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Th' Beer

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TH' BEER

It was a hot day in th' middle of July
with the sun bearin' down on God's creation
like a hammer on a fence post. I'd got a beer from
th' fridge and was about to sit back down in m' rocker when
that kid—my grandson—pops outa nowhere an' says he
didn't guess I should be drinkin' alcohol.

I said that him not bein' even close
to half my age an' not havin'
the brains God gave a
cricket I didn't
guess he should
be tellin' me
what to do.

Well he goes on and on about how many brain cells th' can
I was about to open is gonna kill an' tells me what
my stummick's gonna look like when I get old
an' I told 'im I guessed I was old enough
that this one beer wasn't gonna make
much difference.

Well he opens up his mouth to say somethin' else, but I
cut 'im off (him takin' the fun out of it by now
an' all) an' threw th' can at th' little
pecker an' said I hoped his belly
rotted so bad that when he ate
apple pie th' chunks of apple
went straight through 'im
an' settled in his feet
so there'd be a
squishy sound
when he
walked.

Well he picked up th' can an' walked back into th' house
with it, an' didn't even offer me a coke or nothin'.

I was about to settle back down into my chair
when I heard th'

Continued

pssssshhhhhhhhhhtttttTTT!
of a beer can being opened.

That-

-was-

-the-

-last-

-straw!

I jumped up out of m' rocker an' ran into th' house an'

grabbed th' kid's arm an' stole th' beer back an'

sent it down th' ol' hatch. When it was gone

an' I was about to smack m' lips, I felt

this heave. I grabbed my stummick an'

fell on th' floor an' that little

thirteen-year-old sunovagun

started laughin' an'

laughin' an' sayin'

I tol' you so an'

givin' his lecture about beer an' such between gasps for

breath with tears streamin' down his cheeks, an'

between my gasps for breath I told 'im I

didn't see what was so gosh-darn

funny but he only laughed

harder an' that got

grandma in the room.

Well she realized what was goin' on pretty quick an'

knocked the little hyena on th' head with her

thimble an' that made him stop laughin' but

got me started but between th' pain heaves

an' th' laughin' I guess I passed out.

Now I'm sittin' in this hospital bed until September with

a big hole in my gut while that grandson o' mine

is in my house, sittin'

in my rockin' chair an'

drinkin'

my

beer.

John L.T. McLoughlin