

Comma Suit'cha

by

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“OKKkkkkkk.... That’s just weird,” Artie told Marvin as they opened the picture book. The image in question depicted a couple so intertwined you couldn’t make one out from the other.

“Marty says it’s a rassl’ling book,” Marvin told his friend. “It’s got some pretty good moves in it too but I have no idea how you would get to them. I mean... arm under and over, grip the head and fall; that’s a take down.” He stabbed the book with a finger, “But where’s the point here?”

“For ‘control’ maybe?” Artie suggested, turning the book upside down and squinting his eyes a bit. “I don’t get the language it’s written in.”

“You can’t read,” his friend told him and then punched his arm.

“That hurt!”

“So don’t hog the book.”

“Marty’s an idiot,” Artie said, tossing the book to the floor where they could both see the pictures.

“He’s also a Pine Martin and Pine Martin’s don’t know ‘sugar from shyola’ when it comes to rassl’ling. Sure they’re good at climbing trees and all but us Hounds have got it all over them when it comes to body moves.”

“Yeah... I suppose... but did ya see the Bear?”

“He’s not in our weight class,” Marvin told his best bud. “Sides... all they got’s is a hefty hug. You stay out of those arms and you got a shot at bringing them down by grabbing a foot and lifting.”

“You lift if you want to,” Artie chuckled, “But I’m going to sweep his legs. That way you stay out of the ‘fall zone’. You lift a foot and he’s gonna land on ya. You’ll get squashed like a bug.”

The boys stopped talking as one particular picture caught their eye.

“Why is it ‘he’s’ always got his wiener exposed like that?” Artie asked in a whisper.

“Marty says it’s a really old book,” Marvin offered, “So maybe they didn’t make jockstraps as good back then.”

Artie started giggling. “Imagine if every time you had a match and your dick flopped out.”

“I wonder if the Ref back then would call you on that?”

“Nahhhh... that would stop the match too many times. I bet it was a guy’s only event. We all got one so there’d be no fuss about it.”

Marvin squinted his eyes again. “You notice that his opponent is always a female? Look there,” he pointed, stabbing a finger to the page, “She’s got boobies and no pecker. My pop says all females everywhere got no pecker. That’s what makes us stronger than them.”

Artie thought about this for a moment or two... maybe three. The light bulb finally went on in his young mind and he explained, “It’s a really old book, right?”

“Yeah... so?” Martin replied.

“Then maybe she’s the god of rass’lin,” the other Hound said with a note of authority. He’d thunk it out so that made him smart. “Look here,” he furthered, turning the pages, “She’s in every one of the pictures.”

“Yeahhhhhh, that sort of makes sense... but the guy is in every picture too.”

“That’s cuz he’s the Grand Master and she’s teaching him the moves.”

Artie looked at his friend in new found admiration for his level of intelligence. “So all we gotta do is figure out how to move into the positions and we win our matches then.”

“That makes perfect sense,” his friend agreed. “That and we have to pray to the rass’ling god.”

“Are you sure about that? That sounds a lot contrary to what the preacher tells us on Seventh Day.”

“What’s contrary mean?”

“It means opposite, like your mom tells you to clear the table and you go and play.”

“Nuh uh... not me. I do that and my Pop takes his belt off. You keep your contrary.”

“It was just an explanation,” Artie told him. “My Pop would do the same so there ya go. Why don’t we start by just practicing the pictures? We’ll work it backwards and figure out how to get the other guy into that position.”

“Should we take our clothes off?”

“Nahhhh... I don’t fancy having my ding-a-ling hanging out where it might get tangled up in things.”

“It ain’t that long,” Marvin laughed and socked Artie in the arm.

“Is so,” Artie told his friend, punching him in the arm too.

They then got serious and began imitating the pictures in the book, trying to unravel the mystery of the Rass’ling god’s secret moves... yeah, and maybe just a few prayers were offered up and then the mystery was solved. Not hard at all for a couple of youngsters intent upon their sport.

The Referee blew his whistle a final time and patted the mat with a paw indicating Marvin had won his match again. He and his friend were now the reining champs in their separate weight categories and it was noted that the pair of them had the strangest of wrestling styles anyone watching had ever seen.

After holding the youngster’s arm up in the air indicating the win, the Ref came over to their coach and asked, “Did you teach them that?”

“No, sir,” the Great Dane admitted softly as there was no point in announcing this to the whole entire world. “They came up with it all on their own. I’ve never seen anything quite like it.”

“I don’t know,” the Raccoon told the coach, “But I might be tempted to try a few of those moves on the wife tonight.”

“Yeah,” the big Dog admitted, “There is that interesting kink to this new style, but I haven’t said anything to the boys just yet. I mean... at their age I’m sure the subject of ‘girls’ still hasn’t been broached by their parents.”

“I say, leave ’em to it,” the Ref replied with a laugh. “They keep up what they’re doing, and they’re going to have the girls chasing them in any case. That’s when the subject will get broached like a new keg of hard cider.”

“God help ’em when that time comes,” the Coach agreed when he could finally talk through his tears of mirth.

From somewhere up in the clouds, the Rass’ling god looked down and just smiled. She had no intentions of letting these two pups down when the time came for her ‘special’ kind of rass’ling.