



RED SOOTID GENTILMEN

It is now three yearz sins the gloryus revoluyshun of turckyz owstid Mistr Jonston from his hows und set up the Republyk of Fowlz; und of kors this iz a good reezun for noyzy sellybrayshunz und for pooling krakirz und letting of partipoppirz wich go bang verr verr lowd.

But, deer frendz of the Turkey Revolysuhun, let this not be a tym for sitting bak und gratilayting owrselvz, for ther is grate danjir owt thayr. No, this is not a tym for komplayzans, as owr deer leddur mite say, a wurd wich lookz lyk komplayntz but meenz sumthing kwit diffrint! We hav just beetin bak anuthur solt from the Grate Enmyz of Turckyz, dizgized as red-sootid gentilmen. Heer, let me tel yoo how it woz.

Boyz und gurlz, yoo may wel hav herd of Santy Kloz und how he kums to visit good peepil at Krismis? Well, us turckyz thot it woz tym he kam to visit us down on the farm, bekos we hav been verr verr good turckys oll yeer. At leest, that is wot sum of us sed - no, I meen sum of us sed he shood kum und visit; oll of us sed we had been good. Ther is ollwayz a fakshun wot sez that Santy Kloz is a devys of the oppresirz, set up to keep oll oppresst burdz und peepilz under ther thumz. Bruthur Bobblur woz the leedur of this fakshun, of korsz. He is ollwayz a spoylsport wen it kums to thingz lyk this und he has a verr perswaysiv mannir wich meenz we dont offen get much fun down on the farm.

“Santy Kloz is a puppit of the vishus kaptalistz,” sez he, gobbling lowdly from the top of the big barn with oll us turckyz gathird rownd lissening with owr eerz und poking eech uthir as we do wen ther is a big debayt. “Santy Kloz has his stringz poold by diktaturz lyk Mistr Jonston. Wen we beleev in Santy Kloz, we playss owr destny in the handz of the reakshunary forsis of histry. Do we wont that, bruthur turckyz?” Of kors, nun of us wontz that, so we oll gobbil lowdly und think he is a good gobblir. “No, indeed,” he goze on, flaping his wingz und strutting abowt proudly, “No we do not wont that, bruthurz und sisturz. Let us expos the Santy Kloz of kaptalizm und let us kast down the raindeerz of deseet und the slayz of oppreshun und let us brak owt of the sax of slavry!” Ther woz much nodding und gobbling at that und we oll wondird off.

But wen the heet of the momint past, as yoo mite no, ther were turckyz wot thot, wel mebbe we kood stil send lettirz to Santy und he wood bring nyss thingz. Aftir oll, we new he woz in the pay of the farmirz so we mite as wel get oll we kood from him.

I woz in grate demand for sevril daze und nitez, ritting lettirz und notz for Santy Kloz. Yoo no the kynd of thing - “Deer Santy, I hav been a verr verr good turcky oll yeer und hav not told fibz or pekkd ennywun wot didnt dezerv it und I wood lyk it if yoo brot me a...” und then we wood poot in sum kynd of exitting presint - lyk a bag of pumpkin seedz or a bow und arro or rollirbladz or a wydscreen teevee. I must hav ritten duzinz of theez lettirz, oll sekrit lyk, bekoz we didnt wont Bruthur Bobblur to fynd owt und be unmaskt as rong-thinkirz.

Wen the lettirz woz oll rotten und my riting kloz wer as sor as Santy Kloz (wot a good pley on wurdz!) we sneekt up to the red lettir box wot the postyman emtyz sumtymz und poppd them in. Littil did we no, good frendz, that the postyman woz in the pay of the enemy! Yoo shall lern wot happind as a result of owr miss playsst trust. Nevir trust a postyman, deer frendz, und you shood pok him with yoor beekz, as we hav dun oll yeer rownd, to let him no that yoo no wot hee reely iz.

So off goze the lettirz und we oll get bak to denownsing the Santy Kloz und suchlyk, untill Krismis Eev kumz. Krismis Eev is not a gurl as sum of yoo mite think but is the day befor Krismis. A Krismis Kayti mite be a gurl I spoze but if yoo new sumwun colld Eev then yoo woodint wont to wish hur a “mery krismis, eev” uthirwize ther mite be konfyushun. Ennyway the day befor Krismis ther woz a grate gobbling from the gardz at the gayt to the yard. We ollwayz hav gardz at the gaytz in kays ennywun turnz up to steel us und mek a Krismis Dinnir owt of us oppresd turckyz. Yes, evin now aftir oll ovr proper gander nassty yoomanz kan think of turckyz withowt fethurz und steeming on a playt! Horribil iznt it? So ovr gardz ar ollwayz mor than yooshly keen at krismis und so wen thay startz gobbling then we oll rusht owt to see wotz wot und to defend the Gloryus Revolyushun to ovr last breth etsetter.

Wel, woz we surpryzd! Whoo do yoo think we seen? Thoz of yoo who hav payd attenshun will immedytly say “Santy Kloz” und of korz yoo wood be kwyt rite. A red-sootid gentilman had arryvvd in a big lorry. It woz a lorry but didint look mutch lyk wun bekoz it woz dekratid with twinkly litez und with bloonz und with a smoll krismis tree stuk on top. Wot a lorry it woz und Sistir Dobbly, who dryvz ovr van, woz most intrestid und thot that she wood dekrayt ovr van lyk that wen krismis woz over. The turcky revolyushun wood be pooshd forird fastir if we turnd up in a van lyk that, she thot, und I think she is kwyt korrekt. Speshly the bloonz wich goe pop wen yoo pok them Ennyway, ther woz Santy Kloz himself at the weel of the lorry, with his red soot und a big wyt beard und rozzy cheekz und sitting besyd him woz too smoll men that Santy sed woz his elvz, helpirz for the seezin. This woz verr verr exiting und we oll gathird rownd.

Bruthur Bobblur und his leftennitz also turnd up, gobbling to themselvz und looking most noyd. I think thay wer noyd bekoz thay had not sent Santy enny lettirz und I saw Bruthur Mobbly furtivly pass a lettir to wun of Santy Kloziz helpurz. I hav notissd that Bruthur Bobblurz frendz ar verr good at furtivniss wich meenz being sneeky.

Santy Kloz laffs a lot - ho-ho-HO! - und setz up a littl tent at the bak of the lorry, him und his too red-sootid helpirz und he laffs a lot mor und sez thingz lyk - “Wot a fat lot of burdz yoo ar, makz me most jolly to see yoo” und “Hav yoo oll been good turckys oll yeer?” und of kors we oll sez yes in eggspoktayshun of lotz of big prezintz. Oh, deer reedurz, bewayr of men in red-sootz for thay ar verr danjirus as yoo will fynd!

Santyz too elvz, as he kolld them, had soon set up Santyz Grott und we wer invytid in wun by wun to sit on Santyz big neez und get ovr presintz. Santy sed we shood oll kew up nyss und orderly und kum in the frunt of the Grott wen askd und not befor. Und that we wood leev by the bak of the tent und skampir hom fastly withowt tokking to ennywun, bekoz that woz the mistry of Krismis.

So we oll did as we woz told und kewd up orderly. It woz notted that Bruthir Bobblur und Bruthir Mobbly pooshd ther way to the frunt of the kew und got to see Santy furst. Littil good did it do them, as yoo wil heer!

Wun of Santyz elvz stood at the dore of the Grott und kolld in the next turcky und closd the dore wen a turcky had gon in. We herd Santy Kloz laff a lot as eech turcky went in und ther woz lotz of gobbling from ovr komradz wich we thot woz the eggisytmint of getting big presintz und we oll gobbild a lot as wel.

Aftir abowt six or ate turckyz had gon into the Grott, the wating got too mutch for Sistir Dobbly. She getz borrd eezly. So she sekritly krept rownd the syd of the lorry und climed into the cab. Withowt meening to (she sez, but I am not convinsd) she axdently startz the lorry und it lurchiz forwird. Und a good thing she did or we mite oll be rostid turckyz on a groning festiv tabil by now! For no soonir had the lorry lurchit than the Grott fell over und we saw a dredfil site. Wot we saw turnd ovr blod to eyss und ovr neez to jelly (wich is verr nyss if yoo lyke jelly und eyss-kreem but

not if yoo ar just terrfyd). It woz Sant Kloz red-handid in the akt of pooshing Bruthur Kobbly into a sak und fyv or sevin mor sax lyk that in the bak of the lorry! Sistor Mibbly skreemz und startz showting “Santaz napping oll the turckyz! Help help!”

Of kors ther woz grayt up rore at this und oll the turckyz ran rownd in surkilz und the elf at the dore of the Grott prodyoosiz a shotgun und fyrz it at us but missd us oll und then Santy burstz owt of the Grott wich woz oll rownd him now und whipz off his long beard wich turnz owt to be fayk und rorez at us sumthing lyk “Ha-ha! Now Ive got yoo oll, yoo horribil ungraytfool turckyz! My turckyz ar for Krismis Dinnir!” Yes it woz the vishus Mistr Jonston agen!

At this, Sistor Gubbly suddinly seezis the kotez of the elf und poolz hard und nox the man ovir so that we see he is wun of the nasty yoomanz that wurkz for Mistr Jonston. We ar owtrayjd und we mak a kownter atak, wich is sumthing that yooshly happinz in shopz. It is kolld a kowntir atak bekoz you kownt “Wun Too Three!” und then atak. Wich is wot we did. Mistr Jonston woz soon mekking a run for it but we poold him down. His too helpirz tryd to start the lorry und eskayp but Sistor Dobbly eroticly seezis the steeryweel und dryvs the lorry into the dich wer it still sitz to this day.

Soon the enmy is beetin bak und the red-sootid gentilmen ar fleeng down the rode. We fynd Bruthur Bobblur und sevril uthir turckyz stuk in sax in the bak of the lorry. Bruthur Bobblur sed he never eggspektid to see the lyt of day agen und med a verr long speetch abowt it. Sistor Stubbly denowndsd the postyman who must hav betrayd us to Mistr Jonston und we oll vowd to chays the postyman hardir next yeer. Bruthur Bobblur sed this windy kaytid oll he had evir sed abowt Santy Kloz und sed we must oll dubbl ovr wijjylans und support his fakshun kolld “The Defenderz of the Revolysuhun”, wich wood hav been oll rite if he haddint been at the hed of the kew for the Grott. But then he sez he woz sakryfyssing himself in ordir to unmask the tretchrus yoomanz und so oll the uthir turckyz krowdid rownd und sed he woz a verr stewed turcky.

I am not konvinssd by Brothur Bobblur. But I do no this: a good turcky shood nevir trust red-sootid gentilmen in lorryz! Mery Krismis to yoo oll!

