

The Featherbrain Championship

Kevin Bloody Wilson

you could see a blue was brewing as they eyed each other off
and the tension only mounted when snakey won the toss
"you break" he said to lofty as he chucked across the cue
and the tension in the pub just grew and grew
"I'll break alright" said lofty as he snapped the cue in half, flung it back at snake and said "here shove this up your arse"
"me Nana give me that" said snakey "mate your fuckin gone"
and the feather brain championship was on.

it was the front-bar- featherbrain, non title fight, two bloke the size of buffaloes, big but not too bright and no one gave two knobs of goatshit who was wrong or right at the front-bar-featherbrain, non title fight.

no one seemed to know too much about their pedigree, in that sort of place you didn't ask them sort of things, they say lofty's from the top end he was ugly, tough and mean, used a welders wire brush to scrub his teeth. And snake was just plain ugly where he came from no one knew, reckon Rambo would have shit himself if snakey told him to
and together they weighed half a ton in singlet shorts and thongs, there was no cunt home but all the lights were on.

the breeze near knocked me over when snake threw the opening punch.

it seemed to come from nowhere i just heard this sickening crunch, I thought if any bastard lives through that they're pretty fuckin good, was like a railway peddlers hammer splitting wood.

it slammed lofty against the eightball table, flipped it on it's edge but he just casually got up walked around then ripped off all the legs, then one by one he smashed the cunts across snakeys ugly head, if brain weren't so well padded he'd be dead.

but snake just shook his skull, blinked a bit, and slowly looked around, then chucked a right that would have knocked the war memorial down and the force of it sent lofty flying, crashing through the wall, now theres a doorway where there wern't one there befor.

he landed arse up in the shithouse, with his feet up in the air with bricks and shit and broken glass and paper every where, n caked in that and crap he ripped the dunny off the wall and armed with that and fuckall brains, went back for more.

He slammed that dunny over snakeys head shattering it to bits, peppering him with porcelain and splattering him

with shit, and there were teeth amongst the muck and
shit, who's they were you couldn't tell, but it looked
like lofty lost an ear as well.
and snakes right eye was swollen shut from where
he'd copped one hard, fair dinkum mate it looked
as black as ernie dingo's arse.
But with all the pieces missing and with all the blood
and gore, they wern't as fuckin ugly as before.

there was flesh and hair and skin and bone and blood
splashed on the walls and them two bastards wallowing
in it rollin cross the floor, and the publican just
scratched his balls, wonderin, lookin round, should he
clean the bastard up or burn it down?

most blues you see turn out to be a win or loss or
draw, but fucked if ive seen both opponents lose a
fight before
and I heard snakey say to lofty as they crawled towards
the bar "fuck the snooker, wanna game of darts?"

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