
Subject: MiSTed: The Tale of Fatty Coon, Part I (1 / 1)

Posted by [nebusj](#) on Sat, 31 Dec 2016 08:27:27 GMT

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[SEASON TEN opening.]

[1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6...]

[SATELLITE OF LOVE. TOM is reading a newspaper and chuckling as MIKE and CROW enter.]

TOM: Hee heee!

MIKE: What's up there, Thomas?

CROW: He finally noticed they print the 'Jumble' answers upside-down.

TOM: I'm now a happy subscriber to the Ironic Comics page.

[MIKE takes the paper from TOM's hands. CROW peeks at a corner, letting the paper flap over his beak.]

TOM: 'Beetle Bailey' as Wagnerian opera! Fred Basset portrayed by a very long duck! 'The Lockhorns' with neither lock nor horn!

MIKE: Hey, I like this Clip-Art 'Cathy'. She married Irving Berlin.

CROW: Wait, this is just 'Henry'. What's ironic about that?

TOM: What's *not* ironic about 'Henry'?

[MADS sign flashes.]

MIKE: Ahp. Agatha Crumm is calling.

[CASTLE FORRESTER. PEARL, PROFESSOR BOBO, and the OBSERVER are at a table.]

OBSERVER: I love 'For Better Or For Worse, And It Turns Out, Worse.' [To PEARL's withering indifference.] It puts at the end of every strip Anthony whining how 'I have no home!'

PEARL: OK, Mark Trail. We've tried everything to break your spirits. We've tried bad movies.

BOBO: We've tried telephones!

PEARL: We've tried fan fiction.

OBSERVER: We've tried advertisements!

PEARL: We've tried the most Ruby-Spearsish Hanna-Barbera Christmas specials!

BOBO: I love that one with Goober and Gumdrop!

OBSERVER: Now let's try ... young-reader animal fantasy!

PEARL: Your experiment for today is the first five chapters of Arthur Scott Bailey's 1915 piece of oeuvre _The Tale of Fatty Coon_.

BOBO: See if you learn something special from all this adorable animal fantasy!

[SATELLITE OF LOVE. MOVIE SIGN and general chaos.]

MIKE: Oh, no! Animal fantasy!

TOM, CROW: AAAAGH!

[6... 5... 4... 3... 2... 1..]

[THEATER. ALL file in.]

> SLEEPY-TIME TALES

TOM: So ... uh ... good night?

> THE TALE OF FATTY COON

CROW: From Buster Keaton through learning there **is** such a thing as bad publicity.

> BY ARTHUR SCOTT BAILEY

TOM: o^ Arthur was born just a plain simple man o^

> ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. SMITH

> NEW YORK

MIKE: Illustrated by Harry L Smith and the New York dancers!

>

> 1915

> I

>

> FATTY COON AT HOME

TOM: Just sitting around the home ...

>

> Fatty Coon was so fat and round

CROW: Oh come **on**.

MIKE: Man, 1915 and they're ahead of our lead joke.

> that he looked like a ball of

> fur, with a plumelike tail for a handle. But if you looked at him

> closely you would have seen a pair of very bright eyes watching you.

CROW: From the tail?

TOM: Raccoons can see very well through their handles.

>

> Fatty loved to eat.

CROW: And that's all the personality he'll need!

MIKE: Pretty much all the personality I have.

> Yes---he loved eating better than anything
> else in the world. That was what made him so fat.

TOM: 'I'm getting ready to hibernate for winter!'

CROW: 'It's May.'

TOM: 'I don't want to get caught by surprise.'

> And that, too, was
> what led him into many adventures.

CROW: Like the adventure of Waffle House At 3 am.

MIKE: Taking his life and his maple syrup into his own paws.

>
> Close by a swamp, which lay down in the valley, between Blue
> Mountain and Swift River,

TOM: Burger King on the right and if you come to the old middle school you've gone too far.

> Fatty Coon lived with his mother and his
> brother and his two sisters.

CROW: And his mayonnaise.

> Among them all there was what grown
> people call "a strong family resemblance," which is the same thing as
> saying that they all looked very much alike.

TOM: What, because all raccoons look the same to you?

> The tail of each one of
> them---mother and children too---had six black rings around it. Each of
> them had a dark brown patch of fur across the face, like a mask.

MIKE: _Clonus: The Ranger Rick Project_.

> And---what do you think?---each of them, even Fatty and his brother and
> his sisters, had a stiff, white moustache!

CROW: This is getting near body shaming, Mister Arthur Scott Bailey.

>
> Of course, though they all looked so much alike, you would
> have known which was Mrs. Coon, for she was so much bigger than her

> children.

TOM: And she had that ISO 9000 consulting job for Lockheed.

> And you would have known which was Fatty---he was so much
> rounder than his brother and his sisters.

CROW: And he had a bear claw in his mouth.

MIKE: The pastry?

CROW: We'll see.

>
> Mrs. Coon's home was in the hollow branch of an old tree.

TOM: They were the first wave of gentrification moving in.

MIKE: Classic cycle. Starving artists, hipsters, raccoons, rents go up.

> It
> was a giant of a tree---a poplar close by a brook which ran into the
> swamp---and the branch which was Mrs. Coon's home was as big as most
> tree-trunks are.

MIKE: Look, it's a tree, all right? I'm Arthur Scott Bailey, I got bigger fish to fry than specifying poplar trees.

>
> Blackie was Fatty's brother---for the mask on his face was just
> a little darker than the others'.

TOM: *Blackie* Coon?

MIKE: Oh dear Lord.

> Fluffy was one of Fatty's sisters,
> because her fur was just a little fluffier than the other children's.

TOM: *Fluffy* Coon?

CROW: When Andrew WK visits Anthrocon?

> And Cutey was the other sister's name, because she was so quaint.

TOM: I feel like I need to apologize and I don't even know who to.

>
> Now, Fatty Coon was forever looking around for something to
> eat.

MIKE: 'Here's a thing!' (Gulp)

TOM: 'That's a vase!'

MIKE: Needs honey mustard.'

> He was never satisfied with what his mother brought home for him.

CROW: 'Crawdads and berries *again*?'

MIKE: 'No, this is berries and Crawdads.'

> No matter how big a dinner Mrs. Coon set before her family, as soon as
> he had finished eating his share Fatty would wipe his white moustache
> carefully---for all the world like some old gentleman---and hurry off in
> search of something more.

MIKE: 'Fatty, that's a rock.'

CROW: 'That's a rock with ranch dressing.'

>
> Sometimes he went to the edge of the brook and tried to catch
> fish by hooking them out of the water with his sharp claws.

TOM: 'Best case scenario, I catch a snack. Worst case, I touch a goldfish. Either way, a win!'

> Sometimes
> he went over to the swamp and hunted for duck among the tall reeds.

CROW: 'Hey, a little deep frying and these reeds would be good.'

> And though he did not yet know how to catch a duck, he could always
> capture a frog or two; and Fatty ate them as if he hadn't had a
> mouthful of food for days.

MIKE: 'If I eat enough frog maybe a duck will crawl into my mouth and see what's going on!'

>
> To tell the truth, Fatty would eat almost anything he could
> get---nuts, cherries, wild grapes,

TOM: Boring, straight-laced actuary grapes.

> blackberries, bugs, small snakes,

CROW: Large but depressed snakes.

> fish, chickens,

MIKE: Buckets of fried dough.

> honey---there was no end to the different kinds of food
> he liked.

TOM: I believe you, sugar.

> He ate everything. And he always wanted more.

MIKE: Thing is it's fun cooking for someone who likes eating so much.

>

> "Is this all there is?" Fatty Coon asked his mother one day.

TOM: Well, you could merge with Ilia and Captain Decker maybe?

> He had gobbled up every bit of the nice fish that Mrs. Coon had

> brought home for him. It was gone in no time at all.

CROW: 'Well, you could try the less-nice or the morally ambiguous fish.'

>

> Mrs. Coon sighed. She had heard that question so many times;

> and she wished that for once Fatty might have all the dinner he

> wanted.

MIKE: 'Fatty, you're a sphere.'

CROW: 'And I could be a hypersphere, Mom!!'

>

> "Yes---that's all," she said, "and I should think that it was

> enough for a young coon like you."

>

> Fatty said nothing more. He wiped his moustache on the back of

> his hand (I hope you'll never do that!)

TOM: You eating raw frogs, though, Arthur Scott Bailey's cool with.

> and without another word he

MIKE: Really, what else was there to say?

> started off to see what he could find to eat.

CROW: 'This is delicious!'

MIKE: 'This is an ironing board!'

CROW: 'With marshmallows!'

>

>

> II

>

TOM: Episode II: Attack Of The Coons.

> FATTY LEARNS SOMETHING ABOUT EGGS

CROW: 'Hey! These things break open!'

>

> When Fatty Coon started off alone to find something more to
> eat, after finishing the fish that his mother had brought home for
> him, he did not know that he was going to have an adventure.

MIKE: He just hoped adventure came with cheese fries.

>

He nosed
> about among the bushes and the tall grasses and caught a few bugs and
> a frog or two. But he didn't think that THAT was much.

CROW: [As Bug] Oh, thank goodness, that frog was gonna eat me and now ... Wait, what are you doing?

>

He didn't seem
> to have much luck, down on the ground. So he climbed a tall hemlock,

TOM: A hemlock?

CROW: I dunno, it's probably some nature thing.

> to see if he could find a squirrel's nest, or some bird's eggs.

MIKE: 'Maybe I can eat a hemlock?'

>

> Fatty loved to climb trees. Up in the big hemlock he forgot,
> for a time, that he was still hungry. It was delightful to feel the
> branches swaying under him, and the bright sunshine was warm upon his
> back.

CROW: 'You suppose the sun might be cookie-flavored?'

> He climbed almost to the very tip-top of the tree and wound
> himself around the straight stem. The thick, springy branches held him
> safely, and soon Fatty was fast asleep.

TOM: The tree tipping over, cracking under the weight.

>

Next to eating, Fatty loved
> sleeping. And now he had a good nap.

CROW: 'A nap with bacon cheese!'

>
> Fatty Coon woke up at last, yawned, and slowly unwound himself
> from the stem of the tree. He was terribly hungry now. And he felt
> that he simply MUST find something to eat at once.

TOM: Why is Mitchell a raccoon?

>
> Without going down to the ground, Fatty climbed over into the
> top of another big tree and his little beady, bright eyes began
> searching all the branches carefully.

CROW: 'Too flimsy, too weak, that one'll snap, that one broke yesterday, that one snapped when I thought about it too hard, hm. Ground broke under me there.'

> Pretty soon Fatty smiled. He
> smiled because he was pleased.

TOM: It was a quirky habit of his.

> And he was pleased because he saw
> exactly what he had been looking for. Not far below him was a big
> nest, built of sticks and lined with bark and moss.

CROW: 'Garnished with bark and moss!'

> It was a crow's
> nest, Fatty decided, and he lost no time in slipping down to the
> crotch of the tree where the nest was perched.

TOM: Thud!

>
> There were four white eggs in the nest---the biggest crow's eggs
> Fatty had ever seen.

CROW: Ostrich!

MIKE: That's an ostrich egg, look out!

> And he began to eat them hungrily. His nose
> became smeared with egg, but he didn't mind that at all.

TOM: Yum, egg-flavored nose!

> He kept
> thinking how good the eggs tasted---and how he wished there were more of

> them.

MIKE: You know in the _Tale of Squawky Crow_, Fatty is one of the villains.

>

> There was a sudden rush through the branches of the tall tree.

> And Fatty Coon caught a hard blow on his head. He felt something sharp

> sink into his back, too.

TOM: There it is!

MIKE: Squawky Crow takes over the narrative! He's getting to be the hero!

> And he clutched at the edge of the nest to

> keep from falling.

>

> Fatty was surprised, to say the least, for he had never known

> crows to fight like that.

TOM: They normally confined themselves to snarky comments, often on the Internet.

CROW: The cowards! Hey, wait.

> And he was frightened, because his back

> hurt. He couldn't fight, because he was afraid he would fall if he let

> go of the nest.

MIKE: And there was still that meteoric crater lake from the last time he dropped four feet.

>

> There was nothing to do but run home as fast as he could.

CROW: Fatty's greatest challenge: running.

> Fatty tried to hurry; but there was that bird, beating and clawing his

> back, and pulling him first one way and then another.

TOM: [As Fatty] Ow! Look, if you want me to go *one* way then don't tug me *another*!
Sheesh!

> He began to

> think he would never reach home. But at last he came to the old poplar

> where his mother lived.

CROW: 'Home! Safety! Security! Oatmeal cookies!'

> And soon, to his great joy, he reached the

> hole in the big branch; and you may well believe that Fatty was glad

> to slip down into the darkness where his mother, and his brother

> Blackie, and Fluffy and Cutey his sisters, were all fast asleep.

MIKE: You my believe this ... If you dare!

> He
> was glad, because he knew that no crow could follow him down there.

CROW: To fit Fatty the hole has to be just wide enough to let a Space Shuttle slp through.

>
> Mrs. Coon waked up.

MIKE: Waked?

> She saw that Fatty's back was sadly torn
> (for coons, you know, can see in the dark just as well as you can see
> in the daylight).

CROW: What if I need glasses?

MIKE: Well, then she wears glasses.

CROW: That ... Would be adorable.

>
> "What on earth is the matter?" she exclaimed.
>
> Poor Fatty told her. He cried a little, because his back hurt
> him, and because he was so glad to be safe at home once more.

TOM: 'Well, come here, son, let me lick that all. Nothing like raccoon spit to clean open wounds.'

>
> "What color were those eggs?" Mrs. Coon inquired.
>
> "White!" said Fatty.
>
> "Ah, ha!" Mrs. Coon said. "Don't you remember that crows' eggs
> are a blueish green?"

MIKE: Oh no!

TOM: Fatty's failure to prep for his Raccoon SAT's haunts him!

CROW: *My* eggs are painted a lovely variety of colors in intricate patterns!

TOM: Ya freak.

CROW: What?

> That must have been a goshawk's nest. And a
> goshawk is the fiercest of all the hawks there are. It's no wonder
> your back is clawed.

MIKE: [Mrs Coon] 'Why is this scratch covered in Superman ice cream?'

CROW: [Fatty] It was an experiment, okay?

> Come here and let me look at it."
>
> Fatty Coon felt quite proud, as his mother examined the marks
> of the goshawk's cruel claws.

MIKE: 'I got attacked and ran away just fast enough! Heck, I ran!'

TOM: I ran so far away.

> And he didn't feel half as sorry for
> himself as you might think,
> for he remembered how good the eggs had
> tasted. He only wished there had been a dozen of them.

MIKE: So what did Fatty learn about eggs, exactly?

CROW: That ... He can eat them?

>
>
> III
>
> FATTY DISCOVERS MRS. TURTLE'S SECRET

TOM: Oh, tell me this is about lingerie.

>
> After his adventure with the goshawk Fatty Coon did not go
> near the tree-tops for a long time.

MIKE: Not until the trees put some elevators in.

> Whenever he left home he would
> crawl down the old poplar tree in which he lived;

CROW: Achieving speeds of up to 400 miles per hour.

> and he wouldn't
> climb a single tree until he came home again. Somehow, he felt safer
> on the ground.

TOM: 'You know, nobody ever drops a pie onto a tree. The ground, though, that's some prime stuff-being-dropped territory!'

> You see, he hadn't forgotten the fright he had had, nor
> how the goshawk's claws had hurt his back.

MIKE: Emotionally.

- >
- > It was just three days after his scare, to be exact, when
- > Fatty Coon found himself on the bank of the creek which flowed slowly
- > into Swift River.

TOM: Suppose that's named for how fast it is, or for its discoverer, Carol the Swift?

- > Fatty had been looking for frogs, but he had had no
- > luck at all.

MIKE: The frogs' early warning system was in good shape.

- > To tell the truth, Fatty was a little too young to catch
- > frogs easily, even when he found one;

TOM: Except for the one he grabbed last chapter.

MIKE: Hope somebody got fired for that blunder.

- > and he was a good deal too fat,
- > for he was so plump that he was not very spry.

MIKE: Also last week he ate the creek.

CROW: 'Well, last week we had nacho cheese popcorn seasoning to sprinkle on it!'

- >
- > Now, Fatty was hiding behind some tall rushes, and his sharp
- > little eyes were looking all about him, and his nose was twitching as
- > he sniffed the air.

CROW: 'Wawa has paninis? This changes everything!'

- > He wished he might find a frog. But not one frog
- > appeared. Fatty began to think that some other coon must have visited
- > the creek just before him and caught them all.

TOM: The lifeless pond can have only one explanation.

MIKE: Raccoons: nature's own little neutron bombs.

- > And then he forgot all
- > about frogs.
- >
- > Yes! Frogs passed completely out of Fatty Coon's mind. For
- > whom should he spy but Mrs. Turtle!

CROW: What do you suppose her maiden name was?

TOM: Oh, she kept it when she married Dr Lesser Brown Bat.

> He saw her little black head
> first, bobbing along through the water of the creek. She was swimming
> toward the bank where Fatty was hidden.

MIKE: She loves the bank with its little chained pens and deposit slips.

> And pretty soon she pulled
> herself out of the water and waddled a short distance along the sand
> at the edge of the creek.

TOM: 'Well, at least I don't have to worry here about getting eaten by a raccoon!'

>
> Mrs. Turtle stopped then; and for a few minutes she was very
> busy about something. First she dug a hole in the sand.

CROW: Um?

TOM: [Giggles nervously.]

> And Fatty
> wondered what she was looking for. But he kept very quiet.

MIKE: Should we be watching this?
[TOM, CROW look conspicuously away.]

> And after a
> time Mrs. Turtle splashed into the creek again and paddled away. But
> before she left she scooped sand into the hole she had dug.

TOM: Oh dear, she *is*.

> Before she
> left the place she looked all around, as if to make sure that no one
> had seen her.

CROW: What was her plan if someone did see her at this point?

MIKE: Take the eggs back?

> And as she waddled slowly to the water Fatty could see
> that she was smiling as if she was very well pleased about something.
> She seemed to have a secret.

TOM: Quick, call in Garry Moore to help!

>
> Fatty Coon had grown very curious, as he watched Mrs. Turtle.

CROW: 'I wonder if I can use this to become an even less pleasant person?'

- > And just as soon as she was out of sight he came out from his hiding
- > place in the tall reeds and trotted down to the edge of the creek. He
- > went straight to the spot where Mrs. Turtle had dug the hole and
- > filled it up again.

MIKE: Gotta say, Mrs Turtle does not come out looking good here.

TOM: Yeah, her scouting process could really use some scouting.

- > And Fatty was so eager to know what she had been
- > doing that he began to dig in the very spot where Mrs. Turtle had dug
- > before him.

CROW: Mmm, turtle poop.

- >
- > It took Fatty Coon only about six seconds to discover Mrs.
- > Turtle's secret. For he did not have to paw away much of the sand
- > before he came upon---what do you suppose? Eggs! Turtles' eggs!

MIKE: No, she's the last Galapagos Island Tortoise, it's the only hope of avoiding extinction!

- > Twenty-seven round, white eggs, which Mrs. Turtle had left there in
- > the warm sand to hatch.

CROW: 'Turtles are goshawks?'

- > THAT was why she looked all around to make
- > sure that no one saw her. THAT was why she seemed so pleased.

TOM: *That* was why Mrs Turtle wasn't part of her Species Survival Plan.

- > For Mrs.
- > Turtle fully expected that after a time twenty-seven little turtles
- > would hatch from those eggs---

TOM: Each egg.

- > just as chickens do---

MIKE: Did kids in 1915 need eggs explained to them?

- > and dig their way out
- > of the sand.

CROW: Again, good job checking, Mrs Turtle.

>
> But it never happened that way at all.

MIKE: Fatty Coon cackles delighted at his schemes.

> For as soon as he got
> over his surprise at seeing them, Fatty Coon began at once to eat
> those twenty- seven eggs. They were delicious.

TOM: Do we know whether Arthur Scott Bailey *liked* his protagonist?

> And as he finished the
> last one he couldn't help thinking how lucky he had been.

MIE: Now we have nobody to foil the evil Shredder's attacks!

>
>
> IV
>
> FATTY COON'S MISTAKE

TOM: Not getting editorial approval on this hit piece.

>
> Fatty Coon was very fond of squirrels.

CROW: Oh, Lord.

> And you may think it
> strange when I tell you that not one of the squirrels anywhere around
> Blue Mountain was the least bit fond of Fatty Coon.

MIKE: Is there anybody here that likes Fatty Coon?

CROW: There's flocks of locusts that admire his work.

TOM: But even they won't share a room with him.

> But when I say
> that Fatty Coon was fond of squirrels, I mean that he liked to eat
> them.

CROW: Yeah, yeah, we kinda saw that one coming.

TOM: People reading other stories saw *that* one coming.

> So of course you will understand now why the squirrels did not
> care for Fatty at all.

MIKE: Because the last three chapters didn't make it clear?

> In fact, they usually kept just as far away
> from him as they could.

TOM: It's as though they aren't looking for chances to die.

>
> It was easy, in the daytime, for the squirrels to keep out of
> Fatty's way, when he wandered through the tree-tops, for the squirrels
> were much sprier than Fatty.

CROW: But then the trees are sprier than Fatty.

> But at night---ah! that was a very
> different matter. For Fatty Coon's eyes were even sharper in the dark
> than they were in the daylight;

MIKE: And his mouth was twelve hours bigger.

> but the poor squirrels were just as
> blind as you are when you are safely tucked in bed and the light is
> put out.

CROW: Now I want to get squirrels their own night lights.

MIKE: I want to check I'm not going to get eaten by a raccoon in my bedroom.

>
> Yes---when the squirrels were in bed at night, up in their nests
> in the trees, they could see very little. And you couldn't say they
> were SAFE in bed,

TOM: Are they literally beds or nests or? I'm trying to work out the anthropomorphism level here.

> because they never knew when Fatty Coon, or his
> mother, or his brother, or one of his sisters, or some cousin of his,
> might come along and catch them before they knew it.

MIKE: Oh, good, it's not just his protagonist he hates, Arthur Scott Bailey has it out for every raccoon.

TOM: The important thing for children's animal fantasy is make your lead character as much like a serial killer as possible.

>
> Fatty thought it great sport to hunt squirrels at night.

CROW: He loves his reputation as an unstoppable random death-bringer!

> Whenever he tried it he usually managed to get a good meal.

TOM: So frogs stump him but squirrels are easy?

> And after
> he had almost forgotten about the fright the goshawk had given him in
> the tall hemlock he began to roam through the tree-tops every night in
> search of squirrels and sleeping birds.

CROW: It's like they say, when you fall off a bike you have to get back up and eat it.

>
> But a night came at last when Fatty was well punished for
> hunting squirrels.

MIKE: At this point any punishment is a good start.

> He had climbed half-way to the top of a big
> chestnut tree, when he spied a hole in the trunk. He rather thought
> that some squirrels lived inside that hole.

TOM: 'I'd leave then in peace but it's been two hours since I ate the last five hundred passenger pigeons!'

> And as he listened for a
> few seconds he could hear something moving about inside. Yes! Fatty
> was sure that there was a squirrel in there---probably several
> squirrels.

CROW: Maybe one squirrel, two chipmunks, and a groundhog serving in an advisory capacity?

>
> Fatty Coon's eyes turned green.

MIKE: Whoa!

TOM: Cyborg raccoon!

> It was a way they had,
> whenever he was about to eat anything, or whenever he played with his
> brother Blackie, or Fluffy and Cutey, his sisters; or whenever he was
> frightened.

CROW: Or when his laser batteries are running low.

> And now Fatty was so sure that he was going to have a fine
> lunch that his eyes turned as green as a cat's.

TOM: Cyborg cats?

MIKE: This is why nature just isn't a good idea.

> He reached a paw
> inside the hole and felt all around.

CROW: 'Hey, there's nothing in here but a paw-remover!'

- >
- > WOW! Fatty gave a cry; and he pulled his paw out much faster
- > than he had put it in. Something had given him a cruel dig.

TOM: A...?

CROW: Somebody really got at his paw's emotional weaknesses.

> And in a
> jiffy Fatty saw what that "something" was. It was a grumpy old tramp
> coon, whom Fatty had never seen before.

MIKE: Buh?

CROW: What makes a *tramp* raccoon?

TOM: Raids the trash bins on a freight train I guess?

```
>
> "What do you mean, you young rascal, by disturbing me like
> this?" the ragged stranger cried.
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CROW: He can call Fatty that because 'rascal' is a raccoon word.

TOM: They've reclaimed it.

```
>
> "Please, sir, I never knew it was you," Fatty stammered.
>
> "Never knew it was me! Who did you think it was?"
```

MIKE: I dunno, but I'm reading this with a W C Fields vibe.

>
> "A---a squirrel!" Fatty said faintly. And he whimpered a little,
> because his paw hurt him.

TOM: He sees what it's like to get eaten some.

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>
> "Ho, ho! That's a good one! That's a good joke!"
```

CROW: [As the tramp] 'Thinking a squirrel might be hiding in a squirrel-hole in a tree! A rich jest, yes. Now let me get back to eating these squirrels.'

> The tramp
> coon laughed heartily. And then he scowled so fiercely that poor Fatty
> nearly tumbled out of the tree. "You go home," he said to Fatty. "And
> don't you let me catch you around here again. You hear?"

MIKE: Or your paw shall get more digs and a few sharply barbed comments!

>
> "Yes, sir!" Fatty said. And home he went. And you may be sure
> that he let THAT tree alone after that. He never went near it again.

TOM: Wait, was that his well-punishment?

MIKE: Sometimes having to talk to someone is punishment enough.

>
>
> V

TOM: It was.

CROW: Maybe the real punishment was having to be Fatty Coon all along.

>
> FATTY COON GOES FISHING

MIKE: A very special episode.

>
> One day Fatty Coon was strolling along the brook which flowed
> not far from his home.

CROW: Swift Creek?

TOM: Foster Brook.

MIKE: That's ... actually too new a reference for this.

> He stopped now and then, to crouch close to the
> water's edge, in the hope of catching a fish.

CROW: 'What if a fish was a goshawk egg pie?'

> And one time, when he
> lay quite still among the rocks, at the side of a deep pool, with his
> eyes searching the clear water, Fatty Coon suddenly saw something
> bright, all yellow and red, that lighted on the water right before
> him. It was a bug, or a huge fly.

MIKE: Or a tiny flying saucer.

TOM: Fatty eats the aliens' peaceful expedition before they get started.

> And Fatty was very fond of bugs---to
> eat, you know.

ALL: We *know*.

CROW: As opposed to the ones he trains for pets.

> So he lost no time. The bright thing had scarcely
> settled on the water when Fatty reached out and seized it.

CROW: But he already seezed it! It was right in front of his eyes!

> He put it
> into his mouth, when the strangest thing happened. Fatty felt himself
> pulled right over into the water.

MIKE: Finally he crosses the Chandrasekhar limit and collapses into a black hole.

>
> He was surprised, for he never knew a bug or a fly to be so
> strong as that. Something pricked his cheek and Fatty thought that the
> bright thing had stung him.

CROW: Then this family of nutrias comes up and slaps Fatty silly.

> He tried to take it out of his mouth, and
> he was surprised again. Whatever the thing was, it seemed to be stuck
> fast in his mouth.

TOM: He's delighted by something wanting him to eat it for a change.

> And all the time Fatty was being dragged along
> through the water. He began to be frightened.

MIKE: Hungry and frightened: the Fatty Coon story.

> And for the first time
> he noticed that there was a slender line which stretched from his
> mouth straight across the pool. As he looked along the line Fatty saw
> a man at the other end of it---a man, standing on the other side of the
> brook!

CROW: 'I don't know how but I caught a human!'

TOM: 'That'll be eating for *hours*!'

> And he was pulling Fatty toward him as fast as he could.
>
> Do you wonder that Fatty Coon was frightened?

TOM: He didn't have a license to catch men.

> He jumped
> back---as well as he could, in the water---and tried to swim away.

CROW: 'Dive! Dive! Dive!'

> His
> mouth hurt; but he plunged and pulled just the same, and jerked his
> head and squirmed and wriggled and twisted.

MIKE: *Extremely* Chubby Checker!

> And just as Fatty had
> almost given up hope of getting free, the gay-colored bug, or fly, or
> whatever it was, flew out of his mouth and took the line with it.

CROW: I wonder if Fatty Coon will go on to learn nothing from this?

> At
> least, that was what Fatty Coon thought. And he swam quickly to the
> bank and scampered into the bushes.

MIKE: And ate his cover.

TOM: 'Needs peanut butter!'

>
> Now, this was what really happened.

MIKE: Our story begins with the Algeciras Crisis of 1905.

> Farmer Green had come up
> the brook to catch trout. On the end of his fish-line he had tied a
> make-believe fly,

CROW: For the discerning fisher who doesn't exist.

> with a hook hidden under its red and yellow wings.
> He had stolen along the brook very quietly, so that he wouldn't
> frighten the fish.

TOM: He brought some presents in case he did, to reassure any scaredy-catfish.

> And he had made so little noise that Fatty Coon
> never heard him at all.

CROW: [Fatty] Hey, it's hard to hear someone over the sound of my deep-fat fryer!

> Farmer Green had not seen Fatty, crouched as
> he was among the stones. And when Fatty reached out and grabbed the
> make-believe fly Farmer Green was even more surprised at what happened
> than Fatty himself.

TOM: Sammy Squirrel falls out of a tree, laughing.

MIKE: Fatty eats him.

> If the fish-hook hadn't worked loose from Fatty's
> mouth Farmer Green would have caught the queerest fish anybody ever
> caught, almost.

CROW: Well, there was that mermaid-cerberus this guy down in Belmar caught but that was something else.

>
> Something seemed to amuse Farmer Green, as he watched Fatty
> dive into the bushes; and he laughed loud and long.

TOM: See? Fatty Coon brings joy to the world, at last.

> But Fatty Coon
> didn't laugh at all. His mouth was too sore;

MIKE: And full.

> and he was too
> frightened.

CROW: And awful.

> But he was very, very glad that the strange bug had flown
> away.

MIKE: And he learns the most important lesson of all, which is ...

CROW: I dunno. Preferably food things.

TOM: Let's blow this popsicle stand.

MIKE: Yeah, before Fatty eats it.

[ALL exit the theater.]

[1... 2... 3... 4... 5... 6...]

[SATELLITE OF LOVE. TOM SERVO, MIKE, and CROW at the desk.]

MIKE: Well.

TOM: So.

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