

Shoot Fuzzy

CONTENTS

	Acknowledgments	i
1	That's What I'm Talkin' About	1
2	Geeze O'Pete	4
3	Are You Picking Up What I'm Putting Out	6
4	Whoa Be It Upon You	11
5	Shoot Fuzzy	13

CHAPTER ONE
THAT'S WHAT I'M TALKIN' ABOUT

Rural Arkansas
Highway 62
July 15th, 6:45 A.M.

Just off Highway 62 outside a small non-descript town in Arkansas (pronounced-Are Cans Ass) an old farm truck sits motionless in a ditch. The buzz of cicadas overpowers the steam bellowing from beneath the hood and the tics of a cooling engine.

“That’s what I’m talkin’ about!” Yells a small hairy purple creature. It stands no more than a foot tall, covered with wild purple hair. Resembling one of those old troll dolls.

It jumps up and down upon the hood of the farm truck. Its orange feet, large for its body, are much like that of a chicken’s. Its oversized eyes gleam with rage.

Inside the truck a man begins to stir slightly. He reaches toward his bloodied face. But the pain stops him. Groggy, he sits upright. Wipes blood from his eyes. The world begins to take shape once more.

He thinks he must still be unconscious. That purple thing on the hood cannot possibly be real. But...didn’t...was that what he saw in the road? Surely not. It can’t be.

The farmer’s vision clears little by little. But that angry purple creature is still there.

Jumping.

Laughing.

Shoot Fuzzy

Taunting.

Sounds now begin to fill the farmer's ears. At first the buzzing cicadas are overwhelming. That, or his ears are just ringing from the pounding his head took from the steering-wheel. Then a mix of what sounds like someone chanting. No cheering. Or is it ranting?

“...Fuzzy wins! You think you can kill me and mine? I will get you all!” The purple creature screams out in a squeaky voice.

The farmer is frozen in disbelief. How can something like this be actually happening? This is impossible...

CHAPTER TWO GEEZE O'PETE

Chapter Two
Rural Arkansas
Hayfield
July 14th, 6:00 P.M.

Grasshoppers flee the tractor as it cuts tall grass in an open field. The farmer, sweating from the intense heat of summer, cuts the last strip of hay.

Before leaving for the evening he checks his equipment to ensure it is in working order. Everything looks okay. Just hot, dusty and ready for a rest.

Something purple catches his eye. Just a tuft of purple fuzz fluttering. It must be trash someone threw out of a

Shoot Fuzzy

moving car instead of waiting to get home. People should really stop littering.

Satisfied that everything looks good for tomorrow he takes the keys from the tractor and gets into his farm truck. It's definitely used for farming. There's barely a spot on it without a dent or scrape. The only clean spot is on the magnetic sign affixed to the doors, "Geeze O'Pete Farms."

As the truck pulls away, something purple and fuzzy stirs beneath the blades of the tractor. Near the movement are three other small purple pieces of fuzz and what appears to be three blood-covered chicken legs.

CHAPTER THREE
ARE YOU PICKING UP WHAT I'M PUTTING
OUT

Rural Arkansas

Highway 62

July 15th, 6:50 A.M.

“You killed my family, you son-of-a-bitch!” The creature still jumping screams in squeaky anger. It’s surprisingly forceful jumps dent the hood of the truck. It’s strange little chicken feet pounding. Pounding.

“Wha...what...what are you?” O’Pete asks.

“I AM THE FUZZY! And you are going to pay for what you did to my family. Are you picking up what I’m putting out?”

Still confused beyond belief O’Pete the farmer grabs

Shoot Fuzzy

at the door handle. In response Fuzzy jumps even higher. Unbelievably high. He's hardly a foot tall, but he leaps well over six foot off the truck and lands with a horrible thud on the cab of the tuck. The cab caves in slightly under the seemingly small but powerful creature.

If he wasn't scared before, Geeze is now. This purple thing is pissed. And for some reason it thinks he killed its family. Still shaking from the pain and adrenaline, Geeze reaches into the glove box and pulls out a brown paper bag.

"Okay little guy. I know you think I did something to you or your family. But I don't know what you're talking about. Can we just talk about what you think I did?"

O'Pete reaches into the bag.

Another louder, harder, fiercer thud echoes from the top of the truck followed by a muffled voice. "You killed my family. Talk is over. I will end you and yours."

Carefully, O'Pete pulls his hand out of the bag. Gripping tightly, shaking slightly, he points a shiny

revolver toward the roof and the ranting purple menace.

He fires. Fires again. Again.

The cab of the truck holds the sound of the gun firing within a ringing echo. So much that O’Pete now only hears the screaming rings of the firing gun.

The thuds no longer come. All seems quiet. He must have hit the little thing. O’Pete looks up through the newly ventilated cab of the truck. But the only thing he sees through the holes are tree limbs above rustling in the summer breeze.

Still unsure, he cautiously opens the door.

Nothing.

Uneasy, he places one foot out onto the ground.

Nothing.

Confidence now building O’Pete attempts to stand. Still dizzy from the crash he falls back into the truck. A little slower and more deliberate, he leaves the truck. His pistol shaking in his hand pointing high.

Nothing.

Shoot Fuzzy

O’Pete relaxes his grip and lets the pistol down to his side. “Must have got him. But where is the little bastard?”

He leans down to look under the truck.

Nothing.

Getting back to his feet, O’Pete is kicked in the ass by a horse. He falls head first into the side of the truck, dropping the gun. No, it’s not a horse. Wow, that thing can kick.

Stunned and bleeding from his head, he fumbles in the dirt for the gun. It’s not there. It has to be there. Where is it?

With a scream he jerks away from under the truck holding his right hand close to his body. Fingers pointing in the wrong directions. Blood soaking through his shirt.

Realizing he must act, O’Pete pulls hard on the broken digits. A loud crunch accompanies a weak cry that set’s the fingers straight.

Attempting to focus through the pain, O’Pete see’s the brutal purple fuzzbball hoping toward an abandoned

house. And it has his gun.

Now determined more than ever not only to survive, but to kill that little bastard, O’Pete limps after Fuzzy growling, “Don’t make me come over there and hurt you, you son-of-a-bitch.”

CHAPTER FOUR WHOA BE IT UPON YOU

Rural Arkansas

Hayfield

July 14th, 6:25 P.M.

The farmer's truck leaves the hayfield as Fuzzy regains consciousness beneath the tractor. Dazed and hurt, his eyes open. One then the other. Blinking he looks around. Everything is quiet. Not even the grasshoppers are jumping. Fuzzy gets to his feet. Sways, but stands straight.

“Huh, looks like I'm okay. Nothing hurt.” He says in a groggy squeak. “Wha...what's that?”

He hops to a tiny piece of purple fuzz stuck to a blade of the tractor. Beneath it are three bloody orange chicken legs. There's more purple fuzz strewn about.

He vomits. “Dead. Th...they're all...dead,” he sobs.

Tears falling from his oversized green eyes, he looks up to see the farmer and his truck leaving the field. His eyes sad and mournful slowly morph into rage and revenge.

“Whoa be it upon you farmer. Whoa be it upon you.”

Spitting out the word farmer.

CHAPTER FIVE SHOOT FUZZY

Rural Arkansas
Abandoned House
July 15th, 7:00 A.M.

O’Pete listens quietly at the door of an old abandoned house.

Thud. Thud. Thud. The sound is coming from down the hall. He steps inside the door and stops to listen.

Thud.

Silence.

He steps inside the front door. Walks toward the hallway, passing the kitchen. The house is old, falling apart.

Wood floorboards poke up. Brush shows through holes in the wall.

The sound of metal hitting porcelain behind a door stops him.

Thud, just on the other side of the door.

O’Pete kicks the door with everything he can muster. As the door swings in a purple fluff explodes from between it and the wall.

“You’re up against the wall now you little bastard!” O’Pete kicks the door against the wall two more times to be sure the little furry freak doesn’t move again.

He pulls the door away from the wall. Behind it is a tuft of purple fuzz caught on a splintered hole in the wall.

Before he could pull his head back, the door is hit with the force of a hungry pissed off bear. The door bounces off the farmer’s head and slams closed.

O’Pete falls to the ground. Dizzy. Hurt. Bleeding from the head, again. Stuck between a toilet and bathtub. The hole in the wall is filled with the angry purple bastard.

Shoot Fuzzy

It's coming through for more.

Through the fog of his now apparent brain damage, O'Pete remembers the sound he heard before kicking the door open.

His hand shaking. Head spinning. Blood pooling. Geeze O'Pete reaches into the toilet. Pulls out the gun.

Slowly. So, slowly. He places one last round in the cylinder. He points the gun. Squeezes. Shoots.

Geeze O'Pete shoots the small purple chicken-footed terror.

The explosion of the firing gun is shadowed by the carnage left in its wake. Struck by the hot lead, Fuzzy was turned into nothing more than a quivering piece of lint lying beside two bodiless chicken legs.

With a sigh of relief, Geeze O'Pete drops the gun. Then drifts off into darkness...