

by Amos Arthur Holmes

Once upon a time (at least I think it was once upon a time) there lived a very unhappy weasel. She should have been a very happy young lady. Cromdal, the mighty spirit of the woods, had given her many fine attributes. Strong, white teeth, a reasonable bosom, and the hairiest legs in the forest. Her unhappiness stemmed from the fact that her husband was a dirty dog. Not a dog as in dog, but a dog as in rotten weasel. Sam Weasel just didn't give a damn about his wife. He preferred shooting pool with those thugs down at Friendly Bar and he was having a very open affair with a widowed skunk who lived near the edge of the woods.

Mrs. Weasel knew about the skunk and the entire situation was odorous to her. She had been such a faithful wife, she kept her rotten log immaculate, and she had never once looked at another man.

Well, things were about to change. Infidelity (a name she hated) could be played by anyone. She started thinking about the

Country Philosopher

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fellows who lived in the forest and she finally decided on the one male who really turned her on.

Mr. Possum.

Yes sir, she would make a play for Mr. Possum. He was single, had broad shoulders, and had an intellectual look about him when he smoked his pipe.

So Mrs. Weasel brushed the hair on her legs, put on a dab of lipstick, and started walking towards Mr. Possum's house.

Mr. Possum watched Mrs. Weasel approach and he smacked his lips. She was absolutely delicious. He waved to her, and called. "Good Morning,

sweetheart, how are you today?"

Mrs. Weasel simpered, and blushed. "I just came over to tell you how brave you are. Every evening you eat cabbage in Farmer Brown's cabbage patch. You know Farmer Brown carries a shotgun and yet you aren't the least bit afraid."

"It's simple" replied Mr. Possum, "Everytime Farmer Brown catches me in his cabbage patch, I play dead. It fools him every time. You see, Farmer Brown can't read. It says, right in the Encyclopedia Brittanica, "POSSUMS WILL PLAY DEAD WHEN CORNERED." When Farmer Brown finds me in his cabbage patch he always says, "By golly...there's another dead possum." So it isn't so much a matter of my being brave as it is a question of my intelligence."

Mrs. Weasel battered her eyelashes a few times, and purred, "I would like to come with you sometime and watch you make a fool of Farmer Brown."

"Let's go right now" said Mr. Possum. He put his arm around Mrs. Weasel and they started toward the cabbage patch. Mr.

Possum leaned over and whispered into Mrs. Weasel's ear, "You have, my dear, the hairiest legs in the forest." Mrs. Weasel giggled.

When they got to the cabbage patch, Mrs. Weasel hid in the bushes while Mr. Possum started eating cabbage. Mrs. Weasel kept watching the farmhouse and all of a sudden she saw Farmer Brown, and a small boy, coming toward the cabbage patch. Cripes! Wasn't this exciting?

Farmer Brown was carrying a shotgun and the small boy was carrying a large book. Mrs. Weasel noticed that Mr. Possum had rolled over on his back and was looking quite dead. She heard Farmer Brown say, "By golly, there's another dead possum." She laughed inwardly (Weasels never laugh outwardly) and thought how terribly smart Mr. Possum was.

But as Farmer Brown was turning away to leave the cabbage patch the small boy tugged at his arm. Then the small boy read something from the large book he was carrying.

Farmer Brown looked puzzled for a moment and then raised his shotgun and aimed it at Mr. Possum.

BAM!

Goodbye possum. Goodbye love affair. Mr. Possum looked very dead and he wasn't playing dead. He WAS dead.

Mrs. Weasel watched as Farmer Brown and the small boy passed within ten paces of her. She noticed the large book under the small boy's arm and with a spasm of horror she read its title.

Ye Gads! The EN-CYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA!