

Hunting the Wild Haggis

By Antaeus

"He's gone and done it, Fiona! Now I'll have to respond."

"Who's gone and done what, Albert? Fiona yelled from the kitchen.

"Wily Dogwalker, our town veterinarian, that's who. He's gone and published an article in the Pomegranate Gazette."

Fiona quickly wolfed down the last sliver of peppermint patty pie and grabbed a plum-colored dishtowel. She couldn't let Albert know she had baked one or it would be gone in no time. Peppermint patty pie was her favorite, and to Albert's mind, a piece of pie means the whole pie in one piece. That didn't matter now, though, the last piece of pie was now sitting comfortably in her tummy.

Fiona dabbed at the crumbs around her mouth, as she walked from the kitchen toward the sitting room. "What did Wily publish that's got you so fired up, dear?" She called out.

"The braggarts gone and published an article on the wild haggis. I had an idea to do that over a month ago, and now he's gone and beat me to it. That's what's got me all fired up."

As Fiona entered the sitting room, a cantaloupe-belly cat walked up to her with its tail in the air and threw herself tummy-up on the floor. She automatically bent and started rubbing the soft silk-like hair on its underside.

"Well then, Albert, that's what you get for procrastinating, you should have sat right down and written the article when you thought about it."

"I wasn't procast . . . procast, dallying, I was gettin' it all together in my head is all."

Pineapple used her front paws to grab Fiona's hand and move it to the center of her paunch. "Hi, Pineapple, how's my big girl doing this morning? Do you like your belly rub? How about a big purr for mommy?"

"Quit fussin' with that critter and come over here, Fiona. This is important. Besides, that damn animal tried to pee on the newspaper before I could read it."

"She's not a critter, Albert, she's a cat. Pineapple doesn't like it when you call her a critter. Do you, sweetheart?"

"Meeooooow!"

"Who are you calling sweetheart, me or the cat?"

"Why I'm calling Pineapple a sweetheart. You're my big sexy lovey bear."

"Aw, come on, Fiona, don't go gettin' all mushy on me now. Let's save all that sexy talk for later in the day. Why it's only 10 AM, anyone listening would think we were horny teenagers."

"Now you listen here, Albert Apple Turnover, we may be in our sixties but we still can get it on in the bedroom. You know you still get all turned on when I reach down and grab your——"

"Now, Fiona, don't get your motor started. Please come over here and read this article, it's important to me."

Fiona stopped rubbing the cat's silver-haired belly and started toward Albert's chair. "Oh all right, dear. But I don't see why you can't write an article about the wild Cheese Steaks, or the Sandwich Cranes instead. Maybe an article on the Basmati Bears would be better."

As she leaned over the back of Albert's chair to get a better view of the newspaper, her ample breasts pushed against the back of his head. Albert unconsciously adjusted his head so it now rested in the well of her cleavage. Fiona sighed, patted his balding head, and began to read the article aloud.

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The wild haggis, scientific name *haggis scotlicious*, with its large horns and long razor-like claws, looks like a cross between a large shaggy-haired bull and a tiger.

The females of the species have two long and deadly horns while the males have only one longer horn in the center of their forehead. The male's horn can measure anywhere from eight to twelve inches and, because of its aphrodisiac-like qualities, a sliver from it can fetch as much as \$1,000 semolina.

The haggis are ferocious creatures and extremely difficult to capture or kill. Although hunters have been searching for the highly elusive nocturnal creature for centuries, only the most skilled trackers ever manage to catch this highly prized protein source.

Haggis Varieties:

There are three known varieties of haggis. First and foremost, there is the urban lowland haggis from which all haggis originated. Sometime in the distant past, a group of them broke off and took up residence in the rugged highlands. These are the craggy highland haggis of today, and they are divided into two distinct types.

It is believed by the people who study these things that all three varieties started out looking the same. However, over time, the highland haggis developed some pronounced evolutionary differences from their lowland kin (see Physical Characteristics).

Legend has it that there is actually a fourth type of haggis. One that is so rare it has not been seen for over a hundred years; the great white haggis. This silver horned haggis is considered to be a magical creature whose very touch can heal any illness, and even cause severed limbs to grow back.

Physical Characteristics:

There are two varieties of highland haggis, one with shorter right legs (wee-rightee), and the other with shorter left legs (wee-leftee). The legs are of different lengths

to allow the haggis to quickly run around the mountains and hillsides. The ones with shorter right legs can run clockwise around a mountain while the haggis with the shorter left legs can run counterclockwise.

However, both varieties can only run in one direction or they will fall over, which is how you catch them. Sometimes out of necessity, two haggis' will cleave together and walk side-by-side supporting one another. When they assume this mutually beneficial arrangement, they can walk or run in any direction.

The lowland haggis (*legis-evenis*) on the other hand can only be found in the valleys and wetlands. All four of their legs are of equal length and their running speed has been measured at over 80 miles per hour.

The lowland haggis is by far the more docile of the breed, and also the most intelligent. Because of their speed and intelligence, they are the most difficult to see in the wild.

Because their four legs are even, the haggis from the lowland can procreate with the highland haggis. However, they seldom do as they consider the highland haggis inferior to themselves. The highland haggis, on the other hand, looks down on the lowland haggis (no pun intended).

The long silver streaked hair of the haggis is prized for its silk-like texture and fetches a high price on the open market.

It is said that if a person sleeps on a haggis hair pillow, they will have the sexual appetite of a rabbit. Some people will go so far as to say that if you make love on a haggis hair bed, it will be so good you'll have to stuff cotton in your ears so your brains don't fall out.

I have personally experimented with this theory and found it to be true.

Haggis as a Food Source:

Whether they are the highland or lowland variety, haggis is delicious to eat. Their meat is traditionally minced with oatmeal, a small sliver of suet, and complimented with mashed "tatties" (potatoes) or "neeps" (rutabaga or turnips).

Haggis meat is worth a small fortune as an export to the rest of the world. A one-inch-thick haggis steak, cleaved from the shoulder, is so tender you can cut it with a fork. An interesting fact is that it tastes different to everyone who eats it.

The rough-and-tumble highland lads say it tastes like the best piece of beef they ever had. Conversely, the lowland Gentry says it's like eating pudding when you bite into it. Others say that it tastes a little like apple or blueberry pie. One lassie, I met, stated that it tasted like she was eating a thick piece of creamy chocolate.

Breeding Habits:

During the courtship season, the male haggis makes a noise similar to that of out-of-tune bagpipes in an often futile attempt to attract a mate. The female haggis can tell the difference between the call of the wee-rightee and the wee-leftee males, and will not

respond to the courtship call of the opposite variety.

Although the two varieties of highland haggis coexist peacefully, they are unable to interbreed in the wild. This is because, for the male of the long right leg variety to couple with a female of the long left leg variety, he must turn to face in the same direction as his intended mate to mount her. Since there is a measurable difference in lag length, this causes him to lose his balance before he can complete the deed.

As a result of this difficulty, the dissimilarity in leg length among the female haggis population are highlighted by a difference in color as a visual indication. The short left leg of the counter-clockwise haggis is blue in color while the short right leg of the clockwise haggis is orange.

It should be noted that, on the rare occasion, a male haggis with a longer left legs has accomplished the incredible balancing act of coupling with a female with a longer right leg. However, the offspring produced by this union are very unstable and are unable to cling to the mountain. The poor youngsters usually end up falling down a lot and are very easy to catch.

Every month when the moon is full, the highland and lowland haggis go into a courtship frenzy. Hundreds upon hundreds of the highland haggis head to their secret wooing ground, while a similar number of the lowland haggis head for the hidden forest glen. Once there, the males compete for the females, and the winners engage in three nights of frenzied speed dating.

The Courtship Ritual

The highland haggis courtship ritual is more of a quick "wham-bam-thank you, mam" kind of process. Once the ready and willing female chooses an equally ready and willing male partner, they get right down to business. The male addresses the female, and it's usually over in less than 30 seconds. The male, being satisfied, quickly parts company while the frustrated female looks for another partner.

The lowland haggis courtship ritual, on the other hand, is a long drawn out affair. Once the female chooses a ready and willing male a complex courtship ritual begins. This secret ceremony is unique to each female. The rules must be guessed at, and strictly adhered to, by the chosen male. There seems to be an abundant measure of groveling and begging involved.

Sometimes, even after the ritual begging and groveling have been completed successfully, the female will walk away just as the male is about to finish the act. If this happens, the male's doodle-sack will turn a bluish color, and all the other male haggis will make fun of him. The scientific name for this condition is insertis interruptis or, as we Scots call it, blue balls.

Hunters be forewarned. The haggis' are most dangerous at this time, and they will try to copulate with any living thing.

Hunting the Haggis:

The haggis is a vicious creature by nature. They'll gang up on a person for no

reason and kill quicker than you can say "smorgasbord," which, as everyone knows, is another very nasty critter. For some reason, the wild highlands haggis will not attack a woman wearing silver unless they are provoked. Some say it's because of the female hormones, which confuse the beast. Others say that it is the magical properties of silver that repel them. The lowland haggis, on the other hand, will not attack either a man or a woman unless they are provoked or being hunted.

Catching a haggis is much easier said than done. Before you can capture or kill a haggis, you have to find one. This can be a nearly impossible task as they are masters of camouflage. On top of that, haggis, whether they are highland or lowland, are very hard to kill. Special weapons are needed to do the job. Unless a haggis is killed with a natural substance like bone, wood, or stone, the meat will turn bad almost immediately. If that happens, all your effort is wasted, and you have put your life on the line for nothing.

Expert haggis hunters suggest that men wear a kilt measuring nine yards when hunting the haggis. Women should wear a shawl of the same length. They also suggest that you disguise your scent by downing liberal amounts of Scotch whiskey, and adopt a stumbling though measured gait. It also helps if you stagger from side to side as you walk. For some reason, this confuses the haggis. Since haggis are curious by nature and you don't smell like a human, walk like a human, or speak like one, they will come out of hiding to investigate this oddity of nature.

Once you have seen in which direction the haggis is approaching you, either clockwise or counter-clockwise, you have to quickly rip off your kilt exposing your wee laddie. If you are a woman, you will have to throw off your shawl and expose your chebs (breasts).

After you have exposed yourself to the haggis, you must run around in circles screaming and waving your kilt or shawl in the air. If the haggis is approaching from a clockwise direction, you must run in a counter-clockwise direction, and clockwise if it is approaching from a counter-clockwise direction.

The sight of your wee laddie, or a pair of chebs flopping in the breeze, will cause the haggis to stop in its tracks. The spectacle of a sash waving, whiskey smelling, oddity of nature spouting unintelligible words, will confuse the haggis and cause it to turn and run. Once it turns and attempts to move, it will fall over and roll down the mountain cleaving its head in two on the rocks.

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Fiona snuggled even closer to Albert's silver-haired head and placed her hands on his thighs. "My, my, Albert, that was some article, wasn't it?"

Albert set the paper down on the floor without moving his head. The heat from his wife's hands was arousing him. "It sure was, honeypot."

"You know what part of the story I liked best my big lovey bear?"

"What part was that?"

"The part about the hunter's wee laddie flopping in the breeze, I couldn't help but

think about yours."

"Are you saying I have a wee laddie?"

"No sweetie, quite the contrary. Why do you think I call you my big lovey bear?"

"Oh, I understand, sexy pants. When he mentioned chebs flopping in the breeze, I couldn't help but think of yours. I kinda got a little excited over that."

"Is it still too early?" Fiona asked as her hands moved to the inside of Albert's thighs. "I'd like to pretend to be a highland haggis for a while."

Albert took out his silver pocket watch "Too early, hell no it's not too early. Just look at the time, why it's 10:15 already."

Fiona began unbuttoning her blouse. "I'll race you to the bedroom."

"Hold on a minute," Albert said as he held Fiona at bay. "How about a sliver of that peppermint patty pie first?"