

Twas A Day Or So Before Xmas.....

.....and Jayzuhs Otho Gaht found himself wandering down a secluded country road in Lafayette County Arkansas. His eyes were fixed on the reddish dust that coated his alligator skin shoes as he shuffled down the side of the road. Every feeble foot fall created a mini dust storm, red as hell and as choking as the pain in his heart.

“Well damn me, wouldn’t believe that they finally burned old Jayzuhs out of his an-cest-oral home.” He mumbled to himself as he lamely kicked a dried up corpse of a toad into the equally dry drainage ditch to his left. “And this drought, by gum, it’ll plum be the death of all us folks...not that it matters now that Old Jayzuhs is burned out of his cabin....heck I reckon that maybe that the Bab-ee-lon of Jer-ru-salems, Texarkana will hold my salvation. Old Jayzuhs might be ripe to get a job there cleaning them weird port-o-potties or somethin’. Sounds too good to be true, don’t it Abe?” He asked as he looked to the only friend he ever had, a gnarled, bedraggled, mangy old hound dog of his that followed him where ever he went. This indeed was a sad day for old Jayzuhs.

Recklessly careering down the road toward Jayzuhs about a mile or so back was an equally strange man. He drove without paying attention to the road if he even realized that he was driving. Dressed like a serious mistake of the 1973 Sears catalog with a tweed jacket (leather elbow patches included), pink shirt, an ochre colored loose knit sweater (oversized wooded buttons included), beige bell bottom corduroy pants, white plastic high heels “dancin” shoes (large silver buckles included), shag hair cut and frizzy long sideburns, this man had another very curious look about him, deep vacant eyes and a shit eating grin that almost outshone the pipe that stuck immovable from between his perfect teeth. This man was JR “Bob” Dobbs, or at least that was who he thought he was. Coming out of a trance that felt like he was awakening from a thirty year slumber, “Bob” slowly started to remember things, things that were as frightening as they were amusing. He found it odd but natural that he should snicker at the frightening aspects and sigh at the more amusing ones. Who was he, he wondered. Part of him felt that he was a force of nature that existed outside nature. Another part remembered that perhaps he was a clone of some man created to do his dirty work or maybe just maybe he was an android created in the late 60’s by some rouge Japanese corporation that looked too much like some important man so that he, the android, by the rules of some yet unknown physics became that man...to do his dirty work. “Bob” sighed and then snickered and then looked into the back of the 77’ olds cruiser station wagon (complete with faux wood paneling on the sides) and saw the back was filled with boxes spilling over with junk, mostly “Pet Rocks”, broken Mr. Microphones and plastic wiffle balls. He knew then what his dirty job was, he was a sales man.

Jayzuhs, heard a high pitched hum growing behind him and a sort of menacing growl that rippled through his empty guts. “Oh Lord!” He said to himself, this just maybe the Boggy Creek Monster come to git me!” Jayzuhs knew that one day he’d have to face down that demon as his father as told him he would but he believed that the titanic struggle would take place not here but closer to Texarkana and the Texas border. None the less he girded his loins and prepared for battle, which consisted solely of grabbing a five foot stick sitting by the side of the road. As he turned around to face the Monster he saw instead a station wagon piling straight for him and behind the wheel two deep eyes, a shit eating grin and a pipe puffing like Popeye’s right before he smashed someone.

“Bob” (or the clone, android or whatever) regained his composure in time to see a hillbilly dressed in a ratty patched grey Armani Jacket, overalls, alligator shoes and greasy baseball hat with a Christian fish symbol on it, waving a dead piece of wood at him. So he sped up and hit the hillbilly square in the torso. “Never know what the Boggy Creek Monster looks like, now do ya.” He mumbled to himself as he screeched to a halt to check and see if it’s skin was worth saving to make shoes, a rug or many pipe cozies. “Bob” was quite non-surprised when he noticed that it actually was a hillbilly and not The Monster. He stood over the man mumbling to himself “Never know what a hillbilly looks like until you hit one, now do ya?” He snickered as he helped the man up. “I think I got something in the back to sell you to help heal that nasty cut on your forehead young man, some snake oil or something.”

Jayzuhs, just stared at the grinning man, a trickle of blood running down his face. Abe the old hound put his two cents in by urinating on the blood stains on the tarp, washing them off in the process.

“I aint got no monies there mister, I reckon I’m heading to Texarkana to find my fortune in the port-o-potty cleaning business and I don’t have no truck with snakes nor snake oil no more.” Jayzuhs answered without any malice or anger.

“I don’t know where I am going but I do believe that there is a Howard Johnson in Stamps and I sure am hungry, felt like I haven’t eaten in 30 years.” “Bob” said. “If you want to take a ride, you and your hound can just hop in. Three pancakes and a cup of coffee sound good, I wonder if they sell Akvavit cocktails there too, hmmmmm.”

With that Jayzuhs and old Abe hopped into the car. “Bob” kicked the driver’s side front tire for no reason, grunted and let out an ear piercing screech and then himself got into the car. “Well, son, what’s your story?” “Bob” asked. Jayzuhs sat for a moment, pondering. No one ever asked nor cared what his story was, hell every one where he lived already knew it. That’s why they burned him out of his cabin that very morning. But none the less, he told the ginning man his story as they drove toward Stamps.

Jayzuhs was born to his father Big Joe and mother Little Mary on a small plot of land out in the woods. The little community they lived in, if you could call it that, was comprised of about 15 households (read shacks) in a 20 square mile area. They were “god fearin’” folks, born again snake handlers. But at an early age, it became quite clear that their son Jayzuhs was not quite right. He seemed a little too refined, a little too crude, a little too NOT their type. They found themselves shunned from the little one room church that they went to, to speak in tongues and handle snakes. Finally it got to a point where even their neighbors wouldn’t speak to them. Around puberty when ever young Jayzuhs would walk by a chicken, in his passing the chicken’s head would explode. Of course the people knew that dark spirits were at work. But having no other place to go the Gahts suffered in their isolation until one day some surveyors came and found oil on their property. Well that settled that Ma and Pa sold the land. In the words of Jayzuhs, this is what happened next, “Well, my Mammy and Papaw they just plum got up and left fer Bev-ar-lee Hills, they said they couldn’t take me for I was a bit tetchy in the hade and them there rich folks in Cal-i-forn-i-a probably have lots o chickens and all sorts of fowl, water, land and the such and they just could not afford to pay for all them chicken heads explodin’ if I were to be there. So they left and I juss bin a-sittin’ in the shack, eatin’ chicken all these years. Until today that is when, Old Jessy’s prize chicken just happen to come saunterin’ down the path while I was out to the

woods to collect the weeds that grow up out of the BigFeets crap, that some good tabaccy, makes the chicken's heads blow up real colorful like, anyway, Jessy's prize chicken walked by out of the blue and her head exploded. Of course I had to tell old Jessy, next thing I knew my cabin was on fire so I grabbed my best duds and old Abe here and we was on the road to Texarkana to find my fortune. I reckon that in a big city like that they don't have no live chickens nor live fowl of any sort so that I'll be safe from smiting them and I can juss live my life like God intended me to, cleanin' port-o-potties and the such without the deaths of many o' chicken restin' heavy on my soul."

With that Jayzuhs looked out the window glumly, watching the scraggly pines pass. Old Abe farted for the car smelled like the Bigfeets weed, that was Old Abes favorite food, the crap and the weed, or perhaps it was the smoke from "Bob"s pipe which constantly sent up a stream of foul smoke. He just could not figure this "Bob" out, he smelled like the BigFeets crap and WD40 but also like a corpse covered in New car" smell.

Suddenly the car slammed to a halt. Jayzuhs smashed his head against the dash and Old Abe almost flew over into the front seat while letting out a stream of florescent urine which just happened to hit a small fire that the ash from "Bob"s pipe started on the crumpled papers on the floor, if we could see closer, we'd notice that these documents were all dated in the future, signatures and all, something about a big sale set for July 5th. No one noticed. "Bob" turned his head to Jayzuhs,

"I think I got something in the back that I can sell you to help with those nasty cuts on your forehead."

"No thank you Sir, I like bleedin' juss fine." Jayzuhs replied, honestly.

"Well in that case I think I remember that we have to pick someone up right here." "Bob" said as he looked out the window and scratched his nuts.

No sooner than when he finished scratching, about 5 minutes later, when out from the pines runs this short chubby Hispanic looking man pulling up his pants. This was Santos Goldez, a migrant worker looking for a ride as close to the Mexican boarder as he could get.

"Hefe!" "Bob" yelled, along with some babble that definitely was not Spanish. "Get in the car, we are heading your way. I am sort of sure of it, kind of, I think."

Santos jumped into the back seat, panting and all smiles.

"I have heard of you, they have told tales of you in my village in Mexico and here in the Migrant camps....you are the Salesman Grande, Senor "Bob" are you not? You are the one they say, who flies through the night on a winged Chupacabra making the prostitutes look pretty and our wallets bulge with dollars so that you can reap the flower of our women and wallets?" Santos said as he placed his hands on the back of "Bob"s seat.

"I suppose that I might be" "Bob" answered and then suddenly smacked his forehead so hard that his neck stretched and the back of his head hit Santos in the face and at the same time his eyes bulged out and widened like a cartoon character. "Oh! I almost forgot! That is what we need! We need to pick up a prostitute! I've got to smoke less or perhaps more upon this pipe." With that he pressed down on the gas peddle with all his might and the three (4 plus the dog) skidded off down the road leaving a trail of red dust and hastily and illegibly written IOUs.

Sensing that it was time to, Santos told his story. Santos was born in a small

village in Central Mexico where he grew up poor and bored. He would listen to the stories that the village elders told of America and its opportunities. Sometimes, after they believed that he had left the little tavern where they gathered at night, Santos would put his ear to the door and listen to the “adult” tales they would tell of giant apemen, chupacabras and salesmen with frightening grins. He knew that his only chance for adventure would be in America, so in his late teens he quietly slipped out of the village and into America with a dream of either making it rich as a salesman or at least becoming a Solid Gold Dancer. He found nothing of the sort. He found low pay and disdain from his fellow migrant workers, being short, funny looking and chubby didn't help. The women laughed at him and the men taunted him giving him wedgies when he bent over to pick the vegetables on the farms that he worked. They always claimed that it was nothing personal, it just made their dreary lives better. After years of this torment, Santos decided, broke or not, he would go back home and find his fortune else where. But he knew his luck was turning when he heard a car screech to a halt while he was relieving himself in the woods. The two men inside were not immigration Officials he knew by the way they dressed and the stench of the “ simia ponerce como loca” weed. He knew they were his salvation.

The group sped down the deserted road, “Bob” paid no attention to either his speed or the quality of his driving. But strangely enough, his passengers felt a listless sort of safety tempered with a feeling of eventual doom, that feeling that sure things are gonna suck but at least for right now they are OK. Just outside Stamps they came to a truck stop and the unmistakable scent and roof of a Howard Johnson. “Bob” pulled into a parking spot on the far side of the lot telling Santos and Jayzuhs to wait here, he opened the back gate of the station wagon and pulled out an armful of the junk that figured he was supposed to sell and proceeded to walk amongst the parked semis plying his natural trade. About half an hour later they saw him walking back with a fist full of dollars in one hand and a dirty blonde truck stop whore in the other.

“Gentlemen, I found our lady.” “Bob” told them. And cryptically said under his breath “I believe that the formula is now complete.”

“Let me introduce to you, Candi, she works here and is a fine woman, reminds me of a wife I think I may or may not have. Also she says they have great pancakes inside.”

Jayzuhs and Santos got out of the car and introduced themselves to her. Except for “Bob” they all felt that somehow this was a family reunion.

“Now Abe,” Jayzuhs told his dog through the window, “I reckon they don't lets dogs in this place but you juss wait and I'll bring you out a johnny cake and maybe that “Bob” guy will give you some of his tabaccy.”

The Howard Johnson was busy, filled with truckers and families trying to make it home for Christmas. They forlornly looked at the filled tables and wondered when and if they'd get a seat when “Bob” blindly walked to the center of the dining area and stuck his tongue out as if he were a snake reading the air. Suddenly a couple at a window booth started to shake and speak in tongues, they proceeded to get up from their table and twitch away off into the parking lot. This elicited no response from the rest of the customers. Apparently this sort thing happened all the time, they were in Arkansas you know. With a gracious bow and a flourish of his hand (which was suddenly covered in what smelled like rancid bacon fat) “Bob” bade his traveling companions to be seated.

The moment they sat, a waitress hobbled up with a tray containing two plates of pancakes and two mugs of coffee. The waitress set the plates and coffee down on the table asking, "Well I'll be, were ya'll settin' there just now? I could've swore there was a young couple over here."

"Bob" just grinned and the waitress walked away feeling lighter. Perhaps that was because her bum leg was now healed but it very well could have been because miraculously her tips were suddenly on the dash board of "Bob"s station wagon.

"There's nothing like a pancake to make my brain boil." "Bob" said as he flipped two pancakes each on the paper place mats with children's maze puzzles printed on them. For some reason he did the same for his pancakes, and stuffed the two plates in his jacket. "Damn these plates are hot" He said "but it sure feels good, kinda like fresh brains....mmmmm."

Now Jayzuhs didn't know any better and proceeded to cover his pancakes with mustard but Candi and Santos seemed a little taken aback. That is until they saw "Bob" furtively look around, slip a small vial out of his jacket and sprinkle what looked like fish feces on his cakes, well at least it smelled like an old dirty fish tank. "Bob" drank from his cup of coffee and the three others shared the other cup which never seemed to empty but was always lukewarm and tasted stale. Suddenly, just as Jayzuhs was about to finish his maze with a line of mustard, "Bob" smacked his hand down on the table almost yelling,

"By gum!, I know what has to be done!" He pulled a napkin out of the dispenser and wrote in what seemed like blood in childlike block letters, "IOU some money for these eats". He then thought twice about it, stuffed the note into his pocket, stood up and started walking out. His three companions looked at each other, jumped up and quickly followed "Bob" out the door. No one stopped them or asked who was going to pay for the meal. Santos looked back as they were walking out, what he saw was a building full of people who were staring off into space, forks in mid air with runny eggs dripping off the ends and sick amounts of pancakes dripping in syrup stuffed half way into mouths, it seemed as if time stopped.

"Perhaps," Santos thought, "This really is the One, the Salesman of Salesmen, the rider of the Cupacabra, the Cucaracha Del a Morte. I had better watch my underwear around this "man, this "demon", he could give me a wedgie that could send me into oblivion just as he could accidentally drop the wallet full of slack that I so need."

By the time they got to the station wagon, they had all calmed down a bit, except for "Bob" who through the veneer of a calming grin, was flicking his fingers in a very disturbing way, mumbling to himself nonsensical words that sounded like a second graders idea of what some ancient evil language would sound like. In fact "Bob" was a bit tense, he wanted to get the "job" done and go onto his next "contract", he wasn't sure what that was but he knew that once this was over he'd know. It might be assassinating through folly some world leader or selling a wiffle ball to someone who really really really needed it. What he was saying was not odd garbled words, it singing, singing "Flying Purple People Eater" backwards in Swedish, something he found he like to do when he needed to non-concentrate. The flicking of the finger was just because he had "smoked" too much.

Once on the road again, they found themselves all oddly silent and unwilling to be the first ones to speak up. They just stared out the windows at the passing pine and

willow trees, even "Bob" who had his head turned not paying attention to the road. Jayzuhs remembered then that he had the spare mustard coated pancake in his overalls bib, as he reached in to feed it to Abe, "Bob" suddenly spoke up in a loud resonant voice that sounded as if it were rippling in the distance. "Santos and Candi", he said, "if I can't sell you any slack then hell, I'll just give you some, holiday season you know. And Jayzuhs, son of Gaht, well I think you'd like to know." with that he broke off speaking and started to giggle like a school girl on crack...."don't look now, well actually look now."

With that they all looked up and in the setting sun they saw the biggest damn pine tree about ten feet away from the front of the car, they let out a collective gasp as "Bob" snickered, turned and grinned his shit eating grin at each of them.

When the car finally stopped shaking and groaning, Jayzuhs shook his head to clear it and saw that Candi, Santos and Abe had crawled out of the car and were standing, shaking by the side of the road, he turned to look at "Bob", though the impact was terrible and a small fire had started around "Bob"s feet, he seemed not the least bit concerned, in fact his smile appeared to be more radiant and uncaring than before.

"What, what did you need to tell me "Bob"?" Jayzuhs asked.

He received no answer, instead a strong force like gravity pushed him out of the car like an unseen hand. He found himself too by the side of the road staring into a grin and a burning car. A scream from Candi made him turn his head. There was Santos, quivering like a mirage slowly changing from a short funny looking pudgy Mexican migrant worker into a powerful but still short Mexican wrestler all decked out in shiny tights and a frightening mask bedecked with a nasty grin. Santos, if that who he still was, let out a roar, flexed his muscles and yelled as he ran toward the woods. From the same direction came a very large and hairy biped, it was no less than the Boggy Creek Monster. When the two crashed into each other a great cloud of dust rose an through that haze could be seen Santos Gold the Wrestler totally body slamming the monster. With a mighty roar of victory, Santos ran off into the woods, in the direction of Mexico.

Jayzuhs quickly turned to Candi in time to notice that she too was going through a transformation, her scraggly dirty blonde hair was now platinum blonde, her faded Skynard T-shirt turned into a brand spanking new deep black 38 Special concert t-shirt with vivid colors and her frayed cutoff jean shorts, well, they stayed the same but her face no longer had that used and sad look about it now it shone like the silver on a gleaming can of PBR. Jayzuhs heard a bark and turned to see Old Abe who was now a lame and mangy dirty white stallion, his stench was still the same though.

The fire in the car grew larger so much so that Jayzuhs was forced to stand back but through the flames he saw the grin on "Bob"s face get bigger, too big for his face and the pipe glowed as a volcanic plumes of smoke rose from it but what was most interesting was how as his face other than the eyes, pipe and grin melted away, there came from his craw a babble of a million languages and that sickening schoolgirl giggle.

Now everything came clear for Jayzuhs, he hopped upon his dog-horse, his stick that he had picked up earlier became as an angry copperhead hissing and spitting, he raised it above his head and let out a squeak, so he coughed and tried again, this time the sound of his voice frightened him with it's hillbilly majesty. With a swoop he grabbed the now Queen Candi and placed her behind him, with a "YeeHaw!" they road off into the setting sun. Jayzuhs knew his purpose, he and his Queen would now travel the

world seeking out and exploding the heads of all chickens and other fowl infected with the Bird Virus. This Hillbilly had now become King, the destroyer of bad fowl.

The End

Ok dicks and dickesses, I wrote this thing in a couple of hours today and well it is a GIFT to you ungrateful chumps. So ignore the mistakes and terrible spelling, or don't, fuck it, I don't care.

The Rev. Teeters LeVerge