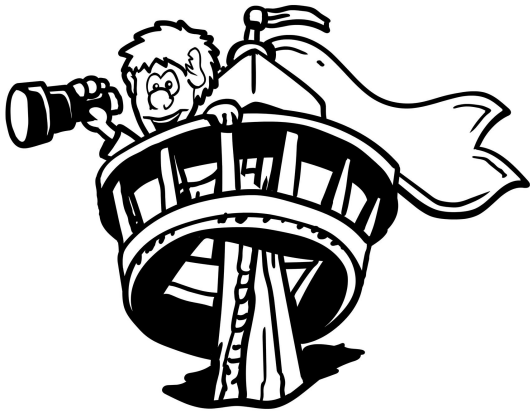
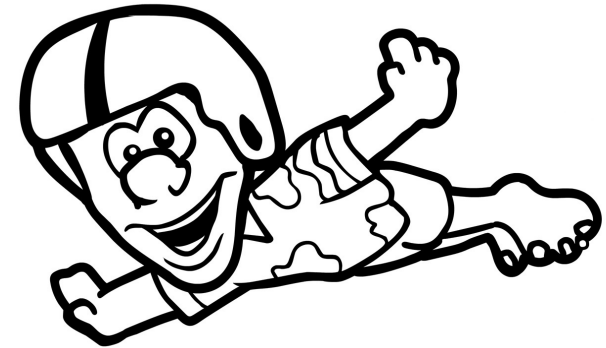


THE STORY OF RUSTY PLIERS





The Story of Rusty Pliers
Copyright ©2020 by Rusty Pliers.
All Rights Reserved.



Illustrations By: Eric Black

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews and certain other non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

For permission request write to the author at the email address below.

ISBN: 978-1-63649-094-6 (Paperback)

ISBN: 978-1-63649-095-3 (ebook)

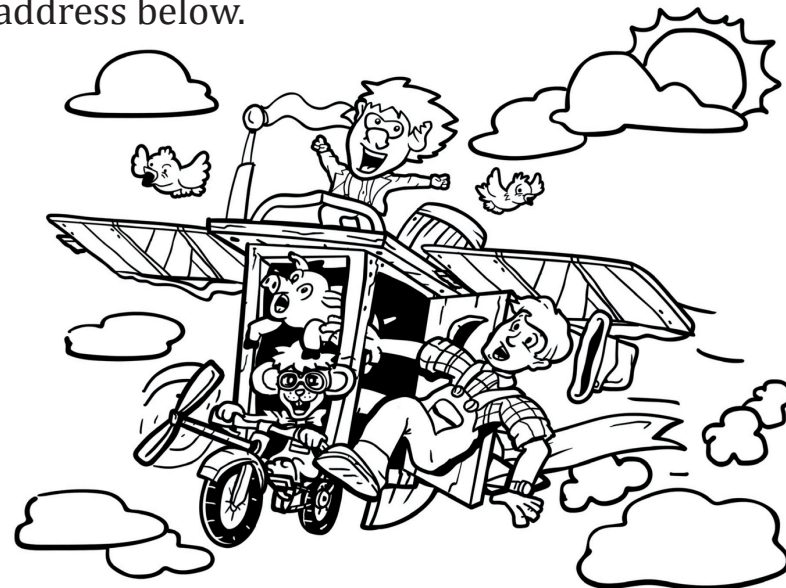
Library of Congress Control Number 2020921170

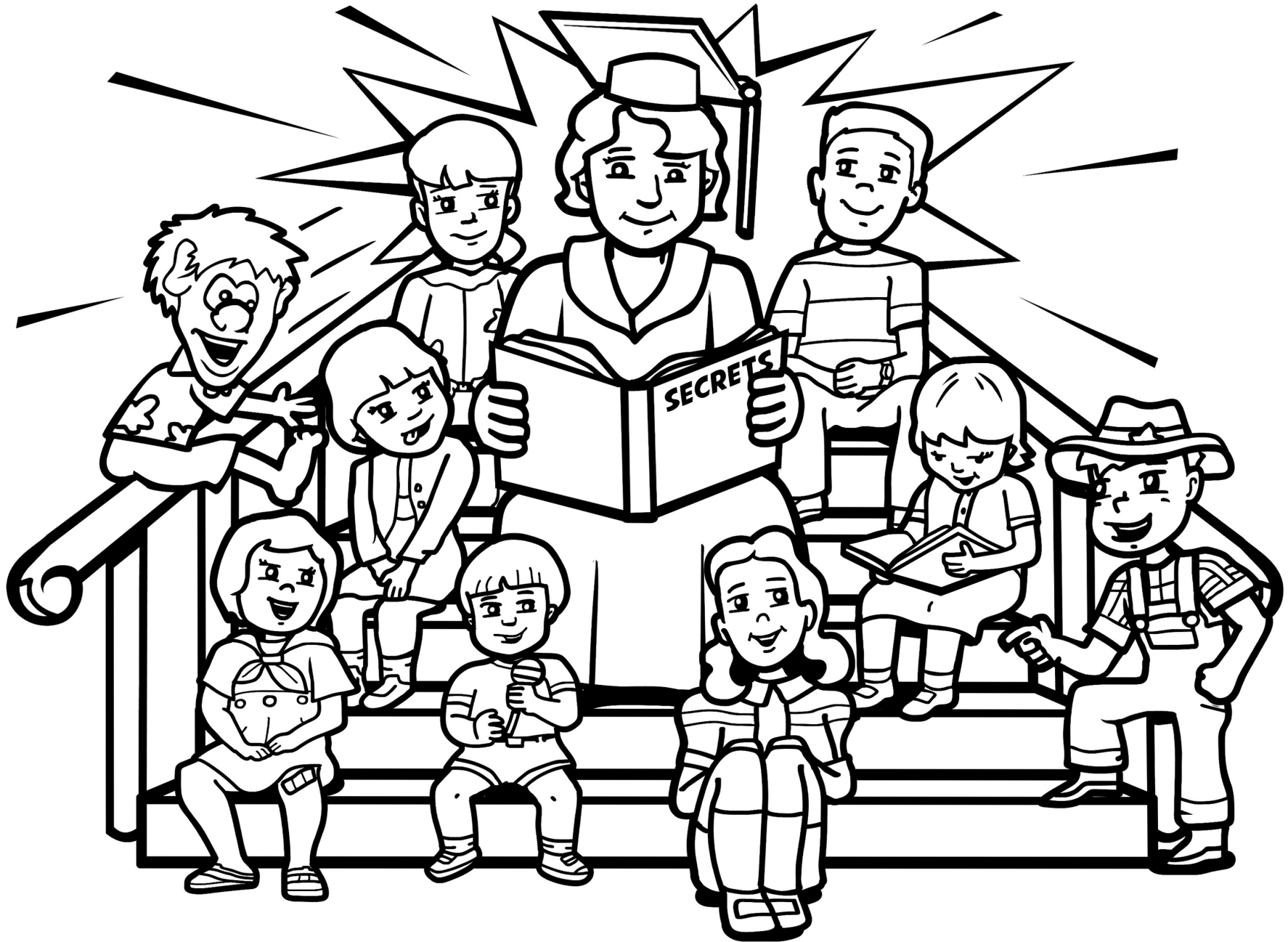
First Printing Edition 2020

www.rustypliers.com

email: rusty@rustypliers.com

Printed in the United States of America
St. Louis, MO

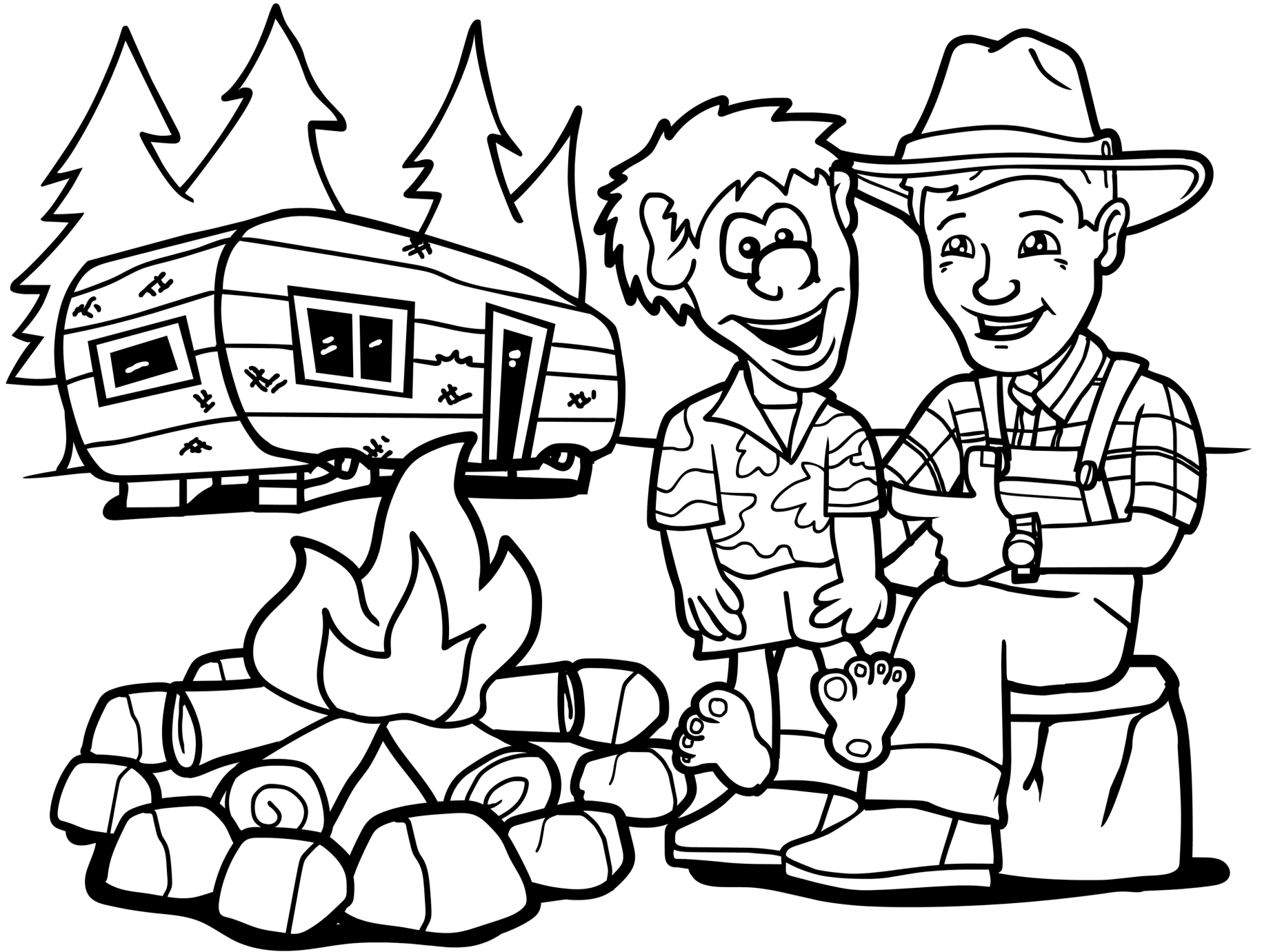




Well, hey! My name is Rusty Pliers, and this is my best friend Meatball. This is the story about how my dream of having my own puppet show came true. I tried to be completely honest while writing this story. But I ended up telling a few tall tales to make my adventures more interesting.

Today, we live in a camper with no wheels in the greatest city in the world: Mehlville, Missouri. We hillbillies in Mehlville have no running water, no flush toilets, and no electricity. Meatball and I just head on down to the gas station when we have to go to the bathroom. Sometimes when it's hot outside, we go to the farm store and visit the pigs and chickens. When it's cold outside, we build a fire and stay warm. Meatball and I love to go to the laundromat, because it's the cultural center of our town. If we are lucky and their electric works, we can watch our favorite television shows.





It all started one day when Meatball and I decided to go to the laundromat and finally wash our bed sheets. I was drinking a soda pop, and Meatball was having fun watching our sheets spin around in the dirty water. We had no idea that our life was about to change. The owner of the laundromat Scooter Floyd asked if we could do a puppet show while waiting for our laundry. I looked at Scooter Floyd and told him that it was impossible to have a puppet show in a laundromat. Meatball told me to stop making excuses because this could be our big opportunity. Next thing I remember, Meatball jumped on top of a washing machine, and we were performing our first puppet show. I was shocked to see everyone laughing at our show and having a humdinger of a time. After the show, Meatball said I needed to have more confidence in myself.

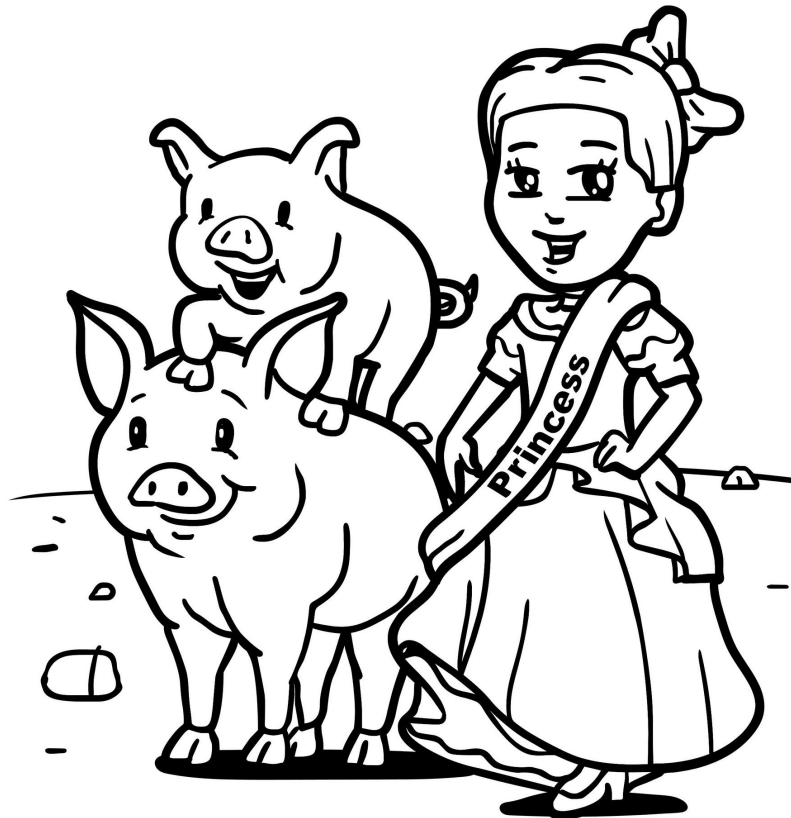
Can you believe the next week Scooter Floyd invited us back to the laundromat to entertain everyone in town? The ladies club from church brought a pot-luck supper for everyone and payed for folks to wash their clothes. When everyone was finished eating, they sat on the floor and watched our show. After just two weeks, we became the most popular puppet show at any laundromat in Mehlville, Missouri.





Our town mayor Mr. Pickles asked if we would do our show at the Hillbilly Fair. We got so excited because the fair was a big deal in Mehlville. Lots of people came into town to have a rip-snorting, knee-smacking good time. We performed our show standing on a flatbed truck in the middle of the street. I'm not good at math, but it seemed like almost ten thousand people were watching our show. We never had that big of a crowd at the laundromat. All my dreams of having a puppet show were really coming true.

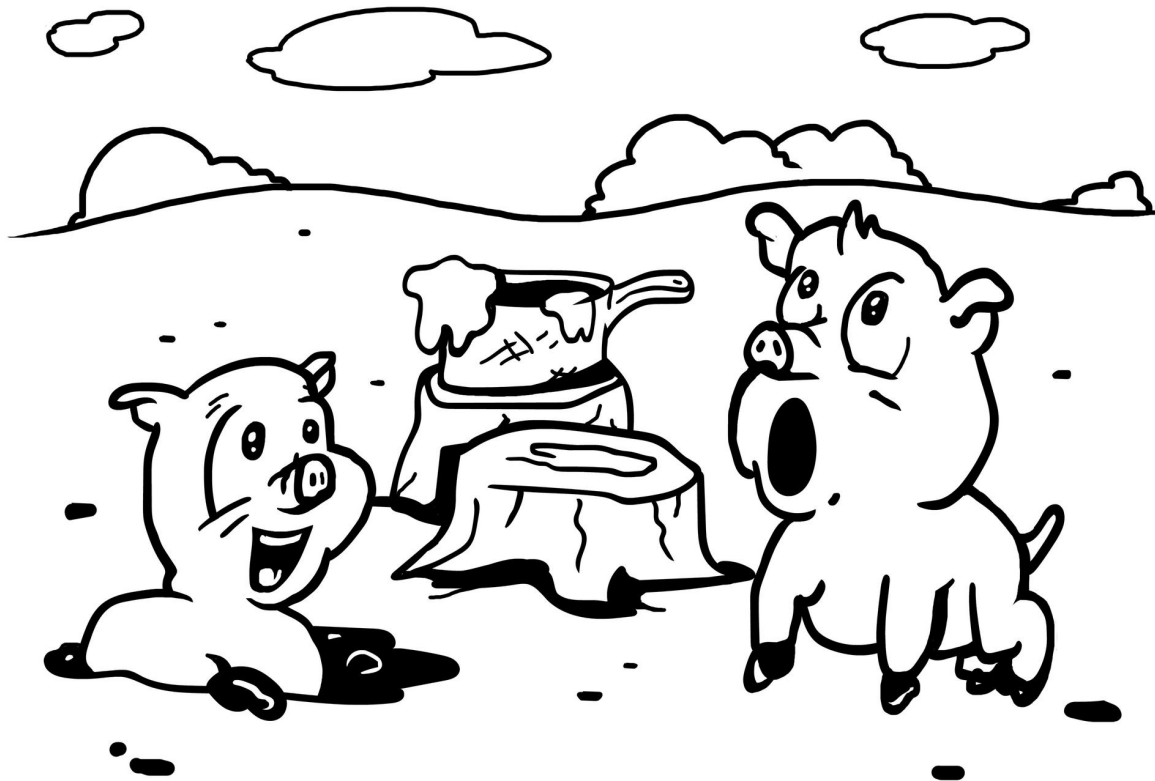
After the show, the town kids were so excited to see Meatball that they started jumping up and down like fleas in the carpet. Mr. Pickles invited Meatball to be in the parade, and he marched down the middle of the street with all the pigs. Meatball even got to walk with the Hillbilly Fair Princess, Emily Rose. She looked prettier than a glob of butter melting down a stack of pancakes.





The Hillbilly Fair had some of the best food in the world. One of our favorite American Hillbilly meals at the fair was “Must-Go Stew.” Hillbilly Patrick invented the award-winning Missouri recipe. Patrick had mixed all the left-over vegetables and potatoes in a large pot. Then, he added his secret ingredients, grits and opossum gravy. Patrick believed everyone should eat opossum because it was the “other white meat.” After the recipe started boiling in the pot, he added Kansas City BBQ sauce to make it taste extra juicy.

Later that day, when Patrick wasn’t looking, Meatball dropped a big skunk into the “Must-Go Stew.” Patrick tasted the stew and spit it right out. Meatball sat over yonder and just started laughing. Patrick was as mad as a Missouri Mule chewing on a bunch of bumblebees.





Meatball and I finally arrived home and were sitting on the porch eating some pickled pig's feet when the mailman stopped in front of our camper. We got a letter from our friend Billy Bob, who knows everything about pigs and camels. He invited us to come and do a special show at an apple orchard in Illinois. The only thing Billy Bob's letter said was that the show had something to do with pumpkins, and it was going to be called The Rusty Pliers Pumpkin Cannon Shenanigans Show.

We had to be the luckiest hillbillies in the world. We got to do our show at the laundromat, the fair, and now a special show with pumpkins at an apple orchard. Meatball and I ran to our river raft and floated down the Mississippi River to the orchard. Nothing was going to stop us from making our dreams come true.

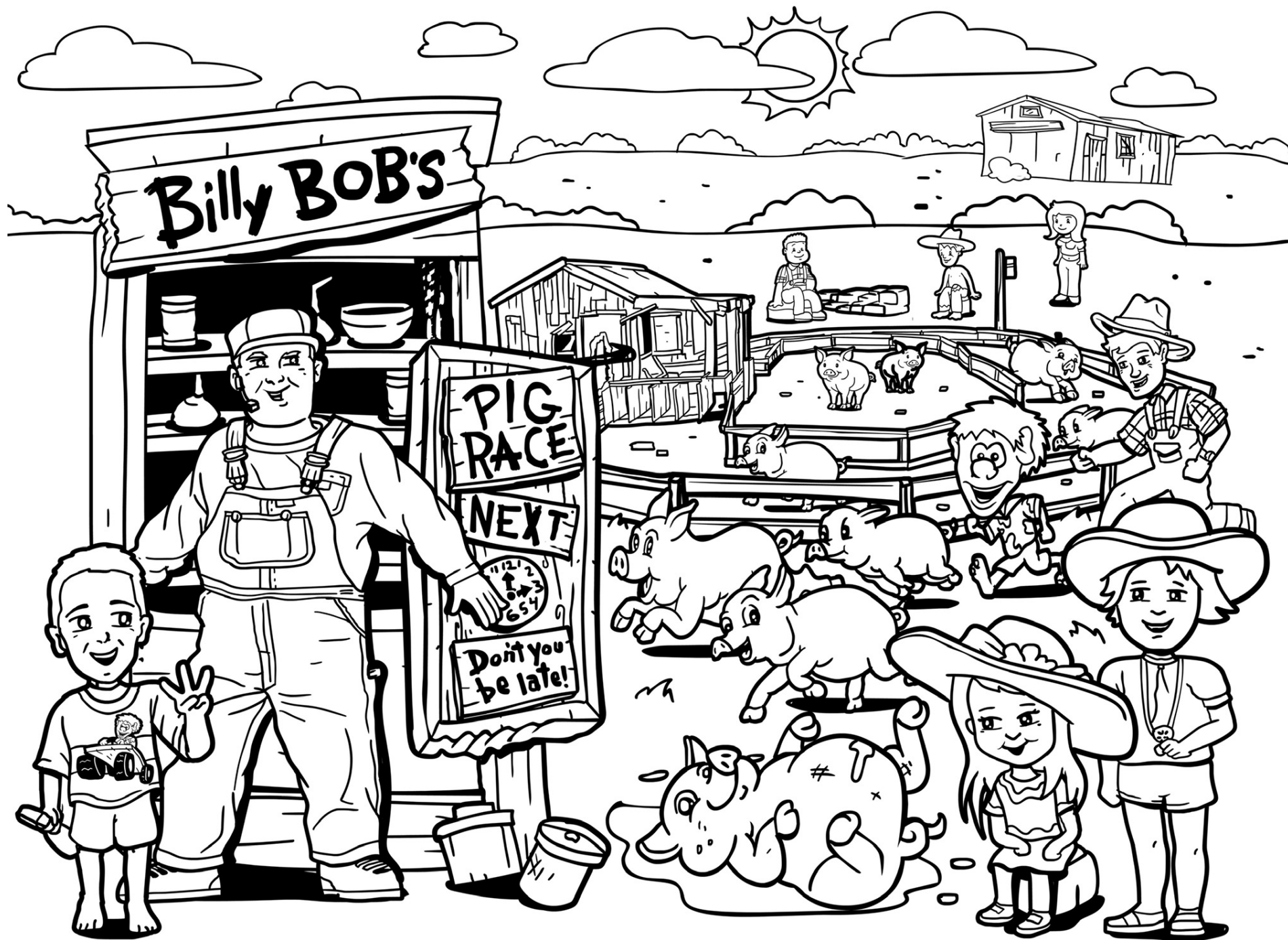




Once we got to the farm, we started running around looking for Billy Bob. We found him at the bottom of the hill. He was working in the Bacon Barn, which was like a little motel where all the pigs lived. His pigs won hundreds of Gold Medals at the Piggy Olympics. Watching Billy Bob's pigs race was a life changing event.

That day at three o'clock, we gathered around the Bacon Barn to watch Billy Bob and the pig races. It was the funniest pig racing show in the world. Billy Bob always said, "It's 15 minutes of your life you will never get back." Billy Bob picked four people to help root for the pigs. Believe it or not, Meatball rooted for the winning pig, and so he won his very own Pooping Pig Key Chain. The other kids all wanted Pooping Pig Key Chains too, and they lined up along the fence to buy one. I can't make this stuff up, folks. No alternative facts here, just the honest truth.

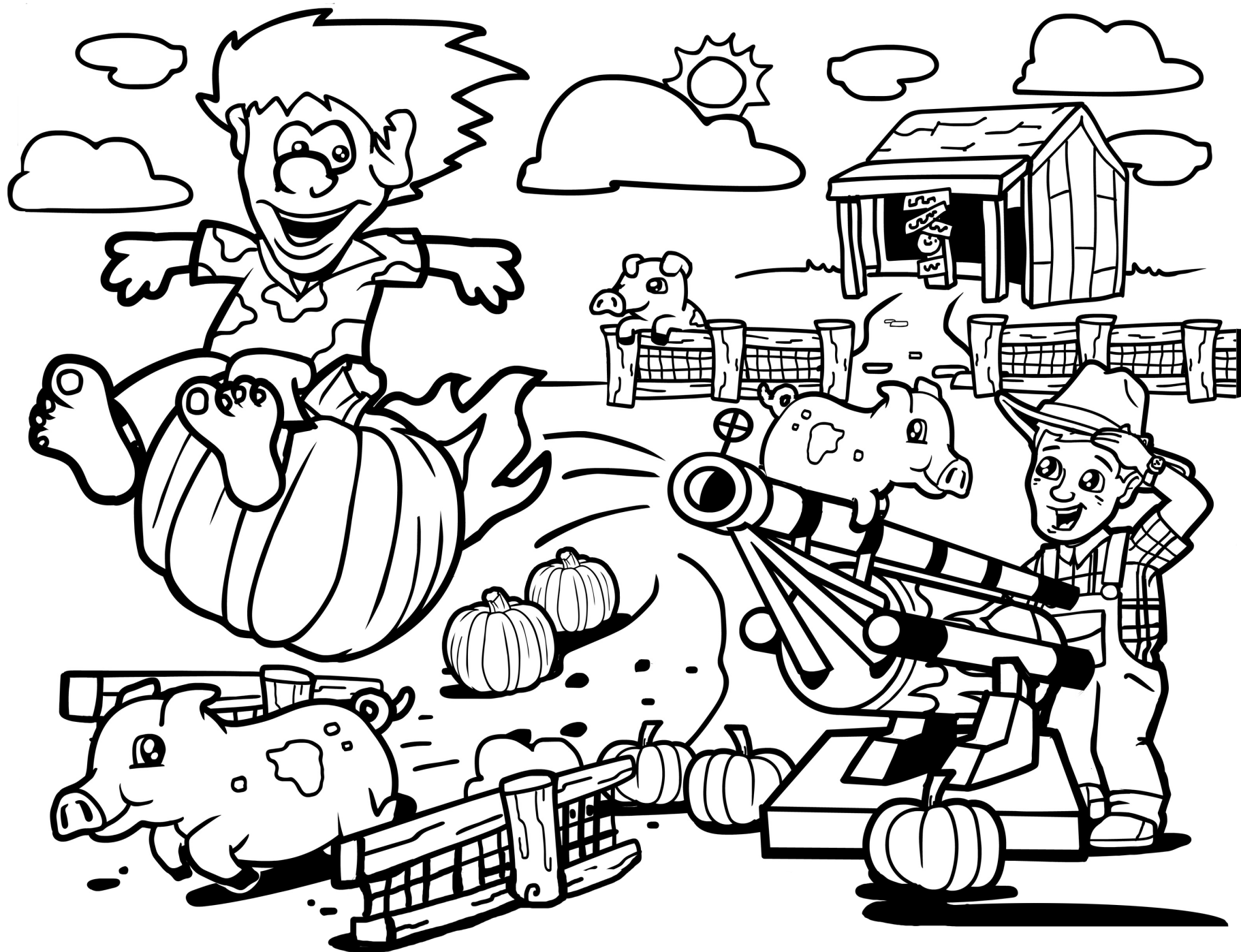




Next, we made our way to the very first Rusty Pliers Pumpkin Cannon Shenanigans Show at the bottom of the hill next to the pig races. I put pumpkins inside the cannon, filled the cannon with the special secret firing solution, and chucked those pumpkins far into the field. Everyone got excited to see the pumpkins fly through the air and hit the ground. Once those pumpkins started flying, we had no control of where they landed. I'd barely graduated high school, and now here I was chucking pumpkins out of a pumpkin cannon. All my dreams had come true, and so can yours. My parents were so proud.

One day, just before a pumpkin show, Meatball decided to put one of Billy Bob's pigs inside the cannon. He thought it would be funny to watch bacon fly. Bill Bob found out about his plan and decided to stuff Meatball inside the cannon instead. I had no idea Meatball was in there. During the show, I put a pumpkin in the cannon and pulled the trigger, and Meatball came flying out sitting on top of a pumpkin. It was a sight to see. All the people in the audience started laughing and watching Meatball fly through the air. Then, Meatball landed right in an apple tree.





Every December was a very special month for hillbillies. We would invite the whole family to come over and celebrate the holidays. Hillbillies loved holidays because you got to eat food, sit around all day, and play board games with your cousins. For entertainment, you got to watch your cousins fight over who would go find the family dogs that were running around the neighborhood.

Hillbilly Megan decided to start a new family tradition. That December, she made Cincinnati Chili for supper. Megan had an ancient secret family recipe from our Aunt Joyce. The chili smelled so good it made our mouths water. Megan was keeping an eye on Meatball because he was trying to put a skunk in the chili. Megan told Meatball that if he did anything to her food, she would put him in the Pumpkin Cannon. Even Meatball knew better than to mess with Megan.





After the holidays, we decided to visit our crazy friend Waffles. He was a famous hillbilly mouse who worked at a puppet show in the local pizza restaurant. Waffles lived in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, in a one room house with his own bathroom. He built his tiny house on top of a mountain overlooking the sights and sounds of Branson. After seeing all the beautiful lights, the noisy people, and the theatres in Branson, Meatball thought we were in New York City.

During our visit, Meatball got all excited and invited Waffles to join our puppet show and come live with us in Mehlville. I tried to tell them we “didn’t have any extra room in the camper for another person.” But Meatball said he would throw away some trash and make a spot on the floor for Waffles to sleep. Well, it was about time Meatball cleaned up his trash. It was really starting to smell like the Bacon Barn inside our camper.





The next thing I knew, we were on our way to a very fancy Opera House for a puppet show. Since we were going to such a fancy place, my grandpa decided to drive us in his truck. We felt so fancy it was almost like riding in a limousine pulled by a horse. My grandpa loved horses so much that he actually smelled like a horse. After sitting in grandpa's truck, you would smell like a horse, too. If you want to hang out with grandpa, you'd better like horses.

Just so you know, when we arrived at the Opera House, we really smelled like a horse. No one realized we smelled like a horse, though, because the whole place smelled like a horse. Just before our show, the kids were playing a game to see who could milk a cow the fastest. The next thing I remember, we were living the dream, performing our puppet show while standing next to a bunch of cows. The only thing that smelled worse than horses and pigs was a bunch of cows. But it didn't matter. I was still the luckiest hillbilly in the world. All my dreams of having a puppet show had really finally come true.

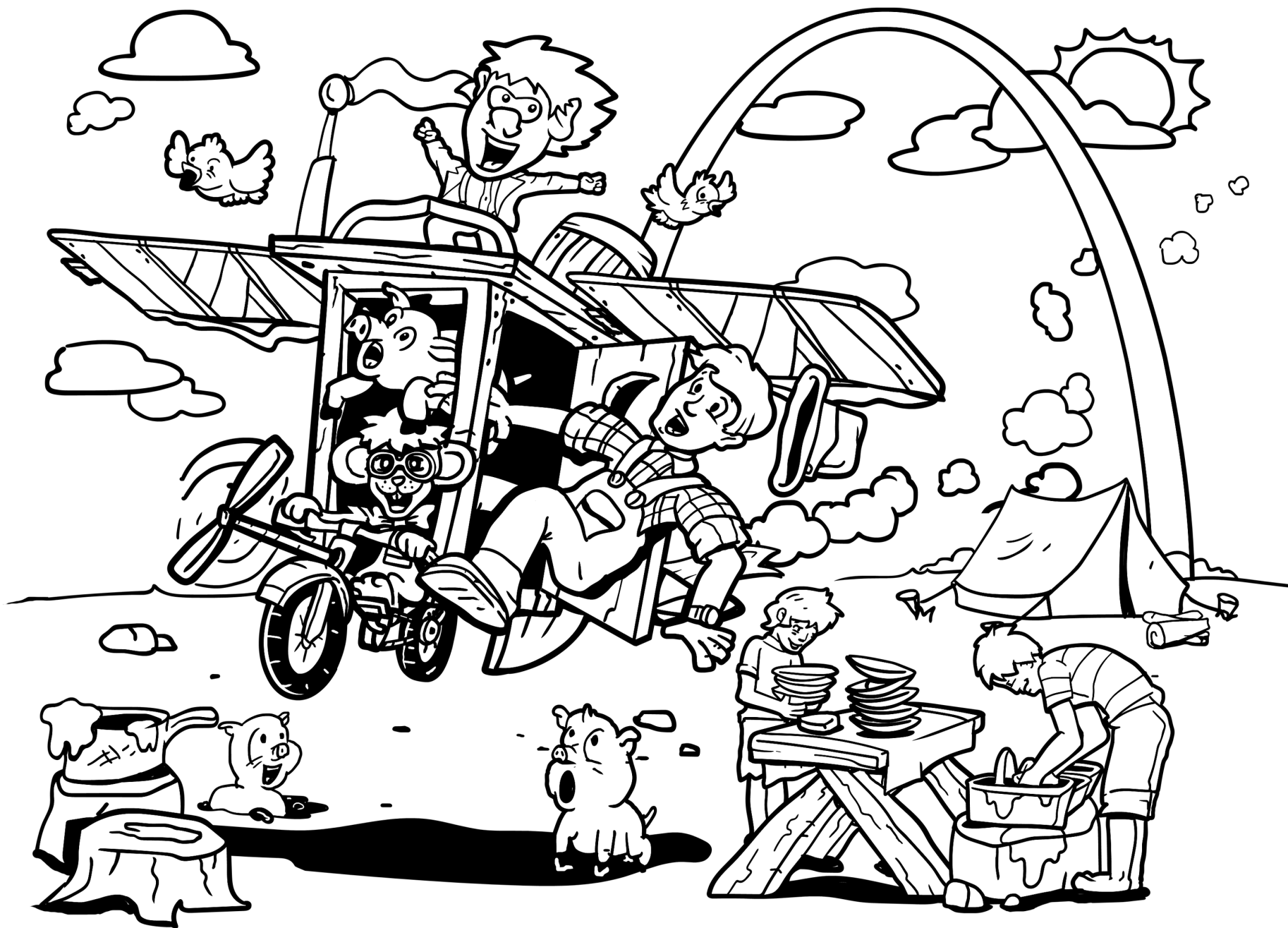




After our show at the not-so-fancy Opera House, we decided to go back to our camper in Mehlville, Missouri. Waffles said all we had to do was click our heals together and say we wanted to go back to Mehlville, and we would be back home. Let's just say that didn't work, so Waffles came up with another bright idea. That's when we learned that Waffles did not know how to fly an airplane. Just because you worked at a puppet show in a pizza restaurant with kiddie rides did not make you an airplane pilot, I can guarantee it.

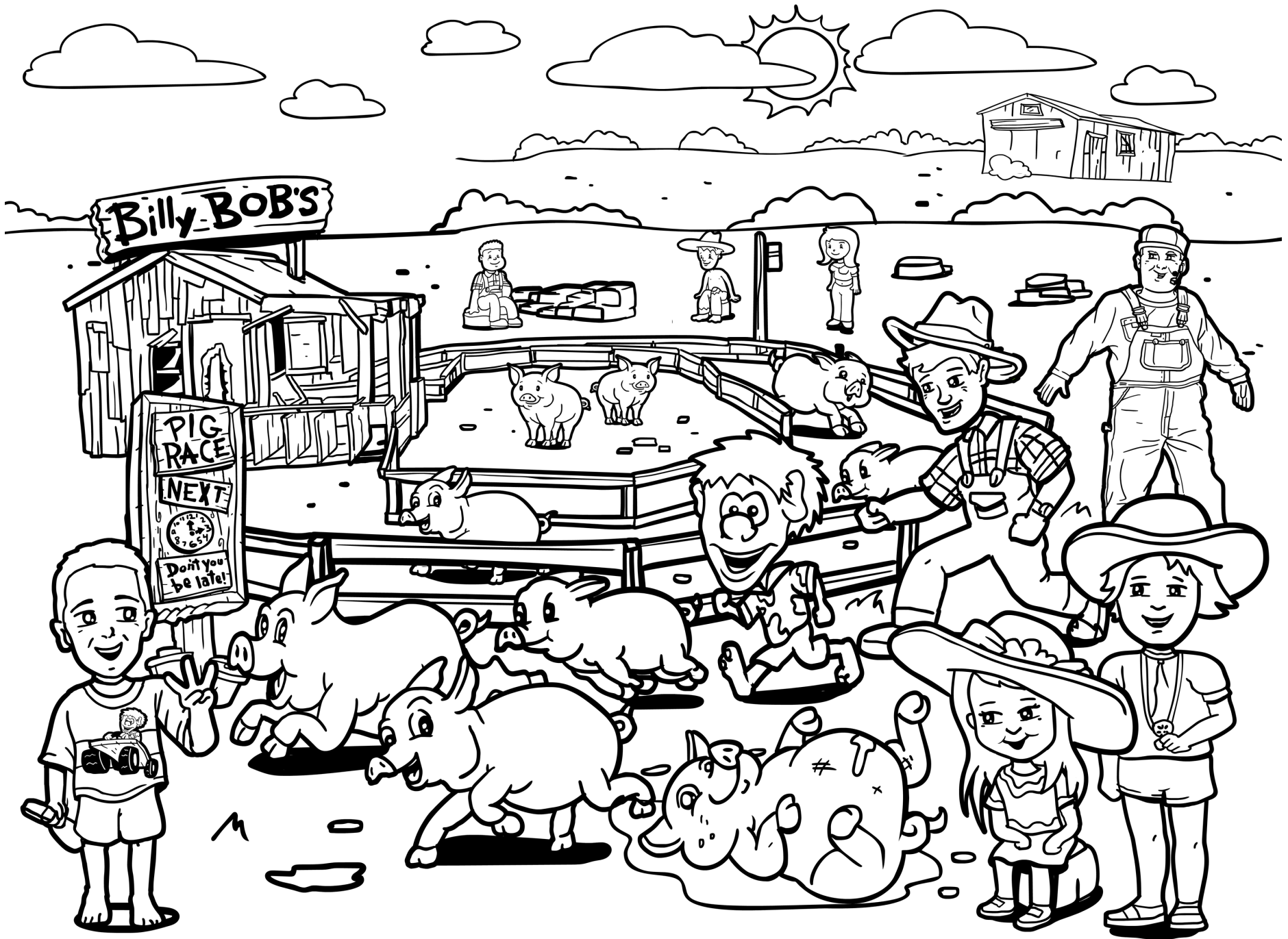
I never would have guessed that going to the laundromat and finally washing our bed sheets would make my dreams come true. Each and every one of you is a huge blessing to us. Without you good people, Meatball and I would have to get a real job. Thank You.

















RUSTY PLIERS



ISBN 978-163649094-6



781636 490946

US \$7.95
50795

