

OKTOBER WHOOPY

The Revolyushunary Fowls Sentril Comity has now upointid me as the offishul historyan und editor of oll happeningz. It is now my jooty to report oll ryatz, revolyushunz und uprizingz, just as thay happin und just as thay ar sed. So yoo wil exkyuz enny unforchinit spelingz und bad wurdz witch mite apeer in the reportz wich follo.

In layt Oktobir, Bruthur Diggly woz owt woking in the rodez, witch is sumthing we hav ollwayz told him not to do in cas he getz nokd down or kidnapt or wurs, but he nevir lissnez to usund just goze on exploring. “Kristfer Kolumbis wood not hav discuvird America,” sez Bruthur Diggly, “If he had stade at hom. Und if Kristfer Kolumbis had not discuvird America then us turckyz wood not hav been discuvird eether.”

Now, ther ar burdz amung us wot sez that it mite hav been a good thing if Kristfer Kolumbis had not discuvird us at oll, cos then we woodnt get eeten. But mor progressiv turckyz sez that we had to get discuvird

in order to hav revolyushunz und so Kristfer Kolumbis woz a good thing wot happind.

Ennyway, I am not saying wot I am supposed to say here. Bruthur Diggly woz owt woking wen he turned up a smol rode witch led into the hillz. "Oh," he thot to himself, "I wundir whayr this rode goze", und up the rode he wokd. He wokkd kwit a long way und suddinly he cums out in a farm whayr hiz ayez neerly popz owt of his hed! He seez the biggist burdz yoo can evir imajin. As big as a yooman und then sum! With lotz of fethirz und long legz - und I am most takin with long legz as yoo may no - und a verr long nek. Well Bruthur Diggly woz kwit startild und he hid a long tim befor kleeping up on wun of theez big burdz. He koffz jently. Und wot do yoo think hapinz? The big burd skreemz und stikz itz hed in the grownd.

Well Bruthur Diggly duznt no wot to do so he runz oll the way bak to Mistr Jonstonz farm und tellz us oll abowt it. Sistor Mibbly sez strate away "Theez ar ostritchiz, my frendz. Ostritchiz ar verr big burdz just lyk big turckys only with smollir branez. Und nasty yoomanz keep them for eeting und for ther fetherz!" Wot an uprore ther woz at this revelayshin. Ther woz a noyzy meeting und we oll votid to go owt und liberayt the ostritchiz. Strate away. That verr nite.

Now thingz got verr komplikatid heer. For that verr nite woz a nite witch is colld halo-een und yoo get childer going arownd in skary clothz und maskz und fritening yoo. Ther ar also witchiz flyng on stix witch is terrfing. Last yeer we oll hid in the barn with the lites owt becoz it woz so skary. But this yeer we had a revolyushun to mayk so we woznt skayrd much.

So we ar martching down the layn, showingt feers slogins und colling for the overthro of tyrintz und such, wen oll suddin we meet a band of smol boyz in skary maskz. Yoomanz ar bad enuf, smol boyz ar the wurst for skariness. The smol boyz rushd up to us und skreemd und dansd rownd us und shook ther fistz. Bruthur Bubbly fayntid in frit. Sistor Stubbly skreemd “Go away, yoo nasty boyz!” but thay didint.

Finally wun smol boy stops showingt und sez “Whayr ar yoo off to then, turckyz?” Bruthur Bobblur, who is not notid for being diskreet, sez weer off to free the ostritchiz und the smol boy sez “Weel cum too!” Wel that woz it. We tryd to stop them, but the leeder of the smol boyz, whooz naym woz Lorins, told us he had oll kindz of wepinz for liberayingt ostritchiz, witch pleezd Bruthur Bobblur a lot becoz he liks wepinz.

So we got to Mr Coddz Ostritch farm at abowt midnite. Und becoz the Revolyushunary Fowls Sentril Comity has upointid me as the offishul historyan und editor of

oll happeningz, I wil let Konrad, the leedir of the ostritchiz, tel sum of the story. He has ritten a verr intresting und verr long report of eventz. As notid abuv, yoo must exkyuz the speling und thingz. For thoz of yoo who hav diffikilty reeding ostritch ther is a translayshun in the footnotz.

“Middle in the Night came from the Road a great Noise. For us Ostriches it was most frightful and we have our Heads once more in the Sand stuck. In fortunate Manner have to us the Turkeys however spoken and to us it was clear that we our Heads from the Sand extricate could. The Turkeys have to us for a quite long Time about Revolutions spoken and in natural Manner have we of course most politely to them listened. With the Turkeys came also some small Mask-wearing Weapon-bearing Younglings who to us were most frightening. One of them, Laurence named, had several very interesting Things, so for example a Whoopee Cushion which, if one it on a seat places, will quite rude Noises make. He had also several false Spiders which us all immediately to shriek made. He was a quite amusing Youngling.”¹

1 *“In the middil of the nite ther wox a grate noyꝝ on the rode. It was verr fritening for ostritchiz und we stuk ovr hedꝝ in the sand agen. Happly the turkeyꝝ spok to us und we tooked ovr hedꝝ owt*

No, I protest, it is no good, deer reedurz! Yoo see how difikilt it is for me as edytir to allow illitrayt burdz to rit ther own wurdz! The ostritchz go on und on lyk this for howrz und it is verr stranj to reed. So rest yoor eyz, deer reedurz, und I will tell the rest of the story.

We turckyz spok to the ostritchz for most of the nite und both Bruthur Bobblur und Sistir Stubbly wer verr elokwent witch meenz thay spok for a long long tym. Sum turckyz und almost oll the ostritchz fell asleep until it cam tym to vot for a revolyushun. But wot woz most intresting for the ostritchz woz oll the trix und wepinz witch the littil boyz had. The Lorins yoozd the whoopy cooshin on Bruthur Bobblur sevril tymz. In fact, evry tym Bruthur Bobblur got up to mak anuthir speetch, Lorins bloo up his cooshin und stuk it on the seet; und evry tym Bruthur Bobblur had finisht he sat down on it und ther woz a terrbil rood noyz, if yoo no wot I meen. Lyk wen yoov had too menny beenz. Yoo no wot I meen. Und Bruthur Bobblur didnt no wot woz going

of the sand agen. The turckyz tokkd about revolyushun for a long tym und we lissend verr polytly. Ther wer sum fritening boyz witch the turckys who had maskz und wepinz. Wun boy, colld Lorins, had sevril verr intresting thingz lyk a whoopy cushin witch makz raspberryz if yoo put it on a seet. He had fols spyderz too witch mad us skreem. He woz verr funny.”

on und he blusht a lot. The ostritchiz oll lafft owt lowd und thot that whoopy cooshinz wer verr funny. So did I.

Then the Lorins brot owt sum itching powdir witch is stuff that makz yoo itchy oll over. He throo this into the ayr wuns. If yoo hav evir seen ostritchiz oll itching yoo probbly dont wont to see it agen. It is a verr skary site und verr danjrus too if yoo ar kwit smoll. The best thing to do is to hyd undir a tabil or a seet until the big burdz hav lurtchid past.

So ennyway don kam und the ostritchiz oll vovid for a revolyushun. Und when an ostritch embraysis revolyushun ther is no stopping hur or him. No soonir woz the sun owt of bed than the ostritchiz went to the farmirz hows and bangded on his dore und showted lowdly. Of cors Farmir Codd thot it woz anuthir bunch of childer doing gizing or trik und treetz so he showted thingz lyk "Be off with yoo yung varmintz!" und "Kum bak next yeer or Ill giv yoo a reel treet!" So it woz eesy for the ostritchiz to pool him owt of bed und send him pakking.

But the farmir did not ly down in frunt of the juggirnot of histry und kam bak an howr latter with his frendz. So there woz a pitcht battil on the meddo witch the ostritchiz colld The Codd Twylite altho it woz verr

sunny at the tym. The farmirz had gunz und landrovirz. But the ostritchiz had Lorins with his whoopy cooshinz und his fols spyderz und his itchy powder. There woz also a good trik he had with the uthir boyz: a boy wood stand on eech syd of the rode und pretend to pool on a rop. If thay did this just wen the farmirz drov along in ther landrovir, the farmirz thot thay wood krash - lyk turkyz sumtims do in vans - und so thay brak hard und skid off the rode. The jok is that ther is no rop. Lorins woz also verr good with wottir pistolz und wottir bomz witch mad Farmir Codd und his frendz verr wet.

The farmirz wos atakd by the boyz on wun sid und the ostritchiz on the uthur. An ostritch is verr good at running fast und with kikking with its long legz speshly the gurl ostritchiz. The battil woz wun verr kwikly when Konrad led the ostritchiz in a charj down the rode at the farmirz und chayst them away forever. The charj woz so skary that oll the turkyz ran away und hid in booshiz until the dust had settild witch woz about lunchtym.

To sellybrat this famus viktry I mad them a bannir in ther own langwij witch sed

It Lives the Peace-Loving Bird-Bunches

witch thay wer verr pleezd with, tho oll the turkyz scritchid ther hedz. The we oll went hom showing propir turcky sloginz lyk

Oktober, munth of gloriu revolyushun!

Whoopy!

Bruthur Bobblur stil duzzint no abowt the whoopy
cooshin. Und the Lorins has lent me his: it is grate fun.

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