

The State of Things

by

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The Judge climbed to his elevated bench, sat and adjusted his robes, and then banged his gavel once. His curly white wig slid down over his eyes and he paused a moment to properly right it.

“I shall now state the obvious,” the Bulldog intoned. “We are here today to pass judgment on one,” he picked up a paper and read, “Stodgy Dodgy Doggie.” He paused again, his lips trying their best not to smile, and squinted at the paper. “Charges have been pressed by Miss...”

“That’s Missus!” decried the (ahem...) finely dressed lady sitting to the right of the defendant’s box.

“Yes,” gruffed the Judge, not used to being interrupted, “Of course it is. As is also the obvious; there is good reason for this state of affairs is there not?”

The courtroom broke out in mirth at this statement and the Judge banged his gavel. “Order please. This is ‘civil’ court, and I will see that it remains so. As I was saying, charges have been pressed by Missus,” he paused just slightly and gazed upon the plaintiff, “Doggie?”

“That is correct Your Honor,” she replied standing and then sitting again. “He married me to have ‘is way and then said ‘e didn’t.”

“We nev’a got proper hitched and she got me drunk to take advantage,” Stodgy complained loudly from the defendant’s dock, “So’s I protest her use of my good name.”

The Judge again banged his gavel. “You will speak only when spoken to Mister Doggie; you are the defendant.”

“Yes Your Worshipful.”

“That is not a proper statement,” the Judge growled, taking it as a possible insult to the bench. “You will address me as ‘Your Honor’.”

“Right then, Your Honor, no bad intentions... ‘cept for the bitch here.”

The Judge loudly banged his gavel. “That will do Mr. Doggie! We do not allow such language in our courtroom.”

“Beg’n your pardon Yor Honor, but the missus... that is to say, supposed missus, is a female. If’n she was a male then this case would never ‘ave ‘ap’nned. We’d a just gone fistacuffs and had a beer afterwards.”

“I’ll give ya fistacuffs,” Missus Doggie decried, rising and striking Mr. Doggie behind the head with her purse which was small but attached to a good length of rope used as a shoulder strap. The rock she kept in it was enough to knock a normal Dog senseless but Stogy’s thick skull prevented such an incident and he deftly caught his Bowler which was knocked asunder.

The Judge banged his gavel again more to cover his bemusement at such payback.

“Let that be a lesson to you Mr. Doggie... words hurt.”

“Not as much as that purse,” he grumbled, rubbing the back of his head before placing his Bowler back in place. “You should have the Bailiff take it away cuz it’s leathal.”

“Missus...”

“Doggie,” the demure female offered in her sweetest voice.

“Missus Doggie... and I believe that is yet to be determined,” he replied with a nod, “Please do not accost the defendant. If you do so again I will throw the case out and he shall win, State d’Marrigus Dismisticus.”

“What’s that mean?” Mr. Doggie asked.

“It means you will be off the hook, so to speak,” the Judge told him.

From the side of his mouth, Stogie hissed at the missus, “Go on bitch... I dare ya to hit me again.”

The Judge cleared his throat. “Mister Doggie, I can hear you.”

“Could I get ya to maybe put your fingers in your ears for a moment, Yer Honor” he asked, “Cuz then I could save the court a lot of time.”

Reaching through the wooden bars of the witness dock, Mrs. Doggie pinched Mr. Doggie on the leg hard enough to raise a considerable welt. This caused the Bulldog to dance about, his language coloring the air about him a dark verbal blue. He was just leaning over the bar, his hand raised up in preparation to a very strong love tap when the Judge banged his gavel several times trying to bring them to a halt and to quell the laughter within his courtroom.

“WE WILL NOT LIVE IN THE STATE OF PANDEMONIUM!” he yelled at the pair.

They both turned to him and in near the same voice said, “I thought we lived in England?”

Sitting back in his seat he sighed. He was a wise Bulldog but this pair was severely taxing his patience.

“It is obvious to me that you are a match made in heaven,” he announced. Under his breath he muttered, “Should God be absent and the Devil taken over.”

The pair watched him, surprised he was making a judgment so quickly.

“In this brief encounter with the pair of you it is clear to me you were made for one another. I also believe I have a solution to your marital woes.”

That night, sans his official wig, Judge Bulldog sat ringside in a seat of honor when the new wrestling tag team of Mister and Missus Doggie climbed into the ring where their outlandish outfits and antics belied the fact of their obvious physical prowess in the art of subduing opponents. They went undefeated for the entire evening.

After the match the venerable and wise old Dog was unceremoniously dragged into the ring and hugged between the pair to the applause of the entire arena.

In due course, when the puppies came, he became known about the kingdom as Judge Gramps.