

Chapter 4 – Gator Mating and Wooden Peckers

Bird:

Wilber,

I won't tells dem you's related to dat fellow Mayor Marryin (Da Crack) Berry outs dare in Washingdum, DC. It's a secret. SHhhhhh! Careful dat cherifs mean!!!

Wilber:

My pappy Marryin' tole me ah was a ill literate bastad and I better start readin the bible to get me some larnin'. He tole me to start in Proverbs. I tole him I didn't know the bible had a grammer section, but I'd start larnin my proverbs and adjtyives right away.

Bird:

Wilber,

Shhhhhhh. Reals quite. Who da hell is Billy? Mayor Podman says he gone get Billy. Real bad sumbitch eye here!!! Who dat? Tell me! Said gonna send picture morrow to cheriff! Somefin bout da barn! What barn? Da barn burnded down!

Wilber:

Ah heard Billy was some gator-rassler from Floridy, come up here to do some of that bounty huntin. Ah heard he don' wear nothin' but some jock shorts and a pelican beak on his haid, an' all he eats is road-kill. Ah heard it from Ernest T, don't know how much ah can trust what that varmint says.

Bird:

I dunt seen a pictyur of da scoundral. Mean lookin! Reals mean, buggi eyes, real ugly dude. He don't rassle gators, he mates them!

Wilber:

So ya thank he's one of them there eaties? Them's the only ones ah know like to do it with gators. Ah tried it oncet, but ah dint like it. Them dam scales hurt somethin awful. That Billy must have a knob made'a oak.

Bird:

Don't rightly know miself. Ms. Molly, da preachers wife says it's a litle dinky un not much biggern a weenie beenie. She'd know for sure know what I mean? But he's a mean un for shore. When you's sees da pictyur you'l know whats I mean. Dis Billy 1 sumbitch and wears a dumb hat to. Damn I miss Ms. Molly and her sister!!! Billy who is dis Billy?

Wilber:

Ah don't know either, but The Preacher does all that bird watchin all the time and if he says he's a got a wood pecker, he should know.

Ah hear Billy has some a them wadda ya callem, pedigreed gators. They got papers and everthang. He got one, ain't no bigger than a chipmunk, mews like a kitten all the time an messes all over his kitchen. Mebbe that's what he's talkin bout when he says matin gators.

You thank that Billy is after you n me? I ain't never done nothin to him, but maybe the Mayor don't like that ah burned his agreecultl renewal. You thank ah oughta get down in the swamp and hide a while?

Bird:

I'm leavin toun for suur. Da mayor out to get us and dis "Billy" widt the littel bitte peckur goin hunt us down for suur. I'm hidin in da barn dont a tell no one. Shhhh! In da barn dat burned down. Shhhh! Dat damn Billy is a cummin! Who dat? Who dair? Damn I'm a gonner for suur! Help dat Billy acomin in da barn. (in da barn dat burned down)

Wilber:

Dam, Bird, I believe you been inhalin' the fumes from the Mayor's barn too much. That weed killer's strong stuff. Watch y'self.

Bird:

I dun seen "Billy" at da barn. Him a mean man and ugly! I got his pictyur!

Announcer:

We interrupt this broadcast of "The Podman Chronicles" for an important message.

We now know that Bigmouth somehow escaped his ugly fate and is in fact working for Cisco. I just saw this in some Cisco policy statements:

"It is Cisco's policy to treat all employees and applicants for employment without regard to sex, race, color, national origin, ancestry, citizenship, religion, age, physical or mental disability, medical condition, sexual orientation, veteran or marital status."

We now return you to "The Podman Chronicles", already in progress...

Bird:

Who dat mean gator matin ugly sumbitch da called "Billy". Anyone got pictyur dis hombre heathen nogooder with de itty bitty weenie beenie who been a bangin Molley the preacher's wife?

Podman:

I think this is him.



Bird:

Dat him! I saw dim in da barn. (da barned dat burned down) Ugly mean man!!! Dat "Billy"!!! itty bitty weenie bennie. Dat him alls righten!!

The Kid:

Dat be me...

The Kid:

Iza be comin fer all ya sumbitches soon nuf, but furst, Iza got me sum ass whoopin to tend to down dere in Tampa F.L.A. next sundee

Bird:

I dunt told ya alls he be a mean un! Da mayor dunt payd him to fix us. oh lordy, lordy.

Rummy:

11/14/06 Field report.....agent Rummy

All agents! I've got a tail on The Kid, he is armed and dangerous, and we've picked up some chatter about a possible aggression on Sunday in Tampa..... I've got him fooled that I am an ally, and will be right by his side if he attempts any shenanigans.. He keeps mumbling about Hogs in a firestorm.....
agent felther rummy out.....

Police Chief Mancini:

Police Chief Mancini:

To: All local law enforcement authorities
From: Police Chief Mancini
Subject: The Kid

Find attached the latest information on "The Kid".

WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE
"The Kid"



Known Aliases:

Ski
Billy the Kid Jr. Jr.
Bad Brad
Da Hawg
The Notorious P.I.G.

Wanted for:

Impersonating a football fan
Taking his diapers off in public
Curse and Abuse without Due Cause or Provocation (cussed out old lady Simons for getting mad when his dog took a dump in her yard).
Gator Abuse
Gator Rustling
Failure to observe 60 ft Manatee safety zone
Attempted shooting of a Dallas fan
Stealing Pink flamingoes

Distinguishing Marks and Characteristics:

Wooden Pecker (according to Miss Molly)
One ugly son-of-a-gun, as seen in the photo

Reward

Sumbitch ain't worth a damn

Personal Details

The great grand-son of the famed outlaw Billy The Kid. Received soccer scholarship at U.V.A., but dropped out when it was discovered he couldn't spell "Kid". Believed to be

related to the notorious gansta Jr Snot Rocket. Would have shot 21 men, one for each year of his life, except he lost count after shooting himself in the butt while attempting to shoot Dallas fan. Fled Virginia in disgrace the year the Redskins finished last. Fled to Florida, where he took up illegal gator mating. After a long reign of terror, was arrested by ASPCA lawman Pat Parrot. Now wanted for jumping bail and believed to be in the vicinity of Troy, Va. Suspect is armed and extremely dangerous to himself.

The Kid:

Purty funny, now imma realy gonna git all ur asses, spechully dem lil bucs, good as dead, Sunday high noon...

The Kid:

Hey, if Police Chief Mancini can talk about my wooden pecker, I can talk about my wooden pecker!

The Kid

Bird:

Who dat? Dat Billy? Him a baaaaadddd man!

Wilber:

That's okay, Billy, it aint't nothin to be shamed of. Matin gators can be purty dangerous work. Hell, I know plenty of other fellas with those watchmacallit proshesus, uh, prosfeces, uh, you know, a wooden pecker.

--Wilbur

The Kid:

Hell yeah, Ima mighty proud of the big wooden knob, and I reckon theres more than a few redskinettes dat still have dem wide smiles on der faces too...

Bird:

Ms. Molley be tellin a diferant storee for sure. Sumfin bout itty bitty weenie beenie no whats I mean? She be knowin for shore.

The Kid:

Ms Molley is gittin inta them halooconogins again...

Bird:

Yep, dats why she be acallin him "Billy Boy".

Reverend Martini:

Letter to the Editor
Troy Sentinel

Gentlemen,

I am sick and tired of these disgusting tales of woodpeckers, bestiality, and shenanigans with extra-terrestrials. There is no place in this fine family oriented chat room for such behavior. I tell you, God is watching, and he is not pleased with how some people are behaving.

Furthermore, my wife Molly is horrified at how her reputation has been besmirched. My wife is the finest of the fine, a shining example of decency and propriety.

May God strike down those who tell lies and belittle the good names of fine, decent folk in our community.

Sincerely,

Reverend Silas M. Martini, Pastor, Troy Holy Church of The True Path of Least Resistance

Woody Bobward:

Troy Sentinel
Obituaries

Reverend Silas M. Martini, pastor, Troy Church of the True Path of Least Resistance. Our beloved Pastor Martini passed away today in a freak lawn mowing accident. He is survived by his loving wife Molly.

Miss Molly spoke at the viewing. She told the congregation of the need to follow up on Pastor Martini's good works. She said that the poor in our community have particular

needs that must be met, and that she intends to see to it that every single deserving person gets what he or she needs.

"Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed. "
Benjamin Franklin

Rummy:

Rummy Felther reporting.....somewhere in southern Florida.....

have broken code transmissions from "the Kid" to "Wilber" and suspect key word "woodpecker" to mean delivery of some sort to a Mrs. Martini in Troy. As it seems all this macho talk is really a disguise for some delivery and we are thinking moonshine building material will be shipped shortly. Be alert! Rums

Wilber:

Bird, you there? That damn g-man Rummy done broke our code. Ah don't thank its safe here in the swamp no more. Ah'm gonna make a run fer it, afore Billy gits here. Ah gotta friend in Floridy can put me up fer a while. You take care, and stay away from that Miss Molly, you hear?

--Wilbur

Podman:

I wouldn't worry about Rummy Felther. He may have broken the code but he can't seem get the Mayor's email correct.
Mayor Podman of Troy

Podman:

Press release from the office of His Honor Mayor Podman, Mayor of Troy.

November 16, 2006.

I was shocked and disheartened to hear about the passing of Reverend Silas M. Martini, pastor of the Troy Holy Church of the True Path of Least Resistance.

Reverend Martini spent his entire life trying to make things better for everyone by doing the least he could possibly do.

It is a tragedy and he will be missed.

Mayor Podman of the Great City of Troy.

Little Milton:

I shall miss him also. He gave us all such pleasure, laughter, and guidance. As his personal masseuse, medical advisor, and, well let us just say personal confidante, I loved doing little things for him, and making him happy. One could say that I satisfied his every need, and he satisfied mine.

Little Milton Bostock, former altar boy

P.S., special this month on Hot Stone Massages at Little Milton's Massage Parlor and Tattoo Shop. "Come on down for some hot rocks!"

Rummy:

And you think I did that by "accident", Mr. Mayor. What exactly is it that you have to hide?...and just remember, I'm watching your **s too! Mr. shifty e-mail accounts!!!

Podman:

The Mayor is quite sure you did it by accident <ahem>. This is assured by the fact that you are referred to as "Rummy". I think this says it all:



Signed,
Mayor Podman, Mayor of the Great City of Troy

Bird:

Sssshhhhhh. I be hidin in da barn! (Da barned dat burned down)

Ms. Molly not here. She watching woody peckers in da swamp with da mayor eye thenk!
Oooooops who dat? Dat you mayor?

Police Chief Mancini:

Accident Report

Deceased: Reverend Silas M. Mancini

The deceased was mowing his lawn on his tractor this afternoon when he ran over a mud dauber nest. The bees accosted him, causing him to lose control of his tractor. Thereupon said tractor took a right turn and brought him straight into the deep end of Miss Beasley's swimming pool. The deceased swam out of the pool, and being blinded by bee stings, stumbled through the sliding glass doors of Miss Beasley's double wide, and into the living room. The deceased tripped over Miss Beasley's loaded shotgun and was wounded in the buttocks area. The deceased, now probably half out of his mind in pain, exited the premises and approached the highway. A tractor trailer (full of contraband moonshine) hit the deceased and launched him into Mr. Hogwaller's corn field. Just before he hit the ground, the deceased was hit by a bolt of lightning. Country coroner said that the cause of death was under investigation, but we may never know the whole truth.

Signed, Police Chief Mancini

Bird:

Dat mean man "Billy" dun dit. He dun kilt the preacher man for shore.

Poor Ms. Molley. Lordy, lordy. He workin for da mayor and dat revenewer fella. Wilber where you be a hidin'?

Wilber:

Breaker one, Bird, this here's Wilber. Ah's on the road to Floridy. Sum big bad ass dood's on mah tail on a big chopped Harley. He got a purple mohawk, tats all over, a sawed-off 30 aught 6 in his saddlebag, and he smokin a seegar. Ah thank its Billy. Bird, whut am ah gone do? Come back, Bird...

Bird:

Take two aspirin and calls me in do mornin fool. Runs for it if ya can.

Ain't Billy, dats Ms. Molley's brother Rufus! purple mohawk? dats him for shore! Careful don't tell no one i'm in da barn. (do barned dat burned down)
You watch out Wilber!

Wilber:

Shitfire, you mean it aint Billy? Hang on, ah gotta change mah underpants.
Ten-four, good buddy.

Bird:

Damn Wilber! You gots more problems then dat. You don't wear no under drawers member? Dats what Ms. Molley sayd. Dat Mayor a mean man to.

Rummy:

Agent Felther reporting..... Mr. Mayor Podman is using, once again I might add, diversionary tactics to cover up the moonshining going on in Troy. He better think again before he tabs Rummy a dummy! I haven't touched the bottle in well over a week now! It's obvious that the township of Troy is under the influence of "something". We WILL get to the bottom of this!

Rums

Wilber:

Breaker, breaker, Bird, this here's Wilber. Had me a prolem with the CB, but its fixed now. I handled that Rufus. All he wanted was a little 'shine afore ah left town. Ah tole him to come see you at that barned what burned down.

We got us a big mess, Bird. Rufus tole me there's some son-of-a-bitch rattin' on us to that revenewer feller. Ah don't know who it is, Bird, but if ah find out ah'm gonna personally git you to kick his ass.

Ten four, good buddy, ah'll send you a postcard when ah gets to Floridy

Bird:

Dat Mayor he be a mean man! Him and dat agent Felther got "Billy" to kiss Ms. Molley on da lips dats why'd they be mad at da preacher and kilt him dead. What barn dat burned down Wilber? Tell Rufus howdy.

Wilber:

You's breakin up, Bird. ---scrittccchh--. Say again. ---scratttccchhh---. Dam, ah'm gettin outta range. You stay away from Miss Molley, you hear? Less you wanna catch you some of that ----hisssssssss---. ...