

Shit Exchange

The other day I was walking down 24th street and a woman comes up to me with a perplexed look on her face. "What do I do with his shit?" she asks me, referring to her dog, who happens to be invisible. "Let me see it," I tell her. "I assure you it's real," the woman says indignantly. "I do not walk up and down this street every day at precisely 6:30 AM and PM, with a noon bonus walk on weekends and major holidays, oh and sometimes, hmm, did I say Wednesdays? Just pretending to have a dog." Needless to say I was put off by these remarks, even disturbed, and I showed her. "Duh," I said, "I was asking about the shit. Let me see the shit. That is, if you want me to help you."

The woman seemed to come out of a trance and assess me as if I just appeared before her that instant. "Do I know you?" she asked. "Does she know me," I said with disgust, addressing my chrome parrot Peter Pan on my shoulder. "Does she know you," he repeated. "Does she know you. Does she know you." He said it incessantly, but using that special tone only dogs and I hear. I shook my head at him, angry about his prank. I reached up to throttle him, as per our custom whenever he betrays me or interrupts me while I'm eating chicken. This time the bird had gone too damn far, jeopardizing my chances of getting a date. Then the woman's dog starts to bark: tiny almost hiccups that don't really end sharply, but deflate. "Ee-err Ee-err," the dog says to Peter Pan. "Does she know you," Peter Pan says, again in the special tone. "Let me see the shit," I interject into the ensuing dog-parrot debate. When the woman hands it over, it's incredibly real. I hand it to a homeless person and walk away.