

Chapter 8 – Bull Orsters in the Baby Factory

Rummy Felther:

Rums here.....have spotted Wilber in Fl. will keep an eye on him and Granny"The Hatchet" Crawford...suspect movement of contraband to Troy.
Enclosed shot of perps.....



Wilber:

Yep, that's Granny jest after she got outta the looney bin. She got her a smart lawyer an' they got her off on account'a she's crazy. Thass seven husbands and countin' now she done gone through. She goin' fer the county record now.

-- Wilber

Bird:

Dat Wilber a funi guy. Dat Granny crawford? Damn she be older den snot. Wherd ya bens Rums? Missed ya! (Dat Mayor he's mean man!)

Wilber:

Hell, she only 79. That ain't old. Ah got underwear older than that.

--Wilber

Bird:

Ain't her da one dat used to own that prize bucking bull? Ya knows da one that got castorated cause someone wanted dem mountin oisters?

Wilber:

Wail, Bird, all ah kin say is serves her right. She oughta know better'n tryin to castorate a bull with a pickup truck and chains. Spoils them dam orsters, ah'll tell yew. They just ain't edabul.

Say, I hear the mayor useta be in the biznes a' castoratin' turdas, back in his younger days when he won that dam do' bell prize fer Vetrinary medicine. Maybe he kin fix that bull to grow new ones, then he kin do the job raht. He done it with turdas, he can shure as hell do it with bulls.

The 'shinin biznes ain't doin too well fer me. Ah talked to a certifiable public no-countant ta other day. He tole me the bottom's done fallen outta the stock market. I tole him that make sense, since ah git all mah 'shinin' stock at the market, so if those fellas ain't doin too well, ah guess ah ain't gonna neither. Ah bin thankin' about gittin' me a job to make ends meat.

Ah got a job offer from the mayor ta other day. Ah tole him ah was lookin fer work, and he tole me ah'd make a purfict village idjit. Ah said thankee, ah'd thank 'bout it. Ah don' know what kinda chores ah'd do or pay ah'd git, but ah'm gittin' desprit. Long as it ain't no union work. Ah ain't gonna be village idjit fer no union man.

Ah wouldn't mind workin fer the guvamint. Ah hear yew ain't gotta do no work, yew jest set around all day and send emails to yer buddies. Ah thank ah kin do that.

Mah nefrew Jonas done gradjiated and got hisself a job at the IBM as one a' them computer programmers. Raht outta skewl. They put his ass in charge of semi-colons. Raht outta skewl, do yew believe that? Maybe if this village idjit thang works out, ah kin

work mah way up to computer programmer. Ah always got them semi-colons mixed up with them hymens and them asstericks, but ah kin larn.

Well, Bird, thats all the news ah got fer now.

Later... Wilber

Bird:

Da mayor dun't castorated a turtdle? Whyd he dunt that? Poooooor darnt Turtdle! Da Mayor a medisen veterinaire too? He's a mean man dat Mayor. Rufus him got a job at the penitenury I think. Ms. Molley said he gon be there 10-15 years. Dam thats a long darn job ifin you asked me. Dats the govermind fer ya. Ms. Molley got dat shot. She said Hi". Gotta go. Horse needs waterin!

Wilber:

Ah hear them turda orsters is better'n bull orsters, an' all the high class folks like Mayor Podman prefer 'em. He must done dam good biznes, castoratin them turdas and sellin the orsters to all them high class folks in Troy. Must be how he got all that money ta run his election.

Don't tell nobody, but ah jest remembered it wuz Missus Podman's birfday yesterday. Ah talked to her and plumb fergot about it. Ah ast the mayor how old she is, he tole me he cain't count that high. So she must be at least 39. Ah hear they had to call the far squad when they lit the candles on her cake. Ah don't thank mah hand-me-down underdrawers is as old as that. If ya see her 'fore ah do, tell her ah's thankin 'bout her.

--Wilber

P.R. - Rufus done tole me he got a job makin license plates. That boy is tellin' somebody stories, ah tell yew!

P.P.R. - Me and Miss Molly gone down to the drive-in thee-ay-tur this frahdee ta see "Borat". They tell me that feller Borat is dumber than ah am. An' he got a job in the pichure show. They's hope fer me yet, Bird. Bein' the village idjit is jest the steppin' stone to great thangs.

Bird:

Da mayors wife had a birfday? I dint get no cake! Did you? Happy Birfday Mayors Wife, Mrs. Podman. (Dat Mayor he's a mean man) Her be 39? uh dat old too. Damn near as old as Granni Crawford. No ways I can countin dat hi. Rufus sade he be makin wine in da out house in da john whered he works fer da governmint wit raisuns!!!! No ways I be drinkin dat stuff. Gotta go fer now and find the Mayors wife a presunt. I heerd she likes dem turdle critters a bunch. (if she can keep da mayor from castorating dem) Alls well in da barn. (Da barn dat burnded down) Careful wit Ms. Molley. She moans durin da good parts! Happy Birfday Mrs. Podamn
Bird

Wilber:

Application for Employment

Troy Municipal Government Center

Applicant Name and Address:

Wilber McBush, Trailer number 3, Troy, Va.

Position Sought:

Settin' down, ah hope

Reason for Leaving Old Position:

Ah got tarred a' standin' in front a' that still.

References:

The Mayor hisself done wrecker mended me. He tole me ah'm deprivin a village of an idjit, somewhars. Now that's mahty high praise.

Qualifications:

Ah'm bout the stupidest fella 'round, if you don't count ma fren' Bird. Mah uncle Alistair tole me ah's so stupid, ah'd win second place in a stupid contest. Ah ast him why not first place? He said 'cause ah'm stupid.

Salary Desired:

Ah reckon ah could use 'bout fifty dollah.

Bird:

Dat Mayor gonna hier ya fer sure. I dint see dem qualafikachions on yer educachion but I knowd you dun't finushed da 1st grade at leest twice. Fiffy dollahs? Dat a lot money for a year! Whyd dint ya use me as a refereeance? You da bestest shine maker these parts fer surin.

Wilber:

Mah pappy Marryin' tole me ah should always go fer the hole shootin' match, so ah figgered whut the hell? Hell, fifty dollah is more than he paid for them 'hos he done shacked up with while he was in prison. Ah didn't use yew fer a refereeance 'cause ah was afraid they mahght hier you instead.

Say, speakin' 'bout bull orsters, jew hear 'bout that Billy? He done him some mountin climin a while back. Ah hear he done fell down a hole and got his testyculs stuck in a crack. He was there purt dam near a week. Almost starved hisself. He finally jest had to cut them suckers loose with his huntin knife. They done give him some brass testyculs to go along with his wood pecker. Serves him rahght fer stickin it whur it don't belong. Miss Molly say she gone start callin' him Kid Rock.

Mary Clerque:

Mr. Mayor, We have just received this application for employment from a Mr. Wilber McBush. We are trying to ascertain exactly for what job Mr. McBush would be qualified, but it is not immediately obvious. He is looking for a job "Settin' down, ah hope" and we here at the Employment Office are not quite sure how to respond. I know Mr. McBush is a friend of yours, so I have decided to forward the application to you personally.

Sincerely, Mary Clerque
Troy Municipal Government Center

Bird:

Dat Mayor gonna hier him for sur! Thay bee related ya know, him an Wilber, on his daughters side. Ms. Molley dunt tolled me!

Podman:

Mary,

Please send Mr. McBush an acceptance letter for the following position:

Troy Hardware Store

Supervisor of Snow Shovels from April 1st thru November 30th.

Supervisor of Patio Furniture from December 1st thru March 31st.

This way we should be able to accommodate Mr. Mcbush's talents at sitting around and doing nothing. It should be stipulated that, in the off chance there is snow before December 1st, or someone asks about patio furniture before April 1st, then Bob daWrench should help the customers.

We will give Mr. McBush a seat in the storage area in the back of the hardware store.

It should be stipulated as well that Mr. McBush is not to speak to any customers, pick his nose, or spit on the floor while on the job.

We will pay him \$50 a week because I've known his poor family for years.

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

Bird:

\$50.00 dollahs a week???? Wilber you dun't wins the lotteree. Whats does dat "stipulatad" mean. Daoe dat mean da mayor gonna castorate you too cause him got you a job? Him a mean man Wilber. Don't let da mayor stipulate you!

Wilber:

Dam, fifty dollah a week. Dat means ah don' haveta save up to take Miss Molly out. Ah hope she don' raise her price on account'a me.

Ain't nobody gonna stipulate me. If that's what the mayor expektin', you tell him he can go stipulate hisself.

Bird:

I ain't got da heart to tell ole Wilber dat the Mayors wife is his mama. It would brake his heart. Ms. Molley dunt telled me! Yep Mrs. Podman is Wilber's biological maternical mudder, She had him outin da hay barnd, Dat

Rummy Felther FBI Revenoer is the daddi cause Ms. Molley said so. Da mayor dun't kilt da preacher man too.

Podman:

Mary,

When you send Mr. McBush the job acceptance, you may want to phrase it in such a way that Mr. McBush will understand. I think you know what I mean.

His Honor Mayor Podman of the Great City of Troy

Mary Clerque:

***Application for Employment
Troy Municipal Government Center***

Mr. McBush (Wilber):

Da Mayor askd me to let u no dat u will git a job at da hardwhere store. Hes gonna pay u 50 dolla a week. You jes gonna be sittin roun doin nutin. U r kwalifide for dis type of job, so he says.

Ain't no talkin to customers aloud, no pickin ur nose and no spittin on da floor.

Ewill be supervizer over sno shovls and pateeo stuff. Ewill even hav a nise char.

Congradulashuns Wilber.

Da Mayor wood like to no wen u kin start.

Sincerely,

Mary Clerque

Head of The Great City of Troy Municipal Government Center

Wilber:

Ah accept! Hail, Mary, when you folks say you don't discriminitate on any basis, even of bein' stupid, you ain't lyin.

Ah know ah'm gone do good at this job. Dam, mah own chair an everthang!

You be shure an tell the mayor he a good cuzzin. He a purty good pappy-in-law too.

Podman:

Da Mayor gonna be callin on "fingers" to take care o dat Rummy Felther fella. I gare-own-tee it. Ya gots a really big mouth, ya no dat Birdman? You like your trailer don u? Well, you keep runnin ur mouth and dat trailer gonna be history. U best be keepin ur nose open for smellin smoke. I got a I on u, jes don forgit it, and don ever forgit dat eym da MAYOR. You best say so long to Ms. Molley cuz she jes mite be leavin town reeeel soon..... for good.

Bird:

I'm a leavin a toun asin we speak. Wilber, Dat mayor dunt started smokin did ya heard him? Ms. Molley ain't a leavin town!!!! She got a date widt Wilber for da show. (dat mayor him not know nuttin) I does smelt da smoke mayor. Whats in dat pipe? Gotsda go cause Ms. Molley said she liked da trailer and want Wilber to meet her dare.

Podman:

Birdman, ur jes dummer dan a tater. Ms. Molley dun left town all ready. No wut I mean? She got a date wit "fingers" now and you ain't gonna be seein her no more, no sirreee. Aint nuttin in my pipe (not by my choosin mind ya), and I aint talkin bout pipe smoke you tater brain. Ima talkin bout trailer smoke. Wilber gonna be a woikin man soon, you jes stay way from him, ya heer?

Wilber:

Bird, ah kin understand you leavin town, since you don't lahk no smoke now that you quit. But ah don't understan' Miss Molly leavin. She loves ta smoke, an' the only way to stop her smokin' is ta slow down an' use a lubricant.

Bernie Carlstein:

Snow Storm of the Century Hits Troy
Bernie Carlstein, Troy Sentinel

A surprise Nor'Easter has battered the east coast, and has dumped 10 feet of snow on Troy. Snow removal facilities are overwhelmed. When asked about the storm, Police Chief Mancini said "We haven't had a storm of this magnitude before December 1st as long as I've lived here." There are several families snowed in and out of touch, with the worst seeming to be the daWrench farm up north of Zion's Crossing. Any word on them should be reported immediately to the Police Department. There was reportedly a run on snow shovels in area hardware stores. There have been reports of looting and rioting. Mayor Podman took time out from his weekly poker game to say "There is no need for panic. We have the finest folks in the world taking care of things. It is all under control."

Wilber:

Bird, ah'd love to talk with you mo', but ah's supervisor o' shovels this month at the hardware store an' Mr. daWrench ain't come in to hep. They's people bangin on the do' tryin' ta bust in. Ah thank the only thang ah can do to git those fellas off mah back is ta toss all them shovels out the do' an' then make a dash out the back. Ah wants to do the rahght thang fo' Mr. Podman, him bein' mah cuzzin, mah pappy-in-law, and mah step pappy.

Podman:

Wilber, dis is da Mayor. Ur rite, get dem peepke doze shovels. Eym gettin in tuch wit da Shites and da Turds to come by and give u a hand. Plus, dare fertalizr shud hep melt sum sno. Don u go runnin away now dis bein ur first day on da job.

Wilber:

Bird? shhhhhh. Ah'm hidin in that barn what burnt down. Them folks in that hardware sto' was nasty. It was horrible. They wuz bitin and kickin an hittin each other over the haid with snow shovels. They tore the place up! Ah hope the Mayor ain't too pissed. Ah'm thankin 'bout axin' him if ah can telly camoot fer a while. Hell, ah can git jest as much done in mah trailer as ah can in the sto'. mo', probly.

--Wilber

Rummy:

Recommendation from Rummy Felther.....to all agents in vicinity of Troy. I have reason to believe that Ms. Molley aka "Mamma Moll Makina" is running some sort of a baby factory in the city of Troy. We suspect that the set up is in a barn near the outskirts of

town. Our findings indicate that the quality of the pre-fab children has not been **quite** perfected and there are **issues** with the prototype aka "Wilber". Not sure yet, but believe the mayor is in on this for cheap labor in his moonshine factories and hardware store.

No plan of action yet, but we need to tag this 'Ms. Molley' and watch her every move.

Rums

Wilber:

Pappy! You's back!

--Wilber

Agent Mulder:

I'm on her! Woops, I mean I'm on it.

--Agent Mulder.

Bird:

Dat Rums a good man Wilber. Dats you daddi!

Podman:

Wilber, u lazy mofo. Git ur ass back to da hardwhere sto an make sur dem folks haven't burnt da hole place down. telly camoot my rear end! Git yo char and git back to dat sto rite now! "Fingers" ain't stuk in no sno and hes got one a dem 4 weel drive jeepers.

Podman:

Birdman, i sugest u let Rummy no dat "fingers" aint stuk in no sno!

Bird:

I guessin dat means i don'ts gets Wilbers job?

Podman:

Birdman, if Wilber don make it bak to da sto, u can have the job for \$60 a week. U let dat lazee ass Wilber no dat.

Bird:

Wilber da mayor said you dis fired. Sorry i dunt tryed to tell him ta take yas back. He dunt said no. So get! My job now but he only pay me . \$20.00 a week cause you screwed up real bad,

Wilber:

Oh lawd, hep me. Ah'm sittin in this burnt out barn, the very barn ah was borned in, and that ah had a hand in burnin' down. The mayor's pissed at me fer runnin' from the scene of a riot. Ah use ta thank mah pappy was a low-down coke smokin mayor, and mah mama was a prison 'ho what died from abuse o' her hot parts. Now ah find out mah pappy's a govamint revenooer, an' although ah found out she ain't daid, mah mama's still a 'ho. Whut am ah gone do? Tail me, lawd, whut am ah gone do?

Wilber:

Oh lawd, an' now ah find out ah done lost mah govamint job.

Podman:

Id jes stay in dat barn as long as i cood if i was u, burnt out or not. After "fingers" takes care of ms. molly for havin such a big mouth, he jes mite cum after u, rite after he gets dat Rummy Felther dood.

Wilber:

Wait a mint, Mayor. Mr Felther's family. He mah pappy. That make him yo' second second cuzzin-uncle, twicet removed. Yew gonna git Fingers ta whack yer own kin?

Podman:

He be sleepin' wit my woman?!?! I don care if he fambly or not. Eysel call off "fingers" for now, but I don like dat Rummy feller.

Wilber:

If ah was yew, Mr. Mayor, ah'd be wurryin 'bout Missus Podman gittin' Fingers to whack yew fer countin' votes with Miss Hattie. Thank 'bout that, ya hear?

Little Milton:

What I want to know is why a bunch of big burly Shites and Turds showed up at my shop each carrying a bag of fertilizer? Much as I would have liked them to stay, I just gave them each a massage and sent the brutes on their way.

-- Little Milton Bostock

Podman:

Dats wut ya get for thankin Wilber. You be thankin bout da fact dat da Mayor and "fingers" are inseperatable if ya get my drift, you tater eye. You spred dat werd and ewl be wit Ms. Molly, heh, heh. She aint doin too well no moor.

I heerd dat Birdman got his new trailer and da dummy locked da keys INSIDE da trailer. All you are a hole field o taters.

Podman:

Howdjew thank I got to be Mayor, anyway?

Wilber:

Hey, we's all jes one big happy fambly. Whah cain't we all jes git along?

Oh, whups, ah guess the word fambly means somethin diffrent to Mr. Fingers.

Podman:

JEEZ, Milton. I tole Wilber to call dem and hep wit the sno shovls. I sware, id thank youd be fambly to Wilber, only i thot you had sum brains. Guess not....

Call dem Shites and Turds back and git som dat fertlizer to hep melt da snow.

And tell Wilber if ya see him, to git back in his char in da sto....

Wilber:

Its too dam late, Mr. Mayor. Ah thought you fard mah ass, so ah done accepted a position at that baby factory mah pappy wuz talkin bout. Ah's runnin' the drill press. Ah's makin twicet as much as you was payin me, purt near \$55 dollah a week.

Podman:

Ok Wilber, dats jes grate. You betta thank twicet bout askin for a govment job agin. Dats wut I get for bein nise.

You be sher and not get yer hed stuk in da drill press like you done afore, you member how long it took us to git you out?

Bird:

Youd was countin goats with Ms. Karris and you dunt kilt the preacher man dats how you got to bein the Mayor. Ms. Molley dunt told me so!

Wilber:

Ah 'member. Ah still got the hole in mah fo'head.

Ah'm sorry, Mr Mayor, that it din't work out with the govamint job. But ah lahks mah work. Them babies so cute when they come outta the boiler.

Mr. Fujumitsu say you oughtta be grateful that he's keepin the factory in Troy. He coulda shipt it off lock stock an barrel to Krea. Then whir'd we be? Woodn't be nobody makin no babies in town no mo'. Jest a buncha roobots weldin cheap plastic ones.

Bird:

You daddy wood be proud of ya Wilber cept the baby factory dunt closed two years ago. Dare ain't no drill press in da babee factory!

Podman:

Yep, well dats the last you gonna be hearin from Ms. Molley! She be sleepin wit da fishes. Course, you don go to da movees do ya Bird.

Wilber:

No, Bird, that wuz the paper doll factory we dun burnt down two-three years ago fer hirin' ill legal alieans.

Ah wuz the chief drill press operatur there. That wuz the best job ah ever had, next to mah govamint job.

-- Wilber

Bird:

Dat Ms. Molley alwayd's smelled like da fishes. Cours I go dem movees! I saw Chain Saw Massacur ten times and twice with Ms. Molley, twiced wit Wilber and I ferget who else width. Oh, Once with da preacher man.

Bird:

Oh I ferget! We dunt burned it down?

Wilber:

Yep. To the groun'. The Head Wizzard said them ill legal aliaens had to go. Ah agree, them legal aliaens was awful ill.

Agent Mulder:

To: Agent in Charge Felther

From: Agent Mulder

Re: The Cinema Conspiracy

It is painfully obvious that the Troy Theater is haunted with some strange life force from another dimension that sucks the life out of its patrons. Twice now, theater goers have been struck down after attending. I recommend that we place extra surveillance on the two lone survivors; Mr. Bird and Mr. McBush.

Little Milton:

Oh Mr. Mayor? I called those darling Shites and Turds back to my place. Now they're running around spreading cow manure all over my nice clean Persian carpet. Can you **please** call them and clarify their orders? Now? Before they soil my evening wear?

-- Little Milton

Linda Podman:

Wilbur, my dear son. I just found out you were my baby, I'm so proud, but you hurt me saying I was a 'ho. Mama Pod

Wilber:

Oh, ah wuzn't talkin' bout you, Missus Podman. Ah wuz talkin' bout mah host mama. Ya see, pappy done tole me everthang. Ah wuzn't born, ah wuz hatched in the baby factory. Pappy done took the geneddic materiul of all the feemale resydints of Troy, which he collectid metickulusly, an mashed it all together. Then he put it in a testicul toob, an run it thru the boiler. Then he took it out an set it aside while he went out an' got him a ten dollah ho'. He made her drank from that testicul toob, then had his way wif her to mix his own geneddic materiul wif everthang else. Nine months later, ah popped out.

So ya see, Missus Podman, ever woman in Troy is mah mama. 'Cluding you. But you's mah favorite mama of all.

Later... Wilber

Linda Podman:

Well, sorta son, so I'm not special, but only a mother could love a child like you. Look at me! I'm the mirror image of you! Only theres no way Mr Felther was ever near me, I mean it boy. Love, Kinda, Sorta-like Mama Pod.

Wilber:

Wail Bird, the C'motion's died down an ah reckon its time you an me got caught up on thangs.

Ah got fard from the baby factory. Mr. Fujimitsu tole me a roobot could do a better job than me. Dam, ah done got fard twicet in the same day, the same day ah found out ah was hatced in a baby factry. Ah's feelin a mite plaintive, if'n yew know whut ah mean.

Ah got a confeshun to make. Ah thank ah done kilt that pore preacher man. You 'member that day ah lit out fer Floridy fer mah brain change? Ah wuz jest gittin outta town when somethin flew out in the hahway an I runt it over. At first, ah thought it was one of them reject bull orsters thet Granny was tossin' over the fence, on accout it was all swollen and everthang. But ah thank now it wuz bee stangs, an it wuz that preacher fella flyin by after a'gettin flung bah one a Granny's pissed off bulls. Don't tell nobody ah tole ya, kay?

So ah'm back in the 'shinin' biznis. Thangs are better now. Ah guess ah jest better stick with wut ahm best at, don't you thank?

Ah talked to that Certifiable Pubic fella agin. Ah tole him biznes was better agin. He tole me ah outta go public. Ah tole him was he stoopid or somethin? Them revenooers'd skin me alive if ah went public.

He tole me no, whut you gotta do is sell stock in yer compny to them invester fellas. Ah tole him ah guess ah could do that, but ah gotta keep most a mah stock ta make mah product.

He tole me no, you don't haveta make no product, you jest set y'self up as one of them online bizneses. You git other folks to pay you money to put their names up on yer web site.

Wail, ah thought bout it fer a spell, then got me a grand idee. Ah could git you ta start up one of them online bizness y'self, an then we pay each other to put our names up on our web sites. Then, we split the profits.

It seemed to me lahk a good idee, but that Certifiable fella jest left at that point. So ah don't know if he thanks its a good idea or not.

Wail, Bird, ah'll talk to ya after ya git back from unlockin y'self outta yer trailer.

--Wilber

Bird:

Ms. Molley said so!

Linda Podman:

Birdie why is Miss Molleys word written in stone?, i`m glad she`s gone.

Podwoman

Bird:

Dat Pooh Wilber gotsa screw lose somewares. Now da Mayor and Wilber both dun kilt the preacher man. Nomatter Ms. Molley dunt care and I won't tells no ones except for Rufus and Granny Crawford and maybe da Jonas twinz Bubba and Twinkie. (and maybes that fella at the barn Jethro) Senda me sum shine soone.

Bird

Wilber:

You are quite special, Mama Podman. May I call you that? Where do you think I got my brains and beauty?

-- New Wilbur

Pappy tole me he gits feemale geneddic materul bah hangin' out aroun' ladie's toilets. So he din't have ta git intermit wif any o' them wimmin.

-- Old Wilbur

Wilber:

Oh, one more bit a news afore a reetar for the evenin, Bird. Ah hear Miss Mollie done runnoft wif Mr. Fingers. They had somethin kinky goin on involvin gairots an fishes. Ah don' know whut thet means, mah source weren't clear on the subject. Thass whut ah heard, anyways.

Dam, who am ah goin to take to the drive-in pitchur show now?

Linda Podman:

Wibur, Have you ever noticed i use perfect grammar? That is because of my regal, royal blood, and superior education, I have an IQ of 197. This is the part of your breeding you got from me. Walk proud. Willie boy, Ma
