

The McGillicuddy Backstory



Early in their career, the Fabulous McGillicuddy Sisters trained as scouts for the Jeep Cherokee Indian Consortium. They mistakenly thought that JCIC was a fertile training ground for cabaret acts and had jump-started the careers of Jacques Brelcreem, Billie “Bugler’s” Holiday and Edith Pilaf. They were *so* wrong! However, they *did* learn an array of useful wilderness survival techniques from Chief Running Dog himself, such as how to turn fire and water into firewater. They got to be quite good in most fundamentals of Indian lore, however the sisters positively excelled in the art of camouflage – give them a mere thirty minutes to prepare and they could blend in with *any* background. A good example of their “hide in plain sight” skill was when they infiltrated a turkey farm in western Algonquin Territory. After carefully framing their faces with feathers, they quickly created turkey suits, including realistic wattles, wings and webbed feet. Then for three months they lived among 150 other turkeys, which instinctively accepted them as their own. One old tom named Bruce even tried five times to mate with Noddy, so convinced was he of her *Galliformean* lineage. No matter the trio fancied their new diet of insects, seeds and slugs, they really needed to get back on their career path. They started by singing in streetcars for spare change which led to an appearance on Blasto’s Amateur Turtle Hour, which in turn led to a booking at Omaha’s Dew Drop Inn to hum for a Welsh wake. It was an appallingly dreary affair until the McGillicuddies whipped out their turkey costumes and amped up their delivery. By the time they incorporated the deceased in an outrageous dodecahedral dodo dance, complete with flensing and filleting, their places were assured in the Midwestern version of dinner theater immortality.