

TOP DOG DAYS

By Nancy Martz October 2012

Bumley Ritche was lucky in birth. His father recovered from The Age of Dark Truth rising sufficiently to feed, clothe, shelter, educate, and pamper his family with commodious luxuries. Raised in The Era of Good Times known only to a select few, auspicious little Bum was oblivious to the aesthetic of inferior cookies, as it were. Bum grew up chiseled and strapping with better cookies, better accoutrements, better academies and better clubs with other Luckies so that he was inexperienced at being held down by betters and given a crappy haircut, for example.

Oh, what a joyous era of socializing at the top with sons and daughters of the Barons of the Better car, cookie, clothing, commodes, canneries, and copper commodities corporations! Satiated with the undeviating fruits, frivolities and funds of inherited material, deferred, fixed, and liquid assets, along with the Good Name of his daddy, Bum embarked on a mission to save down and dirty souls in the hell-hole of deepest and darkest France for just over two years. How many souls he saved is untested, but he insists it is at least 14 percent.

Now it came to pass that Bum profited so dearly in his dealings that firing people and disregarding the poor seemed banal, and he sought to better his equals at the top. "What's the good of being among the one percent if I can't lord it over them?" he mused. At once the answer came: "I shall find a way to better the best," he chortled. "I shall offer myself up as The Top Dog," he barked, as his Irish Setter slunk out of the room.

And so, it began. Bum discovered that he could be everything to everyone if he campaigned with an erasure. That way, he could easily posture the dogmas of each audience. He took along Metoo, Thumzup, and Aye-I to assist in plying the population with prevaricated populism, but he gaffed, calling Thumzup "The Next Top Dog" when that, of course, would be his own collar.

Now, Metoo and Aye-I gathered gobs of opulence from the giddy, grabby and grossly well-funded to finance Bumley Ritche's pitches, impressing the miasmatic, the craven and the ignoble, tautologically called The Base. However, his dog ate his homework, and in attempt to ad lib to The Great Undecided, he pitched, "I'm not familiar precisely with what you think but am for it, whatever it is," adding in the spirit of camaraderie, "I just love how you're all the right height!"

"Boo Boo!" shouted The Liberal Press, noting the Great Undecided varied in height, whereupon Mrs. Bum made a bid to call a press conference to call out the press. However, Bum said she shouldn't get too familiar with that bunch or they'd get tired of her.

Finally came time for The Fait Accompli: collaring The Top Dog. After all the biting doggerels, The Top Dog collar was fetched by a black and white Portuguese Water Dog. Bum's own Irish Setter was decreed Top Jet-Setter for upstanding rough riding during the campaign. Bum was bummed but recovered during a long fishing for sand dollars caper in the Cayman Islands.