

A Vicious Deer

by Jerry Ratch

The man came across the hall to talk to us.
He was buying some paintings.
He had a white deer on a leash.
Fosca (our Malamute) said: "That's a vicious deer."
She kept putting her paw on its shoulder.
I said: "You better take that deer away."
"The deer can stay," said the man.
"Fosca says it's a vicious deer."
"That dog is delusional."
"You've got a vicious deer."
"So what," said the man, "you've got a talking dog."
It was a stand-off. Neither was wrong. Now what?
"You can't take these paintings," I said.
"What!" said my 1st wife.
This was only a dream, so it did not matter.
"Mind your own business."
I never knew how to do this.

