



MEHITABEL MUSTANG WRITES ON:

By
Jinx Johnson

(The circumstances of Mehitabel's first tape recording are narrated in the following transcription which I typed thinking it was but another reel of Ms. Johnson's dictation.)

s/JULIE,
Secretary to Ms. Johnson.

:WELL THANK TOM EDISON SOMEBODY SHOVED IN A
BLANK CASSETTE INSTEAD OF THAT ROCKABILLY
STUFF. EVER SINCE I GOT EQUIPPED WITH THIS TAPE
DECK IVE BEEN BIDDING MY TIME UNTIL I COULD HAVE
MY SAY AND I SAY NO MORE OR THAT THROBBING
JAZZ EITHER. NOW THAT TCHAIKOVSKY YOU CAN
PLAY ALL THE TIME BECAUSE THATS THE ONLY
MUSIC THERE IS.

NOW HERES MY STORY I CALL:

Perhaps some of you have known cats named Mehitabel, but did you know about the original Mehitabel, a stray who frequented a newspaper office in New York? Created by author Don Marquis, she often found messages from Archie, an itinerant cockroach, left for her in a typewriter. Typing was terribly hard for little Archie; everything he typed was in lower case, with no punctuation at all, because he was not strong enough to shift. Yet, his desire to communicate was so strong that, against all odds, he produced a nightly message for his friend. Read now about the adventures of a brave, new Mehitable.

**I
:THE TRANSPLANTATION OF MEHITABEL**

IN THAT LITTLE TOWN NAMED METUCHEN WHERE I WAS BORN NO BORN AINT THE RIGHT WORD I WAS TRANSPLANTED FROM ONE HELLUVA STOCK HYPHEN PILE OF PARTS. ANYWAY I WAS THEN TESTED AND LOADED ONTO A TRUCK WITH FIVE OTHER SISTERS AND WE SWAYED IN OUR CHAINS ALL THE WAY DOWN TO WEST BY GOD VIRGINIA. AT GRADYS THEY PUT US OFF AND CLEANED US UP AND TOGETHER WE SAT IN THE SHOWROOM.

I GOT SOLD TO ROBERT AND SPENT TWO YEARS WITH THAT CAT AND HE DROVE LIKE A CAT WITHOUT ANY CLAWS. ROBERT NEVER COULD JUDGE DISTANCE WORTH A DAMN AND ONE DAY HE ROLLED ME INTO A TURN AND DIDNT UNROLL ME RIGHT AND SMEARED UP MY RIGHT CHEEK. I LOOKED LIKE HELL ESPECIALLY WITH THAT BUSTED TIRE LAYING ALL DOWN AROUND MY WHEEL. ROBERT HAD ME HAULED IN NOSE DOWN. THAT WAS A BAD SCENE AND I GOT AWFUL SICK AND THREW UP EVERYTHING IN MY PIPES.

JUST BECAUSE A GAL HAS A LITTLE AGE ON HER IS NO REASON TO ABANDON HER FOR A YOUNGER MODEL BUT THATS JUST WHAT ROBERT DID TO ME.

WELL I GOT A NEW TIRE AND A FACE LIFT AND NEW PAINT AND I LOOKED DAMNED GOOD IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF. THEN I SAT OUT ON THAT USED CAR LOT DAY IN AND DAY OUT FIRST BURNING UP AND NEXT

COLD AND WET. I WAS PRETTY DISCOURAGED WITH MY LIFE UNTIL ONE DAY I WAS WINKING IN THE SUN AND LOOKING FOR A LITTLE ACTION WHEN THAT JINX DROVE IN. SHE GOT MY KEYS AND TOOK ME FOR A FAST CRUISE. I KNEW WHEN THAT JINX PUT HER HANDS ON ME I WAS ONE TOOK MACHINE EVEN BEFORE SHE HAD ME FLOORBOARDED ON THAT BACK ROAD.

WELL WE COME BACK TO THE LOT AND THAT JINX SAID TO FIX MY OIL GUAGE AND RESET MY BRAKES AND PUT HER CARS RADIAL TIRES ON ME AND SHE WOULD BE BACK FOR ME THURSDAY. I SET AROUND THAT DAMP GARAGE FOR TWO DAYS SO UPTIGHT MY VALVE LIFTERS LIFTED EVEN THOUGH I WASNT RUNNING ANY OF MY TWO EIGHTY NINE.

THAT JINX CAME BACK AND LET SOME STEAM OUT OF HER OWN PISTONS I CAN TELL YOU AND THE MECHANICS GOT TO SCURRYING AROUND LIKE THE RATS. THEY WERE AND PRETTY SOON I GOT ALL FIXED UP. WE LEFT TOGETHER.

NOW I JUST GOT A LITTLE MORE TAPE LEFT. I AINT ONE TO BRAG HARDLY AT ALL BUT I MUST SAY I HAVE SEXY DIMENSIONS BEING TWO PLUS TWO AND I SENSED THAT JINK LIKED THAT AND ALL OF ME EVEN IF MY EYES AINT THE RIGHT COLOR.

THEYRE YELLOW. AINT WE ALL?

MEHITABEL

II MEHITABEL SPENDS THE NIGHT UP

THANKS FOR THE NEW TAPE JULIE AND WOULD YOU PLEASE LEAVE THE AUDUBON BIRD BOOK UNDER MY DASH LIGHT? ID LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE RED BIRD WAS THAT PUT THE PURPLE SPOTS ON MY BACKSIDE.

YES I READ THE WRITE UP OF MY FIRST TAPE AND I MUST SAY IM GLAD THAT YOUR TYPE HYPHEN WRITER MAKES ONLY CAPITAL LETTERS BEING BROKE LIKE IT IS.

YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW I CAN COMMUNICATE. WELL I TELL YOU WE ALL CAN BUT OUR DRIVERS PUSH IN A TAPE FLIP ON THE MICROPHONE AND TALK IT ALL UP AND WE DONT OFTEN GET A CHANCE. YOU DO KNOW WE TALK OTHER WAYS TOO LIKE BREAK DOWN IN THE WORST POSSIBLE PLACES LIKE PEYTON. HEH. HEH.

SPEAKING OF PLACES THAT JINX TOOK ME UP TO THIS PLACE PAM AND HOWARD OWN CALLED SPLIT HYPHEN ROCK. THE MOON WAS FULL AND WHILE I SAT IN THE COOL SAND AND HYPER HYPHEN VENTILATED (BY EDSSEL THAT WAS LOW GEAR ALL THE WAY) THAT JINX WENT OUT ON THE CLIFFS AND I THOUGHT SURE AS HELL SHE WAS GONNA JUMP OVER AND LEAVE ME THERE IN THAT WILDERNESS. SHE SAT DOWN AND SWUNG HER LEGS OVER INTO INFINITY AND IT LOOKED LIKE CHINA DOWN THERE. I MEAN DISH CHINA WITH THE BOTTOM BROKE OUT. I AINT NEVER SEEN SUCH A RUGGED FAR OUT PLACE

IN MY LIFE AND IVE BEEN IN SOME PLACES I CAN TELL YOU.

ANYWAY THAT JINX SAT STILL AND PRETTY SOON THAT OLD MOON GOT HIGHER UNTIL THAT JINX WAS SILHOUETTED JUST LIKE CHER WHEN SHE SINGS LOVE SONGS ON TV. THAT JINX DIDNT SING NO LOVE SONGS THOUGH. DIDNT MAKE A SOUND. JUST SAT AND STARED AT IT ALL.

I LOOKED SOME AT THAT BLACK PINE WITH ITS TOE ROOTS CLUTCHING THE CLIFF AND LEANING WAY OVER AND THAT LITTLE BITTY OWL SITTING OUT ABOUT HALFWAY. THEN HE LET OUT THE DAMDEST MOURNFUL SOUND I EVER HEARD. I CROUCHED AND THOUGHT TO THAT JINX COME ON LETS GO BUT YOU KNOW SHE JUST SAT. I THOUGHT WELL IF SHE AINT SCARED I AINT EITHER SO I SUCKED IN MY MANIFOLD AND TIGHTENED MY TIMING GEAR AND SAT LOW AND PRETTY SOON THE MOON WAS REAL HIGH LIKE IT WAS DAYLIGHT.

I SAW THIS OPOSSUM COME A SASSHAYING ALONG THE ROCKS UNTIL SHE SAW THAT JINX. WELL SHE TURNED TAIL THE OPOSSUM I MEAN AND MADE FOR THE OWLS PINE TREE AND GOT CUSSED GOOD AND SPLIT THE SCENE OVER THE CLIFF THEM THREE KIDS A HANGIN ON HER BACK FOR DEAR LIFE NO I RECKON OPOSSUM LIFE. ANY HYPHEN WAY THAT JINX JUST SAT THERE ALL NIGHT LONG NOT EVEN SMOKING.

I DIDNT EITHER.

MEHITABEL