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Hunting the Wild Haggis

By Antaeus

"He's gone and done it, Fiona! Now I'll have to respond."

"Who's gone and done what, Albert," Fiona yelled from the kitchen?

"Old Ferret Face, Wily Dogwalker, our town veterinarian, that's who. He's gone and published an article in the Pomegranate Gazette."

Fiona quickly wolfed down the last sliver of peppermint patty pie and grabbed a plum-colored dish towel. She couldn't let Albert know that her sister had brought over half a pie, and she had eaten all of it. She hadn't meant to, it was just a taste here and a taste there, and before she knew it, the pie was gone.

Peppermint patty pie was their favorite, and she didn't mind sharing it with her husband. The problem was that to Albert's mind, a piece of pie meant the whole pie in one piece. She felt guilty about eating the pie, but not too guilty. What Albert didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

Fiona grabbed a plum-colored dish towel and dabbed at the crumbs around her mouth as she walked from the kitchen toward the sitting room. "Why on earth are you calling Wily 'Ferret Face,' Albert?"

That's the nickname me and the boys have for Wily. We call him that because he's got those long mustache hairs that stick straight out, and his breath smells like—well anyway, that's what we call him."

"What article did Wily publish that's got you so fired up, dear?" She called out.

"The braggart went and published an article on the wild haggis. I had an idea to do that over a month ago, and now he's gone and beat me to it. That's what's got me all fired up."

Before she reached the sitting room, Fiona tossed the towel underneath the dining table. "Well then, Albert, that's what you get for procrastinating. You should have sat right down and written the article when you thought about it."

"I wasn't procastrated . . . procastrate — dallying. I was gettin' it all together in my head is all. This is important to me, Fiona. You have to help me do something! Besides, you owe me."

Fiona thought about the peppermint patty pie. "Why do I owe you, Dear?"

"I almost didn't get to read the story, that's why. That damn cat of yours tried to pee on the newspaper before I could read it."

"You're the one who paper trained our little sweetheart. I told you not to do it, now it's come back to bite you."

As if on cue, an enormous female cat walked up to Fiona with its tail in the air and threw herself belly-up on the floor.

"Hi, Pineapple, how's my big girl doing this morning? Do you want a tummy rub? Is that what you want from mommy?"

"Quit fussin' with that critter and come over here, Fiona."

"She's not a critter, Albert, she's a cat. Pineapple doesn't like it when you call her a critter. Do you, sweetheart?"

"Meeeeooow!"

"Who are you calling sweetheart, the cat, or me?"

"Why I'm calling little Pineapple a sweetheart. You're my big sexy lovey bear."

"Aw, come on, Fiona, don't go gettin' all mushy on me now. Let's save all that sexy talk for later in the day. Why it's only 10 AM, anyone listening would think we were horny teenagers."

"Now you listen here, Albert Apple Turnover, we may be in our seventies, but we can still get it on in the bedroom. You know how you get all turned on when I reach down and grab your——"

"Now, Fiona, don't get your motor started. Please come over here and read this article, it's important to me. Okay, Plumpy Pillows?"

Fiona stopped rubbing the cat's silver-haired belly and started toward Albert's chair.

"Oh, all right, dear. But I don't see why you can't write an article about the sex life of the wild cheesesteaks, or the sandwich cranes instead. Maybe an article on the basmati bears would be better."

As she leaned over the back of Albert's chair to get a better view of the newspaper, her ample breasts pushed against the back of his head. Albert unconsciously adjusted his head, so it now rested in the well of her cleavage.

Just like plumpy pillows, he thought.

Fiona sighed, patted his balding head, and began to read the article aloud.

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A Profile of the Wild Haggis

By

Wily Dogwalker, PhD

The wild haggis, scientific name haggis scotlicious, with its large horns and long razor-like claws, looks like a cross between a large shaggy-haired bull and a tiger.

The male of the species has one long horn in the center of his forehead, which can measure anywhere from eight to twelve inches. The females have two shorter horns, similar to those of a cow. Because of its aphrodisiac-like qualities, a sliver from a male haggis horn can fetch as much as \$1,000.

The haggis is a ferocious creature and is extremely difficult to capture or kill. Although hunters have been searching for the highly elusive nocturnal creature for centuries, only the most skilled trackers ever manage to catch this highly prized protein

source.

Haggis Varieties:

There are three known varieties of haggis. First and foremost, there is the urban lowland haggis, scientific name legis-evenis, from which all haggis originated. Sometime in the distant past, a group of them broke off and took up residence in the rugged highlands. These are the craggy highland haggis, scientific name legis-unevenis, of today, and they are divided into two distinct types.

It is believed by the people who study these things that all three varieties started out looking the same. However, over time, the highland haggis developed some noticeable evolutionary differences from their lowland kin.

Physical Characteristics:

As I've stated previously, there are two varieties of highland haggis, one with shorter right legs (wee-rightee), and the other with shorter left legs (wee-leftee). The legs are of different lengths to allow the haggis to quickly run around the mountains and hillsides. The ones with shorter left legs can run clockwise around a mountain, while the haggis with the shorter right legs can run counterclockwise.

Both varieties can only run in one direction, or they will fall over, which is how you catch them. Sometimes out of necessity, two haggises will cleave together and walk side-by-side supporting one another. When they assume this mutually beneficial arrangement, they can walk or run in any direction.

The lowland haggis, on the other hand, can only be found in the valleys and wetlands. You can readily tell them apart from their Highland cousins because all four of their legs are of equal length. The lowland haggis is the more docile of the breed, and also the most intelligent.

Because their four legs are even, the haggis from the lowland can procreate with the highland haggis. However, they seldom do as they consider the highland haggis inferior to themselves. The highland haggis, on the other hand, looks down on the lowland haggis (no pun intended).

The long silver-streaked hair of the haggis is prized for its silk-like texture and fetches a high price on the open market. It is said that if a person sleeps on a haggis-hair pillow, they will have the sexual appetite of a rabbit.

Some people will even go so far as to say that if you make love on a haggis-hair bed, it will be so good you'll have to stuff cotton in your ears, so your brains don't fall out.

Haggis as a Food Source:

All varieties of haggis are delicious. Their meat is traditionally complemented with "tatties" (mashed potatoes) or "neeps" (rutabaga or turnips).

Haggis meat is worth a small fortune as an export to the rest of the world. A one-inch-thick haggis steak, cleaved from the shoulder, is so tender you can cut it with a fork. An interesting fact is that it tastes different to everyone who eats it. The rough-and-tumble highland lads say it tastes like the best piece of beef they ever had.

Conversely, the lowland gentry says it's like eating pudding when you bite into it. Others say that it tastes a little like eating an apple or blueberry pie. One lassie, I met, stated that it tasted like she was eating a thick piece of creamy chocolate.

Breeding Habits:

During the courtship season, the male haggis makes a noise similar to that of out-of-tune bagpipes. The female haggis can tell the difference between the call of the wee-rightee and the wee-leftee males, and she will not respond to the courtship call of her opposite variety.

Although the two varieties of highland haggis coexist peacefully, they are unable to interbreed in the wild. For the male of the longer right leg variety to couple with a female of the longer left leg variety, the male must turn to face in the same direction as the intended mate to mount her. Since there is a measurable difference in leg length, this causes him to lose his balance before he can complete the deed.

It should be noted that, on the rare occasion, a male haggis with longer left legs has accomplished the incredible balancing act of mating with a female with longer right legs, offspring produced by this union is born with alternating shorter right and left legs. This is very unstable, and the poor things tend to fall down a lot.

On every third full moon, the Highland and Lowland haggis go into a courtship frenzy and head to their secret wooing ground. Once there, the males compete for the females, and the winners engage in three nights of frenzied copulation.

The Courtship Ritual

The highland haggis courtship ritual is more of a quick "wham-bam-thank you, mam" kind of process. Once the ready and willing female chooses an equally willing male partner, they get right down to business. The male mounts the female, and it's usually over in less than 30 seconds. The male, being satisfied, quickly parts company while the frustrated female looks for another partner to please her.

The lowland haggis courtship ritual, on the other hand, is a long, drawn-out affair. Once the female chooses a ready and willing male, a complicated courtship ritual begins. This secret ceremony is unique to each female. The rules must be guessed at, and strictly adhered to, by the chosen male. Observers say there seems to be an abundant measure of groveling and begging involved.

Sometimes, even after the ritual begging and groveling have been completed successfully, the female will walk away just as the male is about to finish the act. If this happens, the male's doodle-sack will turn a bluish color, and all the other male haggis will make fun of the poor guy. The scientific name for this condition is *insertis interruptis*, commonly referred to as "blue balls."

Hunting the Haggis:

The haggis is a vicious creature by nature. They'll gang up on a person for no reason and kill quicker than you can say "smorgasbord."

For some reason, the wild highlands haggis will not attack a woman during her "cycle." Some say it's because of the female hormones, which confuse the beast. The

lowland haggis, on the other hand, will not attack either a man or a woman unless they are provoked.

Catching a haggis is much easier said than done. Before you can capture or kill a haggis, you have to find one. This can be a nearly impossible task as haggis are masters of camouflage. On top of that, these hearty animals are tough to kill, and only specific materials may be used. Unless a haggis is killed with a natural substance like bone, wood, or stone, the meat will turn bad almost immediately.

Expert haggis hunters suggest that men wear a kilt when hunting the haggis. Women should wear a shawl. They also recommend that you disguise your scent by downing liberal amounts of Scotch whiskey and adopt a stumbling gait. It also helps if you stagger from side to side as you walk. Since a haggis is a curious creature by nature, and you don't smell like a human or walk like a human, they will come out of hiding to investigate this oddity of nature.

Once you have noted in which direction the haggis is approaching you, either clockwise or counterclockwise, men must quickly rip off their kilt, exposing their wee laddie. If you are a woman, you will have to throw off your shawl and expose your chebs (breasts). You must then run around in circles in the opposite direction from the haggis, all the while screaming obscenities and waving your kilt or shawl.

The sight of your wee laddie, or a pair of chebs flopping in the breeze, will cause the haggis to stop in its tracks.

The spectacle of a kilt or shawl waving, whiskey smelling, oddity of nature spouting unintelligible words, will confuse the haggis and cause it to turn and run.

Once it turns and attempts to move, it will fall over and roll down the mountain cleaving its head in two on the rocks.

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Fiona snuggled even closer to Albert's silver-haired head and placed her hands on his thighs. "My, my, Albert, that was some article, wasn't it?"

Albert set the paper down on the floor without moving his head. The heat from his wife's hands was arousing him. "It sure was, honeypot."

"You know what part of the story I liked best, my big lovey bear?"

"What part was that?"

"The part about the hunter's wee laddie flopping in the breeze, I couldn't help but think about yours."

"Are you saying I have a wee laddie?"

"No, sweetie, quite the contrary. Why do you think I call you my big lovey bear?"

"Oh, I understand, sexy pants. When the article mentioned chebs flopping in the breeze, I couldn't help but think of yours. I kinda got a little excited over that."

"Is it still too early?" Fiona asked as her hands moved to the inside of Albert's thighs. "I'd like to pretend to be a highland haggis for a while."

Albert took out his silver pocket watch. "Too early! Hell no, it's not too early. Just look at the time, why it's 10:15 already."

Fiona began unbuttoning her blouse. "I'll race you to the bedroom."

"Hold on a minute," Albert said as he held Fiona at bay. "I smell peppermint patty pie on your breath. How about we have a bit of that first?"

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