



A LITTEL RED BOOK

Yoo will no, deer reedur, that I am a verr peesfool burd, wun who will try to yooz my powrz of perswayshun und not my beek. I am a verr perswaysiv burd indeed with wurdz, even if I sez so myself. My pen is mitier than the sord; but ther ar tymz wen the pen will not do. Let me tell yoo oll how I no this.

It woz Missis Drummind a kind lady who furst suggestid to me that I woz a verr good rytur und that I shood try to get my wurkz publishd. Missis Drummind, as it happinz, is the granny of the Kayti gurl, und so thay tok a lot abowt us turkyz und ovr revolyushunz. The Kayti gurl shode Missis Drummind sum of my bettir wurks of litter und she woz delitid as I nyoo she wood be, for I am a pritty nifty rytur indeed, even for a turky.

She sed “Fynd yoorselv a publishur, yung burd. Yoo will be a famus rytur wun day!” Well I hav to confes that my pryd reered its ugly hed und I thot that Missis Drummindz idee woz a verr good wun. Und in enny cays I woz wurrid that my colleeg Bruthur Gubbly, who haz ritted sum intresting thingz on his own und shoze a litl promiss, mite becum the best ryter of oll.

If yoo wont to get a book publishd, this iz wot yoo doo. Furst of all you must spend sevrал eevningz with a sharp pensil und cleen paypur und mek shoor that yoor story iz rittn owt neet und tidy lotz of tymz. Then yoo must kollekt lotz of envelopz from the postyman: thiz is yooshly kwite exsiting coz yoo hav to chays the postyman down the road until he follz off his byk und oll the letterz spill owt of his sak. Then yoo grab as meny letterz as yoo can in yoor beek und run back to the farm with them befor he catchiz yoo.

Yoo then skritch owt the old adresiz und rite the adresiz of lotz of publishurz on oll the envelopz yoo hav manijd to kollekt und yoo stik wun copy of yoor story into eech. Then yoo post the letterz down at the post box - mek shoor itz a red wun becoz sum boxez ar for rubbish und letterz get lost for evur in thoz. The wurst wunz ar weelybinz witch ar oll green und just look lyk post boxis.

So I rited lotz of letturz to publishurz abowt a munth ago. Sistor Dobbly, whoo iz az good at sumz as I am at riting, thot ther wer abowt sixteen of them. That iz a LOT of letturz, let me tel yoo: my riting claw woz verr tyred. Aftur abowt too weekz the postyman showtid from the gayt that ther woz letturz for us. He dropz them over the gayt und runz away - this iz dredfool becoz he is suppost to delivur them to yoor dore. Sistor Stubbly haz complaynd to the othoritayz but thay hav dun nuthing abowt this poor servis. Most of the letturz sed “Sorry, nuthing doing” or “We fynd yoor projekt verr intresting but unforchunettly it wood not fit in ovr list” und uthur sutch nonsens. Sum of them dont even bothir to chek ther speling! Coll themselvz publishurz! Sharlatanz is wot Sistor Gubbly collz them.

But then last week the postyman droppt in a lettur from the Peecok Press; I dont think mutch of peecoks coz thay spend a lot of tym looking silly und screetching und such so I had not wontid to rite to ther press; but Missis Drummind sez I shood try everywun, so I did. Und wot luck I did! Heer, I will reed yoo sum of the lettur:

“Dear Mr Nubbly,” it sez, oll polyte und grayshus, “It givz us grayt pleshur to rite und tell yoo how wundurfool we thot yoor storyz woz.” Etc etc. “We wood lyk verr mutch to publish them!” It woz sined by Mr F. Woxy, whoo must be the manijur of the Press (altho wot peecokz in ther rite mynds wood let a fox run ther biznis, I dont no). Mistr Woxy also sendid me his “Reedurz Report”. Now, for

thoz of yoo who ar not familiar with the seekritz of publishing as mutch as me, I will tell yoo abowt Reedurz Reportz: the publishur getz a verr faymus und clevr persun to reed yoor book or story und this persun then rites in long wurdz how good - or bad - it iz. The reedur of my story woz Fawny Swany. Heer is sum of wot she sed - I will not tell yoo oll of it for I am a modist burd und I blush eezly:

“The melange of stylez enritchiz und distilz the preepondrunt mood or montality of doomd soshal milinayryanizm, simpathtikly parodyng it und enlarjng itz Romantik vishun... The sentril narativ is espeshly gratifyng... The proz itself has a meditayshunal lirissizm und melifloos granjure... The post-modirn tutchez ar partickerly pleezing...”

Und so it went on (so yoo cood undirstand it, I hav improvd the speling witch woz a disgrayss). Sistor Gubbly und me und Missis Drummind red it und we wer oll a bit puzzld. But it seemd the reedur lykd it. So I rote bak to Mr Woxy und askt wot next.

Whyl we waytid for an ansur, ther woz grayt exsitement amung my fanz. We oll lookd forwird to the tym wen I wood be a famus othur, attending book-luntchiz und cocktale partyz - we turkys ollwayz lykz luntchiz und as good fowlz ar ollwayz good for a cocktale - und going on teevee etc. We thot we wood ask that my bookz be translaytid into uthur tungz - like Welsh, Gaylik und Turkish espeshly. Juring the day I wood rite famus novilz und brethtayking wurks of litter und perhaps good sloginz und at nite I wood be the toste of the kultcherd wurd. Bruthur Bobblur woz muttring sumthing abowt yuppiz und turcky-sumthingz, but I ignord him becoz he woz only jellus. We considered wot to coll the bookz und I thot “**My Pen is Mitier, Volyoom Wun**” wood be clevr. That wood leev room for volyooms too, fore, fyv, ayt, six etc. Sistor Mibbly suggistid “**A Little Red Book**” lyk wot Chairmin Maow roted with oll his thots on revoluyshunz. Bruthur Bobblurz frend Bruthur Mobbly muttird sumthing abowt “Itl be littel red oll rite”, but I chos to ignor him becoz he has no kultchir.

Then Bruthur Mugglur sed I mite win sum famus pryz - he had herd of the Nobbly Pryz for Good Litter whych is prezentid eech yeer to the best ryturz. I must confess, deer reedur, that I thot this wood be reely grate

Trooly I thot that my Pen woz the mitiest und that my bookz wood spred the wurd of the revoluyshun to oll partz of the glob und that fowlz wood ryz up und smash down ther oppressurz!

Best of oll, Sistor Gubbly, who has verr nys legz, woz verr frendly too me wen I tokd of my planz.

Ah but, deer reeder, it is sed that pryd goze befor the foll! How troo this iz! For too dayz ago Foxy Woxy und Fawny Swany cam to the farm to speek to me abowt my story und how it wood be publishd. Very smart und handsum thay both wer und we gav them good seetz in the barn. But thay had not been thayr more than ten minutz or an owr wen I see wot thay reely wontid. Wood yoo beleev, deer reedur, that thay wonted me to pay them munny to get publishd!

Oh thay wer most suttl abowt it - “Wot a good und grayt story yoo ryte, Mistr Nubbly, oh wot a revolysuhun in ideez it will coz, und how famus yoo will be und oll yoor frendz here gathurd, etc” und so on. “But just at this tym we ar experiensng sum problimz with capital und so wood ask yoo to poot up sum munny...” Well, I shoold hav gesst!

Wen thay sed “Capital”, of cors, Bruthur Bobblur began to boo und hiss - he is now well red in Caroling Marx und Fethry Engles und will tok for owrz abowt the evilz of capital. We tel him to be kwyet, but this tym he woz rite. Becoz Foxy Woxy wontid me to fynd six thowzind powndz - six thowzind powndz sterling munny! Can yoo beleev it?! - to giv to them to get my story publishd. Even if we sold oll of Mistr Jonstnz farm we wood not get six thowzind powndz, unless we throo in the van as wel.

Sistor Stubbly had told me nevir to trust a fox und wen he sed that grayt sum of munny I sawd sumthing in his glittiring eyez wich med me wurry. “Six thowzind powndz,” he sez agen, “Not mutch

of a prys to pay for faym und forchun, Mistr Nubbly.” I woz still temtid even then. But then sez Fawny Swany, “If yoo cant fynd the munny we can poot yoo in tutch with sum verr good bankurz...” Well, that woz it. At the wurd “bankurz”, Bruthur Bobblur skreemz with rayj - becoz he seez bankurz as the ayjuntz of capital - und throze himself at Swany Fawny. Wel us turckyz lyk a skwabil und befor we no whayr we ar, we ar oll in a fyt und attacking Foxy Woxy und Fawny Swany with ovr beekz und wingz. It woz verr satisfyng. It is sed that the pen is mitier than the beek, but the beek is far bettur for poking into foxiz!

Foxy Woxy und Fawny Swany fled the farm with brooziz und cutz und nevr cam bak. Witch iz a good thing. I will not sell my storyz to the ayjuntz of Capital. Und Sistor Gubbly still lykz me und sez she nevr wontid me to becum a famus rytur ennyway becoz famus ryturz ollwayz becum fat und dull or drink themselvz to deth with wisky. Witch iz not a good end for a revolyushunary turcky.

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