

THE HOLEY BOOK OF FERRET

BOOK ONE - GENESIS

An Interpretation

by Ferris Cutler

THE FIRST BIT

In the beginning there was a big fucken' elephant and it shat itself after eating some off tuna and lo - the universe was born! Where that elephant come from nobody fucken' knows but this account is as supported as any other superstitious account of creation and I'm stickin' wif it! Wif a few minor modifications and a few asides this is a creative and simple way to recall the scriptures. Read it to your kids.

DAY ONE

On the first day of creation the elephant, or NANCY, as SHE shall henceforth be known, separated the day from the night, which was a bit tricky 'cos the light wouldn't go to sleep when it was told, so Nancy bought it a dummy so that it could rest easy and lo! SHE called that pacifier, religion. So NANCY switched off the light and had a kip and that was the end of the first day. Bit of a pisser of a day really 'cos the only fucken' thing that happened was the day. I mean, it wasn't filled wif anythink. It wasn't a good day or a bad day it was just - a day, but, to be fair, it was the first one, so we'll give NANCY that one. But hopefully things will pick up soon or this 'aint gonna be much of a story.

DAY TWO

NANCY woke up in a bad mood 'cos that tuna really fucked up her stomach. SHE still had the runs but her arse wasn't as sore as it had been on the first day. But what do you wipe your arse wif when all you've got to work wif is light and dark? I'll tell you what, you use your fucken' trunk, if you've got one and fortunately NANCY did. Although it is a bit of a bummer (no pun intended) when the only way you can wipe your arse is wif your nose but I'm gettin' off the point.

NANCY looked about the place, after HER second crap of the mornin', like I said SHE still had a distended gut and . . . alright; alright I'll get back to the point - and realised that there was no sky! What an oversight. Can you imagine old NANCY sittin' there, chortling with that realisation? A small daub of shit no doubt smeared on the lower left side of HER trunk; HER huge belly quivering with the knowledge that SHE'D spent HER first night on a formless planet without an atmosphere. What a silly duffer, eh? So wifout hesitation, SHE corrected that by immediately separating the water in the air from the water on the planet. To be honest SHE slacked off somethin' terrible on Day Two. I mean - that was it. That was all SHE done the whole day. And fuck me, SHE had another kip! Lazy cunt.

DAY THREE

On the third day of creation, NANCY separated the stool from the liquid and lo! (I'll stop wif the 'Los' soon, I promise) the Earth was born. The liquid formed the liquidy part of the world and the stool hardened into the continents. Everything was made

exactly as it is today and you can forget all that bullshit about tectonic plates floating around the place 'cos if that really was true there would be earthquakes and shit.

Now this, admittedly, was a full day's yakka. Gettin' that balance right so that the land just poked above the sea level was tricky - kinda like pissin' another man's shit from the side of the toilet bowl. . . Come to think of it that's a terrible analogy but I'm stickin' wif it 'cos, like I said, if everybody else can make shit up, so can I. And I'm only gonna edit for typos too. So you can all get fucked if you think I'm gonna spend too much time on this account, on account of I 'aint got time. (What's that rhetorical device called?) Oh well, no time to stop now. When we last left NANCY, SHE was sleeping again. But you'll be pleased to know that her arse was heaps better. Heaps. So much so that when SHE woke up on . . .

DAY FOUR

. . . SHE had a fucken' great idea! SHE got straight into it and created the rest of the fucken' universe! In one fucken day! What the fuck was SHE doin' on the other days? Jesus (Oh sorry, he comes in later) I mean, seriously, let's quickly recap. Day One: Separated the day from the night; Day Two: created atmosphere; Day Three: Separated the land from the sea; Four: THE WHOLE FUCKEN' UNIVERSE! I mean FUCK that tuna really did fuck her up. Imagine if SHE hadn't had that tuna before the first day. SHE could've done the whole job in a couple of hours. Anyway, this, according to some accounts, definitely means there was definition between night and day, which worries me a little 'cos that throws into question the workmanship on Day One. I mean, was night and day really separated on the first day? Come on guys if you're gonna make shit up at least make up some good, consistent shit. Whatever the case, by the end of Day Four NANCY had manufactured a planet wif an atmosphere that had both water and land. Good job (if not a little slow).

DAY FIVE

SHE is on fucking fire! SHE looks about and thinks to HERSELF, 'You know what? I'm gonna create things that live in the seas and, fuck it, I'll throw in a few birds as well and maybe a few insects just to give everyone the shits after I make 'em tomorrow.' NANCY was not at all concerned that there was quite a deal of difference between these two creations. I think SHE by-passed the dinosaurs and went straight for the birds because the dinosaurs were a big job and as we've seen, NANCY wasn't one to push herself.

DAY SIX

The big one. NANCY shits out all the land animals and us. It's about time SHE got stuck in, eh? This is a huge effort. I mean, think about it - everything from Kangaroos to cunt hair; from Aardvarks to arseholes - all in one day! Good job. Mind you SHE only started wif one shameless fucker called Aidan, I think it was. SHE kicked up the dirt and breathed in his nostrils and he was alive. Simple. He turned out be nothin'

but some naked cunt who must've wanked shitloads 'cos apparently he wasn't ashamed of nothin' so NANCY give 'im a girl to fuck called Yvonne. She turned out to be a right raver. She got hold of the old snake, talked Aidan into eatin' the magic mushies from the middle of the garden - next thing you know they're off their tits, get paranoid and realise they should have worn some clobber. NANCY gets the shits wif both of 'em; tells Yvonne she's gotta to use her cunt to have a kid; tells Aidan he's gotta get a fucken' job and the snake essentially slithers away scot free. Next thing you know they're evicted and NANCY puts up a nice ensemble of whirring fiery blades across the main door so they can't get back in. Then what does SHE do? SHE takes the next fucken' day off! Lazy fucker!

Now, in my opinion, all of this apparent horseshit is a metaphor. I think the significance of this whole tree in the garden thing is that early humans (in the real version of human evolution) took psilocybin into their diet in the form of mushrooms but when the ice age came the goodies dried up and everybody went back to relative consciousness - but I 'ain't gonna crap on about that - you can believe whatever you fucken' want - every other cunt does. I'm just here to relay Genesis and occasionally comment on the narrative.