

Dead Milkmen, Stuart

You know what, Stuart, I LIKE YOU. You're not like the other people, here, in the trailer park.

Oh, don't go get me wrong. They're fine people, they're good Americans. But they're content to sit back, maybe watch a little Mork and Mindy on channel 57, maybe kick back a cool, Coors 16-ouncer. They're good, fine people, Stuart. But they don't know ... what the queers are doing to the soil!

You know that Jonny Wurster kid, the kid that delivers papers in the neighborhood. He's a foreign kid. Some of the neighbors say he smokes crack, but I don't believe it.

Anyway, for his tenth birthday, all he wanted was a Burrow Owl. Kept bugging his old man. "Dad, get me a burrow owl. I'll never ask for anything else as long as I live." So the guy breaks down and buys him a burrow owl.

Anyway, 10:30, the other night, I go out in my yard, and there's the Wurster kid, looking up in the tree. I say, "What are you looking for?" He says "I'm looking for my burrow owl." I say, "Jumping Jesus on a Pogo Stick. Everybody knows the burrow owl lives. In a hole. In the ground. Why the hell do you think they call it a burrow owl, anyway?" Now Stuart, do you think a kid like that is going to know what the queers are doing to the soil?

I first became aware of this about ten years ago, the summer my oldest boy, Bill Jr. died. You know that carnival comes into town every year? Well this year they came through with a ride called The Mixer. The man said, "Keep your head, and arms, inside the Mixer at all times." But Bill Jr, he was a DAAAREDEVIL, just like his old man. He was leaning out saying "Hey everybody, Look at me! Look at me!" Pow! He was decapitated! They found his head over by the snow cone concession.

A few days after that, I open up the mail. And there's a pamphlet in there. From Pueblo, Colorado, and it's addressed to Bill, Jr. And it's entitled, "Do you know what the queers are doing to our soil?"

Now, Stuart, if you look at the soil around any large US city, there's a big underground homosexual population. Des Moines, Iowa, for an example. Look at the soil around Des Moines, Stuart. You can't build on it; you can't grow anything in it. The government says it's due to poor farming. But I know what's really going on, Stuart. I know it's the queers. They're in it with the aliens. They're building landing strips for gay Martians, I swear to God.

You know what, Stuart, I like you. You're not like the other people, here in this trailer park.