

What's Behind Rags?



Thump. Thump. Thump *thump*. "Ow, that hurt!" thought Rags the dog. He was gettin' mighty tired of Big Ed kickin' him in the back while he was havin' his dang picture took. It was nerves, pure an' simple, thought Rags. Here he was runnin' for statewide office when he oughta be packin' his bags for Leavenworth. *Thump!* "Ow, goldang it!," growled Rags. "Mommy mommy, Rags is gonna bite me!" shrieked little Lemondrop, the pudgier of Ed's two daughters. "Oh no he ain't!" snarled Big Ed, and he savagely clipped the dog's ear with his shoe. "Now Ed, don't. You'll just provoke him" said Mother Burlson, anxiously kneading her hands as if they were a couple of bread sticks. "C'mon people, just hold still for one more picture," implored Dan the photographer. "You know, Ed, ol' Rags don't have t'be in the picture if ya don't want." *Thump!* "Oh, I think he does. Otherwise, you'd see ..." "Oh, all right," interrupted Dan. "I get the picture. Now say cheese ever'body!" Of course, nobody did, but Dan took the picture anyway. It was a pretty good picture, even though Big Ed was scowling and Lemondrop and Muffin were staring off into space and Mother Burlson looked like the Queen of Gastroenteritis. But at least it didn't show the results of Ed's unsuccessful experiments on his daughters' feet, the bizarre surgeries that turned them into ... oh, the horror, the horror!