

Tales from the Bloody Stump is an anthology of stories and poems that can be described as speculative fiction; fantasy, science fiction, studies in bizarre human/animal behavior, surreal and imaginative. All enclosed in a husk of humor.

Tales from the Bloody Stump - Volume 1

By Graham Glass

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Tales
from the
**Bloody
Stump**

Volume 1



An Anthology by
Graham Glass

Tales from the Bloody Stump – An Anthology by Graham Glass
Volume 1
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Table of Contents



<i>Foreword</i>	▫ vii
<i>Introduction</i>	▫ ix
Strip Joint	▫ 1
Off the Chart	▫ 11
A Tiny Tale	▫ 53
The Adventure of the Grabapple Five	▫ 57
Casino Lutz	▫ 165
Murga, the Foul-Haired Mute	▫ 179
Something in the Air	▫ 181
Standing the Gaff	▫ 201
Clowns in the Attic	▫ 213
Night of the Tongue	▫ 217
Host of Hosts	▫ 263
<i>Capitosis Delirium</i>	▫ 281
Furburger with Cheese	▫ 303
Down for the Count	▫ 305
Flatbeds	▫ 337
This Is My Mountain	▫ 425
Feelin' Scrotal	▫ 431
Nurse Fowler	▫ 433
Basil Hyenoid's Book of Fables	▫ 453
Lost	▫ 557
Late Knight	▫ 585
The Layout (<i>Novelette</i>)	▫ 593
<i>The Author Speaks</i>	▫ 765



Murga, the Foul-Haired Mute

Once on rocky crag sat I
With hand on ale and lute,
When from the deep,
Up shore so steep
Came Murga, the foul-haired mute.

And to my rocky crag she climbed.
I put down ale and lute.
And there she stood,
With cape and hood,
Murga, the foul-haired mute.

And from the icy fog she stared,
Wet, from tip to boot.
With voice so vile,
Through toothless smile
Spoke Murga, the foul-haired mute,

“You twisted vole from Sjörgren’s Bowels!
You spawn of snail and newt!
Your manly horn...
Beneath my scorn
Says I, the foul-haired mute.”

And from her hair sprang tiny flies
Gath'ring in the air.
On wind so free
Attached to me,
Commanded Murga of the foulest hair.

Carried high from rocky crag was I.
Broke wind with crow and owl.
And to her nest
We came to rest,
The mute's, of hair most foul.

This tale of dread and woe I spin,
Its facts beyond dispute.
From arse to tongue both heart and lung
Fed to the young
Of Murga, the foul-haired mute.



The Author Speaks



“On my recent trip to Antarctica I was able to swim with the penguins. Water’s pretty damn cold; don’t know how they manage it. I wanted to ski down one of the black diamond slopes, but they said that all the ski lifts were closed due to bad weather. So I had to settle for some plain old water skiing. That didn’t work out either—too much ice floating around. And there weren’t any ants down there at the bottom of the world—not that I could tell. Not in that particular area of Antarctica.

At the other end of the world, Arctica, I went over to see the big important Mr. Claus himself. I was more than a little bit peeved when they told me to take a number and sit down. So I left.

“I’ve been a passenger on board a wooden whaling vessel—first class, of course. I watched as the sailors tossed their nets over the side of the ship. Such skill. They were expecting to haul in dozens of whales, but each time they looked through their catch they found they had only snagged a small assortment of lesser fish. It was a big bust, at least while I was aboard. They accused me of being some kind of jinx and confined me to my cabin.

“We were there when Abraham Lincoln got himself shot. He was in the box right next to us. I think he was only a senator at the time. When we asked for a refund on our tickets...well, sorry, no refunds. Go figure. My ears are still ringing.

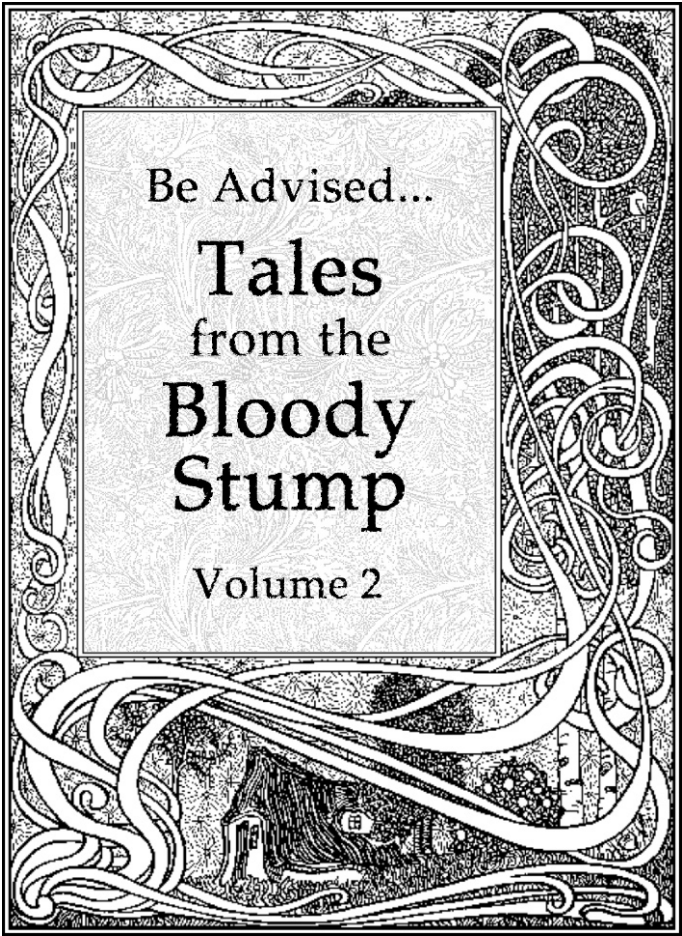
“I’ve surfed on glaciers (too slow) and fresh lava (too slow and too hot). I prefer surfing on water—much easier on my board. Softer landings too.

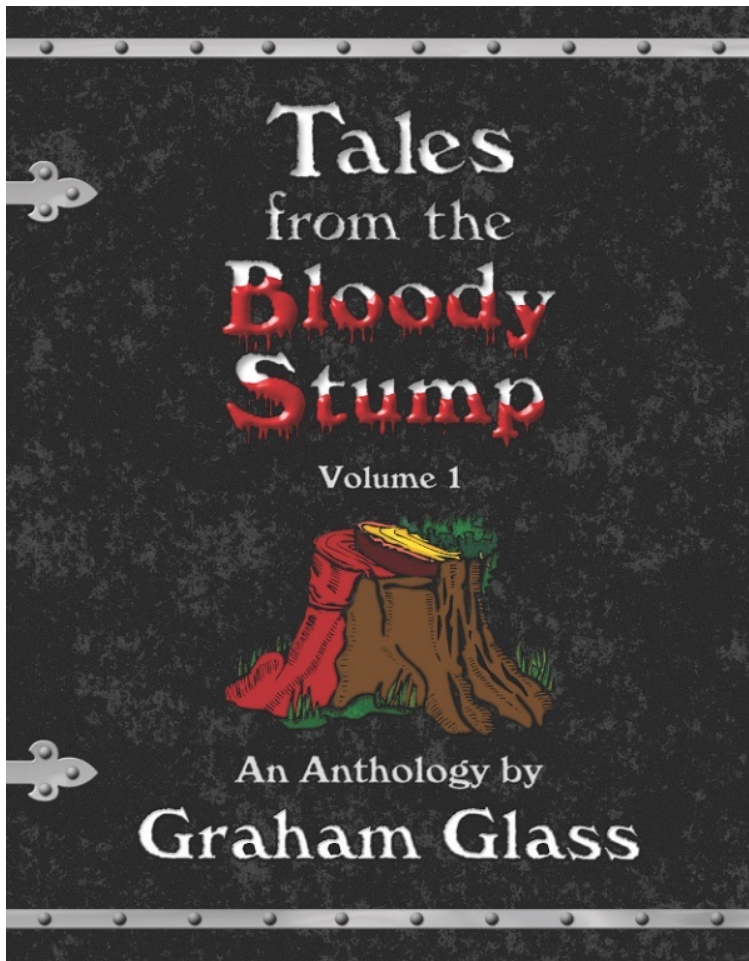
“But, perhaps my most memorable experience was going to Giza, in Egypt, to watch the building of that giant pyramid. It’s situated on the other side of the Nile from Cairo. At

least they didn't build it way out in the sticks like they did with the Grand Canyon. When I arrived, they had already finished a lot of the other construction—other pyramids and an animal statue with no nose. I'll bet some construction engineer's head is going to roll for that one. It was fascinating to watch the pyramid-building process. Day after day they hauled those big heavy stones into place. You would think that at least the supervisors would show up for work dressed in a suit. When I tried to walk up the giant construction ramp some security guy stopped me. 'Where do you think *you're* going?' he asked. 'I'm headed up top,' I replied. 'There is no top...not yet,' he said as he ushered me on down the slope. When they told me it was going to be over forty more years before the thing was finished, I decided not to hang around.

"So...those are some of the things on *my* list. Can your bucket list top that? The next item on my agenda will be to head to Indonesia where I plan to have lunch with some fellow called Java Man. With that name I'll bet he makes a damn fine cup of coffee. We'll see."

—G.G.





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