replied, pulling back his parched lips.

“And self inflicted, when you were doing kitchen duty, which you related to the doctor after the ‘accident’. Following your announcement to the second in command of the White Brotherhood that ‘you were abdicating your throne’,” the older woman in charge of the younger men related while glancing pensively at the most recent contents in the inmate’s overloaded file, scratching her double chin that had more hair on it than those of her male associates. “After which you went to the stove, then grabbed a knife. Conveniently removing...hmmm....”

“Tattoos saying I belonged to Satan and his minions, yes,” the prisoner replied looking down at the reddened and putrid smelling appendage which was his arm. “Who I renounced when the Holy Spirit visited me in my cell.” A mild chuckle ushered into his blown out stubble covered cheeks. “I didn’t have the courage or tools to scrap off all of my skin and arm. But, as we all know, or should, as it says in Mathew 5:29. ‘If thine right eye offends thee, pluck it out. And if thine right arm doth lead you to sin, cut it off.’”

“With you being a lefty?” the five foot two elderly woman said. She raised her sunbaked face, taking a look over the rim of her bifocals at the six foot two prisoner. who had elevated himself in status over the last 8 years from a slick white collar wall street mogul to become a king who ruled over those who valued brawn as well as brains.

The prisoner raised up his left hand, showing twice as much inflamed soon to be scar tissue. "My eyes are in the service of the Lord now," he said, pointing to his, if you looked at him in the right light, baby blue ocular portholes. "After they were led to read about....someone special to me now." A warm, sincere smile came over his face. That face had been, according to the conversation between the members of the parole board, beaten while defending the life of a guard who was about to be molested and then killed, by his fellow Correction Officers and inmates in his charge. A guard who was the head committee member's nephew.

"Your Honor?" the prisoner said to the ex-female SEAL known by the guards as well as the inmates as 'hard-assed Granny'. Who had become warden of a man's prison by being harsher than any penile bearing competitor for that job. Her eyes softened, then released a small trickle of tears.

"Sirs?" the prisoner said to the men around 'hard assed granny' who were moved by whatever Spirit had come into her. Maybe because, as the J man said, 'whenever two or more of you are gathered in My name I am there also.'

The men conferred with each other, then looked at their Iron Lady for approval of their unsaid suggestion. "Yes, I think we can move along with that proposal, gentlemen," she said while wiping the tears from her face. She turned to the prisoner, her tone firm, assertive, her smile somehow....hopeful. "Even religiously atheists like me believe that sometimes a miracle happens suddenly, and by accident. There are historical incidences of this. En mass, the Vikings after unleashing horrific raids in Europe eventually settled down to spawn a few centuries later pacifist Scandinavians who shared what they have and compete only with themselves. The Mongols conquered everyone from China to the gates of Vienna, then, eventually, went home to become peace loving Buddhists. The Germans...after they experimented with excesses in 'might is right' politics in 1933 became crusaders for goodness between people and kindness to animals. And as for the latter..."

Hard Ass Granny looked to the right side of the long oak table, her eyes fixing on a labrador retriever who had seen, heard and absorbed far more than its human 'masters' in the room thought he could. "This is...hmmm... Rusty," she said to the prisoner regarding the light brown Husky-Lab cross whose capacity of thought, feeling and sarcastic wit was, yet again, underestimated. Otherwise, why would he be named according to the color of his fur rather than the qualities of soul between his floppy often yeast and bacteria infected ears? "A stray who is your new cell mate, friend and protector," Hard-Assed Granny said while she petted the canine, bringing him towards the prisoner. "A new program to get both of you off the streets, and on the road to a better future outside of these walls, very soon," she said regarding her most recent experiment with teaming naïve, unintelligent souls blessed with contagious love with those who are cynical, clever and mean. Theoretically, the former would conver, without understanding anything about cruelty, the latter to a life of unbridled goodness AND applied intelligence.

To the hound, the born again prisoner seemed sincere. Likeable, and even trustable. More so than his previous owners. One family of self-absorbed upright walking idiots had ignored his presence most of the time, made him do tricks to make THEM look smart, and never bothered to look into his eyes. Unless it was to say 'NO!' when he had to evacuate his bladder after being trapped in the house for 14 hours. Then there was a newly married couple who, had the mixed breed hound not escaped from, was going to take him to a shelter for euthanasia because his fur color didn't match their new furniture. And still another 'rescuer' thought the dog would be a money maker when put into a pit for a pugilistic fight to the death with another canine, even if it was his.

'Rusty' followed the prisoner to his cell, a solitary dwelling with a cot for each of them. "Thank you," he said to the head guard who bid him a cautious 'good night, gentlemen'. His assistant petted the canine on the head, then snuck a beef bone still laden with fresh meat into his mouth.

Within five seconds of the cell door closing to the cell (which, according to the new plan for him, would be open for good within a few weeks) the prisoner snatched the bone from Rusty's mouth. "First a story, then, maybe a snack," he said. He plopped his ass on the most comfortable of the cots. "I have to feed your soul with some truth that the Holy Spirit delivered to me." the repentant prisoner said. He removed a Bible out of his pocket, opening it a folded up article printed on glossy paper.

"An article from Rolling Stone," the prisoner said to the dog, pulling Rusty into a tight hug around his torso that was as intense as the fist with which he held the article. "All about a new superstar who is 'a miraculous healer of busted and diseased animal flesh as well as a doctor for the broken, defeated and destructive human soul. A new innovative Master, nay Mistress of the science and art of medicine, music, and the most difficult to maintain emotion of all....humor.' Who now calls herself..Roberta Collineur, who I knew as...well....someone else, something else. Someone who....put me here!" His voice escalated into the loudest angry whisper possible, while eyeing a photo of Roberta Collineur, Ph.D., D.V.M., H.B.A.R.P., the latter described as human being, aspiring Renaissance person, with two of her 'taught me more than I ever taught them' apprentices. "Yeah, Roberta Collineur. Who called me Kurt the Suit. Who I gave all the jewelry, dope and booze she begged for! Who I loaned out to only my best and most high paying horny friends! Who ran away when she got pregnant with the kid she didn't deserve to have! Who...was a gift her white father gave to me to pay back some business debts, so I could do whatever I wanted for and to her! Who, because the disloyal bitch made a deal with the Feds, I will....!"

The dog barked, silencing the rant that hurt his ears as well as was painful to his soul. "No, 'Rusty!' Kurt growled back to the dog. "Bark when I don't say it is ok. Or I'll say that you bit

me and drew blood. Which is, as you know, grounds to put down any dog. Or any ungrateful, double doc Injun bitch!”

The primitive part of Rusty’s brain wanted to know if he would get the bone back. He recalled the times when he stood up for himself. Or tried to defend the most vulnerable and deserving humanoid in the room who was usually not the strongest. And the one who had the fewest number of tatoos.

“But, maybe I can train Kurt the suit here to be a more caring human,” Rusty considered regarding his new tatoo-less “master”. “I know more words in Human than he knows in Canine, which makes me the more intelligent ‘partner’ here. And being intelligent makes you more caring, so...I think this human has more potential for good than others. After all, he seems very smart. I just have to be more clever than he is. An easy trick to learn, right?”

“You say something?” Kurt growled at Rusty.

“Yes, which I’ll tell you when the time is right,” the too smart for his own good canine gently barked back. It was enough to keep going. But going where?