

David was an active boy of 12. He had blond hair and almond colored complexion. It was the middle of summer, and each day his arms and face would be dark as he played outside with his dog Klum.

Klum was a Newfoundland, when David stood beside him Klum would come up to his chest. Klum got his name when David first got him. He was just a pup and would always stumble over his big paws.



David would laugh and say “you clumsy dog, why don’t you pick up your feet.” Later the clumsy part was shortened to Klum and it stuck with him.



One day while David and Klum were playing in a vacant lot on the next block, Klum came running up to David with a short brass tube in his mouth. He laid it down at David's feet then laid down in front of it sniffing at it to see if it was a bone to chew on.