

# *Reality vs Imagination*

## *The Knock Down Drag Out Fight of the Century*

by

Vixyy Fox

***‘The novel relationship prohibits the applied universe.’***

The words floated in the air above my head; twisting and fluctuating as if they were those long stretchy balloons clowns made animals out of. That is, of course, if your animals all looked like overdone macaroni waiting for the cheese sauce.

“I hate it!”

Bella looked at me, her coffee cup poised in midair. “What do you hate?”

Slipping off my headset, I looked at her and smiled. “Certainly not you my love.”

She smiled back, lapped a moment at her coffee and said, “That’s good.”

On the television, a deep throated announcer was telling of some a car dealership and all else was status quo for a normal quiet Sunday morning. “I’m having just a little bit of writer’s block,” I muttered, adjusting my glasses.

“Um hum.”

Two more car ads and a furniture commercial later the words were still floating there. From the looks of things they might be there all day. I had my headset back on and the music up loud to combat the droning news Bella was watching. She wasn’t actually watching them, but was reading the newspaper. Every now and again I saw her ears twitch and aim towards the ‘blab box’ if she was interested in what they were on about. This time it was something about iguanas being targeted by someone with crossbow. Apparently the person in question was not a very good hunter. I understand they taste like chicken.

Turning up the music to its loudest point, I suffocated the urge to sigh or otherwise give any indication that I was, well, as they said in the days of sailing ships, ‘in chains’.

“To get the ship of writing moving again I would have to fall off of the wind,” said a rough sounding voice. The voice then made a clearing sound and I mentally glanced to my right where I found Captain Tabor Rabbit smiling at me. He winked and I saw a flash of his world before he vanished... and the news droned on about shootings and protests; ignoring the fact that there is an entire world out there living in peace.

In my peripheral vision I see Bella pick up her coffee cup and lap at its contents. Silly thing that she is, she never quite mastered the ability of sipping a beverage. This made me smile all the more even as my fingers are poised, unmoving, over my keyboard.

“Why are you smiling?”

“You make me smile.”

“Really?”

“Of course really.”

The big wet looking balloon words were presently floating down right in front of my laptop screen. Pushing them aside, I felt their wet sticky surface and made a disgusted look.

“And now you look very disapproving,” she says to me. “Is that because of me?”

“No... not at all. I have...” I think about this for a second before answering, “I have the most annoying thing happening to me at the moment and it has nothing to do with your presence.”

**“The novel relationship  
prohibits the applied  
universe.”**

“Do you think perhaps it might?”

She’d put down her newspaper to look directly at me from her place on the couch to my left. Both of us had our feet up and the backs of the individual spots reclined just enough to be superbly comfortable. Her fur, a light brownish red shimmered slightly in the light of the family room fan/lamp.

“Not possible,” I replied. “You are the reason I am happy and your presence could not possibly effect my writing.”

One of her ears went back while the other stayed upright, indicating she was not buying my explanation.

“Pssttttt...”

Turning to the noise of someone trying to gain my attention, I found a long eared Fox dressed in Victorian garb and a large Hare similarly dressed in a cook’s attire and apron. The Hare was holding what could only be described as a carrot pie, and it smelled absolutely delightful. The Fox winked at me and made a motion with her head that I should follow... and then they disappeared.

On the TV there was now a history show... something about the rescue of a ship’s cook who stayed alive for three days in a capsized ship at a hundred feet.

“Piffle,” Bella told me and raised her newspaper again.

“Piffle,” I repeated, though I had no idea what exactly it meant.

“What is an ‘applied universe’?” she asked me.

“Why do you ask?” was my counter question. Her query was too close to home and perhaps the alarm in my voice tipped her off.

“It’s in the Sunday Word Puzzle,” she told me with a sly smile; but both of her ears were back. Her ears were one of the reasons I loved playing cards with her.

“Piffle,” I replied.

“No... really, it is,” and she turned the paper around to show me.

Sure enough, it was there: ***THE NOVEL RELATIONSHIP PROHIBITS THE APPLIED UNIVERSE.***

This was becoming a little too strange. “Would you like a refill on your coffee?”

She picked up her cup and looked into it, checking to be sure it was empty. “Sure.”

Moving my brick of a lap top to the end table, I removed my headphones and the music I was listening to (for inspiration). Getting myself into a standing position, I retrieved both of our cups and started towards the kitchen. Of course I stopped before entering the kitchen proper because there was a Fox dressed in a WWII RAF fighter pilot’s garb sipping from a tin mug.

“Please don’t tell me you’re afraid,” she told me softly.

“No,” I replied, “I’m not afraid.”

“Afraid of what?” Bella asked from behind me.

The fighter pilot disappeared before my eyes, and I was left wondering what I should do.

“Nothing,” I replied to Bella’s question. “I just seem to be having a bit of a problem concentrating on what it is I should be concentrating upon.”

“And that is?”

“Writing, of course.”

Turning to look at her, the obnoxious words bumped into my head like the errant balloon animal they were.

“Would you please just pop that darned thing?” asked a voice that was very much different than Bella’s. “I almost regret getting it for you last night. You weren’t supposed to actually bring it home with you.”

“But you paid the clown guy extra to blow it up with helium.”

“Pop the damned thing!”

And so I did, using a kitchen knife that was laying on the kitchen table. (how convenient) In the space behind sat my wife in her house coat, holding the newspaper. She was frowning.

“What?”

“You’re doing it again.”

“What am I doing?”

“Aside from ignoring me, you’re living in your own little universe again.”

“Reality is not as much fun,” I mumbled.

“I heard that.”

“I wasn’t referring to you my love.”

“Of course you weren’t. You were going for coffee?”

“Coffee and an edit... of course.”

And thus began my Easter morning. The words mockingly changed, staring back at me from the kitchen floor.

***WHICH UNIVERSE SHALL WE LIVE IN TODAY?***

