

Pooh Goes Apeshit

by A. A. Milne.

Everything was rather quiet in the Hundred Acre Wood. The trees whispered to each other as the wind rustled their leaves. In the middle of the wood, in the base of an ancient oak tree, lived Pooh Bear. From inside Pooh's house, there came a steady bang... bang... bang! that made his honey jars rattle on the sideboard. The light shone through the window, and in the evening sun Pooh raised the axe once more and brought it down on the tattered remains of Christopher Robin.

"Why... won't... he... fit..." puffed Pooh to himself, as the axe came down once more. There was a small pile of earth and a hole next to it, which Pooh had hidden with his favourite rug. Christopher Robin, selfish prat that he was, didn't quite fit in the hole Pooh had dug, so, instead of making it wider, he had decided to hack off Christopher Robin's legs.

"A far more sensible idea," thought Pooh, and hummed a little song to himself as he cut the last tendon and rammed the rest of the body into the hole, finally covering it up with the rug.

"Always too bossy," whined the Bear of Very Little Brain, "always too bossy - grabbing me by the paw and saying - *Come on Pooh, let's have an adventure* - or - *Pooh, you are silly* - in that affected cutesy little brat voice, and wearing those stupid little shorts - the bastard!"

Pooh had waited all afternoon for Christopher Robin to come around, humming a tuneless little hum to himself whilst gazing blankly into the fire and stroking the oaken handle of the axe. When Christopher Robin had finally turned up, squealing

"Come on, Pooh! Open up!" in his irritating child-actor voice, Pooh had quickly put away the axe and answered the door as normally as ever. They had chatted about the weather and Pooh had sidled behind Christopher Robin to retrieve the axe from the cupboard in which it was hidden. As Christopher Robin was prattling on about what a silly old bear Pooh was, and how he had very little brain (which wound Pooh up no end), the little bear had raised the axe high and brought it down with a deeply satisfying *schlock* on to the boy's skull, cleaving it virtually in two. Only a few strands of muscle fibre and skin kept the pieces upright. Christopher Robin's eyes were frozen wide in horror that Pooh, loveable Pooh, could do such a thing!

Pooh had giggled a little and wiped drool from his mouth with the back of his paw. Then, perfectly calmly, he had mopped the blood off the floor, washed the axe down and begun to dig the hole.

Piglet had wondered why Winnie-the-Pooh had not dropped in for tea and biscuits that morning, and so he decided to visit his furry friend instead. He admired the evening sun, blood red, and listened to the birds singing. Pooh watched him get nearer and nearer, and plugged in the drill.

Piglet had no time to realise what was happening - the drill pierced his microscopic brain, spurting a beautiful fountain of blood all over Pooh's yellow hide. He rubbed the blood into his fur, licking at it luxuriously. Licking, licking, licking. Then he pulled Piglet into his house and stuffed him into the cupboard.

A used hypodermic syringe lay on the sideboard. Pooh, sweating profusely, picked it up with shaking paws and filled it with a solution of the funny white powder that a strangely spaced-out Rabbit had given him the previous day. It was a strange effect at first, and Pooh thought he was seeing things, but then began to experience a euphoric sense of power. It made him feel irritable; Christopher Robin and Piglet had got what was coming to them, and no mistake!

When night had finally fallen, Pooh dragged the bodies out and buried them in a makeshift shallow grave.

"Adios, dear *friends*," Pooh cackled. "Things are going to change around the Hundred Acre Wood now that *I'm* in charge!". He laughed hysterically, and went back indoors.



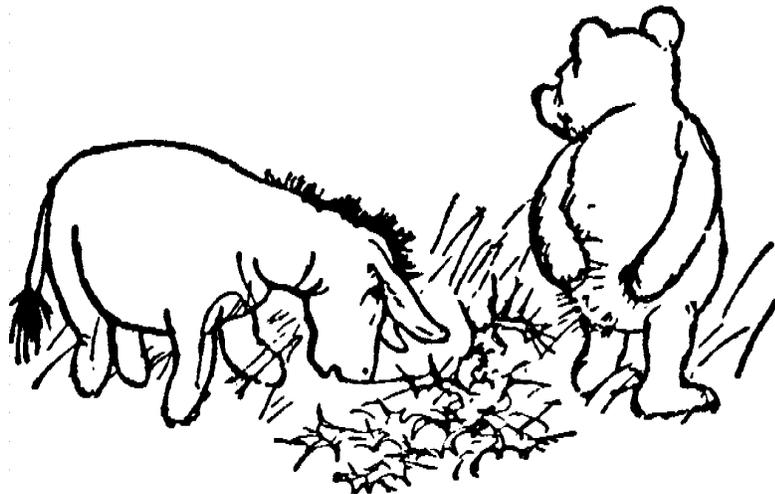
The next day, Tigger and Roo happily made their way through the wood to Pooh's house. They wanted to know if Pooh knew where Christopher Robin and Piglet were; nobody had seen them since yesterday. They were sure that Pooh would know, as he had tea with his great friend Piglet every day, and played Poohsticks every morning with his even greater friend, Christopher Robin.

When they arrived at Pooh's house, the door was wide open. Pooh was nowhere to be seen. Tigger and Roo looked in and noticed a large hole in the floor, and a note stuck on the wall with a large blob of congealing honey. It read: "Owt chaizing the draggn." (Spelling had never been the little bear's greatest strength.)

"That's odd," said Tigger, "there *are* no dragons in the Hundred Acre Wood, only heffalumps. What *is* that silly bear up to *now*?"

Not even Tigger would have imagined what Pooh was up to at that moment. Pooh had woken that morning with a splitting headache and a rather snotty nose. So he had taken another dose of the white powder and a little while later had come up with a brilliant idea! Soon, he was leaving the house carrying a large container marked *INSECTICIDE* in big red letters. A few minutes later, he arrived at Eeyore's favourite patch of thistles.

"This will serve that manic depressive donkey right," Pooh laughed aloud. "Always cheating at Poohsticks - well, cheats *never* prosper, mate!" The possessed bear strolled around casually whilst the unsuspecting Eeyore ate himself to death.



"Sheer poetic justice," thought Pooh an hour later, as he dumped the donkey's nearly dead body in the same grave as Christopher Robin and Piglet. Eeyore's dying sight was of Pooh Bear jumping up and down as he shouted

"You shouldn't have cheated, should you? You're lucky I didn't chop you into tiny pieces and feed you to that feline cretin Tigger!"

The crazed Pooh cackled manically and began to re-cover the makeshift grave.

Pooh did not return home until lunch time as he was totally spaced out all morning. When he eventually got back, he was in a foul mood; all he needed to make him absolutely incandescent with rage was the sight of Tigger and Roo dancing around outside his house singing about *bouncy, bouncy, bouncy, bouncy, fun, fun, fun, fun, fun! But the most wonderful...*

"Wonderful?" mused Pooh aloud. "Fuck me rigid, you'd think that the writer of this shitty story could think up some better lyrics for a song than that! To think that this soundtrack album will be released on cassette *and* CD. A lot of people are going to be *well* ripped off!" This lightened his mood somewhat, but the respite was brief.

"What did you say?" squeaked Roo.

"God in Heaven, will he never stop asking pathetic questions?" agonised Pooh. "Now I'm going to have to sort out *these* bastards as well! Is there *nobody* in this fucking wood but me with any intelligence?" he asked, raising his eyes skywards.

Pooh was lucky. Roo had to go home for his afternoon nap, which left Tigger at his mercy. Even better, Tigger suggested that they should have a game of Poohsticks; the little bear grinned as a plan formed in his drug-fevered brain.

"The perfect murder," Pooh whispered to himself as he followed the innocent Tigger onto the bridge.

Once they were on the bridge, Tigger got the stupid, stupid game under way. Pooh toyed with the tempting idea of shoving his stick up Tigger's arse instead of dropping it into the stream, but after due consideration decided to go along with his original plan. He crept up behind the unsuspecting Tigger and pushed firmly. There was a loud *splash!* as the big cat hit the stream and began to struggle, gulping in and choking on the water. Pooh held on to the rail of the bridge, leaping up and down in a joyous frenzy.

"Drown, you stripy bastard, drown!"

"Why?" gasped Tigger, just before going down for the third time. He was turning blue with the cold as well, which amused Pooh no end. A blue Tigger? Priceless!

"I'll tell you why, you bastard!" screamed Pooh. "It serves you right for hiding behind doors, jumping out, and scaring the *shit* out of people!" However, Tigger did not hear Pooh's answer. He was floating face-down in the stream, dead in the water.

"Good riddance," laughed Pooh, and looked at his watch. "Excellent! Still plenty of time to sort out that little twat Roo before he wakes up from his afternoon nap."

Pooh sneaked up to Kanga and Roo's little house just as Kanga called Roo in for his nap. A few minutes later, he looked through the

window. Kanga was snoozing in her armchair; Roo's pointed ear could just be seen poking out of her pouch.

"Got you, you little shit," thought Pooh, grinning evilly as he threaded a needle with Kanga's own extra-strong darning thread. Delicious irony! He was grateful for Piglet's sewing lessons now as he slowly and carefully began to sew Roo into his mother's pouch. The little fool would suffocate in minutes.



Pooh made his way home. He wondered how Kanga would take her baby's death. Badly, he hoped, as he began to cough uncontrollably and shake with nausea.

By the time Pooh got home, he was very sick indeed, and desperate for some more of the white powder. He trembled as he picked up the syringe and injected himself with the remaining amount. An awfully large amount for a little bear, you would say. And you would be right, too.

Pooh died of an overdose that afternoon, but he died with a smile on his face; he was dreaming that he was the only teddy-bear ever made with a set of fully functioning genitals, and that one day he surprised Eeyore... but that is a story for another day...

THE END.