

A very Bear-y Short Story continued.....

This is the south and we down here don't tolerate them kind of goins on." They replied "We feel we have the right to bear all!" I said you see that shot gun over there on the porch? I feel I have the right to bear arms. So kindly get back in your truck and down the road you go!."

My wife by this point said she was getting a headache and was commencing to go to the store to get some bear aspirin. I said " If you're going to the store you'd better get some vittles – the kitchen shelves are bear and the ice box is bear-en of food. But be smart and just get the bear necessities. She said "Didn't you want candy or pop?" I said, " Get me some gummy bears, and some rootbear." She said " you mean ROOTBEER!" I said, "Ya that's what I said". "Anything else?" she said. "Ya, you better get me a can of paint. I have taken all of the pictures and curtains down and have primed most of the rooms." She asked "you mean all of the walls are bear? What kind of paint should I get?" I said, "Get the usual Bear brand paint" Then she said, "You are going to have to come with me!" I said, "I can't the funeral parlor asked me if I would be one of the polar bear-er's today." My wife said," You mean a pall-bear-er. I said, "Ya, that's what I said."

Then all of a sudden our neighbors drove by, beeping the car horn, driving with a wee little baby next to them. I asked "You mean to tell me they had another baby and my wife said "not a chance, she's already had 29 kids. I suspect her child bear-in days are over". A minute later, I was walking my wife to the car when I hear a big ol'.....HOLD ON JUST A MINUTE FOLKS! as I am writing this short story I am hearing some noise out the backSo excuse me a minute as I go look see. O MY! Well folks I will have to finish this short story another time.

You see it is early Tuesday morning as I am writing this story, and our neighborhood black bear and her bear cubs are back again rearranging the trash cans, just a bit before the garbage men are to arrive. Even though we try to keep our garbage bear proof, I just think they like to visit and reorganize the trash cans. So it looks like I've got real big ol' mess to clean up out there before the truck come's to take the garbage. I promise I will finish this very bear-ry short story some time down the road. Please just bear in mind that them bears just make a trashy mess. So please just bear with me.

p.s. some of you might think I may be losing my bear-ings. Well it ain't no news to me, my wife thinks that's been goin' on for years.

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