

BOOK FIVE

BY: ANNETTE FUNYJELLO

**"Why should the Devil
have all the good tunes?"**

ROWLAND HILL; Sermons

48. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

How does He's get away with it? He's such a greedy, ignorant racist . . . I mean, most Bourkina Fassoans are, though.

Anyway, about this time, He's decided that he had to spread his gospel of brotherly love and internal peace, so he and a friend of his, a governmental guano collector, got together and produced a spoken word inspirational tape.

The tape was called, "Music And Thoughts To Help You Feel Better About Your Wretchedly Futile Existence And Imminent Doom." He made up a commercial for it, and put it on the beginning of our new album, "Captain Kangaroo Stole My Car." The inspirational tape was available by mail order only, and topics on the tape included:

"Industrial Waste - Why You Shouldn't Let It Bother You."

"How Fanta Grape Soda and Aunty Claire's Eclairs Can Turn Your Life Around."

and

"Why I Consider Myself The Finest Guitarist In The World, And Why You Can Never Be As Good As Me."

Here, for your edification, is a transcript of the commercial included on our album.

A PERSONAL MESSAGE FROM HE'S

Yeah, well . . . Hi. I'm He's, lead guitarist for FIFI. Ya know, a couple of months back, both my cat and dog died defending their master, yours truly, from the vile jaws of what I can truly testify was a hellion chinchilla. The memory of my parents' tragic death beneath the merciless, bloodthirsty, whitewall Bridgestone tires - the finest name in steel-belted radials for over twenty years - of a rampant milktruck, welled up within my heart to the point where I really needed a Tums - bad.

I felt deep remorse, bitter guilt, and intense bowel disruption as I helplessly watched two of my friends go straight down the tube. I won't mention their names, but John Burton and Paul DeVoid succumbed to the evil, seductive clutches of Actifed, Pez, and nighttime cold medicine. I was maliciously slandered as being a Satanist. I could handle that, but when I was called a hedonistic sloth molester, and Reverend Mente continued to proclaim that I took part in the "Psychedelic Marmoset" album project, that's when I really wanted to cry.

Besides all this, I was shocked to learn that my best friend, Annette, was a homosexual Klansman . . . and a werewolf!

Oh . . . also, my wife left me. She left me and ran off with a concert bassoonist.

As you can imagine, my life became a literal maelstrom of confusion, pain, guilt, frustration, nihilism, anger, rejection, dejection, bitterness, golf balls, hatred, uncurtailed lust, drunken revelry, more uncurtailed lust, fraud, extortion, hunger, pestilence, famine, gluttony, and overall icky feelings.

And then, one day, in a laundromat, my life was changed forever.

I was given a tape by a friend of mine, who was a governmental guano collector. It was called "Music And Thoughts To Help You Feel Better About Your Wretchedly Futile Existence And Imminent Doom." This tape, from the FIFI Organization, really helped me to gain a new perspective on life and a more positive outlook on my future.

Everyone's best friend turns out to be a homosexual Klansman - or a werewolf - at one time or another. If now is that time for you, write to the FIFI Organization at 21712 58th Avenue West, Mountlake Terrace, Washington, 98043, and ask for this tape.

Remember, it's a free gift - just send \$9.95 for shipping and handling and start feeling better today.

Or . . . don't. Stay miserable. I don't really care.

While He's was busy recording this, I rounded up The Void and The Filler. Paul was no problem - he said he would appear on the album if he could write and record a solo song expressing his personal philosophy, and include it on the album. We said okay. There were a couple of songs, though, that Paul wouldn't perform on, though, for moral reasons. So, anyway, I knew this girl, Sarah Ness, from work, and she really wanted to hang out with us, being major rock stars and all, so we taught her to play bass and she filled in for Paul on a few songs. She did a real good job, but she kept telling us that we'd sell more records if we sounded more like The Manhattan Transfer. So, once we got what we wanted from her, we fired her.

So, we had the "basses covered," as it were, but The Filler kinda threw a wrench in the works . . .

"Hi, Joey, how ya doin', man? Look, I called you up to see if, just as a personal favor to me, if you would, you know, kind of play drums on the album we're doing? What do you say? Huh, buddy? Joey? Joey?"

Later on, I got him back on the phone and he said he didn't want to play with us anymore, because we kept trying to write him out of the book. I protested that it was all a joke, and I promised him that we could never, would never, ever try to write him out of the book again. He said he'd think about it.

Ironically, soon after this conversation, Joey . . . apparently stowed away on the space shuttle Challenger, and . . . we never heard from him again.

That same night, I had a revelation that was to change my life irrevocably. As I tossed and turned in a sweaty half-sleep, I had a vision - a vision of my previous incarnation - an earlier life.

In my dream, I floated above the earth, weightless. I looked down and saw my silver cord, linking my disembodied soul to my earth-bound body. Only, upon closer inspection, I realized my silver cord was actually made up of millions of pull-tabs from aluminum cans all linked together. Thousands of brightly colored crystals danced and weaved about my head, singing "Smoke on the Water" in Portugese.

I realized that I had entered the astral plane, where souls drift unbound by earthly constraints, and where you don't necessarily always get change back at McDonald's. A plane where our mundane rules of so-called "logic" do not apply, where chestnuts are always roasting upon an open fire, and where women's breasts are just a little bit larger.

A large toaster oven, with the face of Phil Donahue, floated over me and recited the capitals of South American countries in a sneering, Wayne Newton-ish voice. A flock of penguins dressed in Giorgio Armani's summer line flew around me, screaming "Batteries Not Included!" over and over again, until I thought my hair would fall out. I visualized an orange, wet lump in my liver, and realized that I could no longer remember the population of Vermont or the name of Fleetwod Mac's second album.

I decided to go home, so I started pulling myself along my silver pop-top chain, back towards Earth. After what seemed like two hours, but was actually only an hour and forty-five minutes, I reached Earth. When I finally reached the end of my chain, though, it was attached to - WHAT! - the hind leg of a bedraggled-looking porcupine!

So . . . I had been a porcupine in a previous life! I had often suspected as much! I woke up screaming, jumped out of bed, and immediately wrote, "When I Was A Porcupine (Annette's Lament)." Here are the lyrics that I wrote:

WHEN I WAS A PORCUPINE (ANNETTE'S LAMENT)

1st CHORUS:

*When I was a porcupine,
I never had to worry at all.
But now, my life is full of signs
That I'm heading for a fall.*

*Used to be if you crossed me,
I'd stick it to you, really stick it.
It was a hairy situation
For a collie, or a whippet.*

*But now, I'm just a person,
And rock 'n' roll's my life.
I wear my spikes and chains,
And carry a hunting knife.*

*I used to forage for my breakfast,
But that was long ago.
Now I fry some eggs,
Or pour a bowl of Cheerio's.*

2nd CHORUS:

*When I was a porcupine,
I could shoot you full of quills,
But I'd rather be the singer,
In a band that really kills!*

*I used to be a rodent,
But I've forgotten what it's like.
Just sit right back there, dude,
And let me sing into my mike.*

*I miss my porcupine life,
But, on the other hand,
I never saw a porcupine
Sing in a rock 'n' roll band.*

*Porcupines don't have love,
And they can't get too close
To any other porcupines.
Was I happy, do you suppose?*

REPEAT 1st CHORUS



**ANNETTE REMEMBERS THE PAINFUL MEMORY
OF HIS PREVIOUS, PORCUPINISTIC INCARNATION**

Eventually, we finished the whole album. Included on the album were the following songs:

SKIPPY'S OUTTA JAIL (BOY OH BOY)

CHORUS:

*Skippy's outta jail (boy oh boy)
Fills my teenage heart with joy
Ain't makin' license plates no more
He's a different man, fer sure*

*"When's he comin' home?"
My girlfriends say
"He's comin' home tonight -
Comin' to stay!"*

*He can grow his hair
And watch TV
And he can make a happy
Girl of me*

*He can clean his guns
And sharpen his knives
And he can cut short
Small animal's lives*

CHORUS

*Skippy's comin' home
His time is done
"Hey, Skippy," I giggled
"Where'd you get that gun?"*

*I love Skippy
And he loves me
We're gonna have us
A fam-i-ly*

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

CHORUS

*"Skippy, come on!
Don't shoot that cat!
I love you, babe -
Don't do that!"*

*Now we're runnin'
Across the state line
That's fine with me
'Cause that man's mine*

INSTRUMENTAL VERSE

CHORUS

GUITAR SOLO



SARAH NESS, PAUL DeVOID'S PART-TIME REPLACEMENT, DISPLAYS ONE OF HER DESIGNS FOR THE "CAPTAIN KANGAROO" COVER

CAPTAIN KANGAROO STOLE MY CAR

*Last night I got a bomb threat
He called me on the phone
There's a Nazi in my neighborhood
And he won't leave me alone*

*Walked out my door this morning
My mailbox was on fire
From my driveway I heard
The sound of squealing tires*

*I turned around to see
A stout man in my car
A moose sat beside him
"Hey, I know who they are!"*

CHORUS:

*I never thought I'd see it
How could this be true?
Captain Kangaroo stole my car
And I don't know what to do*

*He sent a ransom letter
And signed it at the bottom
"Want to see your kids again?
Guess what, sport - we got 'em!"*

*"I want a jillion dollars
All in unmarked bills
And if you don't, we'll take your car,
And push it down a hill!"*

*A metric ton of ping-pong balls
Suddenly fell on my head
I felt a seething hatred
I started seeing red*

CHORUS

*So I tracked down Captain Kangaroo
The law wasn't on my side
I armed myself with rifles
Gunned down his moose's hide*

*I took Mr. Greenjeans hostage
I said, "I want my kids set free!"
The Captain started to worry -
I was serious, he could see*

*So I got my children back
Gave the Captain to the cops
Took the kids back home
The nightmare had been stopped*

CHORUS

*Today I got a phone call
"This is J.P. Patches - Hi!
I heard what you did to my friend!
Now you're gonna die!"*

ROCK 'N' ROLL IS PRETTY COOL

*Rock 'n' roll is pretty cool
We play real loud and act like fools
The stage is bright, the fans are drunk
The singer's dressed like a drugged-out hunk*

*Oh, the drummer looks all hot and sweaty
The guitarist looks so nice and pretty
The bassist plays such a lovely drone
The keyboardist's notes make the whole song groan*

CHORUS:

*But, hey, I love that rock 'n' roll!
I just can't seem to get enough!
With blazin' amps and screaming guitars
You can tell that we're all tough!*

*There's groupies sprawled out in the hall
There's fans outside, havin' a brawl
We're in the hotel room, makin' a mess
"We Love You All! Good night! God Bless!"*

CHORUS

This next song was written by The Filler, just before he . . . disappeared.

MIRAGE

*How many times have you wished you could be
Down on Gilligan's Isle?
All day to play, with no rent to pay,
Whistling all the while.*

Oh yes.

This next song was another in our controversial series of parables exposing the inherent malignancy of all dairy products.

SACRELIGIOUS SOUR CREAM (PART IV OF "EVIL DAIRY PRODUCTS")

*In a dusty old back room in Mexico
Full with sweat, and stories, and smoke
A medicine man with wild eyes and red skin
Gripped my arm tightly and then spoke*

*"Our people, they once stood proud
And our land, it once grew green
But now our wealth has vanished
Thanks to that darn sour cream!*

*"When the white man brought us this gift
We thought it would taste really yummy
We didn't know that this white sauce
Would turn out to be so crummy*

*"When this condiment of Satan
Had finally gained our trust
Our older men fell prey to its spell
Their spirits turned to dust*

*"It lay in wait in taco salads
Burritos and enchiladas
A pot of the finest sour cream
Sold for over fifty dollars*

*"Once inside its unknowing victims
This putrid byproduct of moo juice
Would attack the nervous system
To attempt a cure it was no use*

*"Those who ingested the evil dairy product
Were considered fortunate if they died
If they lived, they would begin to shrink
'I'm turning into Gary Coleman!' they cried*

*"The tortured souls turned heretical
Scorning the faith of their friends
'Lettuce worship is no longer required!'
They would scream 'til they got the bends*

*" 'It's okay to marry a cow
As long as it's the right sex!'
Proclaimed the possessed short black men
As our priests they began to vex*

*"Then came the Honduran Inquisition
To question this infernal Cream of Mammon
Burning cows at the stake
Breaking up games of Backgammon*

*"Then they handed down their decree
'Sour cream, you're out of town!'
The inquisitors, having naught to do
Started pushing little kids around*

*"So now this place is . . . kinda better
What with sour cream being gone and all
But now we've got these bloody Hondurans
It's enough to make you bawl!"*

*I said to the shaman,
"Well, that may be
But, what I want to know
Is . . . do you like to waterski?"*

The next song is Paul's solo song, a poignant expression of his personal philosophy.

SWEET SONG OF THE VOID

*I'm The . . . Void
I play . . . bass
Like . . . what you hear . . .
Now*

*It's nice
Playing bass
It's fun
Let me . . . tell you*

*Trees
Growing . . . tall
Way up high
I like . . . trees*

CHORUS:
*Where's my dog?
Where's . . . my dog?*

*Umm . . . I'm a . . . guy
In a band
A . . . rock 'n' roll band
I . . . play bass*

You know?

*Annette and He's
Pick on . . . me
They don't . . . like me
I . . . think*

*Once I fell . . . asleep
During my solo
(I play bass)
Too bad . . . He's got mad*

CHORUS

*Zig . . . Zigar
Is . . . my friend
I . . . like Zig
Wow, this song's . . . long*

*I . . . work
At . . . a store
I'm a . . . mannequin
Sometimes . . . at night*

*Other times . . . I don't
I . . . play bass
Did I . . . say that before?
I'm The Void*

CHORUS

The next song, "We're Still Great," was written by He's in response to a highly derogatory article about FIFI in "Tiger Beat" magazine.

WE'RE STILL GREAT

*Well, the critics say
That we really make
Our few fans cry
But don't ask us
'Cause we don't know why*

*Our records stink
That's what Meese thinks
We should be banned
"But, how can we?"
We ask our fans*

CHORUS:
*Though everyone
Seems to hate us (we hate you)
And though no girls
Want to date us (we won't date you)
We can still say
And not hesitate
"We're Still Great!"*

*Hey, our sales smell
They don't do too well
But don't buy the talk
Just sit down right there
And hear us rock*

GUITAR SOLO

CHORUS

*Hey, look we know
Our talent shows
But, when we play live
Why is it
So many hide?*

*We just wish
That we could be rich
But how can we
When nobody
Will give us green?*

CHORUS

Anyway, I just wanted to kind of get the story moving, since He's wasn't getting anywhere.

By the way, He's never threaded my hair into a tape deck.

I'll give the book back to He's now, so you can go get some popcorn or something.