

Letters to the Edittir

It iz a fact of lyf wich has been notted by menny turckyz, that we oll get oldir und rinkyler und wyzir. Heer is a tail of how old und rinky und wize we hav got down on Mistr Jonstons farm, hom of the revolushun.

Last yeer Bruthur Gobblur had a pritty good idee of how we shood sway publik opinyin. Swayng publik opinyin is a good thing if yoov got a revolysuhun to do; it has nothing to do with standing on a fens und geting blone abowt in the breez, altho that is also a good thing to do. It is abowt mekking childer und peepil from rownd abowt think yoo ar ok-turckyz so that thay wont let Mistr Jonston und his nassty frendz bak.

When Bruthur Gobblur has a good idee, we oll yooshly hav a meeting to tok abowt it. So we had a meeting to tok abowt Bruthur Gobblurz idee und everywun sed it woz a reelly good idee wun of the best und oll that. Bruthur Gobblur has bin on a markting cors at the collij. We oll thot he woz going to fynd owt how to subvert markitz und liberayt eny chikin und eggzes und so. But he fownd it woz kwyt difrint oltogethir. Nevir mynd. Of cors we didnt tel him that his idee woz grayt strate away becos that wood mak him feel importint und weev had enuff of importint turckyz to last us a wyl. So we gobbild und scritchted und argyood for owrz on end und then we vottid by a narro marjin to aksept Bruthur Gobblurz idee.

Then we had to desyd how we wer going to sway publik opinyon: Bruthur Gobblur wot had been on the markting cors sed ther woz sum reely good wayz of makking frendz in the publick - lyk parshoot jumpz und fyrwurkz in the town und winning the nashnul lottry. But we desydid that the best way woz to rite to the nyoozpapirz. This task fel to me to orginize as the bestest riter of oll.

This myte be a surpriz to oll my reedirz but I hav been teetching uthir turckyz how to rite und now ther ar three of us - me - Bruthur Nubbly, who yoo oll no und luv; then my prentiss Bruthur Gubbly who is still not a good spellur; und finely yung Sistor Gugglur who is verr keen. We thot it best that oll three of us rit the lettirz so as peepil wood not rekernize the handriting eech tym. Wot fun we had in the koz of the revolushun! Furst I rote a lettir to the nyoozpapir, saying thingz like **"Sur, It has cum to owr attenshun..."** und **"Wher ar owr elektid offishulz when we need them?"** und uthir sutch rytchus thingz und demanding to no why turckyz und henz get Percykyootid. I sined the lettir **"Mr Norman Nubbles, Raytpayr of Roslin"**.

Abowt too dayz aftir that, sumwun colld Mistr Fred Limp rot to the edittir, his blud boyling at Mr Nubbles lettir und demanding to no wot the wurld woz cumming too und why we didnt string turckyz up by the nek or skwish them with tractorz. **"How can the edittir of this nobbel jurnal allow such filf on his payjis?"**, rott Mistr Limp. Of kors, Mistr Limp woz reely me ritting a pretend lettir.

Then Bruthur Gubbly rot to say that he thot Mr Nubbles was kwit korrekt und that he **"spok for the sylint majority whoo wil now rize up und mek ther voyses herd"** Gubbly wood sine himself **"Gordon Gubbles of Gorbridj"**. Und abowt too dayz aftir that anuther lettir from Mistr Fred Limp woz printid, evin mor owtrajd than befor, colling for turckyz to be spred with stikky jam und toastid ovir a barbykew.

But then cam the reel trik - a lettir cums from a reel membir of the publick this tym - Missis Brown - in support of us turckyz. Bruthur Bobblur telld us that wen this happind owr stritije woz wurking.

Und so it went on. Efter a wyl, Sistor Gugglur rot in to the editor, saying that she woz a vistor from Amerika und that over ther it woz perfickly normil for henz und turckyz und duks to tek ovir ther farmz und become liberaytid. **“Shoorly it iz tym for Britten to wayk up,”** she rot, **“Und embrayss the noo wurd ordir?”**.

Well, it oll went verr verr well. Jurnalistz soon turnd up und we gav intervyoos to them oll, with Bruthur Bobblur at the frunt of the kew. Skool childer cam with ther teechirz und held bannirz und showted lotz. Bruthur Bobblur manijd to get his markting class at collij to cum in a bus und see wot we woz doing. Soon kwestchinz wer being askd at the hihist level in the town kownsil witch, as yoo oll no, is a verr importint plays. Publik opinyin woz swayng ovr way

But then sumthing hapind witch we did not eggspekt. Wun day last munth, the Kayti gurl, who woz appoyntid our offishul ambasadur by ovr reveerd leedur Sistor Stubbly, cam down the rod on hur rollurbladz verr fast. Rollurbladz ar most danjirus thingz as yoo ar probbly awayr. Burthur Pybbly tryd the gurlz rollurbladz in Janoory und he woz oll bandijd up until Joon aftir he went owt of controle und endid up in the pigst-eye at Missis Makfarlinz. It woz not a pritty site. Und the bladz woz olmost rooind wot wood hav been a sham had not Bruthur Bobblur, who is kwyt rekless, throne himself into the pigst-eye und rentchd the bootz from the verr pigzes mowthz. Pigzes ar grumpy kreechirz - oll curly taylz und skweelz - und hav not yet rekernized the Turkey Republic. Ther leedirs ar three pigz whoo ar supposd to hav eeten a woof wuns; I wood lyk to meet thes pigzes und see wot thay kood do with Mistir Fox.

Ennyway the Kayti gurl kums skidding in oll graysfil lyk und sez: “Hav yoo seen this?” und shoze us anuthir lettir in the nyoospapir. This wos not wun wot we hav rittin.

“Deer sur,” it sez (I red it owt to the assembild turckyz who had run up gobbling), **“It is perfickly normil in these dayz for machure yung peepil to be allowd to stay up until midnyt wotching videoze und teevee und eeting krispz. Why then duz the yung turckyz at Mistr Jonstons farm not hav this fundymentil rite? Do the parintz of theez briyte hops for ovr fuchur not reelyz wot damidj thay ar flikting on the yung persinz?”** The lettir woz sined **“The Bryt Yung Turkey Komitee”**. Wen I had finishd reeding, we oll lookd at eech uthir, und wundird if we woz being hard on ovr yung turckyz.

Three dayz layter it woz the same: anuthir lettir appeerz. **“Deer Sur,”** it goze, **“We the undersined ar owtrayjd that yung turckyz at Mistr Jonstons farm ar beeng denyd ther fundimentil ritez. It is perfickly normil for yung peepil in Amerika und Yoorop to sit up until wun in the morning und eet krisps und wotch videoze. We coll on oll rite-myndid sittizins to protest”** und so on. The nams at the bottim of the lettir wer od: **Jonny Jonston, Marky Marks, Sarah Samsun, Lorry Lorensen, etsetera etsetera,** witch meenz mutch mor of the sam. Wee cood not think whoo ol theez peepil wer, but ther wer shorly lotz of them und thay kood not ol be rong.

Not too dayz had gon past than anuthir lettir is publishd: **“Deer sur,”** it sez, **“I am riting from as far away as the sitty of Londin town wer the streetz ar pavd with gold. It has kum to my notiss that ovr**

frendz in Scotlind ar being denyd ther baysik rites as yung peepil... Wen wil this tirinny by oldir turckyz end? How kan a sosiyity be free witch itself opressiz its yung peepil?" Ther woz much konstirnayshun amungst turckyz at this - peepil in Lundin wer wurrid: shood we not be wurrid too?

Well, to kut a long storry short, we had to be swayd by publik opinyin und we let the yung burdz stay up layt at nytz wotching videoze und eeting krispz. Thay got spotz und looked sleepy oll the tym. But this iz perfickly normil amungst yung peepil.

Wos it only me wot notissed that Sistir Gogglur woz looking partickly pleezd with hursel?

Und now, last week, the Kayti gurl droo ovr attenshun to anuthir lettir. "Deer sur," I red owt to my assembild frendz, "I undirstand that it is perfickly normil in most partz of the siviliyzed wurld for yung femayl turckyz to be exkyoosd ther homewurk if thay ar tyrd aftir a long day at skool. Wy then ar yung femayl turckyz at Mistr Jonstons farm being denyd this simpil und normil rite?" The lettir woz sined "Bertha Bertsun, ajed 13 $\frac{3}{4}$, of Mantchestir".

Oll Bruthur Bobblur und Sistir Stubby kan do is run rownd in surkls und say "Wotz normill ennymore? Ar we getting old und rinkly und tirranikal?". No wun els seemz to add to und to togethir und get fyv lyk me: who amung us is a yung femayl turcky und can riyte lettirz und is getting fat on krispz...?