

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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