

## Chapter 9 – Milking Bobcats in the Barn What Burnt Down

Murray R. Edwards:

### **THE TROY SENTINEL ALL NEWS ALL THE TIME**

Story by Murray R. Edwards

The Troy Theatre has been closed indefinitely for “refurbishing” according to the mayor’s office. This reporter has uncovered a memo from Agent Mulder of the NSA to an Agent Felther of the FBI questioning strange occurrences involving, and I quote “strange life force from another dimension that sucks the life out of its patrons”. This reporter was also able to photograph what could be considered an extremely suspicious activity in the back of the theater:



This reporter is curious about where Mayor “Podman” actually got his name. This could be a serious security issue in Troy. This reporter is also curious as to why a number of Troy citizens were found asleep in the basement of the Troy theater with a number of these podlike objects near them. There still has been no comment from the Mayor's office.

All citizens of Troy should be AWARE of their surroundings dues to these strange activities at the Troy Theater.

As always, good night and good luck.

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**Bird:**

Ahs new dat Mayor was a bad man. Ware dat agent Felther FBI feller whens ya needs him? Wilber, I dunt tolt ya them wernt sunflowur seeds! Nows ya beleve me????? Ms. Molley dun't told me!

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**Rummy:**

Rummy Felter here.....

Strange goings on in Troy. On one side of town we have the baby farm, where genetically inferior 'babies' are being sold on the streets, for Christ's sake. The trend of barn burning continues, and we suspect the mayor trying to stifle the competition in the moonshine business, and now the Troy Theatre where some sort of ilk is draining patrons of their paying rights to watch the movies, buy popcorn and reproduce in the back rows. I suspect the Mayor of intercepting our last communique, so I will be heading to Key West with , lets just say LMB for now, to try to get some hard information. Keep an eye on the theatre! Rummy

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**Rummy:**

one more thing I did NOT have sexual relations with that woman, the mayoress of Troy. Wilber is a product of the baby farm, God help him, with his implants and whatnot, but I do suspect the Mayoress had a role in his creation or motherhood or whatever the hell you want to call this abomination!  
Rum (pass me the cocoa butter, LMB)

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**Bird:**

Wilber,

Dats yo poppy going to save da world from dem ET aleans. Dat Rummy a good man. (ceft for whend he takes hour shine)

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**Wilber:**

Caint talk raht now, Bird, mah steel done blowed up and ah got snake haids scatter all thru the woods. Gotta clean up this mess afore the revenuooors show up and start snoopin aroun.

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**Bird:**

Dat not what Ms. Mollet dunt said. U da poppy!!! It was in da barn member?  
(Da barnd dat burnd doun)

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**Rummy:**

The 'poppy' was a test tube, you blathering idiot, and we'll get to the bottom of WHY you were in the barn at all! Don't forget I was there too, observing in my goat disguise. Ms. Molley is a strumpet, and a liar!!!

Rumsfelt

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**Bird:**

Da poppy goat is a blathering idiut? Ms. Molley dunt hav none goats Mr. Rumsfelt. She da preacher wife. Da preacher man he be dead, da Mayor dunt kilt him.

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**Podman:**

Birdman, Ms. Molley is dun dead.

Dead, ya hear?!?!? We jes don giv a dam wut she sed cuz she is DEAD, DEAD, DEAD. Like not alive no more. DEAD.

I didn't kill the preacher, you tater. Wilber kilt the preacher, but I gess you don member cuz you wuz drunk on shine, jes like all ways.

If you quote Ms. Molley one more time, we gonna call you kilt to and Mr. Rumsfelt is gonna hep me do it. Keep effing wit da Mayor and da FBI, ewl see what happen to you.

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**Bird:**

Who's dunt kilt da goat den? Tell me dat? Ms. Molley dint kill da goat. She be dead! Da Mayor he a mean man.

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**Podman:**

Since yourun iq is lo-er dan yo age i gess i shoodnt spect you to undastand jes wuts goin on. I dun kilt so many goats i jes don no how to tell you. What goat you be talkin bout Birdman. Did it have a name or was it jes one of da ones ive kilt over da years. You gotta goat Birdman cuz if you do, he gonna be kilt tonite, hear me? Den i'm gonna burn down yo barn agin, even if it all redy be burnt down. Den im gon afta yo fambly. Unerstand? Im not da Mayor cuz im a nise man, dats tru, but yo be dummer dan goat droppins.

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**Bird:**

Da goats youin Ms. Karris was countin atright cause you wantad to sea if you winned da eleckion. Yall was recountin goats member! Dats the goat Ms. Molley was talkin bout. She be dead but not da goat.

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**Wilber:**

Psst, Bird, ah jest got off the phone with the Grand Wizzard. He's settin up a secret pow-wow. Its gonna be in the lodge this Frahdee. We's gotta do somethin bout that mayor. He got sumthin wrong with him. The Grand Wizzard says he got aleans in his haid or sumthin. Don't tail nobody, 'kay?

--Wilber

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**Wilber:**

Bird, ah gots to make a deelivery to the mayor mansion tonaht. They's havin' a swah-ray wif the police chief, an the mayor wants a case of mah finest. So ah caint make it to the poker game tonaht. Ah'll talk atchew tomorra. 'Member, don't you say nuthin to the mayor 'bout our secret meetin' on Frahdee.

..Wilber

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**Bird:**

!0-4 back door! Dats a joke get it? Psssst! Give's da Mayor dat cat piss smellin stuff you bin using for litur fluid stead of da good shine. I wont says nuttin bout ourst meating.

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**Podman:**

Hey Wilber, don be forgettin bout the shine I ask for. Ill thro in an xtra \$20 for da good stuff...

We be havin the police chief and all da party goers sleepin over at da theater after da party. Sure be fun.

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**Podman:**

Oh and by the way Wilber, don be thankin bout givin me any odat cat pee smellin stuff dat you gave me for my litur or dare won be no \$20 in it for you.

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*The Next Day*

**Wilber:**

Greet-ings, be-ing called Bird,.

Dis-tilled bev-erage pro-duct de-livered to su-preme lea-der.

Will now re-cre-ate / pro-cre-ate with fe-male hu-man en-ti-ty called Mol-lie.

Su-preme lea-der re-quests your at-ten-dance at ear-li-est con-ven-i-ence.

End-of-message -- Wil-ber

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**Wilber:**

Must-not-sleep.

Must-not-sleep.

...En-ti-ty called Wil-ber

*Zzzzzzzz.*

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**Agent Mulder:**

To: Special Agent in Charge

From: Agent Mulder

Re: Alien Vulnerabilities

Agent Scully has conducted extensive autopsies of the alien corpses at the baby factory. She has made an important breakthrough. She has determined that the aliens are extremely sensitive to feline urine.

Although feline urine will ultimately eradicate the infestation from an infected host, there are some extremely dangerous side effects which all agents must be aware of. Such side effects include:

1. Loss of sex drive
2. Extreme irritability
3. Extreme irrationality

In other words, it turns them into women.

We will continue our investigations.

..Agent Mulder

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**Bird:**

Dat you Wilber? Ya dunt soun write!

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**Podman:**

Wilber be fine. Better as a matter of fact. He had a good snooze at the theater last nite. He be fine now.

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**Murray R. Edwards:**



Mayor calls for cat exterminations

Story by Murray R. Edwards

Mayor Podman of the Great City of Troy has called for massive cat exterminations throughout the city. The Mayor's office told this reporter that the cats are infected with rabies and must be destroyed before infecting any citizens.

More on this breaking story to come.

And as always, good night and good luck.

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**Wilber:**

En-ti-ty called Bird,

This en-ti-ty is per-fect-ly fine. In-sist you go see Su-preme Lead-er Pod-od-od-od-od-man.

...Wil-ber En-ti-tye

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**Bird:**

Dem poooh kitti kats!

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**New Wilber:**

Pssst. Bird. This here's new Wilber.

They done fergot that ah got two brains. They done infected old Wilber's brain. Mah brain is a mite foggy, but they ain't got to it yet. Ah cain't talk fer long; old Wilber's goin ta wake up soon.

Ah got ta git ya to doo somethin fer me. Make up a batch of that special brew, yew know whut ah'm talkin bout. Make up a big batch, and toss it down the pipes at the reservore. Make shore yew use lots a cats. This is a matter o lahf and death.

...New Wilber

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**Old Wilber:**

Bird En-ti-ty,

I must go to dis-tilled be-ver-age fa-cil-i-ty. I must in-spect for con-tam-i-na-tion. You will now show me where fa-ci-li-ty is lo-cat-ed.

That is all...Wil-ber En-ti-ty

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**Murray R. Edwards:**



Story by Murray R. Edwards

Mayor Podman has reported that all felines in the Troy area have been exterminated. This reporter is surprised and horrified at the execution of these animals and how quickly it was accomplished. The Mayor has reported a concern that some Troy cats may have escaped into surrounding areas and has arranged for a party of theater-goers to go after the felines.

More on this unbelievable story as it continues to develop.

As always, good night and good luck.

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**New Wilber:**

Pssst...Bird

This here's new Wilber agin. Ain't no cats left in Troy. Yew gotta go out ta the woods and hunt yew down some bobcats. Each one yew find, yew gotta "milk" that sucker, if yew know whut ah mean. It's a matter o lahf and daith. The whole dam town's countin' on yew.

Gotta go, old wilber's wakin up agin.

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**Bird:**

Gots ya Wilber. Does I hav to toss dat kats doun da pipes two at tha resevor? Dats a lot a cat piss Wilber. Da Mayor dunt kilt most dem cats ceptin fer the ones in da barn. (Da barned dat burned doun) Dun't let da Mayor no's where da barn is. (Ms. Molley dare to) (she be dead)

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**Podman:**

## Memo from the Mayor's Office

To: Police Chief Mancini

Re: Cat eradication

Date: 11/30/06

Chief,

You better get your ass moving and be sure to get those stray cats that escaped our net. You know the consequences and for you they won't be pretty. You'll have to at least change your first name to Mary.

Mayor Podman of the Great City of Troy

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**Police Chief Mancini:**

I swear. Will you just stop pestering me? All day, I work my butt off in the station, getting those kids off the streets and into the school where they belong. And what do you do all day, Mr. big shot mayor? I'm so tired, I'm just so tired. I come home and my wife pesters me to get into bed with her, and all I can think is oh, god, what I wouldn't do for a nice, relaxing back massage. That and a nice glass of Wilber's home brew. Ah yes, that's what I need...

...Police Chief Mancini

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**Podman:**

So, that's the way it is you ungrateful ingrate? Yeah, that's just fine, you go ahead, have a nice glass of Wilber's home brew and go to sleep for a while. I've always heard your wife likes cats. Well, I'm sending one over special delivery to your house. If you don't get your act together, you're going to have to become one of them lesbian folks to enjoy the company of your wife, if you get my meaning.

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**Police Chief Mancini:**

You don't love me. You never loved me. How could you say those things? You don't appreciate a thing about me, do you? You have no clue, the things I do for you. I clean up the town, I pick up after all the litterbugs on the streets, I wash your dirty money for you, you son of a b\*\*h. And what do I get in return? Nothing. A big fat zero. Well, I'm fed up with it. I'm leaving you. I'm going to find a mayor who appreciates the things I

do. And I'm taking the cats and all of Wilber's home brew with me. Go ahead, try to stop me.

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**Bird:**

Wilber I ain't bout to milc no bobkat. No siree. Dun't talked to the Doc and he dun't said ya all's gonna die. (like Ms. Molley and da preacher man). I'm in da barn!

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**Murray R. Edwards:**



Story by Murray R. Edwards

Reports have been circulating around town that Police Chief Mancini has been seen dressing as a woman. This reporter spoke to the Police Chief and was totally confused to find that the Police Chief is not only dressing as a woman but *actually is a woman*.

We have disturbing photographic proof:

Police Chief Mancini yesterday:



Police Chief Mancini today:



This reporter is horrified at this discovery. I am diligently following up on the cat extermination story as this seems to have something to do with this circumstance.

Once again, BE AWARE oh great citizens of Troy because something is amiss in our great city.

As always, good night and good luck.

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**New Wilber:**

Bird,

Yew idjit, yew don't toss the bobcats in, jest hold em bah the scruffs o their necks and make im piss into the reservore.

The hole dam town's turnin into them zoombies. Yew hear me?

Ol' wilber's takin' over more an more. Ah kin feel mah brain goin and goin. Mah beyootiful brain. Ah wuz gone be a doctor, oncet.

Ah gotta doo somethin. Ah found me a ol alley cat out back a tha hardware store. Ah's gone take the plunge. Wish me luck, Bird...

New Wilber

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**Old Wilber:**

Bird Entity, let us in. Let us in. Let us into the barn.

-- Old Wilber

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**Brand New Wilber (Wilbrette):**

Well, Bird, this is Brand New Wilber. I've completely recovered now. I took the antidote. I have eliminated the infestation from both Wilber's brains. I feel surprisingly refreshed. And I feel much more intelligent than I ever felt before. I wonder why?

Grrrr...rrrrrowwww...Hear me Roar...Wilbrette

P.S., say hello to my pussy cat friend, Alimo. He and I are best friends.

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**Old Wilber:**

Bird, this here's ol' Wilbur. Ah'm back to mah senses, now, after Wilbrette done took the antydote. Ah guess she got awl the ciderfects. Ah don't blame yew one bit fer not wantin'

ta milk them Bobcats. Ah got a better idee, anyway. You an' me, we's gone break into the mayor mansion an steel thet there littur box they got in the bafroom. That thang ain't been changed in 6 months, it got all the cat piss we need ta dump into the reservore. We gone save the town o' Troy. Whut ya say, Bird? You in?

-- Ol' Wilber

P.R. - One mo thang, Bird. We can save teh town, but the Mayor ain't gone drink none of that town water. They's only one person can make the mayor drank the antydote. We gots some convincin ta do '.

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**Bird:**

Countin me in Wilber. Bring sum shine so we can't smell it.

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**Agent Mulder:**

To: Special Agent in Charge  
From: Agent Muldur  
Re: Alien Infestation

Agent Scully has made great strides in her studies of the aliens. They call themselves the 'Troot. The 'Troot come from a Black Hole in the Horse Head Nebula. They are trisexual, and reproduction for them is a painful process involving the decapitation of one of the sexes involved.

Scully has discovered one interesting fact concerning the antidote. Although the side-effects for males are well-known, the side-effects for females are not so clear-cut. Anecdotal evidence seems to indicate that side-effects include unsightly hair growth, an unusual loss of intelligence, accompanied by an extreme compulsion to nest in mobile habitats. In other words, they are turned into redneck trailer trash. All agents are warned to be on the lookout for such symptoms.

...Agent Mulder  
The 'Troot is out there

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**Wilber:**

Wail, Bird, looks lahk thangs done settlin' down agin'.

All the men-folk in Troy (cept you an me and the mayor) done turned into nagging old housewives.

All the wimmen-folk done turned into trailer trash rednecks.

The mayor still an eatie.

Nother wurd, thangs back to normal.

Wail, guess we aint got any cats no mo. Ah got another batch o shine ah got to git ready. So ah guess ah'm gone go out in the woods an milk me some bobcats. Aint no big thang. All you gots to do is pick them suckers up by the testyculs and squeeze.

You take care, bird.

-- Wilber

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**Bernadette Carlstein:**

### ***Spotlight on Business***

***Troy Sentinel***

**Bernadette Carlstein**

Now open for business is Big Milton's Tattoo Gym, a novel approach targetting the younger generation. Formerly Little Milton's Massage Parlor and Tattoo Shop, Big Milton's is a trendy center for buffed weightlifters who also want a little color in their lives and in their skin. Run by Milton Bostock, now sporting a new, pumped-up he-man look, he has completely re-done his shop and promises the ultimate in cardio-vascular workouts and weight training. Says Big Milton, with a twinkle in his eye:

"We have spared no expense in providing you with the ultimate body-building experience. And ladies, you too can lose that flab and attain the flat abs and thunder-thighs you have always dreamed about."

Well said, Milton. Those biceps and tattoos are formidable. This reporter for one is impressed, and intends to fully take advantage of all that Big Milton has to offer.

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**Wilber:**

Ah guess the antydote done affectid diffrent folks in diffrent ways.

--Wilber

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**Brand New Wilber (Wilbrette):**

It has come to my attention that several of our readers have questions about untied loose ends in the denouement of The Podman Chronicles. Herewith, I try to tie these loose strands:

Q: Why didn't Bird get infected by the alien infestation?

A: In order to be infected, you have to have a brain.

Q: Why didn't Missus Podman turn into trailer trash?

A: She's the alien queen. Becoming trailer trash would be unregal and quite beneath her.

I hope this answers your questions.

-- Brand New Wilbrette

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**Epilog:**

Scene shifts to the Troy Cinema. All is dark and quiet. Camera enters doorway, into the gloomy lobby. The doors magically swing open into the dark theater. The camera enters and travels down the long aisle, past tattered seats and over decades-old buttered popcorn stains on the floor. At the front of the theater, a beam of light emerges from the emergency exit onto the screen. We see the shadowy silhouette of an alley cat on the screen, sitting on its haunches and licking its paws. Suddenly, a tentacle leaps out and wraps itself around the alley cat's neck. The cat howls and jumps, but it is too late. Its struggles slow and finally cease.

A voice is heard: "Gotchew, yew damn varmint".

Fade out.

Cue eerie music.