

Chapter 10 - The Night of the Living Flesh Eating Zoombies

Bird:

Hey Wilber! Shhhhhhhhhh! Dat Ms. Molley? She ain't a dead! I dun't see her and dat preacher man eatin da arm of a lizard. Dam sur did! Dun't you tell da Mayor.! He'd a mean man. Ms. Molley dun't said so. (Da one dat ain't dead nomo)

Wilber:

Hey, Bird, this here's Wilber. How you doon? Thangs has settled down after the alien infestation, haint they? Them dam 'Troot ain't such bad folks after all. They thanked they was gone 'similate us, but we done 'similated them instead. Ah was talkin to Doc ta other day an he said the 'Troot is the most advanced civylation in the 'hole dam galuxy. But seems lahk they come down to Urth an' they turnt stoopid. Whut's wif that? Must be the warter supply round these parts. Ah ain't even had to put no Bobcat piss in the resyvore lately.

We got us another alien invasion goin on, tho. Raht now, raht chere. Ah read 'bout it ta other day in the noosepaper. It's hap'nin raht afore are very eyes.

They call theselves the S'burbanites. One day you's settin' on yer stoop starin at the cornfield, an the next day they ain't nothing but Mac-mansuns fur's the eye can see. Mahl after mahl a' two story two garage two an a half bath S'burbanite wasteland. You cain't spit wifout bumpin into a Vulvo or a Mini-van. Hail, Bird, they done turnt the swamp into a soccer field!

Whut'm ah gone do now? Whur'm ah gone ply mah trade? They done drained mah warter supply. They's putting a dam Food Line raht over top mah prime steel spot. Won't be long afore they start callin' mah trailer a eyesore!

Wilbrette's done all she can to spruce the place up. We's got them purty Crismus laghts up all over. She done gone to all the ainteeks places an' foun' the best pink fl'mingas an' lawn statues money kin buy. It's raht purty, ah tell yew that. But them ho's at the HO Associashun done sent me a lettur, tellin' me ta git mah dam hubcap collection outta th'

front yard. Can yew b'lieve that? They's taken over! Thet 'Troot infestation weren't nothin compared to them dam S'burbanites.

Me an' Wilbrette gittin' along better. Matter a' fact, we been talkin 'bout tyin the knot. Wail, she been talkin'. All ah been doon is sayin' you crazy, woman. We two brains in one body, we caint get hitched bein lahk that! But we gittin along. We purt much have to. It's not lahk we can do one a them dam trial sepyrations.

Ah gotta admit, she got some purty dam good idees. We done won the Troy Sentnel's best decserated trailer award this year. They sayin' she's a genyus when it comes ta winder treatments. Ah ain't never won no decyratin awards afore. It's kinda nice.

Ah guess ah'm gettin old, Bird. Awl ah wants ta dooz settle down. Ain't nuthin better than cuddlin' down in the bed at naht wif mah womin. She tells me ah'm th best luvver boy she ever had. Me! Can you magine that? Miss Mollie always tole me ah wuz her best customer, on accounta ah wuz so quick. Hail, 3 mints an ah was outta there, even afore the crabs had time to latch on t' me. Ah always had a sneaky s'spishun she wuz jest tellin stories so's she get a better tip. But Wilbrette has a way a makin me feel real good, you git mah drift?

But it ain't all good news. Ah got a feelin' Wilbrette's cheatin on me. Ah takes me a nap an' let her have mah body to do the shoppin and cookin. Ah wake up and ah's sore all over, if yew know whut ah mean. Ah ast her bout it. She said it wuz jest in-you-end-o. Ah said, you dam raht, that's whut ah'm so sore about, thet in-mah-end-o. It ain't raht for no man to giv it to nother man in-his-end-o. Bird, you's mah fren. You'd tail me if they wuz somethin' goin on ah should be 'wear of, raht?

Wail, ah'm gone go find me a new spot fer my steel. Ah heer the basement o' the mayor mansion's empty, ah maht talk t' the mayor. Ah don't thank they'd mind the smell.

See yew at the funny farm...Wilber

Bird:

Dun't reckon I'll be backin Troy inda near fuutir my good buddi Wilber. Dat Mayor gonna have a hissee when he dun't learn dat da preacher man and Ms. Molley ain't dead agin. He might try to kilt dem both or have dat rasckal Billy come fer me. He dun't like Ms. Molley fer some durnt reesun. (I think

Ms. Molley once tolt da Mayor he looked like ZeeZee Stop (ya knows dat rockin rollin band) and maid da Mayor maddern a hornet. Da Mayor nev could hold his shine.

See ya later Wilber.

Wilber:

Sheeit, Bird, they ain't alive. You pullin mah leg, ain't you?

Come ta thank of it, that Tater-Haid Wilson over in Bumpass done gone missin'. Yew know, he the fella thet drahves the combine over t' the Baby Farm? He the one used ta go deer huntin wif a sling shot wif a high power laser saht on it. Missus Wilson say he done gone and vanished one naht, combine, sling shot an all.

Yew thank they's a connection?

--Wilber

Bird:

Dam strate dare is! Dat was mine sling shot i dun't lent him to. Deys alive Wilber trusted me. She got dis funni look to her liken staren into a houn dogs eye. Ain't nuttin dare Wilber, she got da stare like dat Mayor and his cohert Billy da kid. Got to go Wilber, Ms. Molley is callin wants to go do da barn. (Da barned dat burned doun)

Wilber:

Now don't you go pokin' no ghosts, yew hear me?

Ah gotta go too. Sum idjit's out there plowin his field in the dark. Dam fool woke up Wilbrette and now she yellin' in mah eer.

...Yes'm, if it's that dam urgint, ah'll git raht on it...

Bird:

Dang Ms. Molley dun't got relidgion and speartual on me Wilber. When't we was in da barn she's kept a swearin and screemin and dint stop till da cows dunt cum home. She'd be a hollerin "Oh Lord" "Oh God" "Praise

da lord" and things of dat nateur and was a waking up dem dam bobcats and dat prize bull we dun't stole from da Mayor dat we keep in da barn. (dun't tell da Mayor we dun't stole his bull) Damdest thing I evers herd. I dun't thot I had stuck her wit da pitch fork agin.

I plum had to stuff my sock in her mouf to keepin her quite.

Tell da missus I sayd "Howdi". Dam Wilber I dun't stepped on bull sheit agin. "Ms. Molley please dun't let dat bull in my bed agin"

Take in care Wilber. I gats to go cleen up dis sheit out a ma bed agin.

Wilber:

Dam, Bird, you loonier than usual, talkin bout the late Miss Molly lahk thet. Yew got t be maginin thangs. She daid, y heer me?

Ah fergot to tell ye, when ah wint to talk to the Mayor t' other day, it were the strangest thang. He wuz hidin under the bed, bleetin lahk a billy gote. Missus Podman woodn't say a wurd, cept she say he lahk thet after comin home from a walk in the woods. Dam, Bird, it take somethin mahty powerful to make a strong man lahk His Ornor to be cryin lahk a littul gurl.

Ah wunder whuts up wif him?

Ah had me the strangest dream las naht. Ah wint out in the middle o' the nahgt, purt near 6 O'clock. Ah saw Ol Tater Haid Wilson drahvin his combine 'roun the corn field, only his haid done turt into a real tater. Scurred the bejesuz outa me, ah tell yew.

--Wilber

Wilber:

Ah got some good news, Bird. Wilbrette done gone an got hersef knocked up! Yep, ah'm gone be a daddy! Ah'm so happy. It tickles me pink to magine a little un runnin round insahd mah haid. Ah thank they's room nuff in there fer three, don't you thank? Ah'm gone name him or her Junior, in ornor of mah fren'.

Gotta go, Bird. We workin on re-descreeratin the haid in mah trailer. We gone turn it into a nursery.

--Wilber

Linda Podman:

Congradulations, Wilbur. Hope it looks just like you. The Queen of Troy.

Bird:

You's joshin I no. Ya gonna be a daddy? Well I'll bee! Magine a littul Wilber runnin round wit his stil making shine for poppa. Wat a site.

Wish in ya luk Wilber. Tell da missus it ain't mine! Ha, Ha! Dats a joke Wilber! Oh, man I can't wate to take the youngin frog giggun up at Possum Crek. Ms. Molley dun't have to worri much bout dat causin she stil be a virgin and all but I no she be hopin dat one day that littul pink flaminga will bring herin a littul un to bounc off her nee and throws up all ovur her. Dat bein in a familee ways fur da women and I dun't wnat's no parts. Well you might's well tell da Mayor he can have dat prize bull backin now. It dun't keelt ovur and died. It be in da barn next to da bobcats. Dam varmits pissin all ovur everthin.

Yuo take care here?

Bird

Wilber:

No Sheeit! That dam bull jest keeled over, did he? Wail, maybe you n me can have urselves sum fresh beef one naht. That dam fresh beef taste so much bettern that sto bought stuff, don't ya thank? Still gamey, at's the way ah lahk it.

So, yew thank yer little pink flaminga gone get Miss Mollie in the fambly way? Hey, yew know whut, yew thank she already pregnint and she got that there mournin sickness? Maybe that why she was eatin lizzard t other day. Wilbrette say she got a hankerin fer pickuls and ice cream, dam stuff givs me hartbirn real bad. But ah eats it fer mah womin an mah little un.

Ah wuz startin to wunder bout Miss Mollie, eatin lizzard. Maybe she one a them there zoombies thet eats flesh. Yew thank that's whut the Mayor so upset about, he saw her eatin' lizzard?

Or wuz it yer lizzard she were eatin? Heh, heh. That saht'ed be nuff ta git anybody riled up. Whose lizzard was that reverend fella eatin? Heh, heh.

Awraht, Wilbrette's gonna rustle me up sum a thet chicken gizzard salad, soon as she wakes up. Ah thank ah'll take a nap while she cookin'. Ah'll talk atchew later.

Big Milton:

Letters to the Editor
Troy Sentinel

I would like to address the rumors that I went on a junket to the Florida Keys this weekend with Rummy Felter. Those rumors are pure lies and innuendo.

The fact of the matter is, that I have recently become certified and am now a Licensed Sexual Reorientation Therapist. I would like it to be known that I went to the Keys with Mr. Felter on a purely professional basis.

The fact that there were nude beaches full of beefy hunks had absolutely nothing to do with our trip.

Sincerely, Big Milton Bostock, L.S.R.T.

Bernadette Carlstein

Dining Downtown

Bernadette Carlstein

Troy Sentinel

Irving's Fish n' Gizzard Hut

This so-called dining experience left much to be desired. While Irving has spared no expense on the decor, he obviously has very far to go when it comes to food preparation. I had the highest hopes for Irving's. I ordered the crawfish soup as an appetizer, but when it arrived I was horrified to find a severed human finger floating in it. I politely took a bite but made it clear that I was dissatisfied.

I insisted that I talk to the chef. The chef was busy, and so the assistant chef was given the unpleasant duty instead. This fellow, when he arrived at my table, reminded me of Captain Ahab. He had a wooden leg, an eyepatch, and was missing several fingers. He stood there in stoic silence while I berated him for his lack of culinary skill. I soon found out why he was so silent -- he was also missing his tongue.

Several other patrons called him over. One lady complained of eyeballs in her macaroni. Another grumbled about toenails in her salad. I hesitate to contemplate the travails of the other diners.

I had had enough. I called Irving over to say that I would definitely not be taking a doggie bag home with me. And then the unkindest cut of all. Irving had the nerve to say

to me that I didn't know good dining when I saw it. He said his chef had the highest culinary honors and that his assistant prepared only the finest in raw materials.

I will **not** be returning, and I suggest that you do not, either.

Bird:

Wilber,

Dat fella Billy and dat revenoer fella Rummy dun't burned down da barn agin. Poooor Bobcats dun't got their tails burnit off. Tells da Mayor we be barbeequin ribs and be snakkin on dem mountin oysturs. We be outin the pastur till da barn cools of agin.



Wilber:

Don fergit the frahd Bobcat tail. Ah'm on mah way.

Wilber:

Bird? This here's Wilber. Ah'm in the dam hospita. Po Wilbrette's done gone had hersef one a them dam mist carnages. Po littul Junior ain't no mo. Ah's so hartbroke, but ah gotta stay strong fer Wilbrette's sake. She countin' on me.

They done brought us in bout 3 a'clock las naht, wif Wilbrette hollerin up a storm. They trahed that there lectrical shock, ah gues they was trahin to git Junior goin agin. Weren't no good.

They's all kinds of folks in this hospita whut had some hurrible accyidents. They's missin arms, legs, ears, noses, everthang. One fella weren't nothin but a torso. Them hospita folk been cartin body parts back n forth all naht long. Looks lahk they got theyselvs a mergency. They done filled up the morgue an now they's set up the dinin room to keep all the dead folks. They won't let me in thar, say they have a special dinnur real soon wif me as the guest a orner.

They's some mean nurses in this dam hospita. The fella next to me was a' moanin an groanin and pushin thet there call button awl naht long. Them nurses fahnally come and cut the man's arm clean oft wif a hack saw. He ast them whut they wuz doon. They sed it wuz carry-out. Ah guess that's sum of that there nurse talk fer 'shut ya mouf'. That fella dint take ther advice, he starts to hollerin. So they come and hacked him up and started ta fahtin over the pieces.

Ah'm keepin mah mouth shut, that's fer shur. Ah'd lahk to get outta this place, but ah cain't on accounta they's tied me to the bed and ah got them fancy hospita PJs wif the arms that tie round. Ah tole em ah sleep in the nude, but they tole me to shut up, or they'd take mah tongue out an' eat it. So ah's keepin quite.

Luckly, Wilbrette's done slept thru most of it. Ah hope ah git to go home soon. Ah never did lahk hospitas.

Wilber:

Say, Bird, whut did the cannibal ho say to her dawter when she was teachin her the ropes?

Don't talk wif food in yer mouth.

Heh, heh

-- Wilber

Bird:

Dam hospitalials! Sory bout ta missus and the littul un. Nect time ga see Doc Harley the vet doc. He'd a good doc fer sur.

Wilber:

Ah'm outta th hospita now, Bird. Ah tole em ah ain't got no inshewance. They tossed me n Wilbrette out quickern a bobcat eatin a weasel.

Wilber:

Ah sware, thangs gone bad to wurst, Bird. Ah weren't outta the hospita ten minutes, hardly had time to grow no hair back on mah haid. Wilbrette done popped sum bad news on me. She say tweren't no missed conception. She say "It wuz a 'bortion. It wuz a boy, Wilber, and ah done kilt it. On accounta this crazy sheeit mus end." Ah dint know whut she wuz talkin bout, all this craziness. But ah wuz so pissed at her, ah hauled off an smacked mahsef up side the haid.

Ah's desponderant. Thet bortion's a sin in the eyes o the lord. Wilbrette's gone go to hail, and ah guess ah gotta go wif her. Po, po Junior. He up in hevin now, Bird. That's the only thang ah got to consol mahsef.

Wilber:

Ah dun it, Bird. Ah done got mahsef rid a Wilbrette. Ah opened up thet there surgycul woond they give me in the hospita and ripped her raht out. She ain't no mo. Ah threw her off the bridge up there on Choktaw ridge. Thet new preacher fella done saw me do it, but ah don care. Say, shur is a shame bout Billy an' thet mountin climin accydent, aint it?

Oh, Bird, ah done kilt mah wommin. Ah's gone strate to hail, aint ah? Guess ah mahgt be joinin Rufus there in the big house first. Oh Bird, them big boys up there gone be all over mah ass.

Whut have ah done? Whut have ah done?

Say, shure is quite roun here, wifout that noise in mah brain all th time. Kinda nice, yew know?

Rummy:

Now, now, 'Ber...As Little Milton taught me on our seminar in the Fl. Keys, it's okay to get in touch with your feminine side.

There may be a statute against ripping your feminine side right out of your body, though, so be careful, mind you!

Agent Rumsford Felther

Bird:

Dat agent Felther fella a smart man he is.

Bird:

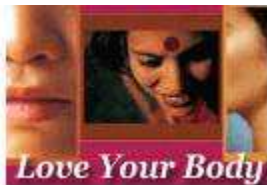
Dat you Wilber? You sound betta now!

Marianne LeFemme



Letters to the Editor

It has come to the attention of the National Organization of Woman that a certain Wilber McBush has done away with his female side. The facts associated with this story are so incredible, that we at NOW are sure we must have been incorrectly informed. It seems that Mr. McBush *ripped* his female side right out of his body and disposed of it by throwing it off of a bridge. This has been confirmed by a local Troy Preacher. Since NOW is not aware how this is biologically possible, we will not pursue homicide charges against Mr. McBush. BUT, we must make Mr. McBush aware:



Love your body Mr. McBush. What you have done is terribly wrong. Hoping that you are a mature and intelligent person (contradicting what we have been told by The Preacher) we ask that you reform your ways and do what you can to get your female side back.

Signed,

Marianne LeFemme
President of the National Organization of Women.



Bird:

WTF Wilber. Dat gonna leave a bruse fer sur. I dun't told ya thet wood hapkin whent thay gaiv womens the vote. Them feminist dun't takin ovur the wurd. Goin to da barn Wilber and hide. (It dun't cool down now)
Ms. Molley youin comes her I'm gonna whip your but.

Wilber:

She wuz a lezbean. Thats whut she tole me, raht afore she died.

On the one han, afore she turnt queer she lahked boys, an that's a sin fer me, raht thair. On t uther han, she turnt queer an that's a sin too. On the third hand, ah lahked gurls, an thats a sin fer her. On t fith han, she done had her a bortion, an that's the wurst sin of all.

Ah sware, ah'm a sinner thru an thru!

An' them lezbeans over t NOW have th nurve to say ah shud git in touch wit mah femynun sahd. They's all sinners, that whut they is.

Wilber:

Ah's thru wif wimmin, Bird. They jest aint wurth it. Don't chew wurry bout Miss Mollie. Yew kin have her.

Best yew watch out fer her eatin yer lizzard. She jest maht swaller.

Bird:

Ya betta go talk to da preacher man and confezz yur sins so da lord will firgive ya fer wat ya dunt Wilber. Caint be mordin 10 hail merries to git da job dun and redeem yerself. Da lord wurks in misterious ways and dats the truuf and I sware it. Dun't drink no shine till you dun it cause

Santa Claas be a watchin. Ya dun't a bad thin Wilber specialee cause in its da holadays and we dun'tant peice in da wurld.

Wilber:

Wail, Bird, looks lahk the "Naht o the Livin Flesh Eatin Zoombies" wuz a bust. Turnt out it wuz jest a bunch a S'burbanites lookin fer them dam X boxes fer Christmas an willin to keel an' maim to git em. Ah'm steel not so shur bout Miss Mollie. After all, she did come back from th daid. Yew shur she ain't actin weerd? Yew still got all yer body parts? Yew oughtta give y'sef a thurow goin over t make shur.

Ah wish you n Miss Mollie the best a luck. She done got the man she deserved. Ah heer you two done joined in a mangy twat wit that preacher fella. Ya'll made fer each uther, yew and yer lizzards.

Tater Haid Wilson done been found. He wuz so drunk on moon-shine, he thought day wuz naht an he wuz tryin to plow the hole dam county. He did hav a tater fer a haid, that wuz no lie. But thats Tater Haid fer ye. He jes gettin ol. He back at the baby farm now, jest in time fer the harvest.

Ah done spoke to thet certifiable public no-count fella agin. Ah thank ah'm gone give that dam online biznis a shot. Ah hard Miss Betty Jean, yew know thet pimple face dawter a Miss Agatha, livs over in the holler? She only fo'teen, but she know how to do them web sahts. She only charge me 500 dollah a hour.

So, here mah web saht, ah's sendin it to awl mah frends:

Wilber's Web Saht

Bird	Mayor Podman	Missus Podman
Rummy	Big Milton	Uncle Alistair
Murray R. Edwards	Bernadette Carlstein	Keid
Miss Molly		

They's 10 names up on mah web saht, an it take Miss Betty Jean 2 hours to make it, so each a you owe me, lessee, 5 dollah a piece to put yer names up on mah web saht. Ah thank thet jest bout breaks me even. Cash only, please.

If ah don see you folks afore Chismus, you have you a merry one.

-- Wilber

Bird:

Not ta worri Wilber. Ms. Molley dun't gone to see the Doc. Yep! I dun't took her thar thankin she be acktin a mite pekuliar an I best find out if she be in a familee way ya know her still bean a virgun an all. I be sippin on shine and snackin on da mayor prize bull whent the Doc come out in da watin room and tells Ms. Molley she gonna be a momma! Yep I heard it from the horus mouth rite thar. Ms. Molley dun't got a dum look on her face like she been eatin lemin drops and asked the Doc?

"Are you sure it's mine" :-) :-) I dun't slapped da brod real hard and sayd! "Of course its yourin ya idijit" Wilber we got to get out this place, if its the last thing we ever do. We got to get out of this place. Girl theirs a better life for me and you, da da, da da!

Oh Sorry! Dam women! anyhow's I leavin the barn to Ms. Molley and her youngin an moving doun to Lake Gastun fer a spell til I can fine me a good womin. Tell Tater Haid Howdi and maybein I go's check on Ms. Agatha and pop sum dem pimples fer hur. Nice web sait Wilber butin I ain't got no five bucks to givin you. Ms. Molley dun't spent it on da Doc.

Damn womin!

You take care here?

Bird