

Billy The Alcoholic Fish - Pond Life

By : **dibbledabble**

This is the second of my Billy The Alcoholic Fish tale. The first being in response to a challenge set my MAMber. I enjoyed creating the characters and enjoyed the fun write so I have written this second part. I will link the original story for those who want read that too. It can be read before or after this one. I have enjoyed writing this; I hope you enjoy reading it. Just one warning it is 3500 words so sit comfortably.



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Here is the link to the first Billy Story.

http://www.booksie.com/humor/short_story/dibbledabble/billy-the-alcoholic-fish

You can read before or after this, if at all.

The Second â Billy The Alcoholic Fish Tale - Pond Life

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â Billy Billy, Iâ m cominâ . Tiny was hurrying towards Billy who was stood on his tail trying to reach the huge hoghead resting in a cradle, but lacking the inches to quite reach. Tiny had been running around in circles chasing his tail in excitement watching Billy trying to spill the hogâ s nectar: Before returning to the barn door to ready himself to help with the heist. You might wonder why our two intrepid boozers would set about a hoghead. But if I explain that a hoghead is actually a 54 gallon barrel of beer then I am sure you can see what the boys were getting in such a fermented froth over.

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Billy and Tiny had been eyeing up the new brew â Fertilisaâ for several weeks, waiting, tongues as long as a chameleons for Farmer Giles to hammer the tap home, announcing that the beer was ready. Of course Farmer Giles had not named the ale; it was a tradition that Billy and Tiny would when a new beer was ready for â samplingâ . Hence they named it in honour of Lisa the daughter of the, afore mentioned farmer, after the birth of her sixth child. But also on account of it smelling like dried pigâ s urine whilst it had been fermenting, a fertiliser that pungent aroma would drift across the farm when the new crops were due to be sown : But as the lads say, if itâ s wet and has an *ABV of more than 4% its beer worthy of drinking.

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*ABV =Alcohol by Volume

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Now if you have not met the boys before Billy is a rather alcoholic catfish and Tiny is an Irish newt and Billyâ s best buddy. His birth name being Timothy Oâ flagon , which is much too much for a slurring catfish to say, and Billy spent a lot of time slurring. So Billy took to calling him Tiny. Billy delights in saying Tiny is my best friend, in fact he is â my newtâ . Donâ t frown; its Billyâ s joke, not mine. Honest! Billyâ s joke always made Tiny groan, but secretly feel special too, he liked being Billyâ s newt. Of course â The Jokeâ as Billy called it always set Billy laughing haughtily and his beer belly jiggling. Which in turn would have Tiny giggling. The result being hearty best buddy back slapping. A rather perilous and unpredictable affair as you could never tell quite where Tiny might land. One thing about being a newt is that you bounce well. Something that Tiny would put to good use in their never ending quest to quaff ale. It was for that reason he was hurrying over to Billy who was being frustrated by the tap being so tantalizingly close, but just out of reach: A tap that if Billy could have reached, his cargo hole of a gob would be clamped securely round. In fact when Billy was supping beer you could be forgiven in thinking you were looking at some kind of organic funnel, the only difference is that the liquid entering a funnel would be coming out of the other end: Which of course it did, eventually.

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Tiny knew just what to do; he had done it before, on numerous occasions, though the last time, it hadnâ€™t gone down too well. Well strictly speaking it HAD gone down well, TOO WELL! Tiny HAD gone down TOO WELL! If you recall Billy had swallowed him after Tiny had slipped off the tap he had bounced up onto and opened before falling right into Billyâ€™s mouth. From now on Tiny was going to *be shure, to be shure* to hold tighter. To this end Tiny had picked his launch spot and was galloping towards it to muster a stupendous bounce that would catapult him a full 18 inches into the air and onto the tap lever. And as Tiny raced down the runway he was yellin at Billy all Irish like.

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â€™ Billy, Billy Iâ€™ m cominâ€™ . Close yur frickin mouth would yaâ€™

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And as Tiny took his final leap before the bounce, the spot that he had selected suddenly rose unexpectedly causing Tinyâ€™s trajectory to alter in an upward direction. And by a full 18 inches more than Tinyâ€™s carefully and mathematically worked out height. A height that may have taken several â€™ adjustmentsâ€™ to the equation and several re-runs before Billy would stop getting smacked in the back of the head by a flying newt and for Tiny to reach his intended target. This time though Billy could only look up as a *â€™ bejesus Henryâ€™* screaming amphibian crashed bulls eye into the centre of the barrel and slipped down with a groan onto the tap.

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Looking down at the launch pad Billy saw the problem: The problem being a mumbling grumbling Henry the Mole. Or should I say *â€™ Onry le Moleâ€™*; being French n all. Now there are three things that *Henry* is famous for; His outrageous French accent, his dismal eyesight and his terrible sense of direction. Something he inherited from his grandfather who was a first rate tunneller during the war and was renowned for the speed and distance he could tunnel. Unfortunately this small directional defect coupled with his ability to tunnel for miles had Winston, Henryâ€™s grandfather head towards Dover instead of the fields of Arnhem. And it wasnâ€™t until Winston Molehill, as he became known, on account of the size of his hills, and his penchant for cigars, was contracted to dig the precursor to the Channel Tunnel, did he find his way back to France. But thatâ€™s enough of Winston. It was his grandson that both Billy and Tiny where now looking at as he climbed out his hole and onto his hill.

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O merdeâ€™ zis iz not le meadow no? â€™ I iz nezer goeeng to find zos English wormz, Ãƒa me fait chier!

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Oh and did I not say, Henry ,pronounced *â€™ Onryâ€™* has a bit of a potty mouth, fortunately for us English readers, only in French.

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Out of his hole now Henryâ€™s big French nose was twitching and sniffing ten to the dozen. First picking up the scent of the old oak barrels and fermenting beer, and then of Billy, which incidentally smells so similar that it is difficult to distinguish between the two.

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Oâ MERDE! Henry had got involved in Billyâ s cappers in the past and it has never turned out well. He had learned to steer clear, especially when THAT newt began with the blarney. And it was just as he picked up on the damp leafy amphibious aroma that confirmed his worst fear and set him off into a mumbling torrent of French expletives he heard Tiny call out. Now recovered from his molehill assisted mis-leap and subsequent slid down the face of the barrel. Tiny was now happily levering the tap open to a dribble. His front legs on the tap and rear against the cask, and his tail most definitely curled around the taps shank.

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Onry! When you die can I have yur Jacket?

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Tinyâ s quip making Billy spit out the beer he was swilling around his mouth and bellow with laughter and for Henry to curse more and head back to his hole in the wrong direction. With the tap now set to a slow amber flow, itâ s pooling on the floor occasionally interrupted by Billyâ s mouth, or should I say flowing into Billyâ s mouth occasionally interrupted by it pooling on the floor, Tiny dropped to the ground next to his buddy and watched in mirth as Henry padded about grumbling.

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Merde, merde merde zer is ma â ole

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To which both Billy and Tiny cried in fits of laughter.

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Behind you!

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Causing Henry to turn and head back in the direction he came only for the boys to call out again

No, behind you! And on the third turn for Tiny to add

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Itâ s there to be shure, under your wee tail -

This ribbing only serving to really tick Henry off, forcing the venomously reply â *Casse toi!* â And begin to dig a new hole.

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It was this digging that gave Billy a moment of pure Eureka. Simply translated, as is bested with Billyâ s thought patterns, it went: Beer-Tunnel-Pond! Billy had long dreamed of a pond full of beer. It was something Tiny had often joked about.â Billy ideal abode being a barrel of beer.â The problem being that they had

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just ticked Henry of so badly his dream was about to disappear down a hole. I suppose at that very moment it would have been called a pipe dream. It only took those three simple words whispered to Tiny to have him racing to where only a wee tail and wee hole where now the only visible part of Henry, and for Tiny to pull on the tail with all his might until an irate mole fully re-appeared along with a plentifully flow of colourful Gaelic adjectives. Whilst Tiny waited on the flow of words to cease Billy thoughtfully took care of the flow of beer splashing on the ground.

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Somewhat breathlessly and quickly before Henry re-entered his tunnel Tiny squealed the only words her could think of that would grab the exasperated moles attention.

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GARLIC WORMS!

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Garlic Wormz? Henry repeated somewhat suspiciously, but never the less Tiny had his attention and as the beer flowed into Billy's mouth the blarney flowed out of Tiny's, leaving Henry drooling.

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Oh yes, the biggest fattest garlic flavoured worms ever. Down there, by the pond. Farm Giles wife's been planting garlic down there with butter beans! Oh yes, lovely buttery butter beans. Worms in garlic butter! Wowwie, gastro heaven on earth fur shure. Planted in fine soft burrowing tunnelling earth!

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All the while Tiny arm around Henry leading him towards the puddle of beer under the tap.

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Here let me show ya, oil point cha in the right direction, so I will! and you can go right ahead and dig yur way to worm heaven!

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Sensing Henry getting cold feet, cold wet beery feet Tiny was still thinking on his

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And look Billy's been making the ground good n soft so you's able to burrow down all easy. So he is!

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In truth Billy had been doing his best to stop the ground getting all soft and wasting valuable ale. But in the interest of the larger scheme, after a manly belch the delicate aroma of which helped Henry decide returning to the ground was the best option Billy affirmed Tiny's statement.

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Yeah sure, making the ground all soft n easy for burrowing.

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Then for Billyâs mouth returning to the tap and Tiny to manoeuvre Henry under it and point him in the direction of the pond and the imaginary worms. And for Henry to be once more tail up heading down into the ground. Away from the pungent smell of brew or was it Billy, and toward wriggling garlic utopia.

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Now Billy and Tiny may be a little, hmm, tunnel visioned, when it comes to their beverage driven pursuits, but heartless they are not. And with a cheek grin Tiny exclaimed

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Oy betted catch up with me jacket before he goes an drowns himself in the pond

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Then promptly jumped into the tunnel and raced to catch up with Henry who was in at full throttle creating molehills towards the pond. It must have been about the third molehill down and the third face of muck that Tiny had endured when Blacky slunk into to the barn all stealthily, well as stealthily as an overweight and over feed farm cat could creep.

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Now Blacky or â Black Deathâ as many of the smaller animals of the farm called him, had once caught Billy but learnt very quickly that pickled catfish is not a flavour conducive with a catâs diet and had spat him out. Fortunately for Billy and to the annoyance of Blacky right back into the pond. This time though Billy hadnât seen him. This time Billy wouldnât have time to flop his way back towards the pond. No, this time Billy was his! Not to eat, but to bat about, toy with and terrorize. As Blackie positioned himself between the barn door and the barrel, Billy did not know he was in dire trouble. It was not until Billy caught the reflection of something in the polished brass of the beer tap did he stop guzzling. To slowly turn round just to freeze and stare in terror as Blacky slowly approached grinning cruelly stopping to menacingly display his claws. Hissing in contempt *your nothing but pond life!* while moving towards Billy ominously. All Billy could do was back up to the cradle and wait on his fate. Time stood still as Blacky set himself to pounce and the sunlight poured through the door framing Billyâs nemesis and illuminated the dribbling beer that poured into the ground like a living thread of gold. At this moment, the moment of his demise he stared at the marvel, the thread of liquid beauty and prepared himself to meet the great catfish in the lake on the other side of the pearly gates. Billy was resigned, he had given up. In a moment Blacky would pounce and all that lovely beer creating a little pond in the entrance to the tunnel at his feet, well okay his tail would go to waste, and he would be dead!

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Now Billyâs whole lifeâs reasoningâs had revolved around beer and this fact made Billy do something most unusual for a catfish, something that would change the course of events dramatically. If he was going to go then he was going to go swigging beer! And to that end Billy flopped forward and into the small crater the beer had formed at the start of the tunnel. At this exact time Blacky had pounced and landed with a crash against the cradle Billy had been backed up on, and had only just about managed to vacate. And from this little pool that was going to be his final resting place Billy could hear in the distance an Irish newt

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call for a most irritated and fowl mouthed French mole to *wait up and to hold his horses*. The sound of his newt, his bestest ever buddy gave Billy the lift that he needed. Today was not the day for a catfish to die! No, today was the day to defy the claws of death! Today was the day to make like a mole! And Billy crammed himself into the tunnel only to get a few feet then to get wedged tight.

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Above ground things were taking a turn for the worse for Blacky too, who in crashing into the cradle had manage to knock the beer tap fully open depositing a large amount of beer on top of his head and then for the beer to quickly fill the crater and tunnel entrance his prey had somehow manage to squeeze into. Billy's evasion and the dowsing he had got only sort to make Blacky even more determined to catch his prey. He would not be outdone, deprived of his fun! Blacky raced to the first mole hill and dug it away to expose the hole. He would wait for Billy to wriggle passed and then he would have him. Further back Billy was still stuck and was trying to stretch himself out as long as he could regretting his ever expanding beer educed girth. But with the aid of the ale and its weight building up on his tail Billy was finally making headway. The further he went the faster he went as more of the tunnel behind him filled. He was going to make it, and it was just as this thought of hope entered his mind the alarm bells rang too. Billy saw a light appear just a head at the top of the tunnel and he knew Blacky would be waiting there for him. Stretching out became bloating out but still Billy could not stop the ale pushing him towards his doom!

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Poor Billy he really was in a pickle. He was to be hoisted by his own petard. The reason for life would be the means of his death. But what Billy and Blacky didn't know, as I am sure unless you are a mole, or Tiny you wouldn't either; Is that just after each mole hill there is a small cavern created by the mole while pushing the earth out. It is this cavern that Billy found himself being catapulted into only to become wedged again and block the flow of beer continuing down the tunnel; all this happening so fast as to elude Blacky's claws and jaw. What did happen however was the beer that was flowing down the tunnel only had one direction to flow! Oh yes, you guessed it! Out like a fountain and into the face of an unsuspecting cat. Who rather than sinking his teeth into Billy forcefully quaffed a substantial amount of ale. At least for Blackie in any case, for Billy it would have been a mere taster. Billy had often said when particularly parched that a beer was a life saver, in this instance it actually was proving to be the case and he rammed himself into the next section of Henry's tunnel.

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Now if you have ever seen a cat playing with a wasp you will have notice that they are not exactly bright, or if bright have very poor memories and although the wasp will try and often will sting the cat it will still not let it alone. Well Blacky was the same with Billy and pounded of to the next three mole hills only to consume copious amounts of beer that left him feeling pretty woozy and unsteady on his paws. Of course Billy had cottoned on to what was happening by the forth hill and was now deliberately blocking and unblocking the tunnel entrance while showing Blacky a little tail. And each time Blacky now very drunk lunged at Billy's tail he would be rewarded with what Billy would describe as pure heaven. A gob full of ale!

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Two hills down, well a hill and a landslide Tiny had Henry lassoed in his tail. A mole that was now dangling over the pond from a hole in the bank wondering where the garlic worms where and why he was swinging from a newts tail; but most of all he was wondering why the hell he had let Billy and Tiny talking into something that was so obviously a bad idea. He was the personification of the Tricolore flag as he had burst through the bank. His language becoming most definitely blue and as he fell he had turned as white as a ghost,

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ok as white as a mole could turn and then when he realized he was not going to drown in the pond he saw red. That was it. He had had enough; he was going back to France! And with this thought he found purchase on the bank and bore a new hole and promptly headed of towards Scotland. Of course he was not a long distance tunneller like his granddad. He had just inherited his poor sense of direction so it was likely that Henry would probably only reach the meadow two fields up. But do not fear dear reader, as Henry dug and cussed his way he came across a worm with a most wonderful taste, a worm marinated in Fertilisa Ale. Somewhat like beef and Guinness pie or an ale flavoured sausage this worm was a culinary triumph! And there wasnâ€™t just one there where hundreds of them all rising up in the soft ground. Of the 54 gallons of beer causing through the tunnels Billy had drunk a couple of pints. A now very round barrelled shaped cat had drunk a gallon. Only a dribble had reached the intended destination of the pond. The rest had permeated through the tunnel walls and been sprayed across the farm yard though the bore holes where the mole hills stood. Inadvertently Billyâ€™s and Tinyâ€™s capper had turned out well for Henry who would soon be as round a barrel himself and heading off to sleep of his meal.

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On the surface a most unwell cat staggered off blindly towards the barn to just about making it to the now empty hogs head and to fall into a comatose sleep at the foot of its cradle, the ramifications of this being another story entirely: One that would involve Farmer Giles, the vet and a several visits to catholics anonymous.

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As for our two intrepid boozers: Once Tiny had managed to prise his bested buddy out of the mole hole. They returned home to find they were the toast of the pond. Such was the abundance of the ale marinated worms not to mention the alcoholic content being well over an ABV of 4% a party was in full swing. And as Billy and Tiny sat back and indulged all that could be said with a hiccup or three, was, being pond life really isnâ€™t that bad a thing!

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By Dibs

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