

BOTHERED

Molly Giles

I'm sorry you are choosing to act like this today, Kevin. I really am. I had hoped we could have a nice lunch. That's why I brought you here today — so we could talk, man to man. Don't do that with your straw, please. And lift your head. I know you're upset about the dog, and that's too bad. We're all upset. But we don't snifle and sulk and slouch about it, do we? No. We deal with it. Your mother and I have made a decision about how to deal with the dog and now you have to make a decision too. Our decision is that we are going to get rid of her this afternoon. And your decision is: you have to accept that. Can you accept that, Kevin? Sit up. The simple reality is that this dog of yours has ruined the house. She has peed all over the carpet and I don't care how quote unquote good you have been about cleaning it up, the fact remains that her pee has saturated the pad underneath, you can smell it, everyone can smell it, it stinks. Yes, sure, we can put a gate at the bottom of the stairs, and yes sure we can put a gate at the top of the stairs, but what good will that do? She scratches. You've heard her. She scratches. Don't do that with your napkin, Kevin. Oh god. Now what: tears? Look guy this is not my favorite subject either, okay? I don't like having to take your dog to the pound. That's not my idea of a fun afternoon. But you got to face it, this thing just ain't working. Do you understand? You do? You do understand but you're bothered? Look at me. I said, Look at me. What bothers you about it, Kevin? ■