

Offending Gesture

Mac Wellman

: We have ways to make you speak, absurd doggy.

[A mooncat counts once more; once more comes up with two.]

: My people have no flirtation with a rule of law that is law and is subject to rebukes and bakeries of another calendar.

: Shall we resort to the lash?

: I am a proud dog of Finland, and my temper is clean of all your rebukes. Nine....

: You speak our language, dog?

: No, I was counting to the number “nine” to engage my mettle and resist but not entirely the logic of my inner rage.

: Your rage is nothing to ours.

: My leash is not a time lease. It swivels forcefully.

[She swivels in her tub-chair.] [Now we see another– the third?]

: You must admit the nature of your curious foolhardy.

: I resist no foolhardy, but only the foolish licence to to to admit what cannot be admitted under the tower of nonsense.

: You learned how to make this motion, no?

[Demonstrates the offending gesture.]

: I make such motions as occur naturally to my most majestic doggy nature.

: Admit the crime.