

Subj: **Mowgli stalks the Jungle.....story**
 Date: 8/18/2003 10:18:39 PM Central Daylight Time
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"Mowgli Stalks the Jungle

Mowgli stirred restlessly in his wicker chair as the Baboon Drum Corps passed. He wanted more. The, he heard a faint sound. It sounded like nothing he'd ever heard. It sounded like a thousand pigs getting their hair cut at Vidal Sassoon's.

Out of the jungle clearing came five hundred or so Pygmys pulling an old four motor flying boat with "African Flying Haircut Society" painted on it's massive sides. The four propellers were spinning leisurely, cutting Pygmy hair as they pulled it. In the control cabin were two sebras dressed in purple livery, looking like doormen at the St. Moritz Hotel in New York.

Mowgli turned to his trusty mongoose Sidekick and said, "Man, those cats sure got a Highfalutin Additude."

Rikki tikki Tavi agreed, smiling as he licked his Missionay Ice Cream Double-Dip.

"Show 'em what you can do", Rikki hissed.

With a brisk upward move of his skinny shanks, Mowgli pulled down his shorts and unleashed the most massive fart ever heard in India since Queen Victoria ate Curried

Yank Testicle, back in '86.

The fart roared forth, laying down the Pigmys like a comet hitting a forest. Pygmy loincloths were blown away, revealing that they all were tattooed on their tiny penises. The Tattoos all read, "Huntington's Jungle Jam, Ltd." The massive seaplane had its propellers reversed, sucking palm trees through them, making PalmCurd. The zebra pilots had their stripes pulled off, making them all black, so that they looked like the Horse Backup in the Harlem Eggbeater's Combo. The seaplane itself was later found in Rio De Janiero, and became a Tango Nightclub owned by the then King Farouk. It was called "The Mowgli Tango Den".

The stench was so horrid that the world's pelican population perished. Hairdressers in Vladivostok went mad and cut doughnut shaped hair for ever after. The stench reached the New York Stock Exchange, and caused everybody in the world to buy shares in The Dallas Cowboys football team, making them so rich that they never played football again, except against teams of pregnant Mexican women. The smell broke the glass in all of Calcutta's traffic lights, causing pedicabs to all crash, and their Englishwomen passengers to have their nipples fondled by itinerant Hindus,

causing headline in the Calcutta Star to read, "Hindus have all the Luck!" The stench wafyed out across the Pacific, causing native women in the Cook Islands to breast tomtoms with their breasts untill they were all consumed at a gigantic Luau by tourists from a docked Ocean Liner.

That was a rug-snapping fart, my friend" said Rikki tiki Tavi, turning to Mowgli.

"Oh, wait 'till after lunch, I'll have a better one."

The mongoose smiled in scrofulus anticipation.

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Monday, August 18, 2003 America Online: Megan4Mischief