

Rambling Bull

I, big chief rambling bull, although you may know me as my English name, Kingflorencence, Jabe Kingflorencence. I was there, at the battle of big horn, well, I say there, more of, the coward who ran away with his troops. No, I didn't run away, I was delivering a message to the squaws at home. "Prepare duck for tea tonight, we're going to have a special celebration, or we'll all be dead, in which case you can eat it at our funerals. Remember to put the cat out, love, big chief rambling bull."

You may not know about the special qualities ducks have to us Indians, they can swim and fly, where we can only swim. We eat many ducks, to be able to fly, it doesn't work always, and we have many places strewn around with the bodies of young warriors/ squaws/ art pupils at cull AC. Although in the latter case, it is because they feel that their teacher is a bit annoying, as opposed to wanting to fly.

By a bit annoying, I mean this, a complete and utter waste of space, and they feel that they would rather be taught by a deceased paperclip that is sexually attracted towards ducks, but I appear to be digressing.

"It's a frog!!" he yelled. "No! It's a hippo!!" I screamed in return.

Later we were disappointed to find that it was a "frippo".

Again, I digress. Frippo, now, that is an interesting word, in English it means nothing, yet in Sioux, in which I am fluent (as well as Japanese, French, American, English, and Galactispeak), it means "tall, camp, bald art teacher who, although would look great singing YMCA with the rest of the village people, is shite at teaching art, and rambles on and on about nothing in particular, be it art, or the history of the village people, maybe he could be the Indian, which is in fact an insult to our people, but never mind." Quite a meaning for one word, I'm sure you'll agree.

You dare to disagree with me? Big chief rambling bull? Ok, ok, you win. My bow and arrow are no use against your, wait, is that a fire hose? Are you the fireman out of village people (memo to self: check to see if there was a fireman in village people). You aren't? There wasn't a fireman in village people? You sure? Ok, if you're sure.

How sure are you? Sure enough to bet your fire hose? Not that sure, ok, as long as we're sure about how sure you are. Anyone out there not sure? Ok, sir, if you'd like me to explain, I shall recap. Art teachers are boring, more boring than Swiss cheese (which, I personally find quite interesting, because..., oh, never mind, I'll tell you later). They are, according to the last census, the most boring thing in this country, apart from writing essays for art, and being told by art teachers that they are bull, and you ramble too much, speaking of which, I shall shut up now