

## Dead Milkmen

### "Anonymous 4 After Anderson Walkman Buttholes"

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Now, you wanna talk about bladder problems, then the man you wanna talk to will probably be my cousin Earl. I guess you all know Earl; he lives out on Route 13 out on that maggot farm. Earl don't like it when you get his maggot farm confused with a worm farm. A worm farm is for worms, and a maggot farm is for maggots, and Earl's got the biggest maggots in the state. Three feet long. Of course, now Earl pleads this might be due to the fact that St. Smithen's Medical Facility has been dumping their waste on his property. Interesting thing about three-foot maggots in that...that, well, one day China disappeared, and the next day his television disappeared, and a few days after that, his '57 Chevy disappeared. But there they are: the world's biggest maggots.

Anyway, one day, Earl and I were standin' in the kitchen, giant maggots crawlin' across the floor, and Earl turns to me, and he says, "Do you ever go to make a pork sausage, and find that it's got hairs all over it?" and he gives me a look that still chills me to this day.

Now, Earl's got a son, and they call him Earl Junior, which I think is pretty clever, since he is Earl's son. He's not really a normal boy, ever since that tractor accident. Anyway, he ran up \$5,000 in "976-" phone bills. He called weird, unnatural numbers, like "976-PIGG" with two G's, and "976-SHEEP", which has five letters in it, I know. He's a sick boy. Earl suggested that, well, maybe I talk to him. So I went into his bedroom, and I sat him down, but before I could say a word, Earl Junior looked at me, and he said, "Didja ever go to make a pork sausage, and find it's got hairs all over it?" And he gave me a look that still chills me to this day.

Now, Earl's got a daughter, and they call her Effie-Sue. And Effie-Sue, she don't look so much like a

little girl, as she looks like a...a big pile of fungus. Earl blames this, too, on the fact that St. Smithen's Medical Facility has been dumping on his maggot farm. Yeah, I never had much contact with Essie...Effie-Sue. Excuse me, I don't even think that much of her to get her name right. I never had much contact with her. She just normaally just sits on the couch like a little ball of fungus and just ...boils away. Well, one day, she looked at me, and that little ball of fungus opened its mouth (or what I guess was its mouth - I'd hate to think what else it could be), and out of that orifice floated the words, "Didja ever go to make a...a pork sausage and find it's got hair all over it?", and then that... that little ball of fungus gave me a look that chills me to this day.

Now, Earl's got a wife, and we call her...Wife. We don't know her name, because she's never really said that much. For the longest time, we thought she could only say two words, which were "dog" and "pussy". We thought that meant "dog" and "cat", but then we found out that what she was really trying to say was "dog-pussy", one big hyphenated word, which doesn't come up much in conversation, especially amongst Baptists. We never heard her say anything other than that. You know, she works down at...at St. Smithen's Medical Facility and Pork Sausage Distillery, got a good-paying job there, although she only does say those...well that one word. And we have heard her say another thing once, but that was a long time ago. We were sittin' around the house, and she looked at me, and she said, "Do you ever go to make a pork sausage, and find that it's got hairs growin' all over it?", and she gave me a look that chills me to this day.

Now, one day, Earl took his whole family fishin' down in Miller's Creek. He took his wife, who could only say "dog-pussy"; he took his son, Earl Junior, who took the day off from calling "976-" barnyard numbers; and he took that little...that little ball of fungus daughter, Effie-Sue, of his along with him. They all got in a little boat and they started fishing. Now St. Smithen's Medical Facility and Pork Sausage Distillery has been known to dump their stuff into Miller's Creek. All sorts of heinous stuff, big barrels floatin' in the creek, with little things on them that say "St. Smithen's Medical Facility and Pork Sausage Distillery". Anyway, Earl was fishing, and he caught a wall-eyed

bass, which had twenty-seven eyes on it. It was a twenty-seven-eyed wall-eyed bass. Earl looked at it, and decided, "Mmmm, wouldn't this be good to eat!" So he took out his knife to cut it open. But that fish looked up at him, and it said, "Please, mister! Please, don't eat me!" And Earl said, "But I'm hungry! I'm hungry! I work on a maggot farm! My wife can only say 'dog-pussy'! My daughter is a pile of fungus! My son spent all his college money calling '976-' numbers! I have to eat you!" And that fish said, "Please, don't eat me, mister, please!" And he said, "I have to! I have to!" So the fish said, "Alright then, if you're gonna to cut me open, let me ask you one question: Didja ever go to eat a pork sausage and find that it's got hairs growin' all over it?" And then, all twenty-seven eyes stared back at Earl, and they stared back at his wife who could only say "dog-pussy", and they stared back at his weird "976-" animal-calling son, and they stared back at that... little pile of pus that passes for Earl's daughter. And they gave them a look! All twenty-seven eyes gave them a look! A look that they would not forget until this very day!

Oh, man

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