

Little Green Rednecks

by Hugh Barlow

Terra = Terror. This was the message that I spray paint on the red rocks of the Valles Marineris. The green paint stands out well against the stone, It matches my skin, and I'm sure that others will appreciate the message fer years ta come. Me an' Earl (my buddy-- Earl is short for Earliarixzzzz) is on our way ta the Tharsis Montes ta hunt fer chitterblax. They is gettin' harder to find, an' we had ta bring the snellacs along ta sniff 'em out. If you ain't never hunted chitterblax using snellacs, I feel sorry fer you. Theys ain't nothin' more excitin' than the brayin' of a snellac as she scents a chitterblax. The pack gets excited, an' we set 'em loose ta chase the critter to its lair. Once holed, the chitterblax is quite dangerous, but my lead hunter is sharp. She knows how ta dodge in ta keep the chitterblax in the lair without gettin' close enough ta be gored. We is usin' Earl's suburban because my all terrain vehicle doesn't have enough room for me an' Earl ta sprawl out fer a nap. It's quite a drive ta the mountains of Tharsis from Xanthe. Between me, Earl, an' the snellacs, we need all the room we c'n git. We tanked up at Charlie's Bait-N-Bullets. Charlie's is the last stop on the route ta the mountains where you c'n git both ammo and fuel, an' Earl's suburban only gits about 6 clicks ta the liter. It's a good thing that Earl has a big tank! We also have cans strapped ta the roof in case we run out.

The slickers from Ophir Planum kept givin' me an' Earl dirty looks as we drove through town. I overheard a couple of 'em comment that we shoul'da got us a new vehicle since Earl's old 'burban uses too much fuel an' is contributing ta the greenhouse gasses in the atmosphere. Them pantywaists was all drivin' Beamers an' wearing pretty clothes. The uppity bastards even went so far as to cover the red stripe on the back of their necks. There ain't no ROOM in a Beamer for a pack of snellacs, an' if we was to bag a chitterblax, we would NEVER be able ta bring it home-not even if we used the

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ROOF of the vehicle! Earl's fender's just about right fer carrying an adult chitterblax. Nope, we ain't buyin' no fancy-pants econo-box! Gimme room an' POWER! Ennyways, me an Earl headed ta the trench an' made that pit-stop for freedom of expression. Earl kept a look out for the fuzz whilst I left my mark, an' once I was done expressin' myself an' takin' a whizz, we loaded back up an' put a few clicks between us'n' home. A few days trapped in a suburban with a pack of snellacs will make a fella come ta appreciate the great outdoors. Even taking potty breaks, it was gettin' rank inside the 'burban by the time we got ta Syria Planum. By then, we could see the mountains in the distance, an' me, Earl, an' the snellacs was gettin' antsy. The snellacs was tired of kibble. I knew the feelin'. Dry rations was startin' ta taste like cardboard.

Arsia Mons has the biggest crater with a huge glacier in the middle. They's more area to hunt for chitterblax there, but it is also the most popular with the pantywaists from the city. Most of the chitterblax has been hunted out, and if the rangers even think you is there ta bag one without a permit, you will get fined. The pretty-boys can afford the permits. Me an' Earl cain't. The next most popular spot to hunt fer chitterblax is Pavonis Mons. It is closest to the base camp and has a nice deep crater. The ice gets very little sunlight, and has not receded as much as the glacier on Arsia Mons, but the glacier is much smaller. We chose ta go to the most difficult hunting ground, Ascraeus Mons. You don't have to pay for a permit there. Few folks actually bag anything, an' most don't want ta climb the tallest of the three mountains just hopin' to get somethin'. We was desperate, so's we went even though the glaciers on all three mountains is evaporatin'. The shrinkin' habitat o' the chitterblax perplexes me. I keeps hearin' about how all this global warmin' is man made, and I sure as hell wish them Terran bastards would stop pollutin' the atmosphere. I mean, here we are on Mars, an' them bastards hasn't even left HOME an' they's messin' things up fer us! The smarty-pants back on Terra have been sending all kinds of junk our way, though, an' we keep hidin' so's they cain't find

us. We sure don't want ta encourage 'em ta come an' visit in person. We got most folks on Terra convinced that we don't exist, an' we aim ta keep it that way. Look at what theys done ta Venus, after all!

Chitterblax is about ta us what bears is to Terrans. They ain't the same, but they's occupy about the same nitch in the ecology. They's about as big as a polar bear, but they's got eight feet instead a four. They's ain't got no pelt ta speak of, but theys shell is quite useful fer household utensils. Until we discovered Terran radio an' Terran TV, theys was the main source fer our kitchen goods. The meat is quite tasty too. Now we make pots an' pans outa metal like you all, an' we make plates an' cups outa ceramic. Mosta the city folks eat food that is growed on farms run by families like mine. Theys a few o' us who perfer to do things the old fashioned way, and me, Earl, an' our families is some o' 'em. We still prefer ta hunt. Course, it is sure too far to go huntin' by thraxiz like we used ta, but the SUV works well instead.

"Hey. Bubba!" (my name is Bubbaliariaxzzzz an' me an' Earl is kinda cousins) Earl yells out. "Tell me ag'in how all this warmin' is the fault of the Terrans." Earl ain't too bright, an' sometimes you has to repeat yourself ta git him ta unnerstan'.

"I was listenin' ta one o' them Terran religious broadcasts 'bout Mother Earth when they up an' says that global warmin' was all the fault o' mankind, an' they had ta make the non-believers see that all the drivin' they did, an' all the stuff they bought was causin' the planet ta warm up. This was makin' the oceans rise an' killin off whole species o' critters just like it is doin' ta the chitterblax. Some folks got ta fightin' 'gainst the faithful by sayin' how Terra has been warmer than it is now, an' it was likely that the warmin' they was goin' thru was due to somethin' other than man. Some even went so far as ta say that it may be ole Sol who is responsible and point out that our planet and Pluto was experiencin' the same type o' effect, but the preacher done said not ta believe 'em 'cause the science was settled. He said there was some kinda consensus among scientists

an' that this proved the existence o' 'Man Made Global Warming.'
The sceptics replied that in no way was the science settled, an' that
this 'Global Warming' scam was nothing but 'Watermellon Politics.'
They say it is green on the outside, but red inside. I don't quite know
what that means, but I think it has something to do with growin'
watermellons, which the Terrans love ta eat. Ennyhows, I kinda
think that the preacher was right. I just wish them damned Terrans
would get their act together and quit polutin' the atmosphere 'round
here. I heard there was a group that called themselves 'Earth
Firsters,' and that their motto was. 'Earth First.' I think I'ma Firster.
Earth First! Let'em mess up the OTHER planets later! Maybe they
will do themselves in before they get ta us. You ready ta go huntin'?"

