



BELGIAN FUNHOUSE  
22<sup>nd</sup> June – 28<sup>th</sup> June, 2024  
Peter Benoitstraat 36, 2018 Antwerpen

‘What’s this duck doing in my establishment?’  
‘She wants to watch the movie,’ Tiny said amiably, cutting off Granddaddy who was already starting to froth.  
‘We don’t want anything unusual,’ the manager said firmly, if without immediate reference.  
Granddaddy erupted, ‘Well that really narrows the shit out of your life, don’t it? This happens to be a Kung Fu Attack Duck, especially bred by the Tong Society. We’d leave her home, but she’s killing all the coyotes.’  
‘That’s not really true, sir,’ Tiny said quickly. ‘We found her in a pothole and raised her up. She’s kinda family.’  
‘Listen,’ the manager said, raising his hands in either exasperation or surrender, ‘we are willing to be reasonable about this but ...’  
‘I’m not,’ Granddaddy snarled, grinding the two teeth that met. ‘If you don’t go away and leave us alone to enjoy our evening at this shithole excuse of a drive-in, we will come back tomorrow night with the bed of this truck full of wild pigs and a couple of throughs full of fermented corn mash, and if that doesn’t sway your intelligence we’ll come back the next night and my son Tiny will tear off your arms and pound on your head with them until you get the idea.’  
‘I’d only do that if I was really mad,’ Tiny assured him.  
Fup tucked her head under her wing.  
‘I won’t be threatened,’ the manager shrilled.  
‘No, you’ll be hurting,’ Granddaddy promised. Then he added, still sharply but somewhat softer, ‘A duck. A duck. What possible fucking difference could it make to your stunted heart or the world at large?’  
‘All right, all right,’ the manager relented, backing away. ‘But keep it in the car. And if there’s anything unusual, you’re out. And no refund.’

[from: Jim Dodge: FUP, Edinburgh, 2015, p. 72-74.]