

Interpreting Reality

by

Vixxy Fox



“It’s a Fox.”

That much was easy and as plain as the nose on my snout. I hate ink blot tests.

“I think it ‘might be’ zo,” the Shrink tells me in an accent that is so stereotypical of a bad TV show, “But in reality the interpretation is relative to the one doing the interpreting is that not zo?”

I shifted my weight to a more comfortable position on the couch though I kept my belly down. You go belly up and it’s all over since you’re more likely to get a knife in the gut than a tummy rub.

“I’m a Fox,” I tell Dr. Quackers. “You show me an image of a Fox and I’m going to tell you it’s a Fox. How hard is that to understand?”

“I don’t knowww...” he replies, dragging out his words as he writes something down on his note pad. Turning the image around for me to look at again, he asks me, “Does it not look more like Batman? See there, he stands dominating two bad guy movie villains und I am vondering who those villains might be. Could one perhaps be your father and the other your mother?”

“That’s your interpretation,” I tell him, using his own words against him, “I never said that and besides; that’s crazy talk. Personally I think it tells me you spend just a little too much time at the movies. Indulging in some sick fantasies on the silver screen are we? I heard there was a lot of killing in that series and even one movie actor who killed himself. Why don’t you do a study on that?”

“I don’t go to the movies,” he countered.

“But you do use Red Box a lot. That’s not the same? It’s not apples and oranges it’s hot buttered popcorn and a cold drink. Last I checked a movie was a movie on the big silver screen or the little one at home. Speaking of little... how’s that penis envy thing working for you?”

“Und how do you know dis?”

“I saw a couple of receipts on your desk. It didn’t tell me what flavor movie you prefer, but you do apparently watch a good many. Unless, of course, you were referring to the little guy. Let’s just say I peeked in the men’s room.”

He sat back in his chair and took his stupid “Rorschach” test with him. Not so oddly he held it close to his chest like a teddy bear. For my part, I kept my tail low to the couch and my nails braced enough on the fabric that I could get a good lead if the opening presented itself.

“Zo you zee yourself as a Vox?”

“I don’t see anything; I am a Fox not a Vox.”

“What type of Vox?”

“Vox means voice; that is if you pronounce it right. I think the word is Latin and it has a long ‘O’. I have a voice, but I am not ‘a’ voice. I am a Fox.”

“Und I say Vox, not Vōx. Did you hear me say it with a long ‘O’?”

His temper was up; I could hear it with my long pointy ears. That meant I was getting to him and there was no way I was going to let go of that. “*Vox populi = 'the voice of the people' which implies; Popular opinion or sentiment.*” I shot back at him. “What is the *Vox populi* on what I am? If more than a few agree does this make it a truth or is it still a lie. Batman or Fox?”

“Und vhat mean you Batman or Fox?” he asked, leaning forward slightly, his pencil poised to write.

“Check the test results. How many test subjects saw Batman and how many saw a Fox?”

With a sigh, the doctor put his pencil down and flipped through the pages of his Rorschach test booklet after which he immediately began muttering under his breath. “Of 100 test subjects,” he read to me, “Eighty saw a Fox, ten saw Batman, and ten saw various other things including their mother having sex with the devil. The last ten were decidedly sane.”

I almost rolled over and presented my tummy I was so happy. What a gotcha! “So you agree then that I’m a Fox?”

“No I do not. You are not a Fox. I only concur that the majority of the people using this particular ink blot saw a Fox.”

“But ‘everyone’ agrees I am a Fox,” I argued. Standing, I pointed to my teeth. “Look at these canines! And how do you explain these ears?”

“Those are normal teeth and normal ears... and you are naked. Speaking of penis envy, I see you too are not so large.”

“You’re not naked if you’re wearing fur and for a Fox I am enormous!”

Now I was the one angry and he was sitting behind his desk just smiling at me. Apparently it was his turn for the ‘gotcha’. He even pointedly wrote something on his pad and circled it several times. It was probably, ‘Patient has a small penis.’

“If you were clothed in fur,” he told me in this foreignly accented soft voice, “I would not be able to see your willie now would I? I believe, like a dog’s it would be in a sheath?”

I sat back on the couch and gave a little shiver.

“Nor, I think, would you be cold.” He took a long moment to write more on his pad and then told me, “I am going to increase your medications and in a week we will speak again, ja?”

“Ja,” I conceded. Of course I had my eye on the window behind his desk.

The Doctor hit the door buzzer and then rose from his desk intending for our session to be at an end. I know for a fact he had his eye on one of the evening nurses so he was distracted. Little did he know I had her pegged as a vixen so you can bet she would lead him on but never deliver.

The door opened with a metallic click and Igor stood hulking on the other side. I half expected him to voice those immortal words; ‘Yes Master?’

Needless to say, I made it to the window in one leap. Picking up the granite bust of Sigmund Freud he kept on his desk, I crashed the glass and made off... all very Fox like I might add.

Doctor Buzzkill, hearing the crash, spun to see his patient jump out the smashed window and scamper across the yard, totally free and unfettered... not to mention naked.

“Shall I run and fetch him, sir?” Nurse Igorski asked.

“No,” Buzzkill told him, his eyes narrowing in true dislike. The bastard had used Sigmund against him; smashing his window on the world like a concrete argument. There would be Hell to pay for that.

“Go and get Mr. Johnson,” the doctor instructed, “He believes himself a Hound... so let’s see how good of a Hound he is and which of the pair is crazier, eh?”

Be afraid... Be very very afraid...



Image of Vixxy by Slasherwolf

