

Chapter 7 – The Great Fertilizer Feud

Bird:

Wilber,

Everboddi knode i'm not the britest lite on da tree.

Butin you dunt sum realeee dum dings your self and shuunt be tatling on me sayin i'm stupid and thangs.

Member whenin we wur litle fella's no bigger than a wart hog?

Member Rufus's papa had them thar rabbit cages in da back yard?

Member you was a sitin under them cages once day and dint share what ya was eatin? Maid me real maddin! Member?

Member I said "Damn Wilber it smells real bad und thar"

Member I said "Wilber what ya's doin unda dat dare rabbit cage"?

Youin said "Mine ya busness Bird" "I'm eatin raisens"

And I sayd "Raisens"????? Whar ya get dem raisens Wilber?

Youin said "Frum da floor undur the rabbit cage stupid"

Eyes left ya's dare causin I din't have da hart to tells ya bout dem raisens. So I ain't da onliest once dat is dumb Wilber!!

I don't like no raisens to dis day cause of dat.

So thar I dun't sayd it!

Wilber:

Ah's sorry to say you stupid, Bird. But mah uncle Alistair says ain't no shame in bein stupid. A man should be proud a whut he is. So ah 'pologize fer puttin' on airs an tryin' to be someone ah aint, and everthang.

So, ah still don' understand, Bird. Whut's wrong with them raisens? They go rotten, or somethin?

Bird:

Wilber, I dunt gives up! Dem ain't raisens ya dummy! I trite to tells ya dat. Raisens don't cum from rabits!



Wilber:

Oh, ah git it. They's rabbit eggs. Stupid me. Yuk! Ya got me, Bird.

Podman:

Hmm. Mrs. Podman jes gave me sum of doze t'other day and tole me day wuz blue barrys. I wuz shur day was sticky and I askd her "you shur dese are blu barrys?" She smiled and said "yes dear".

Wilber:

From that pichur Bird showed, ah thank whut it actually is is them dam fish eggs ah saw them folks down in Floridy eat. Cavity Arse ah thank they called it. But the ones ah saw dint have no blu barrys in them. They musta been the black barry kind.

Bird:

Dats right Wilber and da Major! You ins go right ahedin eat dem cadaver ares! Ha, Ha, Now whos da dummy?

Bird:

Damn Rabbits! eyes hate dem! She dun't that cause of you countin goats wit da Ms. Karris till da morning cum. Dats funnee Major!! Yuo da funneeman! (Dat Major he da mean man) Blud barry's dats funneee!!!

Bernie Carlstein:

Violence Breaks Out in Central Virginia Hills

Bernie Carlstein, Troy Sentinel

11/21/06 – Violence broke out in the hills west of Troy yesterday as an old feud rekindled between the Munnis and the Shites. The Munnis, members of a splinter sect of the Reverend Sun Yung Moon's Unification Church, have been in the hills for several decades. The Shites, an old hill family known primarily for their thriving fertilizer farms, objected strenuously back in 1981 when the Munnis moved in. The Shites said they had enough competition from another hill family, the Turds, and that there wasn't room for the Munnis. The feud had been smoldering somewhat peacefully for several years until yesterday. We have reports that 3 people have been injured. In addition, 11 hogs have been killed, and they were reportedly beheaded. The Mayor's office has not confirmed rumors that federal troops have been called in to help keep the peace and to restore democracy to the area.

Bird:

Dat mayor ain't gonna do nuttin! He done kilt da preacher! Dat Moon is way up in da sky! What he gonna do? Shoot at it wit a gunn? Who da dummi now? Dem poor hogs tho. We be eatin good tonight!

Podman:

Da mayor wood like to report dat eym havin' one helluva ham dinner tonite! I called the Feds but dare stupider dan any one eyv ever met! You rite Birdman, day started shootin' at the freakin moon. Holy smokes are day dum. We gettin' dem dam moon lovers outta here doh. Specially cuz dare leaders first name is Sun. Jes how supid is dat?

Bernie Carlstein:

Mr. Mayor, what response do you have to the accusations that you have started a civil war in the region? Do you have a timetable for getting the area stabilized?

-- Bernie Carlstein, Action News Troy

Podman:

Press Release from His Honor Mayor Podman of the Great City of Troy.

Once again, instead of being a service to the community, another "reporter" has accused this office of starting a Civil War in the Great City of Troy. These accusations are totally false, outrageous and are lies. Lies like that other "reporter" Woody Bobward tried to spread before his untimely demise. There is no Civil War in this region. We have gotten rid of those Moonies and things are back to normal with the Shites and the Turds. We have enough fertilizer to take care of our Great City, and then some, and those Moon lovers have been forced out of our great city. You'd think those Moon folks would at least be making some good 'shine, but all they do is pray to that guy named "Sun". So I told him, "Sun, you gonna have to leave this place and take your Moon somewhere else". I did have to stop the Shites and Turds from shootin' the Moon though.

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

Bernie Carlstein:

Geez, sorry, your honor, that was that other Bernie Carlstein over at Action News, not me. No sir. Please don't put me in one of those highway barriers. Please! I beg you! Geez, is "Fingers" going to be pissed!

-- Bernie Carlstein

Bird:

Oh boys. A pig roast! don't ferget the tater salid Wilber. (little shine in it be nice no what i mene?) Sees ya alls night. I be dare. Damn moonies! I make the coal slaw!

Fat Young Sow:

We declare holy war on the Great Satan Podman and his stooges. They are out to kill all Munnis. We shall not rest until their hog's blood saturates the ground. And we want a piece of the fertilizer action.

Holy Declaration, His Holiness Fat Young Sow, Supreme Witchdoctor, Munni Federation

Podman:

Well "Fatsow", you jes go ahead an try to coz truble in our great city. Sheet, if yuz a witch doctor, u go head an try to witch doctor us, you holy munni. The shites and the turds are hind me on thisun, beleeve it. Weel have u up to your nose in sheet, you kin count on it, that will be ur "peece" of the action. HA HA. I think dares a move in dat skatin dat sounds like ur name "sow cow". HA HA. I laff at you and ur munnyholes. Birdman, u need to get ta gether Fece and Dung from the shite family, I'll get Doo and Poo from da Turds. Weel take cara dis Fat Cow. HA HA.

Fat Young Sow:

This is what I will do to you, you heathen crusader. You and your entire corrupt regime. Let the blood flow.

Fat Young Sow, Chief Witchdoctor, Munni Federation



Podman:

Yu threaten the Mayor and the citizens of the Great City of Troy?! Well, yu better start callin yurselvs "mummies" cuz that's whut weer gonna do to u!! Let the war begin! Birdman, u better be a gettin in tuch with King Tut, yu no hoo I mean.



Wilber:

Boys, ah thank its high time we be gettin a posse together and be doin a little linchin. Ah's good frens with King Tut, the Grand Wizurd. Mayor, best you git yor fren "Fingers" to be sendin' some a his men.

-- Wilber

Fat Young Sow:

Fatwa from Fat Young Sow,

Be it heard that Mayor Podman is now judged guilty of heresy against the Munni religion. Munni holy law decrees that he be hanged by the scrotum until he does beg for mercy, and we shall show our mercy by cutting him down and separating his head from its body. He that doth carry out the sentence shall be accorded the highest place in heaven, and shall be accompanied for eternity by 18 virile young Virgins.

Wilber:

Wait a minit, boys, did he say Virgins? Eighteen of 'em? Dam, lemme thank about that fer a secon.

-- Wilber

Birdman:

Roger 10-4 good buddi!

Birdman:

He be talkin bout sheep. Virgin wool! Damn Wilber you a dumb un!

Wilber:

Oh, dam, ah don't lahk them sheep. Tried me one of them, oncet. Too dam wooly.

Alright, boys, let's go have us a necktie party. We'll do that pig pickin afterwards, and ah'll brang the 'shine.

New Wilber:

Not so hasty, my friends. I heard that Mayor Podman and his friend "Fingers" is going to make that Fat Sow an offer he can't refuse...

-- New Wilber

Missus Podman:

Ya all dumb ass shit, " Virile" describes boys, Its "nubile" for girls. Ya all want eighteen young boys? Or don` t it matter? LONG LIVE TROY, "Let my Amazons take over".
Misssus Podman

Wilber:

Dam, so whut you sayin is, it wuz 18 virile young Virginians?

-- Wilbur

Little Milton:

Oooh! Me! Me! I'll take the boys.

-- Little Milton Bostock

Bird:

Dat man ain't a right!

Podman:

Wilbur got dibs on the boys.

Podman:

Sorry, Wilbur, ok to Milton. Ya all confusing.

Birdman:

I thought Wilber was a takin the sheeps?

Missus Podman:

(May we take a side from the story a minute)? Who and where did he come from is Little Milton?? Confusing or dumb ass shite. MP

Little Milton:

I'm the owner and proprier of Little Milton's Massage Parlor and Tattoo Shop downtown, and the former masseuse of the Reverend Martini. Now, can we get back to those 18 virile Virginians?

-- Little Milton Bostock

Missus Podman:

Is that downtown Troy? The virginians are yours.. I have taken over the office as the major has stepped out for a haircut. He`s expecting pictures if war breaks out.
The Missus P

Little Milton:

Well, that nasty Fat Sow character says that the only way I get the Virginians is if I hang the mayor by his scrotum. Is that okay with you, Madame Mayoress?

Missus Podman:

It is if I keep hearing about Haterine Karris.

Little Milton:

And then I separate the head from the body. Still okay by you?

Missus Podman:

Yeah ok, i probably won`t like his haircut anyway. MP

Little Milton:

Actually, as a general rule, I prefer the head with the body. So I think I'll just pass on the 18 virile Virginians.

-- Little Milton

Wilbur:

Well, we done sent our necktie party to the Munnis farm. Looks lahk the mayor done taken care of thangs already. Them munnis done up an moved to Utaw. Lock, stock, and barrel. Left everthang. Looks lahk they moved out in one hell of a hurry. This is all we saw.

--Wilber



Tommy S. Hunter

Troy Sentinel Entertainment and Arts

Story by Tommy S. Hunter

November 22, 2006

Troy literary award goes to multiple winners.

This month's Troy literary award goes to multiple winners for the first time. Bro'Rat, Woody Bobward, Bernie Carlstein, New Wilbur, Old Wilbur, Little Milton Bostock and Fat Young Sow were all voted the award this month by the Mayor.

"Congratulations fellas on a great job!" the Mayor was quoted as saying.

A minor correction to this story. It should be added that Woody Bobward is being awarded posthumously (tsh).

Wilber:

Aw shucks, ah ain't never won no liturerry prize before.

Ah'd lahk to thank mah pappy, Marryin' Barry, even tho' he won't have nothin to do with me no more. Ah'd lahk to thank mah uncle Alistair fer teachin' me to be proud a myself fer what ah is, but mostly, ah'd lahk to thank mah bud Bird fer showin the way to whut ah is today. Oh, thanky to the mayor, 'cause ah'd be hangin by my scrotim if it weren't for him.

By the way, Bird, ah thank ah done figgered it out. You was talkin bout rabbit pellets, weren't chew? Well, ah got the last laff, they weren't rabbits, they was gophers. Who's laffin now, you fool?

-- Wilber

P.S. Happy turkey day to all mah frens, here in Troy, down there in Floridy, an elsewhars. Ah'm gone have me a feast wiff mah daughter. She also mah aunt, so's ah'll have all mah famly in one place fer oncet.

Bird:

Dat man ain't right eyes swearin! His poppy smarter den him and he dumber den dog poo.

Bird:

Oh Man, Dat Woody Bobward fella got dat diseese posthumorous? Call Doc Bostock and he give him shot a penacilum make it goes way quik. Take 2 asprin call him in da mornin.
