

## **The Antwolly**

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The antwolly slowly, quietly, carefully crept toward the light blue station wagon. Inside Fred Jones and his wife Alice yelled at each other.

“I told you not to take that exit!” whined Alice. “Look at this! We’re lost!”

“We are not lost!”

“Mommy, I need to go!” complained Tommy.

“Look at the weird trees!” snapped Alice. “Have you ever seen anything like them outside a Dr. Seuss special? I told you not to take an exit for someplace called Cibolbavirus. What is that? It sounds like something you catch on a trip to Mexico!”

The antwolly padded closer to the station wagon. Little Amy waved her purple Barney doll at the antwolly.

“Cibolbavirus is an Indian name!” shouted Fred. “We’re in New Mexico, for Chrissakes!”

“Mommy, I need to go!” complained Tommy.

“Just a minute dear,” said Alice.

The antwolly lifted himself up high on his eight long legs and smiled at Amy who giggled and waved her purple dinosaur doll. It is usually a very bad thing when an antwolly smiles but Amy didn’t know this.

“Cibolbavirus is not an Indian name,” corrected Alice. “I studied Native American languages at San Jose State ....”

“That’s it! Rub it in. You went to college. I didn’t!” shouted Fred.

“Mommy, I need to go!” repeated Tommy.

The antwolly studied Amy curiously. He had never seen anything like her, but the fluffy purple thing looked a lot like a drow. Drows were very sweet and tasty. The antwolly particularly enjoyed the way drows struggled as they slid down his throat, even more than gollylobbers.

“Do you see a place for Tommy to go?” snapped Alice.

“He can go in the woods,” snarled Fred.

The antwolly wondered if Amy was a matrarian. He had never seen one of the rare creatures, said to be even tastier than drows.

“I’m not letting him in those woods,” said Alice. “Who knows what lives in there.”

Fred glared at his wife. “This is New Mexico, not....”

“Mommy, Daddy, look at the big furry thing!” shouted Amy gleefully.

Fred and Alice turned around to look out the rear window. The antwolly smiled at them. Fred caught one glimpse of the long, sharp, bright white incisors and slammed the accelerator.

“Oh. My. God!” stammered Alice.

“Mommy, Daddy, it’s following us!” said Amy, waving her dinosaur at the pursuing antwolly.

Alice grabbed her daughter. “Don’t wave at the big furry thing, dear.”

Fred pressed the accelerator to the floor. The station wagon began to pull away from the antwolly. The antwolly continued to give chase for several seconds, finally realizing it could not keep up. It frowned and skidded to an abrupt stop, sadly watching the station wagon vanish into the distance. No matrarians for dinner tonight.

Fred turned to Alice. “How do we get back on the Interstate!”

THE END