

# 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.

