

The artist looked at vodka drinking dog with a smile "Okay, I will give you portraits of you, your relatives, and a picture of you in your lawyers suit with dead cats all around you, in oil on linen, framed, is that enough?" "Yes", said the dog, putting more ice cubes from underneath his fur into his drink. "My first thing is not the secret to her heart, but just a piece of dog advice,....Let anyone be as free as they can, and NEVER kiss their ass with sweetsweet bullshit, okay?" ... "So, whats the secret to her heart?"The dog leaned back in the seat, and let the wind blow his fur. "She secretly loves dog biscuits," he said, "My sister Lena said that she could hear that woman late at night, in her room, crunching dog biscuits, and Lenas were always coming up short, so if you wish her heart, buy the woman dog biscuits and shes yours." ... "Now," the dog said, "Lets get off this rediculous topic, and lets take this car someplace interesting. I hear that they serve dogs half price drinks in Syracuse, New York, and theyve never seen a dog lawyer there...and,...you are so weird looking that in Syracuse maybe Ill put a leash on you, and theyll just think Im a Black lawyer out with a client." ...and so they became Knights of the Road. THE END.....jfd