

# Untitled

*by* Verkaro

I've always been a sucker for a pretty face. It's unreasonable sometimes. Yesterday, in the middle of nowhere was a house that might have seen better days in the dustbowl of depression era Oklahoma.

Two Australian Shepherds launched from the rickety porch. It was clear the working idea was to eat the bike rider first and figure how to poop him out later.

I tried to dominate the situation but these two were way meaner than I can ever fake it. I put the bike between me and them. Their hackles were bristling as they jumped at the bike and tried, one on each side, to get around. It really was pretty bad. As usual no one seemed to be at home to call them off. Or they were enjoying the show from the shadows.

The biggest one was a brindled terror of bared teeth and insane lunges. Absolutely the worst dog I'd met. I've met quite a few.

Then they stopped barking. They looked down the road. We all looked. Over the hill comes the reason. When she pulled up in a beat up Ford, the dogs were wagging their tails and practically squirming with a kind a guilt-pleasure.

Them dogs bothering you?

The dogs hustled off to the front porch. Their owner was very pretty. She had to be in her mid thirties with possibly some Cherokee mix going on in those cheek bones. But wow, those teeth.

I said "Oh they were just giving me the full welcome wagon. They are just the sweetest dogs, really."

She smiled. Wow. She had the worst teeth. A full rack of jagged silver and black. The crazy thing was, even so, she was still very pretty. It's confusing.

"I know," she said, "they are sweet dogs but they can sure be a pain in the butt at times."

I told her "The dogs and I were just getting to know each other when you drove up. I'm glad to see you come and break up the party because I have to move along now."

She smiled again and waved goodbye. I pulled off and down another stretch of old route 66.

What a smile.

