

The Gobble Wars

By
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“Watch your right flank, Sergeant!” General Waddle shouted through the walkie. “You’ve got Carvers!”

“On it, sir!”

“Where are Majors Wish and Bone?!?” The General demanded. “They are supposed to be watching the shore! We’ve got Gravy Boats incoming!”

“General, sir! It’s been almost six hours!” His attendant, Corporal Gibblet, yelled.

“Dear Lord! Six hours?!?” The General exclaimed, whirling about. “What’s the reading, Corporal?”

The Corporal didn’t answer, his eyes averted.

“What’s the reading? ANSWER ME, BOY! WHAT’S THE READING DAMMIT?!?”

“165 degrees, sir...”

The General hung his head, defeated. “We’re done... Dear God, help us all. We are done...”