

5. EMUS AT WAR

*'We shall not surrender. We are the mob. We do not stick
our heads in the sand. We run in all directions as all
directions lead to war.'*

Edward R Long-toe



EST 1901

THE DAILY MOB



3 NOV 1932

SHORT-NECKS DECLARE WAR



The expedition was ambushed yesterday while grazing on the western plains. "They made no effort to negotiate" said Long-toe "So we have little choice but to fight." Long-toe has reassured the mobs that he will do everything in his power to end this war as quickly as possible. "There is little known about the Short-necks military but given the time they will reveal their weaknesses." Four of the mob were killed in the attack and even more are expected to succumb to their wounds. What we do know of the enemy is that their preferred method of attack is to spit countless golden pebbles out of something that imitates the sound of our laughing cousins. Some of the mob have suffered temporary hearing loss due to the very loud sound. The High Mob is yet publicly reveal what their next actions will be but we have heard from alternate sources that reinforcements will be deployed to the west and there are talks of conscription if necessary. If

that is the case then the bouncers will be called in to defend our homes. Something that has not happened since the Great Featherless Crusade.

Column by Deidre Gizzardwing

MORE MISSING STRIPERS

The case of the missing Stripers is a mystery that began shortly after the peace treaty that was signed by our two great nations. Three more went missing this week and we still have no clue where they have gone and who is responsible. Lawrence Wynd has been working the case since the beginning. A Howler who since the beginning. A Howler who has solved every mystery put before him. "I've got a nose for these things." Said Wynd "It may take a little longer than usual but I will get to the bottom of it."

Whilst some are losing faith in Wynd others look to his perfect record and pray to the All Feather that this mystery will soon be solved.

Column by Norman McWhistle

SILENT LAUGHING COUSIN

Ethel Bluewing is known for her beautiful laugh but that is something she has not done in a very long time. "I need a break." She said "I know I was hatched for this but sometimes the sun and the rain are just not that funny." Despite encouragement coming from everyone in the community, Ethel's reluctance stays strong. (More on page 3)

PERSONAL COLUMN

If you like fresh caterpillars and chasing clouds full of rain. If you're cautious of howlers. If you have half a brain. If you dream of one day flying to a land far away then I am the one that you've looked for. Let's Scatter away.

JOKE OF THE DAY

What do you call a lazy baby Bouncer?
A pouch potato.

November 3rd, 1932

Lieutenant Edward R Long-toe's public address

To the High Command and the mobs, to the young, the old and all those who worship the All Feather. On this day the world has changed. On this day we will remember that our lives will never be the same.

The great nations of the mob and the short-necks of the great western plain were at peace, and as the solicitation of the western plain, the mob was brought into the valley – the heart of the land of fruit and caterpillars. This was to be the first of peace summits and the start of the long journey of our two nations. But the short-necks appeared and began to spit pebbles at us.

They spat pebbles to the left. They spat pebbles to the right. They spat pebbles at such speeds many of the mob stood in fear. On this day four of the mob were killed: Thomas Wing-toe, able footman; Karl Stiffbeak, able footman; Reginald S Head-twitch, second Wingrunner and Earnest R Eggsland, able footman.

The short-necks have asked us to leave! The short-necks have asked us to surrender! I have been asked as the highest-

ranking mob leader to give our reply. I say to you as I said to them. Come what may, the Mob Nations never flinch! Surrender? Never! We shall not surrender! We are the Mob! We do not stick our heads in the sand! We run in all directions as all directions lead to war! We will fight them in the valley! We will fight them in the streams, in the forests and in the sand! We will never surrender a single grain of sand! A single inch of land!

We are one mob now! But is the nation of the mobs made from one mob? I call on every mob who believe as I do. That we have the right to live and anyone to deny us that right, may the All Feather have mercy on you as we will show you none!

Lieutenant Edward R Long-toe

November 3rd, 1932

From William J Whistlebeak to Henry Hookwing

Dear Henry,

Forgive me as I skip over the pleasantries as a lot has happened out west. The expedition started well but as of yesterday, we are under threat of war if not already in it. It appears the locals are threatened by our presence here. They set up an ambush for us. I was close to the front when it began. Without warning, we were hit with so many pebbles it was impossible to count them all. The sound was so loud it put the fear of the All Feather into many of us. It was a sound I will never forget. It resembled our laughing cousins but with a much deeper tone. When the sound ceased, a series of strange clicks would follow before starting again. The experience was horrifying for most but I, as a bird of science and discovery, had to compose myself. I had to be as brave as an angered blue cousin and take note of all that happened. Someone must keep a record of it. Lieutenant Long-toe has proven yet again he is the right bird for the job. His quick decision for us all to scatter saved many lives but sadly we lost four today. Karl Stiffbeak, Thomas Wing-toe, Earnest R Eggsland and Reginald S Head-twitch. I will be sure to send a melon to their widows.

The lieutenant has instructed the mob to only visit water supplies in pairs. We currently stay between high hills to remain hidden from those that wish to do us harm. The mob has been broken into smaller ones, each with their own lookouts. Naturally, the taller ones are appointed to this command as they have the best visibility. I would like to take this moment to remind you of the importance of my work. In the past, our kind have leaned away from written records. We memorise our history and pass it on from beak to ear. I am the first to attempt the change and I deem it worth the risk. I anticipate your wonder of this risk I speak of. The answer is simple: plagiarisers, thieves, those who wish to rewrite history. If we keep our records safe, the truth will always come to light.

I send with this letter a hollow pebble for you to examine. As you can see, it is indeed hollow and smells of a strange smoke. I will continue to send you things to place aside for when we open our collectory. A place where many can come to learn of the wonders from the west.

I appreciate all you are doing for my work and my family, dear Henry. I hope this war will not be so far spread as to reach our home.

William J Whistlebeak

November 4th, 1932

From John Feathers to his wife

My dearest Greta,

It is with a heavy heart I write to you this day. I have no words to soften the news I am about to share. While grazing in the plains a few strides from where we recently harvested supplies, we were attacked unprovoked and without warning. If not for Edward's quick action, we would have suffered many casualties. He assessed the threat and commanded us to scatter. I could not see our attackers, but they left behind many odd-shaped pebbles. William has studied them extensively but not even I could understand the scientific terms he was muttering. We were all but certain of peace with the locals but that is no longer the case. War has been declared and I am afraid I may not return for some time.

An expedition to feed our nation was never going to be an easy one but I welcome the challenge. Much like our inability to fly, it is but an obstacle to greatness. Many have underestimated us before, and we always won the day. This will be no different.

Edward has sent word to High Command awaiting instruction. He has spent a lot of time by himself since then. I believe he is going through every possible scenario. That is what I would do. Honestly, those twenty minutes I spend before sleeping each night, I do much the same.

We often see Edward holding the shiniest of pebbles. It is too big to put in one's mouth, so I believe it has some sentimental value. I have an inkling of its origin, but I feel it is something he does not wish to share with the troops. Whatever it may be, we trust him. The silent leader that never fails us.

Times are changing. For better, for worse – the outcome we are yet to know. Just remember what I have said. We always win the day. Always.

I do not wish you to worry, my dear wife. We are protected under the wings of the All Feather. Before long, I will return home to you and the children and will once again resume my fatherly duties.

I think of you always.

John Feathers



The item mentioned in Edward's letters. It is believed that Edward's father-in-law was once involved in an unfortunate incident involving a short-neck travelling through the Australian outback. Barely making it out with his life, he carried the item with him as a reminder of his luck. He passed it on to his daughter, Celene, who then passed it on to Edward before he left in search of the land of fruit and caterpillars.



One of the many advantages the mob had over their enemy was the ability to dig trenches at a much faster rate. Edward R Long-toe would often encourage the mob to think outside the norm and it is rumoured that they once donned the short-neck uniform in an attempt to infiltrate the enemy. We were unable to find any evidence of this within the gathered correspondence, but this could be due to concerns of possible vulnerabilities within the postal service. Here in lies the problem. All theories are pure speculation.