

Yung Turckz und Eminemzez Greez

“It wuznt lyk this in the oldin tymz,” sez Sistor Mibbly. Sistor Mibbly iz a no-it-oll wot no one kan shut up but thiz tym shez probbly korrekt. Thingz wuz not lyk this in the oldin tymz wen turckyz fott beek und klaw against the oppreshyun of yoomanz und emerjd viktoryus into the don of a nyoo ayj. It seemz lyk only yestirday wot we took over Mistr Jonstonz farm und proklaymd the Fowl Revolyushun. Bruthur Bobblur sez it wuz fifteen yeerz ago now und weer not getting enny jungir. Bruthur Bobblur kan say wot he wontz hees getting gray rownd the chopz but us uthir eldir turcktyz, weer still sprytlay. On a good day ennyway.

Bruthur Bobblur yonz und shakz his fethurz. “Thingz is too kwyet,” he sez, “not nuff pitch battulz und the lyk.” He lookz rownd crossley lyk wot it woz ovr folt or sumthing.

“Thatz wot I meen,” sez Sistor Mibbly. “Yung turckyz nowdayz thay don’t know thayr born.”

Bruthur Gubbly sez “Oh thay wuz born oll ryte. Woznt we oll? Wotz ther problem? Ungraytfill wipersnaperz!” Bruther Gubbly missiz the poynt kwyt offen theez dayz.

“Thay eggspekt evrything to just foll at ther feetz,” kontinyooz Sistor Mibbly. “They wotch teevee oll day long und go klubbing oll nyt long. It’s a disgrays.”

Bruthur Bobblur und Sistor Mibbly wotch teevee oll day long as well but us don’t think us’d bettir say that. Everywun is shakking ther hedz in sorro at the layabowt wayz of yung turckyz. Weer sitting in the Eminemzez Greez Klub. Eminem is a grayt Revolyushanory or at leest thatz wot Bruthur Bro sez und Bruthur Bro is the leeder of the Yung Turckz of wich more layter. Eminemz street-wyz he sez und hoor wee to dowt him? So the Smorl Barn wot belongd to Mistr Johnston wich is yoozd for sekrit meetingz of the Sentril Komitee und oll that stuff has been naymd eftir this Eminem. Bruthur Tubbly held the laddir whyl I pooted up the bannir abuv the klub. We had sum hard-hitting debayt over how many Ms ther woz in Eminemzez. Sistor Stubbly thot ther shood be more but we konsultid with the Kayti gurl wot is at the Yooniversity now und she agreed with me that ther woz kwyt enuff Ms alreddy. It woz the Kayti gurl that told me ther shood be a Greez as well kos thatz wot tay talk abowt in histry lessinz at the Yooniversity. Eminemz Greez. Sum kynd of eldir staytsmen she sez but she duznt no how to spell it eggsaktly. It seemd oll ryt at the tym but now us lookz at it it duznt look korrekt.

“Nevir mynd,” sed Bruthur Bro, “it lookz kool. Awesum.”

“Kool,” sed Sistor Mibbly ranting agenst the yoof of tody, “everythingz got to be kool or els thay wont evin get owt of bed for it.”

A lot of the eldir turckyz gobbild feersly at this und muttird dark thingz agenst the yoof of tody. Getting owt of bed is not sumthing to be sneezd at.

“If weed relyd on them,” sez Sistor Stubbly hooz wokkin up for a moment, “weed nevir hav had ovr gloryus revolysushun und thatz a fakt.” Then she goze to sleep agen. She duz not stay wayk for long, sez it tyrz hur owt just looking at the wurld.

Oll the uthir burdz noddid wyzly at this wurdz und settild down for a snooz. It woz that tym in the eftirnoon wen the old burdz lyk to hav firty winx. I woznt tyrd so I goze owt into the sunshyn und lookz my look. Ther woz not a lot to look at. Sum visiting French Henz woz paying abowt. Thay woz a fraternil delicatessin from Miss Mckweenz farm but oll they evir doo is peck for invisibil graynz und cluck abowt

noyzly. Down by the pond wich we had mayd speshly for the goosiz wen thay kum to visit ther woz sum young turckyz splashing abowt und hooting. Lookt lyk thay woz having a good tym so I hobbild over to see them.

“Yo granpa!” sez wun of them to me, “yoov kum to party?”

I told them oll no I woz a bit old for that sort of thingz. My partying dayz woz over long ago. “But,” sez I, thinking of a jok, “Im still a party-membir!” My jokz ar ollwayz pritty good und mak a poynt.

“Ryt on,” sez this frendly yungun, “but uz yung turckz don’t need no party-membirship.”

I thot I shoold argyoo with him lyk Bruthur Bobblur sez we shoold, but the sun woz shyny und I didnt wont to spoyl ther fun.

“Yoo sit down ther, granpa,” sez oll the yung turckz, “und weel look eftir yooz!”

Well I hav to say that no wunz lookt eftir me for a long tyme now und sum of the yung gurl turckyz lookt pritty hot so I sat down besyd the pond und had a rest. It woz pritty good I kan tell yoo. No wun kan party lyk a turcky. I thot I shoold mebbe tell that wun to Bruthur Gobboly who woz in charj of proper gander theez dayz. Bruthur Gobboly duz the wurdz und I do the rytting. No wun kan party lyk a turcky - that sloggin wood get a lot of votz I reckon, speshly from yung burdz und ollso the ostritchiz wot are reel party animulz.

So ther we woz oll enjoying owrselvz when oll of a suddin therz a skwokking und skreeching from the French henz wot had been pecking rownd the Big Barn. I didn’t heer it furst it woz Sistor Shazza wun of the hot yung turckz who showted und poynted. When we oll lookt we seed that a gang of desprit yoomanz had invaydid Mistr Jonstonz farm with sum dogz und thay woz trying to mak off with the henz. I reckon thay woz ajintz of Miss Mckween hooz nevir givin up in oll theez long yeerz.

“Wot will we doo granpa?” sez the yung turckz to me. Thay woz in a bit of a panik.

“Lissen to me!” I showtz befor I noze wot I woz saying. “Yoo oll follow my ordirz! Yoo gurl turckyz - you oll get rownd behind the barn und get the yoomanz by ther trowserz und don’t let go.”

The gurl turckyz needid no sekund telling und ran off to rip the trowserz off the yoomanz. It woz nevir lyk that in my day.

“Okay,” I sez, “haff of yoo boy turckyz - yoo charj up to the Big Barn und then kut off left und let them chays yoo down towardz the ostritchiz at Miss Mckweens. The ostritchiz will no wot to do. The rest of yoo - follow me!” It woz so eezy. Wen yoov dun a Revolysuhun wuns yoo nevir forget how it goze. Thatz a good sloggin too wot I must remembir.

We oll charjd up to the Big Barn. Sum of the yoomanz und ther dogz woz ollreddy chaying the yung turckz down towardz the ostritchiz. More fool them I thot. Ostritchiz hav got pritty long legzez und a big punch at the end. Withowt stopping wuns the rest of us got stuck into the nasty dogz wot the yoomanz had brot along und we woz ducking und dyving und byting ther nozez und pecking ther eerz. Meenwhyl the gurlz were taying lumpz owt of the menz trowserz. The nasty menz did not lyk wun littil bit. Thay yoozd lots of swayry wurdz und tryd to smak them but the gurl turckyz woz too nimbil on ther feetz. Ther woz sum pritty fancy footwurk ther I kan tell yoo. Oll that klubbing und dansing seemz to wurk okay.

In no tym at oll the yoomanz woz retreating, poold along by ther dogz wot had had enuff. Down by Miss Mckweenz farm ther woz a lot of noyz of yooman

skreemz. That woz muzak to my eerz. The gurl turckyz start gathring up oll the trowzerz und pooting them in a big heep. “Yo, fashun wiktimz!” thay gobbild.

Just then the dore to the Smorl Barn opinz und Sistor Stubbly lookz owt. Sheez yonning und blinking in the shyny sun. “Wotz oll that noyz?” she sez very cross. “This is a disgrayss. We eldir turckyz need to hav peess und kwyet to discuss seryus mattirz, duzzn’t we?” She seez me. “Bruthur Nubbly,” she sez, glaying at me. “Im ashaymd of yoo, enkurajing them. I hop yo hav a good eggsplanayshun for this?”

“Kool it, sistor,” sez wun of the yung turckz, it woz Bruthur Bro. “We woz only chaying off the yoomanz. Und granpa heer showd us how to do it. It woz trooly wickid.”

“It woz royly wickid!” showtz oll the uthir yung turckz. “Awsom, granpa! Respekt!” Thay oll gathurd rown me und gobbild. It woz the best day of my lyf for a long tym.

Sistor Stubbly lookd on. She woz lost for wurdz. Oll the uthir eldir turckzy kam owt of the barn now asking eech uthir wot had happind.

“Only a revolyushun,” sez Bruthur Bro. “Yooz oll go back to sleep now, old tymerz, und weell keep an eye open for reakshunaryz, dont yoo wurry! We got Bruthur Nubbly heer to tell us wot to do!”

“It wuznt lyk this in the oldin tymz,” grumbilz Sistor Mibbly und then she went back in to finish wotching Anteekez Rodeshow on Mistr Jonstonz old teevee.