

The Briefly Edited Musing
of a
Bog Wight
in
Full Rage

by

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the Happy Go Lucky
Celaphopod

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Bog Wight - Full Rage - Edited - Briefly

{Do we need a running commentary?

Why, yes.

Thank you for asking.

I do believe that we do...}

[and/or why imbibing excessive quantities of the drip before, after, and during the big game might not be such a great idea...]

[or in other words, there comes a point where the going gets tough and the understanding less than murky, a better editor than I might take matters into their own hand, I on the other hand, will simply advise that this is perhaps the point where the struggle is no longer a solo affair as the rest of the team comes to their captain's aid (or so claims the school paper), which simply means that although the manuscript may (or may not, who am I to say) stay true the Bog Wight's train of thought (and Celli's reaction forthwith) neither of these have been known to lend themselves readily to a logical mapping of reality]

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just move, move, out, out of my way, get out of my way
{Bog Wight coming through}, can you not hear, move, here,
I'll help you *{helping}*, good, good, no, shut up, shut it
{advise not needed nor taken}, what, do, do you *{do you want some of me}*, no, I didn't think so, good, good, you,
too, two, out, you too, oh, it's you two *{her royal highness*

and that scum... er, human dude she's been shaking up... that is to say, she seems to have a new bodyguard}, what the fr@ck is he even {bodyguard, are we clear on that}, I mean, seriously, this, this what, what do you even call that {bodyguard, but then, we've been over this, so maybe he doth clarify too much}, he smells, he smells like perfume {what do they call those things, oh, right, juniper berries, now tell me, what kind of self respecting, ahem, bodyguard smells of elder, juniper, or any kind of berries}, what, no {no, means, no, don't you know}, because it sounded like it looked like you were going to say something, something, where you {get your sorry juniper berry smelling hind quarters handed to you on a silver platter}, huh {what did you say}, cause, I want to know, I care {actually, he doesn't}, I care a lot {nope, not one bit}, ok, I don't care {see, told you}, get out of my way, ha, ha, ha {ha, ha, ha}, that was a lot more fun {i.e. funnier} than I thought it would be {so, a thinking Bog's Wight}, I mean, what do you weigh {being how you determine the worth of a man}, not even a log {as in, bump thereon, calling yourself a bodyguard}, like a stick, like a leaf in the breeze, oh, my, have the elves sunk so {yes, it would indeed seem so, when their queen shacks up, share living quarters, as it were, with human scum... or is that being redundant, human, scum}, so, so, so very low to the ground {humans can be short}, just oozing and seeping {seriously, haven't got a clue, maybe Mr. Bog Wight is insinuating that Mr Juniper Smelling Bodyguard Man is the slime of the earth}, and I, I mean that in the most, nice smelling way possible {living in bogs as their namesake might suggest, Bog Wights have a curious sense of decorum}, oh, the air, do you smell that,

that nice *{I believe Mr. Wight of the Bog like fame is currently referring to the refreshments being sold at the stand and not to the lingering odor of Juniper Berries even now wafting from the human form lying on the ground some distance away, doing that bodyguard thing...}*, now, if her highness *{that be the queen, not the other guy, just in case you all thought he might swing that way}*, yes, thank you *{Queen having the good sense to retreat}*, getting out of the way of his lowness *{being closer to the Earth generally considered a compliment among the Fey}*, isn't that way it's supposed to go *{low before high and all that}*, now, now, you'll get this *{you will pay for my fr@cking snack today, kind madame, unless you want to take this further}*, no, no, no *{I didn't think so}*, whatever those are *{ordering food}*, and wine *{and wine}*, beer is for dwarves and sissies *{so, bodyguards lying yonder on the ground, too, I'm supposing}*, and yes, I'm calling sissy boy long beard *{yeah, so like, if you are the ground, someone digging the ground, extracting from it, not so much your friend, capiche}*, do you want to take it outside *{do you}*, oh, look, we're outside *{Bog Wight smart}*, yeah, walk away, and the rest of you lot, make way, this is mine, all of this, you see it, it's mine, mine, ours, same thing, all of ours, not yours, no, no, only renting, leasing, not buying, not sold, not, so mine *{have we established ownership of this here field, if not, let me clarify, it is his, all his, his, his, and his alone}*, I'll sit here, do you mind, do you mind, cause, cause, I could move away, but I'd probably throw you away *{you do remember what happened to his Royal Bodyguard-ness}*, yes *{yes means yes}*, these benches hard *{why is that, why is stadium seating so uncomfortable, and*

as long as we are asking the real questions, why does anyone ever watch these sporting event things}, no like, no more {sitting in the nosebleed section sucks}, but down here {as in, standing on the ground}, oh, this nice {feet in the sandy loam, that sort of thing}, now that's dirt, can you feel it {no, they probably can not, not the way he does}, no look, no look {how can one feel with their eyes}, smell it feel it, are you all so blind {as are those who only use their eyes}, who cares about the game {not I}, it doesn't matter {not where the real contest happens}, are you seriously cheering that {not even a real combat}, you, oh, that's rich, you know what you should be cheering {me... or, that is to say, him}, this dirt {same thing}, this clod {ditto, not that I'm implying a Bog Wight is a clod}, here, catch {a catch coming after a throw}, catch {so, throw}, oh, this is fun, no one else wants to play {playing with a Bog Wight being sort of akin to Dancing with the Devil, so no}, this is a good game {everyone says so}, catch, dodge, hit the fairy princess {didn't see that coming, did you}, oh, I'm sorry {if that's unclear, princess not equal to queen, so not the same}, elven {Fey}, whatever {you know, like, whatever}, are you a princess {well, are you}, I mean, can you be, your dad, human, thing, man, what do they call themselves, son of adam, can you be {yes, a serious question, are you fit to rule, your lineage is being questioned little girl}, oh, right, not, not his {so, bastard, she be}, he couldn't {if bodyguard can't stay standing, well, you connect the dots}, he wouldn't {honor}, doesn't mind, the cuck', the 'old {what kind of man raises another man's kin instead of slaughtering them in their sleep, that's all I'm saying}, oh, you blushing {guess he hit a nerve there}, daddy go away

{maybe, run is a better description of that turn of events},
better hide, face, a little dirt won't hurt, huh, I got ya, ho,
ho, ho, ho *{guess this Bog Wight has a better arm than*
some of the boys on the field}, slower, slower, if you fall,
then you'll be mine, take you down, down hard, down low,
make you one with the earth *{this is sort of, well, what's*
the word, blasphemous, probably would fit the bill}, I could
do that *{don't call his bluff},* bring you down, bring you up
{fall, winter, summer, spring, etcetera, ad nauseum}, make
you mine, splash in the mud puddles with you, oh, yes, we
could have some *{fun, I believe finishes that sentence},* you
like to have some *{once again, fun},* princess, smearing in
the mud, cover you face, covering you all, making you
{mine}, ah, brother, be gone *{because, here he is, prince*
America, right on cue}, I know you *{prince meet Bog*
Wight, Bog Wight, prince}, you, no his, hers *{and you think*
you're confused}, show off, always showing off *{the*
prince, he does}, everybody hates you *{everybody, they*
do}, I hate you *{be the truest word spoken today},* I have
reason *{does he},* oh, listen, listen to me *{yeah, that's right,*
listen good and judge for yourself}, this scum, this elven
scum *{is there any other kind},* comes from the long line of
scum *{but is this really an insult},* but, but wait, I mean that
in the good way, the glorious earthen, scum of the earth,
bog scum type way, but he always takes it the wrong way,
oh, only the wrong way, that's what they say *{maybe*
fighting this elf, scum though he be, maybe not such a good
idea, for a Wight such as he}, is that what they say, little
girl, be mine, so fine, or is only for the team *{yeah, now*
that would be slander}, go team, one and all, do them all,
oh, you so fine, naughty *{and maybe going a wee bit too*

far}, ow {as in, ow, ouch}, brother, little elf {for a size comparison, please see the chart on the right}, want the piece of me, maybe I give him the all of the me {because, really, who wants all of a bog, only the good parts, drained, mosquito free, good crop land that bog, when it's not a bog, so really, that's sort of what this is all about, keeping the peace, game on the field, fake war}, and the flying, through the air, with the greatest of ease {Bog Wights be the nimble and the quick and can make quick work of Jack, his candlestick, and annoying little elves}, didn't see that one coming {we can perhaps deduce this fact from the wee little elf lying face down on the ground}, so again, through the air, land in the mud {because if he were to really land on the elf, that would be the end of that, and who wants this to end}, brush it off {the beating}, rub it on {the dirt}, bring it on {your best game}, little man, little elf, is this what you want, defend your sisters honor, so again, only lower {as he flies through the air, with the greatest of ease}, hear that, the oof {but no crunch}, the boof {the bones, the bones that could have been crunched, but were they, no, I think not}, the knee to the chest, backing up, roaring loud {you've seen professional wrestling, I take it}, play it to the crowd, little girl, soon be mine, yes, mine {all mine, er, that is to say, his}, covered in mud {just like he likes them}, filthy girl {ditto}, scandalous girl {just in case it's not clear}, just like her mother {and that my friends, is what we call a low blow}, oh, what's this, from behind, little man, toss away {is that not clear, prince-ling be no match for the likes of the Bog}, the adults are having a conversation {where, where}, sweet little one, you know the deal, don't you {do you}, yours is mine, mine

is yours, ever after, bound in the muck *{sound like a ritual to you, does to me}*, like that you wear, like a marriage vow *{yeah, so ritual, spot on the money, I was}*, proposal, till death do we part, and that annoying brother, toss him away *{having bodyguard flashbacks, I know I am}*, ah, but he's getting up *{unlike another}*, one moment my love *{I guess for a Bog Wight that's all it takes}*, my betrothed, seal it with a kiss *{bog scum, so kiss-kiss}*, no need to wipe it away, just the run, and the jump, and into the air, crush him down hard, into the muck, into the mud *{so, prince-ling junior not faring so well}*, she's screaming now *{as princesses are want to do}*, screaming, I like the screaming, screaming good *{I mean, isn't that what cheerleaders do}*, she's so delightful, little girl, bog wife, bog wight, bog wight have the wife, try to get it off, tear in her eye, happiness I think, but play the crowd, the screams, the horror, oh, the horror, am I the horror *{er, no comment, you think it's chaos on the field, you should see the inside of this guy's mind}*, look into my eyes little girl, look, see, do you see the horror *{do you}*, of the field *{think on it}*, this game *{what a travesty}*, ruined earth *{could be a bog, you know}*, dead for nothing *{drained and dry}*, like you brother, maybe, could be *{could be}*, take my hand, his place for yours, your by my side *{so, like, an offer, his life, for hers, the sparing, that time old nuptial twist; but then, there is the confusion, yes, that's the only way to describe it, the confusion, like the buzzings of bees, insects}*, swarming, too many, swarming, *{the team on his side, all of the team, both of the team}*, pounding down now *{back from whence you came, vile scum... or is that virile scum... and the brother, to the side, nursing his wounds, glaring, it*

was supposed to be play, pretend, somebody told him it would be, did they tell his sister that too, does she even know, that this is the price for the land, married to the soil, and with these parting thoughts, it is time for the Wight to dissolve, like his father before him, and his father before him, because for there to be a good, there must be a bad, but being good is, oh, so much easier, if the bad in the end is quite good...}

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*being an unauthorized glimpse into the bonding rites of the
ancients, their allies, and friends
Celli*