Spine-Tingling Adventures of the Feeble-Minded

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1975/iss1/22

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Few realize the fantastic achievements made by those people with inferior mental faculties. In fact, the history of feeble-mindedness has contributed a respectable portion of incidents to the story of mankind.

Take, for instance, Herman Washington, the younger brother of George Washington. A disgrace to his family and his ambitious brother, Herman was banished from the country because of his stupidity, which placed him in the imbecile class. Just for the records, his symptoms included a strange, mild air of stupidity which surrounded its victim, and eventually invaded the ear openings and conquered the region between them. Another of his traits was an overall dull and sluggish personality, coupled by an overall dull and sluggish I.Q.

The news of Herman Washington’s immense stupidity spread quickly around the globe and, before long, he was world renowned as a very foolish fellow. Finally poor, dejected Herman could stand it no longer. He defected (in more ways than one) from the cruel and mentally superior world which he had grown to know and understand—almost.

Some months later, his raft came upon an iceberg in the frozen North Atlantic and upon it he discovered a primitive and dumb tribe of outcasts which he immediately recognized as “his kind of people”. He then beached or, rather, iced his craft onto the floating island of ice. Rolling under a bordering barbed wire fence, he found himself standing perilously before a stampede of wild Appaloosa penguins. Instantly frozen to the spot in shock, his mouth gaped open and his eyes, the size of bewildered grapefruits and still growing, saw nothing but the mean looking faces of the waddling, diabolical infernal, slowly advancing toward him with an occasional “Quack, Quack!” The ice trembled beneath the tiny webbed feet of the vile group as they closed in on the frozen Herman, who actually was frozen now in the
—60 degree temperature.

Herman defrosted days later in a small ice-house, and realized that the penguin ranchers in the area must have seen him in his dilemma and rallied to divert the charging herd. This sounded reasonable to Herman, and the theory would also explain all the mangled fences, crushed houses, and dirty looks he had observed from the townspeople.

In time, Herman came to love these kind people, and led them in a revolution overthrowing the Morons, who had ruled the colony from their home iceberg. For this, the native Imbeciles declared him the first president of Upper Bosnia, which was the iceberg’s new name. Herman soon became known as the all-time Father of feeble-mindedness, the country, and three idiotic daughters. But above all, he was known for his great military strategies.

In one of Herman’s most memorable battles, he led a band of rowboats across the mighty Melaware River to fight a fierce group of intelligent seals. Finding the river frozen solid, Herman’s loyal men decided to humor him and proceeded to get into their boats and paddle across the ice. Once realizing his miscalculation, he sheepishly followed them across on ice skates and later led them to victory. However, Herman was not much help in the actual fighting. Unaccustomed to the ice skates, he was continually tripping and stumbling across the battlefield.

Nevertheless, Herman was loved by his people, who remember him rolling pennies and ice-balled food stamps across the frozen Dotomac River during a period of high depression. One man swears that he even caught a scuffed-up ice skate that was flung from the other bank. Even today, ancient ice sculptures of Herman litter the countryside of the capitol, Frozington, D. C.

Another famous “Mistake of Nature” with a low brain quality was Clyde Franklin, who had a steadily recurring case of moronity. He existed from 1695 to 1788.

Clyde first became frustrated with himself when his three-year-old little brother, Benjamin Franklin (also destined for fame), had invented the better bear trap, while Clyde, at the age of 15, had nothing to show but his numerous experiments in personal humiliation as his greatest scientific work. He became further upset when little Benjy
used Clyde and a chocolate chip cookie as props in testing bear traps. Bearing countless scars on his fingers and lips, Clyde finally decided it was time to set out and discover the world. He thought of inventing the world, but decided it would be easier to simply discover it. The legends suggest that the fact that his mother had run out of chocolate chip cookies also had a little to do with his decision.

Clyde hiked far into the woods and came upon a large body of water containing much seaweed, turtles, muskrats, and water. He concluded that this was the ocean which he had always heard about, so he built a small raft out of thin boards he had taken from a boat which was docked there. Clyde sailed the mighty Miller Swamp for several miles and discovered a strange new land when he came ashore days later. He found a small village, where Clyde and the people there seemed to be able to communicate well on a common level—both socially and mentally, since the villagers were also idiots. The land had a strange and intriguing name which Clyde had heard his parents whispering about many times before. The name was Funnyfarm, although it didn’t appear to be any kind of a farm. The leader of the spread was a mean tyrant of an imbecile whose brilliance amazed the dumfounded townsfolk. He called himself King Morge III. He supplied the people with barely enough food, and he put heavy taxes on the nails, Tang, and other essentials. Occasionally he visited the colony Funnyfarm, but usually he stayed at the homeland called Fritain.

One night on the colony’s best port, Doston, which straddled Cow Creek and was the point of the best trout fishing for miles, a group of rebels raided the Frittish ships and dumped the highly-priced Tang into the water. Huge quantities of Tang were lost, turning the water orange. Many cases of pretzels were also dumped into the water, which explained the effectiveness of beer as fish bait for the next few weeks, although they found it difficult getting it to stay on a hook. The incident became known as the Doston Tang Party. A long revolution followed shortly afterward, and eventually Funnyfarm gained its independence. Clyde became active as the leader of the new country and took to inventing as a hobby. He invented the dark bulb, which gave off immense darkness when unplugged. He invented a better insect killer, which was in the form of a large, heavy club. He invented
a new clock, which contained a single moving part to be manually operated. The only moving part was a dial with letters, symbols, and other neat junk scattered around it. For instance, when the dial has rotated half way past the big hand and is comin’ darn close to the bigger hand, the time would be 48 Q’s past 3½, which is equivalent to 13 WF’s into N, or high noon. Simple. It was no good for practical use, but it did probe the imaginations of the townspeople and made them wonder why about several things, including Clyde. These were a few of Clyde’s best inventions, and/or brainstormstms, but there were many, many more. Five in all.

After working for hours on all that inventing, Clyde needed some recreation. On one such day, Clyde picked up a free kite at the Zephyr station and headed for a clearing. But Clyde had one problem—he only had about thirty yards of string. How could he fly the kite without running to the end of the string and losing everything? He thought of tying the end to his hand, but then he remembered that, for some reason, he was never able to tie strong knots in anything but his shoe laces. Showing his natural genius, Clyde took off his right penny loafer and tied it onto the line, planning to put the shoe back on. (Yes, I realize that penny loafers don’t have laces, but I hardly believe it is our place to argue with legends.) Clyde was hysterically happy with himself until he saw that he had tied the shoe onto the kite tail mistakenly, and his shoe was flying high in the air as the kite ascended with the first gust of wind. In a small slot in the front of the shoe, Clyde kept an ordinary snowmobile key. When asked why he kept his snowmobile key in his right shoe, he said it was because he had a hole in his left shoe, and there the key could fall out. Someone else asked him why he carried the key around, being the middle of summer. “Because, if it were the middle of winter, I would have it in my ignition. When else would I get the chance to carry an ordinary snowmobile key in my shoe?” Clyde replied cleverly. And why do you keep it in your shoe, an intrigued passerby asked. “Because I don’t have a penny,” was his sly answer. Another man walked up and politely asked, “How are you this fine day?” Clyde became enraged and snapped, “Who do you think you are, walking right up here and asking me a question? Why don’t you go fly a kite?”

Following Clyde’s cunning putdown, the stranger shrank and
crawled home to bed, as the plot continued to thicken to a frightening level.

Following the official investigation and interrogation, Clyde again tried to retrieve his shoe. Just then it started to rain, and the lightning began flashing. "Rain, rain, go away, come again some—" and a streak of lightning struck the flying penny loafer and connected with the ordinary snowmobile key. Clyde's shoe was instantly flash-fried, to say nothing of Clyde. "Well, I'll be a (expletive deleted)!!" Clyde cried as he wandered off.

Clyde learned much scientific knowledge from this experience, which he summarized in his moral to the story: Never bite a chocolate chip cooky which is placed in a bear trap.