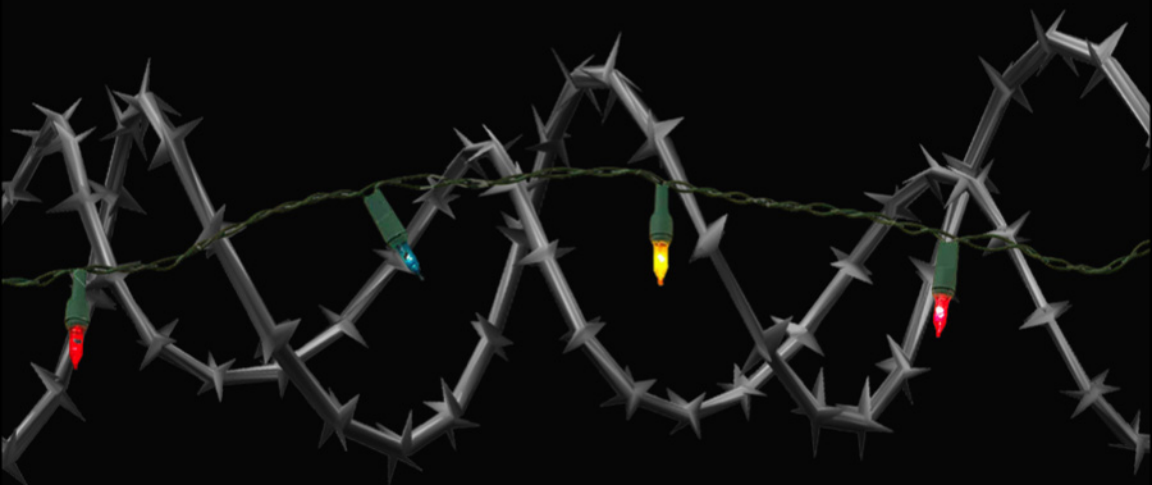


BLEEDY THE DIRTMAN

A WASTELANDS GIFTMAS STORY

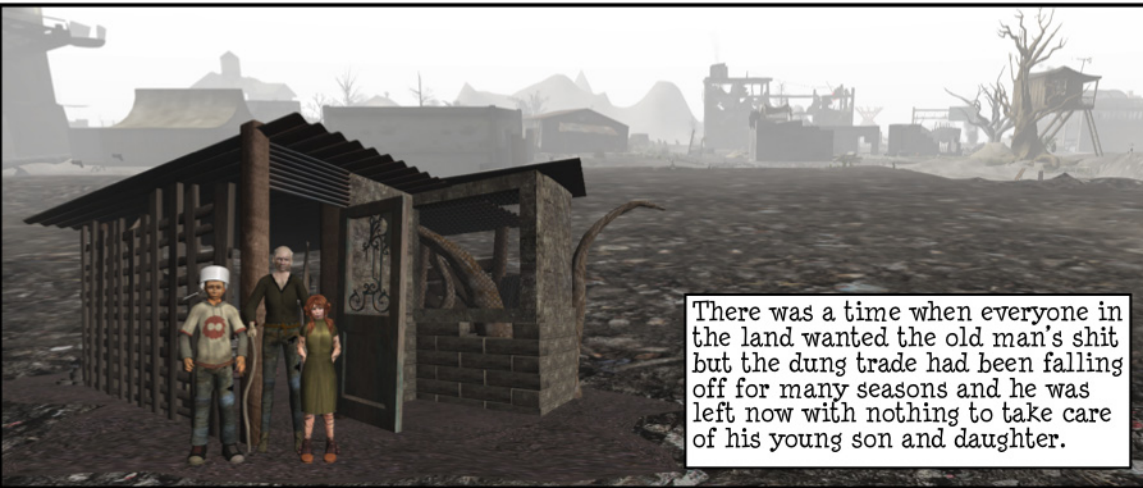


BLEEDY THE DIRTMAN

A WASTELANDS GIFTMAS STORY



Long, long ago, at about this time of year, there lived an old dung farmer and his two children.



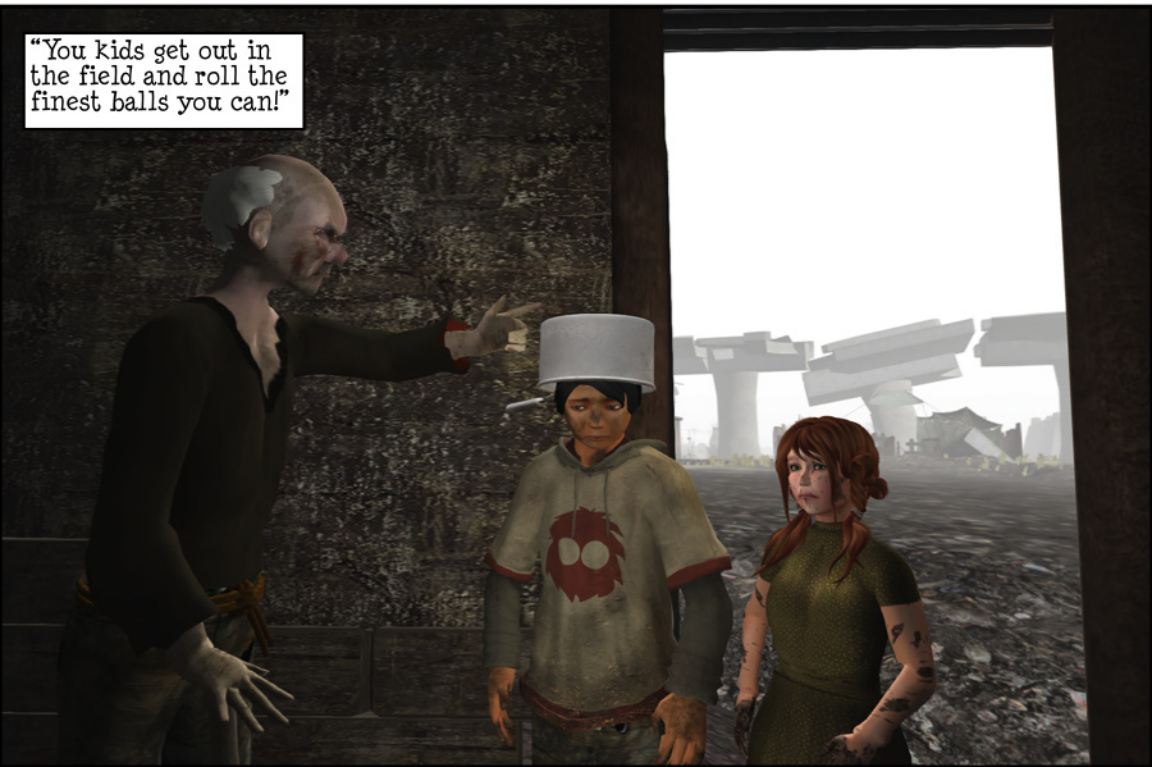
There was a time when everyone in the land wanted the old man's shit but the dung trade had been falling off for many seasons and he was left now with nothing to take care of his young son and daughter.

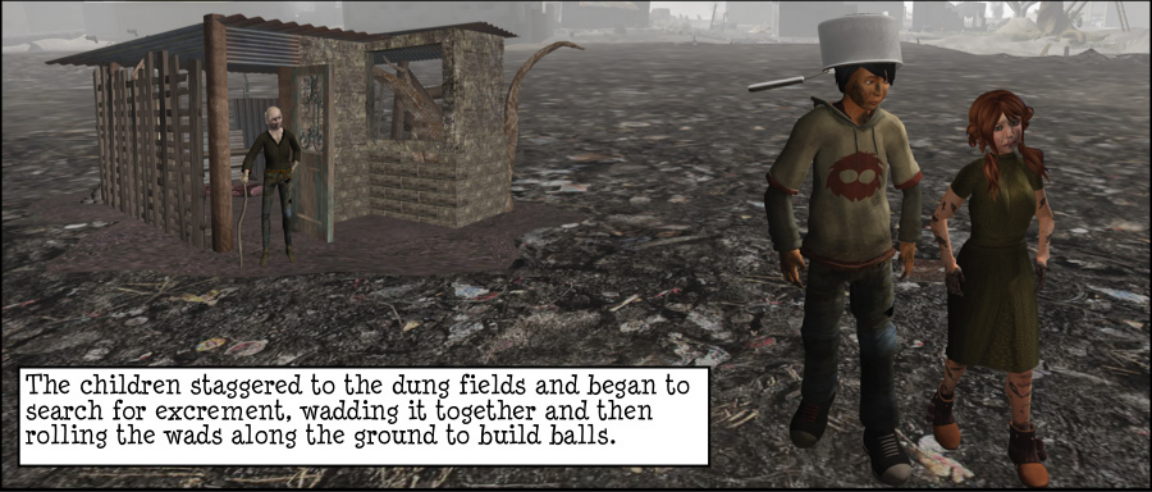


"I will take what is left of our dung to the trading post. Maybe it will yield enough for a scrap of flatbread," the old man told his gaunt, nervous children.



"You kids get out in the field and roll the finest balls you can!"





The children staggered to the dung fields and began to search for excrement, wadding it together and then rolling the wads along the ground to build balls.



In the past these balls were easy and quick to make, and intimidating to behold. But now the dung was thin and scarce, difficult to wad, and gathered much grit and bits of garbage when rolled across the withered fields.

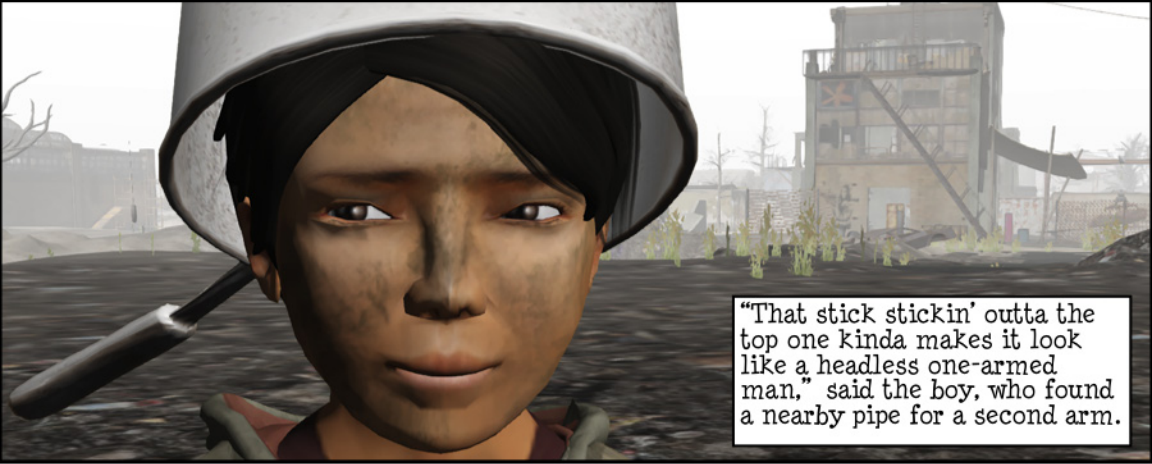


The children made a stack of two substandard dung balls and collapsed, exhausted from their work.

"These are terrible balls, look at all the junk stuck in them!" lamented the girl.



"That stick stickin' outta the top one kinda makes it look like a headless one-armed man," said the boy, who found a nearby pipe for a second arm.



They both laughed at the decapitated man-shaped crap stack and quickly rolled another inferior dung ball, plopping it on for a head. Then they tossed a crust of dirt on the whole thing to keep the smell down.





Back at home, the old farmer was getting ready when there was a clobber at the door.



It was a robber who had heard rumors of a rich farmer hiding piles of sweet dung money.



The robber threatened the farmer with a knife but a swift cane to the groin gave the old man time to escape and run to the fields.

ALUGH!



!@#\$%



By this time the children had added cute little bottle caps for coat buttons and some funny old tin cans for ears, and as they stood giggling they heard their father screaming for his life.



But the robber was a thick and unlucky man. As he chased the farmer he slipped on a dung wad and landed on his own knife. The robber's blood soon deserted him and soaked the field, and the grateful old man held his filthy children close.



There must have been some magic in that clumsy robber's juices because a deep and mysterious voice suddenly spoke to the frightened family...

"Get me a damn hat!" it bellowed, "And get some coal for my eyes!"



"Do we look like we have any coal?" quipped the girl.



Then they all realized that a stack of dung and dirt was talking to them, and they were sore afraid.

They quickly gathered the many things it demanded and soon the bloody man of dirt took shape, with a rusty mouth and a mek-mek nose and two eyes made out of eyes.



The story of Bleedy the mysterious talking Dirt Man, who killed a vicious robber and stole his eyes and gave presents to all the children, soon spread far and wide across the land.

However some of the tale may have been embellished by history.



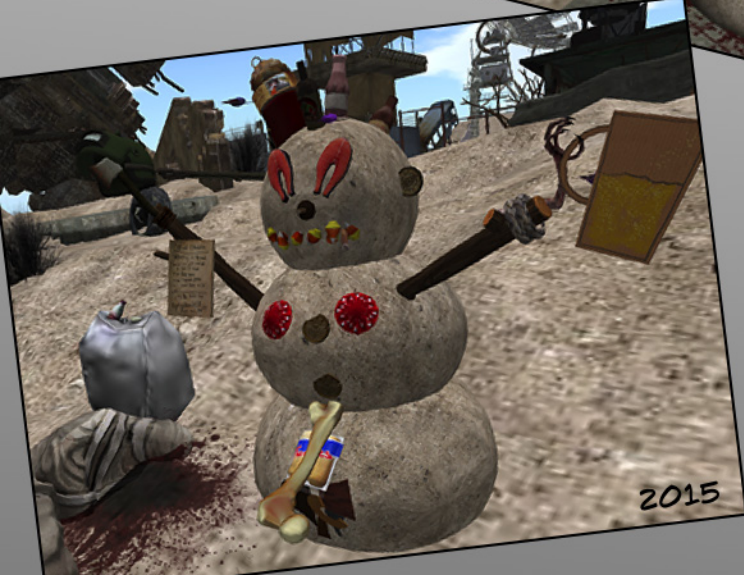
Whatever the reason, every year at this special time young and old alike still wad and roll dung, crust it with dirt, give it junk for a face, and fret together around it.

And so, as the horrified children observed...

"God help us, everyone!"



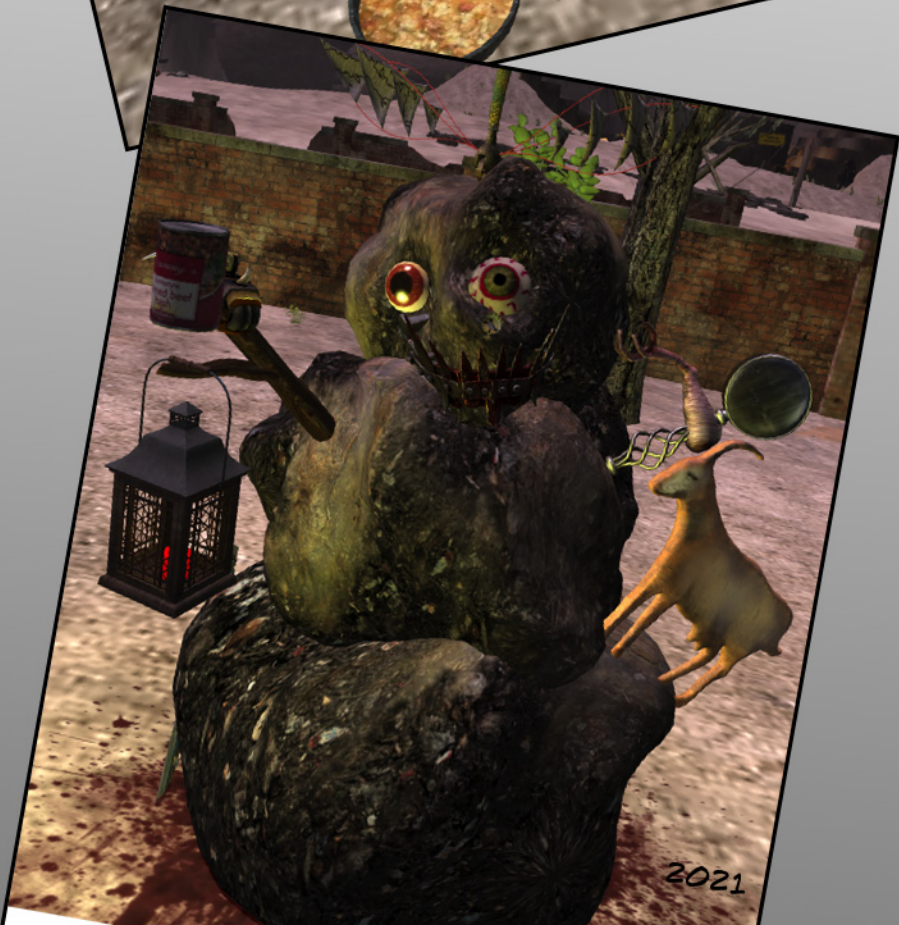
MERRY GIFTMAS WASTELANDERS!



SPECIAL THANKS TO
PANPOT AND NIASAGE









2023...?

