

# *Treat*

*by*

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“It’s a doggie treat,” she told me having undone the box it came in. Now, I must explain that her version of undoing a box was just a little messy. Pretty much it was torn to shreds.

“Of course it’s a doggie treat,” I told her, “You’re a doggie after all.” The thought that she’d just spoken words somehow got by me and the response was rather automatic.

She looked at me and her eyes communicated so much more than words ever could. “I can talk,” she finally told me, her lips working as no other doggie lips had worked before. “I am your equal in intellect; and you give me a doggie treat?”

I was set back a step in understanding. “It was a milky bone... you like milky bones.” Right now said milky bone lay at her feet totally ignored. Normally she would have gobbled it down and been wagging her tail.

“Let’s say it was your birthday, and I went to the fridge and took one of your cheap ass beers, wrapped it in toilet paper. Then as you opened it I yelled ‘SURPRISE!’, would you be touched at all?”

“I might be. How would you wrap the can in paper? That would have to be some trick.”

She held up her right paw backwards to my face and the middle didget and claw did appear to be sticking up above the others. "I'm working on it," she told me.

"I see."

"I don't think you do," she countered.

"You're a dog and this obviously is a bad dream."

"You're a human and like all humans obviously imune to the truth. I'll try not to hold that against you. Feelings are clearly not at the top of your list of importance. I think your wife finally gave up trying to change that in you and left."

This did not bring me cheer considering it was Christmas eve. "How is it this is happening?" I asked her.

"I have no idea," she replied, sitting up just a little bit higher, "I'm just a dog. Maybe something of the request you made of Santa Clause today."

I was shocked. "How do you know about that?"

"You told me after about your tenth beer. A grown man sitting on Santa's lap? Isn't that a bit much? I also saw the picture which you threw on the kitchen table. It wasn't like you tried to hide it from me." Here she did quite a good impersonation of me. " 'I really would like a friend who has all the lovely qualities of myself. As it is Daisey is the only one able to get along with me and that's pretty pathetic.' And Santa said, (her voice was much lower here) 'Well Joe, you have been a good boy this year though far from perfect. I might be able to do something for you. You're a little old for the toys I bring ya know.' 'Sure I know that, Santa, but I don't want a toy, I want someone to watch football with... someone who likes beer and beans and hot dogs and just hanging out.'"

"I have to admit he was a little shocked at my Christmas wish. I don't think he gets requests like that all too often."

"You probably squashed his lap," she told me and laughed. Her words were sharp and the laugh was harsh. Actually I had squashed him. The old boy had to take a fifteen minute break before seeing any other children. In case you were wondering I bribed his elf to let me into his little sugar plum shack. Apparently the old boy was having the last laugh here by giving me exactly what I'd asked for.

With a little effort Daisey stood on her back legs which lengthened and straightened as I watched. I was moved to speachlessness as I watched my dog change into something else; something I probably wished upon myself. Her tail raised up and she farted to the tune of 'Rolling Thunder On The New Dawn'. I was in awe.

"What are you looking at?" she asked and then burped. Moving to the refrigerator my former dog opened it up and looked inside. "This all you got? I think you fed me better than you do yourself and what you give me to eat is criminal. That stuff is made by Martians and we all know they eat dogs... and people."

She reached into the refrigerator and took out a beer. There was a ‘pshsstttt’ as she twisted the top off the bottle after which she swallowed all 12 ounces in one go. Smacking her lips she examined the label and then burped again. “According to the label I guess it’s a good thing I’m not pregnant.” That said she looked down her chest at a new and fairly ample bosom. She then looked back up at me. Tossing the beer bottle at me she said, “Catch boy!”

My eyes were diverted just long enough for her to grab my barbeque bib and slip it on over her front. “Funny how I was always naked but never noticed. Obviously you never noticed either.” She wiggled a finger at me. “Ain’t gonna happen. You asked for a friend and that’s what you got. I still have sharp teeth and I will bite.”

I thought about this and then shrugged my shoulders. “I think there’s a game on. What say I order a pizza and we sit and watch it?”

She smiled. “I thought you’d never ask.”

Later, at half time, I took a walk out to the porch (by myself) and looked to the night sky and the stars. In the distance I heard the sound of sleigh bells. Raising my beer bottle in salute I yelled out as loud as I could, “Thanks a lot you old f\*/k”

Ho Ho Ho

Who’s gonna know

Ho Ho Ho

Way to go Joe

Up on the roof top one two three

Ya got your wish

Now let it be!

“Joe!” I hear Daisey yell, “The second half is starting... get your ass back in here! While you’re at it bring me another beer.”