

Moosh and Blabber

Chapter 7

Thester

Images of shriveled, moldy potatoes. The ones Mrs. Fieldjoy threw in the garbage. They come to mind. Spoiled potatoes. That's what Isie is. Whatever Isie wants, that's what Isie gets.

When she was little, she loved Cinderella, so Mr. Fieldjoy fixed up an old wagon, made it look like a sort of perky pumpkin-carriage thing for her to play in. The girl forced me to stand in front and act like I was pulling that whackadoo pumpkin. Like I don't have better things to do.

And blast it—last year, Isie was into airplanes, so what does Mr. Fieldjoy do? He finds an old beat-up, crop dusting plane, paints it, puts new shiny gadgets inside, and plops it plum-middle in the pasture. In the pasture. A pretend plane in my pasture. I've got things to get done in that pasture. For one, my every-morning bumper-cow trick... how's a horse to conduct that game with that blasted plane planted square in the middle?

Bumper-cows: It's my regular, signature game. No matter how many times I've string-tied those sleeping cows together, no matter how many mornings I've shrieked as high and wide as the sky, and no matter how many times they've seen that beaten-up scarecrow yahooing on my back. No matter, they always fall for it. They fly out of their sleep and into the air like fingers on a hot griddle, screaming like a flaming pitchfork's chasing them. And as soon as those stringed-up cows jump— *WHAAAAA-BOING*, they've hurled themselves into each other. Then *BOING-WHAAAP*—they've superballed themselves across the pasture. It's the perfect game, easy to do and fun to play.

Not my fault it didn't work the last time. Not my fault the bumper-cow game became a plane crash—a screaming-cow plane crashed and drug over the fence and into the pond. Not my fault. I'm not the one who wanted a plane in a cow pasture.

And to top all this caboodling stink of Isie things, now I'm minus one secret hideout, all because of you-know-who.

I loved my hideout. It was in a place people like to forget. Hardly anyone goes there. It's good for thinking thoughts, nice and quiet, so quiet you learn the sound of a rusty yawn. *Eeeeeeeaaaaaaack*...love that sound.

My hideout's a place down the farm's path, across one cornfield, and behind some trees down by the creek. People call it "Tractor Cemetery." Dilbert use to go there with me sometimes; we'd sniff out the old tractors and rusty pickups and stuff. I love it.

So when the Fieldjoys are busy, I sometimes cut loose and go there to hide things—like Mrs. Fieldjoy's apple pie—haven't hidden one of her pies in a long time. I hide more grown-up stuff now. Like things I find lying around the farm—just for a joke. I always bring them back.

So, yea...Tractor Cemetery is a sweet place for hiding stuff. But of course, Isie found my hideout, and now the secret's out. See? Rotten potatoes, what did I tell you? "Dagnamit! WHERE'S MY WALLET?!" Mr. Fieldjoy's voice booms.

“You know you can’t leave things on the porch table,” Mrs. Fieldjoy says.
“Thester’s got sticky lips. Better see if he took your wallet again,” she warns.
“THESTER!”
Oops, gotta go.