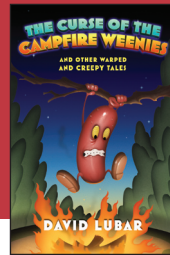


The Battle of the Red Hot Pepper Weenies and Other Warped and Creepy Tales, by David Lubar



Don't mix up your Weenies

A GUIDE FOR THE PERPLEXED

Lawn Weenie

Road Weenie

Campfire Weenie

Red Hot Pepper Weenie

Basic identifying features:

Has grass-stained knees, wears earphones, never wears a shirt but really should.

Has glazed eyes, clenched jaw, and shirt with sweat stain shaped like Uzbekistan.

Has singed eyebrows, a dull ax, and massive poison ivy blotches on both arms.

Has red cheeks, runny eyes, sweaty forehead, and toxic drool.

Favorite possessions:

John Deere riding mower with high-capacity bagger, and secret five-gallon stockpile of banned pesticides.

\$300 running shoes, highly flattering silk shorts, and visor that barely keeps comb-over from flapping in the breeze.

Explosive bottles of compressed gas, SpongeBob sleeping bag, and out-of-tune guitar.

"I am a pepper head" t-shirt, industrial-strength mouthwash, and huge collection of hot sauces.

Favorite expression:

Hey you kids, stay off of that grass!

Ooooofff, gasp, wheeze...

Yeeewch! Put it out!

Aaaagggghhh! Some water!

Ideal vacation spot:

Putting green.

Road to nowhere.

Abandoned campground

Farmers' Market.

Oddest trait:

Will ride over grass with 400 pound mower, but won't walk on it.

Runs ten miles a day, but spends hours circling the mall in search of a good parking spot.

Thinks eating canned beef stew brings him closer to nature.

Never seems to remember how painful the experience is.

Reason to avoid:

Can talk for hours about aerating his thatch.

Wants you to join him in his suffering.

Forgot to bring his toothbrush.

Eats with fumes coming out of his mouth.

Worst place to find one:

Living next door.

Heading toward your car on a blind curve when the sun is in your eyes.

Outside your tent at sunrise.

In the kitchen, making your nachos.

Does environmental damage by...

Throwing out fourteen plastic trash bags filled with grass clippings.

Exhaling massive quantities of carbon dioxide.

Littering the wilderness with nature magazines.

Flushing the toilet after the spiciest lunch ever.

Best reason to watch:

Might mow over the garden hose.

Might run into a ditch.

Might have accident with an ax.

Might race to the bathroom.

Smells like:

Broccoli.

Road kill.

Burned meat.

Boiled sweat.

