

# *the Blundar* **CHRONICLES**

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## PART 9

Ho Millan!

Big tym thing happin to Blundar! Go to drink at bar. Wok in, sit down, get beer, start drink. Yewshewal so far. Fyt happin. Agen, no big deel, just gard beer so not spill. Blundar heer voys yell owt, *"I can whip every man in this dump!!"* OOP! Blundar reelee protek beer now, bawdee fly awl over plays. Just az Blundar start look arownd tew wawch fyt, bar stool krash over Blundar hed (beer still ok).

Blundar reeakt instinklee...finish beer then grab taybul, fling arownd at attaker. **SMASH!** Taybul hit attaker flush, poosh bak tew wawl. **HAW!** Fyt over Blundar think. Go to nuther taybul, order mor beer. **CRASH!** Taybul land on Blundar hed (beer not at taybul yet, good thing).

*"My god you've got a hard head!!"* sumwun say. Blundar look arownd. It woman! Blundar shokd, not fyt woman much.

*"Why yew hit Blundar?"* Blundar ask. Blundar awl konfewzd kuz woman reelee pretty, Blundar not think fyt.

*"Because I feel like it, ya big goof!"* yell woman. Then kik Blundar in bawlz. Blundar not hav kwyt saym hardness in groyn az hed. Blundar fawl to grownd anoyd at self for leeving open to hit. Az woman wok owt bar, Blundar whimper owt kweschun, *"Whut yor naym?"*

Woman tern, say "Attila the Honey, loser", then leev. Millan, dew yew  
beeleev in luv at first fyt?

Yor kerld in feetal posishun frend,

Blundar