
Subject: MiSTed: The Tale of Fatty Raccoon, Chapter XV (1 / 1)

Posted by [nebusj-](#) on Thu, 11 Feb 2021 19:35:32 GMT

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> XV

>

> FATTY VISITS THE SMOKE-HOUSE

CROW: It's so nice of Fatty to visit the smoke-houses stuck at home like that.

>

> The winter was fast going.

MIKE: Until someone grabbed its tail through the hole in the sycamore.

>

And one fine day in February Fatty

> Raccoon crept out of his mother's house to enjoy the warm sunshine---

TOM: February, the Sunshine Month.

> and see what he could find to eat.

>

> Fatty was much thinner than he had been in the fall.

CROW: So be with us for next week when we start The Tale Of Thinny Raccoon.

>

He had

> spent so much of the time sleeping that he had really eaten very

> little.

TOM: [As Fatty] 'Wouldn't mind eating little if I did it more often.'

> And now he hardly knew himself as he looked at his sides. They

> no longer stuck out as they had once.

MIKE: You know, the 'sleep-and-pretend-barber-shop' weight plan is the most successful diet plan.

>

> After nosing about the swamp and the woods all the afternoon

> Fatty decided that there was no use in trying to get a meal there.

CROW: What if I offered to pay someone Tuesday for a hamburger today?

>

The

> ground was covered with snow. And except for rabbit tracks---and a few

> squirrels'---

TOM: And a fox.

CROW: Three deer.

MIKE: That band of river otters.

CROW: Those penguins.

TOM: That team of dressage armadillos.

MIKE: Four elephants all wearing berets.

- > he could find nothing that even suggested food. And
- > looking at those tracks only made him hungrier than ever.

CROW: Man, never go eating on an empty stomach.

- >
- > For a few minutes Fatty thought deeply. And then he turned
- > about and went straight toward Farmer Green's place.

TOM: Oh, you can't eat a *place*. Fatty, you want to look for *food*.

- > He waited behind
- > the fence just beyond Farmer Green's house; and when it began to grow
- > dark he crept across the barnyard.

MIKE: So he got up in the sunlight to wait for nightfall.

- >
- > As Fatty passed a small, low building he noticed a delicious
- > smell. And he stopped right there.

CROW: Tell me it's a pie cooling on the windowsill.

MIKE: 'Tramp raccoon' already snagged that.

- > He had gone far enough. The door
- > was open a little way.

TOM: Ah, that's all he needs for probable cause.

- > And after one quick look all around---to make
- > sure there was nobody to see him---Fatty slipped inside.

CROW: Bonk!

MIKE: [As Fatty] OW! ... I meant to do that!

- >
- > It was almost dark inside Farmer Green's smokehouse---for that
- > was what the small, low building was called.

TOM: Or the smoke-house, if you edit the titles of chapters.

> It was almost dark; but
> Fatty could see just as well as you and I can see in the daytime.

MIKE: Course, him bringing the flashlight helped.

> There was a long row of hams hung up in a line. Underneath them were
> white ashes, where Farmer Green had built wood fires, to smoke the
> hams.

CROW: Wait, really? Like, that's how smoking meat works?

MIKE: [Shrugs]

> But the fires were out, now; and Fatty was in no danger of being
> burned.

TOM: The passion was gone from the hams.

>
> The hams were what Fatty Raccoon had smelled. And the hams were
> what Fatty intended to eat.

MIKE: If he can just get them away from the guy who draws 'Heathcliff'.

> He decided that he would eat them
> all---though of course he could never have done that---at least, not in
> one night; nor in a week, either.

TOM: Nine days, though? That would do it, if he ate through dinner breaks.

> But when it came to eating, Fatty's
> courage never failed him. He would have tried to eat an elephant, if
> he had had the chance.

MIKE: Imagining him slurping the elephant's trunk up like a strand of spaghetti.

CROW: Asking the elephant to rub a little alfredo sauce on him .. .

>
> Fatty did not stop to look long at that row of hams.

MIKE: He only wept, for the lack of new worlds to conquer.

> He
> climbed a post that ran up the side of the house and he crept out

TOM: If he ran out he'd be showing post-haste.

> along the pole from which the hams were hung.

CROW: Oh, they're hamstrung.

>
> He stopped at the very first ham he came to.

MIKE: And asked for directions to town.

> There was no
> sense in going any further.

TOM: Unless you're being whimsical!

> And Fatty dropped on top of the ham and in
> a twinkling he had torn off a big, delicious mouthful.

MIKE: [Low-key] o/ I wanna hold your ham ... o/

>
> Fatty could not eat fast enough. He wished he had two
> mouths

TOM: And six eyes, not all on his face!

> ---he was so hungry. But he did very well, with only ONE.

CROW: You know, an expert eater can use only the one mouth and you never notice the difference.

> In no
> time at all he had made a great hole in the ham.

TOM: Oh, ham and Swiss.

> And he had no idea of
> stopping.

MIKE: 'I will not start stopping', he said.

> But he did stop.

CROW: 'Wait, I started stopping anyway!'

> He stopped very suddenly.

TOM: Have you tried stopping stopping?

MIKE: Or starting not-stopping?

> For the first

> thing he knew, something threw him right down upon the floor.

CROW: Hey, it's the crushing sadness of modern life! Neat!

> And the
> ham fell on top of him and nearly knocked him senseless.
>
> He choked and spluttered;

TOM: He never expected to live a 'death by snu-snu' meme.

> for the ashes filled his mouth and
> his eyes, and his ears, too. For a moment he lay there on his back;

MIKE: Surprised he isn't trying to eat his way out of the ham.

> but soon he managed to kick the heavy ham off his stomach and then he
> felt a little better.

CROW: On to seconds!

> But he was terribly frightened. And though his
> eyes smarted so he could hardly see, he sprang up and found the
> doorway.

TOM: [As Fatty] 'Lead on, my trusty moustache! ... Oh no!'

>
> Fatty swallowed a whole mouthful of ashes as he dashed across
> the barnyard.

CROW: And then he remembered he could've eaten the ham off him instead.

> And he never stopped running until he was almost home.
> He was puzzled. Try as he would, he couldn't decide what it was that
> had flung him upon the floor.

MIKE: But he suspects Jasper Jay.

> And when he told his mother about his
> adventure---as he did a whole month later---she didn't know exactly
> what had happened, either.

TOM: [As Mrs Raccoon] 'Why didn't you just eat your way out of the ham?'

CROW: [As Fatty] 'I panicked, okay?'

>
> "It was some sort of trap, probably," Mrs. Raccoon said.

TOM: [As Mrs Raccoon] 'I bet they were catching hams and you just got in the way.'

>
> But for once Mrs. Raccoon was mistaken.

MIKE: It was in fact an ordinary surveillance mission, not trapping.

>
> It was very simple.

CROW: Allow me to explain until it is complicated and you are tired.

> In his greedy haste Fatty had merely
> bitten through the cord that fastened the ham to the pole.

TOM: In his defense, that was Cajun spiced cord.

> And of
> course it had at once fallen, carrying Fatty with it!
>
> But what do you suppose?

CROW: Oh, that pet mice just assume they're all really good at foraging because look, there's always food blocks right where they want.

> Afterward, when Fatty had grown up,
> and had children of his own,

TOM: Wait, Fatty grows up? Spoilers!

> he often told them about the time he had
> escaped from the trap in Farmer Green's smokehouse.

MIKE: Raccoons don't have a lot of epics, you understand.

>
> Fatty's children thought it very exciting. It was their
> favorite story.

TOM: Above even the barber-shop saga.

And they made their father tell it over and over
> again.

CROW: And he never suspected they were putting him on.

>

>

[To be continued ...]--

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