

My Wife and her Dane



My wife, she has a Dane, with floppy ears and tail. She thinks he is the finest thing that ever jogged a rail. She calls him Baby Darling, and if the truth I tell, that fancy, pampered Dane has made my life pure hell. My wife, she used to cook for me and serve it with champagne, now she'd rather feed that Dane and keep him from the rain. She walks him every morning, and grooms him half the night, the last time she hugged me, it was just to be polite. He dresses better than I do, with matching leash and ties, my wardrobes so neglected now that I attract the flies. One day my wife was shopping, down at the nearby mall, and fancy pampered Baby was standing nice and tall. He looked so smug and sassy, that I couldn't help but grin, I'd scare that tall sucker, and watch him jump and spin. I've wondered since if cues I gave, he might've misconstrued, for when I banged the pan, he rightly came unglued. He turned and spun, and snorted fire, and knocked me to the ground, I saw big stars, and my teeth are scattered all around. My wife came home and saw me, just lying in the dirt; she rushed up to Baby Darling and asked him, "Sweetheart are you hurt?" He'd scratched his nose a little bit-the memory galls me yet, she left me lying in the mud, and ran to call the vet!