

Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck

By Gary L. Benton



W.R. Benton grew up in the Missouri Ozark Mountains and speaks broken Yankee, some English, and fluent Southern. Yes, his voice has a southern "twang" and he is proud of his southern heritage.

In his youth he worked as a domestic engineer (two brothers and two sisters), a pig slopper, a wild life procurement specialist (when he was hungry), a roofer (until he fell off the roof after two hours on the job), a cook (no comment), a goat milker (one cold morning), midwife to a couple of cows, a dishwasher, and finally a member of the United States military.

Have you ever wondered how true Southerners live? Have you ever thought much about how they see life and how they react to the different things that happen every day to each of us? Take look at Dixie Land as few folks ever see it, as it really is! See it through the eyes of award winning Writer, Cartoonist, and Southern Humorist, Gary L. Benton. Visit Bubba Lee, Maude, Nadine Lucille, Bobby Dale, Willie Eugene and the rest of the 'Possum Holler gang as they face life as Rednecks, which puts them in the mentally challenged category of life.



"Bubba Lee" is one of the funniest good ol' boys to ever write humor. His back slapping characters will keep you in stitches with their stories, fibs, and just plain lies. His book is better for what ails you than a cup of assafras tea.

— Sheila Moss • Humor Columnist,
<http://www.humorcolumnist.com>

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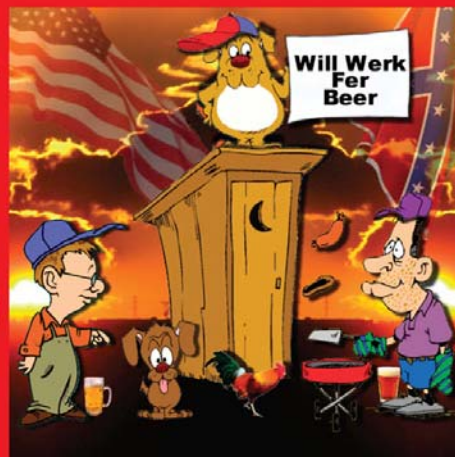
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Praises for Bubba's Dawg Might be a Redneck

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Sheila Moss - Humor Columnist

<http://www.humorcolumnist.com>

"Well, I have to say, I've rarely come across a title so fetching and the content made me think I was completely kin to these folks. Mercy, redneck dogs must be a Southern tradition and this funny writer is one to enjoy. He needs to be writing sit-coms for Hollywood.

Susan Reinhardt

"Not Tonight Honey Wait Til I'm a Size 6."

www.susanreinhardt.com

"Bubba Lee owns the Elvis of Southern dogs. Y'all gotta read this book, it takes redneckism to PhD levels and beyond!"

Ed Williams

www.ed-williams.com

"The world should thank Gary Benton for putting on paper the world of the redneck. It's not likely this book will be used as a college textbook for an anthropology course on Rednecks, but that's the over-educated liberal elitist university system's loss and our gain. If you are not a redneck, buy this book and become edified. If you are a redneck, buy this book and be proud that someone has written *YOUR* biography (with appropriate name changes to protect the guilty and innocent)."

Ben Baker, redneck, author, dad, evangelist

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By Gary L. Benton

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to Joann, who has always stood by me and assisted me durin' my writing. She knows writin' a book is never easy and I have written several. Y'all know livin' with a redneck cain't be easy, but she does it well.

I would also like to thank my mother, Edna Benton, for motivatin' me as a young man to reach for my highest dreams and for remindin' me to always wear clean unnerwear. And, of course, to my family back in the hills of the Missouri Ozarks Mountains fer turnin' me into the redneck I am today.

And, finally to all the members of our Armed Forces, both past and present, with the deepest respect I salute you. As a twenty-six year active duty member now retired, I personally know your tasks are always difficult.

Acknowledgements

I wish to thank the members of my family and close friends who have attempted to bribe me not to write this heah book. While the bribes were small, they did keep me in chewin' 'baccar, cola's, and moon pies. Also, I have to give a special thanks to my grandfather, who taught me not only how to live as one with nature, but how to wear my camouflage bib-overalls the right way (with the left strap a-hangin').

It is impossible for me to name everyone who has assisted, 'cause none of y'all did, me in preparin' this book and if you go unlisted, you are most likely forgotten. Then again, after seeing this book, perhaps you'd prefer to be forgotten.

Any errors in this book are mine alone, 'cause nobody would help me write this thang. So, I guess you could say I'm solely 'sponsible, but I have a reason. . . my dawg cain't type very good.

Foreword

Redneck is not just geography as many of us in the South would dearly love to believe. Redneck is attitude. From a buck in the bathtub to the assembly of a bicycle and cats under the hood, Redneck is a way of speaking, walking, talking and most importantly, approaching life.

It's this approach to life that Gary Benton captures in his book *Bubba's Dawg*. If you are a redneck, you'll see yourself in these pages - whether you'll admit it or not. If you know a redneck, you'll see that person in these pages. If you are not a redneck or do not know one, then consider this book as a warning, instruction guide and primer on how to deal with a redneck should you encounter one - hint, bring beer.

The world should thank Gary Benton for putting on paper the world of the redneck. It's not likely this book will be used as a college textbook for an anthropology course on Rednecks, but that's the over-educated liberal elitist university system's loss and our gain. If you are not a redneck, buy this book and become edified. If you are a redneck, buy this book and be proud that someone has written *YOUR* biography (with appropriate name changes to protect the guilty and innocent).

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The Sweepstakes

Bubba was sitting on the front porch of his mobile home when I drove up in my old pick-em-up. He didn't get out of his aged rocking chair as I parked and made my way to the porch. As soon as I had stepped out of the truck I was surrounded by a pack of barking mixed breed dogs. It sounded like they had something treed as I cautiously stepped up on the first step. It let out a slight snapping sound as my weight distributed evenly on the step.

"Howdy Bubba. What's going on heah? Carol Lynn told me y'all called and wanted to see me. She said is sounded like one of them emergencies and I need to hurry on over heah."

"Gury, would ya like a cup of coffee, glass of ice tea, cola, or a cold beer?"

"Coffee would be great Bubba, since it's about eight in the mornin'."

"Maude! Maude!" Bubba yelled into the air.

"Yea, Bubba?" I heard Maude's voice answer from somewhere inside the mobile home.

"Gury's out heah, can y'all brang him a cup of coffee? Please?"

"Shore, be right out!"

"So, Bubba, what is so important you needed to talk to me about?"

I asked and knowing Bubba, it was something strange. It always was.

"Well, I got me an idea on how to make a bundle of money. I need a partner and you were the first person I thought of." As soon as he had spoken, he gave me a crooked grin, leaned over the railing on his porch, and sent a brown stream of tobacco juice onto the head of a sleep beagle.

Watch out, I thought as soon as I heard Bubba's comments, *there's more to this*.

The door opened and out came Maude with a cup of coffee in each hand. Like many Southerners, the coffee cups were sitting on plain white saucers. She handed one to me and one to Bubba, and then she said, "Did ya tell em yet, Bubba Lee?"

"Hill far woman, I ain't had time to say much of nothing yet. You know when men talk business we have to feel the other feller out a bit first. Ya don't jes jump right in and start asking questions and dee-mandin' answers."

"Sorry, Bubba, I'll leave this heah business talk to you fellers. I have some ironin' to do anyways." Maude had a silly grin on her face as she turned and made her way back into the mobile home.

"So, Bubba, what is this business you are thinking about?" While I was speaking I leaned forward with both elbows on my thighs, coffee cup in my right hand, and my left hand was holding the saucer. I made eye contact with him to show he had my full attention.

Bubba looked me straight in the eyes, took a sip of his coffee and then screamed like an insane man, "Maude! Maude! Y'all get back out heah! We *NEED* to talk."

Instantly the door swung open and Maude stood in the doorway with her eyes wide and her mouth open. Bubba, took his cup of coffee in his right hand, extended it over the porch railing and dumped it all. I silently hoped the beagle had gone elsewheres by now.

"Maude, this is *instant* coffee! I can't stand that garbage! I think *instant* coffee is right up there with *instant* grits!"

"Bubba, sweetheart, we are out of fresh ground coffee and all I had was the instant. I told you three days ago that you need to go to the store for us and pick up a few thangs." As soon as she had stated her view, she turned and went back into the mobile home.

Bubba raised his large behind from the chair, reached back, and pulled a pouch of tobacco from his right rear pocket. Opening the pouch, he took a large wad and placed it in his mouth. He then handed the pouch to me.

I took a wad of the damp dark tobacco and placed it in my right cheek. As I worked the cud, Bubba started speaking again, "Anywho, I got me an idea on a business from a-watchin' some feller on the telly-vision. Seems he grows rabbits and sells em to the stores and such. He has made millions of dollars off of rabbits. Heck far, he even sells the skins to them coat makin' cump-nees and such. I figured if he can do it, so can me and you. What you say, you in with me on this thang?"

"Bubba, it is the "*such*" I worry 'bout. We can't jes go off half cocked and start us a rabbit breeding firm." I was feeling a bit uneasy about the ease Bubba approached any business. He liked to just jump right in and start kicking.

"Look, Gury, me and you are the best rabbit hunters round heah, and you *KNOW* that. How hard would it be for us to set out some rabbit

gums and catch a few. Then, we put them in cages and they just have litters. Nothing to it at all.”

“Bubba, we don’t have living cages, we don’t have rabbit food, and we don’t have a vet to give em shots and check em out for us.” I leaned over and made a deposit of brown tobacco juice in the dirt near the porch.

“We can build the cages, feed the rabbit’s carrots and tater peeling’s, and why do they need shots and checkups for? We are gonna sell ‘em fer eating, not take ‘em to a rabbit show.” As he spoke, I watch him scratch where it itched.

“Bubba, any food has to be checked fer deseases and such. We can’t jes sell the meat. Besides, we ain’t even got a freezer to store the processed meat in. This ain’t gonna work at all Bubba.” I leaned back in my chair and worked my chew to the other side.

“Me and you was raised eatin’ wild rabbits and squirrels. You mean to tell me, they have to be inspected for we can sells em? Shoot, wild food is the healthiest food out there for man, woman, or beast.”

“Bubba, I ain’t real sure, but I think we have to have cleanliness inspections, medical inspections on the critters, a business license, tax thangs done, and some other details done before we can go into that kind of work.”

“Hogwarsh. We will jess set it all up and go right into business. That was how this great country of ours got started. This free interprise is what hits all about! That’s why them pilgrim folks came heah to start with.”

Just as I was about to confront him with the real reason the pilgrims landed in America, I was saved by the mailman. I grinned as I saw the small box shaped truck pull up to Bubba’s mailbox, because I have always thought the trucks looked stupid. Bubba and I watched the mailman fight to open the door to the old rusty mailbox. Finally I saw him slide some mail inside. He then closed the door to the mailbox, put the truck in gear, and pattered on down the road to the next neighbor.

“Maude, the mail is heah! I’ll go a get hit for ya.” I jumped a bit as Bubba yelled to his wife. Just once, just once, I wished he would talk in a normal tone to someone instead of screaming all the time.

We both got up and made our way to the mailbox. I noticed grass was about a foot tall under the box, the area was littered with rocks of various sizes, and there were two empty beers cans in the grass. Bubba slowly opened the door to the container and pulled the mail out. I saw he had five pieces of mail.

As he sorted them in his dirty hands he spoke, more to himself than me as he said, “Junk mail, ‘lectric bill, in-shore-ance bill, flyer from the hardware store, and...oh, my, what is this one?”

I looked at the envelope he had in his hand. One the front it stated, very clearly in red ink, “You have already won \$10,000,000.00!” I knew

the company, Publishers Clearing Barn, and knew it was junk mail, but Bubba stood there in total shock. For many long minutes he didn't speak.

"Gury! I done won ten million dollars! Gury! Gury Lee! I am a rich man! Now I can get a new double-wide mobile home, a new 150 pick-em-up truck, and take Maude on a vacation to the Animal Kingdom Campgrounds! I am *RICH!*" Bubba did a little jig dance as he screamed.

I waited fer the screamin' and dancin' to stop before I said, "Bubba, you didn't win a thing. It is all a trick to get you to buy magazines."

"Horse feathers! See, right heah hit says, 'You have already won ten million dollars!' *I ALREADY WON IT SON!*"

"Bubba read the rest of the papers and it will state, somewhere in there in small print, *if you are see-lected as our grand prize winner.*" I let loose a stream of tobacco juice as soon as I had spoken. I thought he looked like a fool.

"Gury, you jes ain't got no faith in your feller man. *IT SAYS I WON THE MONEY!* Let me open this thing up and show ya!" Bubba tore into the envelope, moved the contents around a bit, and then screamed once more, "Dang! Dang! Looky heah, I even got me a check fer ten million dollars! Maude! Maude! *We are rich girl!*"

Before I could respond, Bubba tore off fer the mobile home. I watched as he ran up the steps of the porch, and flung the door open so he could enter at full speed. I knew that further conversation with Bubba was over for the day. I put my hands in my pockets and made my way to my truck. It was people like Bubba, Maude, and my old momma that gave that publishin' company their business. No, most likely, Bubba would order a bunch of magazines he would never read. As I got into my truck, I realized in his way of thinking, he thought had to money to pay for the reading material, after all, didn't he just win ten million dollars.

I started up my truck and went home.

Four morning's later I was at Bubba's at about nine. As soon as I pulled up into his driveway I saw him and Maude sitting out on the front porch. I made my way to the porch and took a seat on the top step.

"Well, Gury, you was right. That check twernt no good at all." As Bubba spoke, I knew how much it hurt him to admit defeat. He is a proud man, like most rednecks.

"Bubba, did you finally read the small print after I left?"

Bubba didn't speak for five long minutes and finally Maude said, "No, he didn't read a dang thang. He took the check down to the Flat River County Bank. The idjet thought they'd jes hand over ten million dollars in cash. The feller down there said the check wasn't...wasn't...how did he put it Bubba?" Maude looked over at Bubba with corn-fused eyes.

"He said it was non-nee-go-she-ble. He said it was one of them fax-sim-a-lee's and not a real check. He showed me where it said all of that on the check. It was way down on the bottom and the print was

smaller than a skinny fly's behind. What kind of trash is all of that? Huh? I ask ya Gury?"

"Bubba, it is all done to get you excited and make you thank you are going to win the big money. Do you honestly think if you won ten million dollars, the notice would come in a letter? Do you think they would send the announcement through the mail system? Do you think they would ask someone who jes won that kind of money to buy magazines? Heck far, son, they would be here with the telly-vision folks, noosepaper fellers, and the whole world, if Bubba Lee won ten million dollars. Look on the bright side, you didn't lose in money in the deal."

"Yea he did. He ordered twenty-six magazines from the cump-nee that sent the check."

Bubba gave a sheepish grin and then lowered his head so we could not make eye contact. He rocked in his rocker for a spell, then raised his head and looked around the barnyard. I could see he was deep in thought.

"Well, not 'zackly. I called that there mag'zine cump-nee and told em I can't read, so they canceled my order. But, since I was already on the phone, I did some business.

At that exact moment two large eighteen wheeler trucks pulled up on the road next to Bubba's mobile home. I watched as a tall man, packin' a huge beer gut, get out and made his way up to the porch. He looked at the metal clipboard in this left hand and scratched his bald head before he asked, "It is Bubba Lee Claremore's place?"

"It shore is. Y'all got my order with ya?" Bubba rose from his chair as he acknowledged his name and I could see the excitement in his eyes.

"Ok, good, we found ya. It took us a while to find yer place. We've been looking since about six this morning. How many Claremore's on this road anyway?"

"'Bout a hunnert and forty of us, all of us are kin, but your heah now."

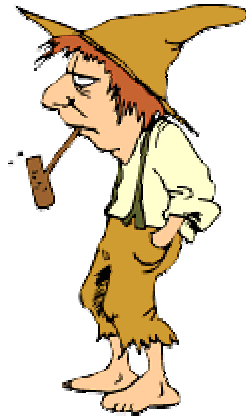
"Ok, bub. Where do you want us to unload?"

"I guess the barnyard will do fer now." Bubba said as he put his hands in his soiled jean pockets.

"Buddy, I can't turn fifteen thousand baby chicks loose in a barnyard." The big man spoke with a look of surprise on his face that Bubba would even suggest he do that.

"Don't worry about it. Me and Gury Lee will start building some chicken houses soon as you are done unloadin'. Won't we Gury?"

I didn't say a word. I just turned and walked away. I still have no idea what happened to the chicks and, do you know something? I don't really care. Bubba is one strange cousin.



Munt-gum-ree Al-bama and the Ten Commandments

“Bubba, what in is goin’ on in Munt-gum-ree, Al-bama? Them fools done took the Ten Commandments out of that political meetin’ place? Wasn’t it a courthouse or something?” Willy Eugene asked as he stretched out beside the bright campfire. It was late evening, or early morning, dependin’ on your views. Five of us had gathered on the banks of the Little Piney River to do some trout fishin’. We were staying the weekend as well.

“Willy, I aint’ rightly sure what is goin’ on there. I am a bit corn-fused me own self. I don’t unnerstand how the gov-ment says we need a separation of the state and religion, but if you’re hauled into court, you swear on a Bible when you speak.” Bubba said as he poured his third cup of coffee of the evening.

“How can there be a sep-ration of state and religion, when on all of our money says *In God We Trust*? Things can only get this screwed up in America. Heck Far, we are the only people in the whole world that would let things get this messed up. I jes know all the problems they had down in Bama was caused by them left wing liberals. They just like to stir things up. And, they don’t care about the issue, just the stir up. I bet you they was all Yankees too.” As Willy spoke his tobacco juice from his chewin’ tobacco flew over the front of his semi-white tee-shirt. My boy was mad.

“Cool down a bit Willy. Well, I agree it is a sad day in Dixie when a bunch of Yankee’s without a life can cause a simple monument to the Ten Commandments to be removed. You know, if they don’t believe in

God, they should still have an idea of what is right and what is wrong. And takin' them Commandments was wrong."

"They believe in God, maybe, just want it separated from gov-ment." Willy said with a grin, then he continued, "But, I suspect most of em do a heap of praying when the gov-ment folks is a meetin' on taxes anyways."

"I jes' find in sad that people who live in a country, founded on religious freedom, is not allowed to place symbols any place others can see. And, I mean for all religions, not jes the Christians. If you don't like my religious statue, then don't look at it. If I don't like yer statue, then I won't look at it. Ain't a big deal in my way of thinking."

"Well, them trouble makers are lucky they live in America. Other countries would jes' shoot em."

"So, what's the problem?" Bubba gave a loud laugh. No, he did not like the idea of violence, but it was fun to tease Willy.

"Guys, I think we must be misunderstanding something heah. I mean, shouldn't we keep religion outta our gov-ment? Shouldn't we not show favorite to those who believe in a certain religion over those that don't?" I had to ask. While I knew none of the other four men beside me were overly religious, we all respected the word of God. One thing I can say about a Southerner, they are taught respect of all things early in life, especially religion and women.

"Mule, there ain't no misunderstanding heah on nothing." I looked across the fire into the anger filled eyes of Steven Leroy. Those were the first words he had spoken since about six that mornin'. I was, to say the least, taken back.

"Well, now, Steve, old son, how do you figure that?" I had to ask. I honestly wanted to hear what this quiet man's views were. I figured he would be head strong, like most us, with little fact behind his opinion.

"I see that statue of the Ten Commandments as a symbol of America and not religion. See, we don't live by the Ten Commandments much anymore and I think things are going to pieces fast." Steve stated very seriously, and then he took a slow drink of his cola.

"But, you have not answered my question. How is that statue a symbol of America?" No sooner had I spoken than I noticed the others quiet down and turn to look at Steve. I could see his face redden from the sudden attention.

"Mule, you got the education and you can use them flowery words, all I got is my feelings and they ain't even right most of the time. But, I honestly feel that it hurts no one for the stature to remain where others can see it, or they can choose to not look at it. See, that is the great part of bein' from this heah country of ours. Yankees, city folks, and even we Southerners, the backbone of this nation, can do what we wish. I thank sometimes the people in our country might have jes to many dang freedoms. I also thank we got so worried about protecting the freedoms of others, we down right forgot our own."

As I poured me a cup of hot coffee, I gave lots of thought to what Steve had said. While I didn't agree with all he spoken, I did agree with the part about forgetting our own freedoms. I also thought about my only experiences in court, my divorce, and how the legal system worked. The statue would be moved and life would go on. But, deep in the South, back way up in the mountains and woods, groups would gather and talk around a campfire. Deep discussions on subjects just like this one, and maybe even this one, would come up.

See, rednecks ain't particularly educated in a lot of things, but most of us do have an opinion on all thangs. As I said earlier, we may be wrong, but don't corn-fuse us with the facts. It doesn't matter if the subject is whether Elvis is still alive and living in Macon, Georgia, or if Aliens have landed at the White House, we do have our opinions.

"Fellers, I have a deep understanding of our views, but what about the views of those folks that want the statue removed. Should we go and kick some back side or what?" I had to stifle a little smirk as I asked the question, because I already knew what the answer would be.

"Mule, you know kickin' a little tail might work, but I doubt it. See, all violence would do is give us some bad publicity stuff on the tellivision. Nope, best thang to do is to educate them folks." Frank said as he slowly shook his head.

"Like invite em all to a revival or something?" Willy asked with a slight smile on his lips. I wondered what the man was thinking.

"Of course not, because they most likely wouldn't even come to one. I mean, try to teach them to be more understanding of others. Try to get them to see that it is jes a statue and not anythang more or less."

"I say we drop a nuke." Bubba said and then gave a loud horse laugh.

"Bubba, does yo momma know she done raised a complete idiot for a son? We can't go around nukin' people who don't agree with us. Lordy, son, they live in the same areas we do." It was Steven speakin' again. My goodness, he was a real talker this evening.

"Well, maybe not, and I was jes jokin' anyway."

Bubba kind of scares me at times. He is the only one in the group that has a very low tolerance for others. In is mind, it is either Bubba's way or the wrong way. *I believe Bubba's way is the wrong way, most of the time.* I understood he was joking, but I also felt a bit of fear that he would even suggest that in jest.

The conversation lasted much longer until Bubba brought up the subject of coon huntin' and the whole conversation shifted to that subject. As they talked about dawgs and coons, I thought about the statue. I agreed with most of the men that had been talking. I agreed on the principal at least. We, as Americans, have the right to live free. But, where does our freedom start causing the loss of someone else's freedom?

Then again, our freedom is what makes us Americans different from all others in the world today. It is what makes so many people from

different nations want to move here and be Americans. Sure, we have our arguments over various thangs, but we settle them usually without bloodshed.

As I took a final sip of my now cold coffee, I realized, I was proud to be an American and twice as proud to be a Redneck American. Together, all of us can make this great country greater.



Willy Eugene's Pet Bull

"Ya know, there just ain't much a redneck doesn't know something about!" My Uncle Andy said as he picked up his coffee cup and took a good swig of the thick hot liquid.

We were all seated at the big booth in my Uncle Andy's restaurant having breakfast. The time was early, or way before the rooster crows, and along with breakfast we were having us a discussion. We always stopped to eat at Uncle Andy's in the early mornings before we went hunting or fishing. It was located in a small hole in the wall next to the bus stop.

This morning the group was made up of Bubba, William Robert (Billy Bob), Uncle Floyd, T-Bone, and me. Of course, as soon as we were seated, Uncle Andy joined us at the table.

I am constantly surprised that anyone can drink Andy's coffee. He completely amazed me when he would gulp it the way he did, since it was thick enough to tar paper a roof with. He claims it was his time in the Navy that taught him to make *good coffee*. He further stated that after drinking his coffee a person had a deep appreciation for only the best. Well, I can tell you for sure, that I can agree with. Seems right after I tasted his coffee, I developed a deep appreciation for good coffee as well! And, *ANY* coffee was better than Andy's! But, the man can cook!

"Well, I ain't so shore I agree with ya one hundert percent on that Andy. But, you always been a bit on the dumb side. Heck far, most the time you don't know come heah from fetch." T-Bone said as he took a big bite of biscuit and gravy off his fork. The bite was so big it made his right cheek bulge like a chipmunk storing food for the winter as he chewed. He and Andy were about the same age and size, which means old and fat.

"Bullchips! You know and I know, that we both know, that everyone else knows, that all of us know, just what we know. And, *YOU* know it! You know what I mean!" Andy continued, but he had changed from sippin' coffee to eating his grits.

“Uncle Andy? Uncle Andy? Listen to me here. I ain’t got no idea what in the tar-nation you are talking about. What is all this, you know and they know garbage? You sound like a hungry Yankee used car salesman. You’re making no sense at all. You’re talking just to hear yourself talk.” William Robert spoke as he leaned forward and waved a gravy-coated spoon under my Uncle Andy’s chin.

For a few minutes nothing was said at all. You could feel the tension in the air and we all knew my uncle was mad. Andy, obviously upset at first because we not agree with his views, finally realized we didn’t even know what his views were. He had not done a very good job of conveying his thoughts, nor his strong opinions. So, he shoveled the grits in. I watched him eat two bowls of them.

I hated watching Andy eat grits. See, he put syrup on them, butter, ketchup, and then ate them with a spoon! *AND, from a BOWL!* Way I figured it; he should have been arrested for improper ingestion of *the national Southern breakfast dish*. It is sort of a capital crime against all Southern culture. And all of you rednecks know what I’m talking about! Ya just don’t eat grits with a spoon and for shore not out of a bowl.

Finally after a few very long minutes Bubba stands up and yells, “Nurse! We need some coffee over here!” Every head in the place turned to look at this loud mouth redneck dressed in bibs, flannel shirt, boots, and ball cap. Yep, you guessed it, he looked like all the rest of us. Be hard to pick him out in a police line up if we were with him. Well, maybe not that difficult since he is a fairly big boy. As soon as Nadine Lucille turned and started toward our table Bubba sat back down.

Andy just shook his head and looked to the heavens. Way I figured it he had no reason to call upon the heavens, since all the folks at the table were his kinfolks. Andy could always blame a few ancestors, but not heaven for the mess he had on his hands. As Nadine arrived at the table with the coffee pot, Andy got up and walked off toward the kitchen mumbling to himself. He had taken to doing that every time we stopped by for a visit.

“Bubba,” Nadine said as she bent over and poured his coffee, “What is all this shouting about a nurse?”

Bubba gave her a big crooked grin and said, “Well, when I was hurt in the Vee-it-nam war, the only way I could get what I needed in the V.A. hospital was to scream for a nurse. It’s an old habit.”

“Oh, you were a war hero Bubba? I didn’t know that.” Nadine leaned forward until her face was almost touching Bubba’s as she spoke. I know he could feel her breath on his cheeks.

I watched in anticipation as white pepper gravy ran off of Bubba’s lip and down the right side of his cheek. It took a few seconds before Bubba was able to speak, but finally he said, “I twernt no war hero Nadine Lucille. I was just a common soldier doing my duty. I just got hit by some shrap-nails from an explosion once is all.”

Nadine raised her right hand and wiped the gravy off of Bubba's cheek. She gave him a big smile and a sexy wink. Nadine then stood straight, put her hands on her wide hips and said, "I don't agree with you at all Bubba. I think you *were* a hero and you are just too shy to admit it."

I suspect she was going to say more, but the small bell mounted above the door jingled and an older couple entered. Nadine gave us a big smile and said, "But, I can't argue with you over it right now Bubba Lee, because here comes Mister Johnson with his old lady. You boys need anything, give me a yell. See ya all later."

As she turned and walked over to the table where the Johnson's had seated themselves every head at our booth was on her. She was a mighty nice looking woman.

As if he could hear my thinking, Billy Bob said, "That is one very nice woman. Not only is she very attractive, but she is an intelligent woman too. The man who catches her will be one lucky man. She can burn the biscuits at my house any time."

"Well, my biscuits ain't exactly a burnin' right now, but they sure enough be smokin' a little." Bubba said as he looked over at Nadine.

"Speaking of luck. Did ya all hear about what them tore-nadders did to Willy Eugene's place when they blew through here last week?" Asked Uncle Floyd.

I took a sip of my buttermilk, wiped off my mouth with the back of my hand and said, "Nope. But, I thought everyone was safe. I didn't hear of no body getting hurt."

"Nobody hurt, but Willy lost his mobile home, a chicken house and a pretty long stretch of wood fence line. It's likely to take him a spell repairing it too. They are still finding chickens in the woods and from different directions for miles." Bubba added.

"I heard his rooster crows at odd hours since the storm. He told me it crowed a little after midnight the other night. He said he didn't know what time hit was, so he got up and headed to work. Willy said he was half way to work before he realized his rooster had gone psycho on him." Billy Bob stated flatly with a voice of knowledge.

"Cycle? You mean he taught that rooster to ride a bicycle? Now, that would be a thing to see wouldn't it Mule?" Bubba asked me with a grin.

"Did his live stock get out of it? They all make it?" I asked as I scooped up the last bite of my hot pork sausage on my fork.

"Bubba, you quit now. You know exactly what I meant. You are just being stupid." Billy Bob said with a voice that shook just a little from frustration.

"Everything, but one of his dawgs. His bagel and his puddle are ok, but his pet bull didn't make it. Right now, everybody is livin' in the barn. They will be there at least till Willy can get a new used double wide mobile home back up on the cinder blocks." Added Floyd as he looked around the table.

“His pet bull? I didn’t even know he had a bull. Of course everybody knows he’s got a few head of old milk cows.” Billy Bob commented as he put his coffee cup down and pulled out his pouch of chewin’ tobacco. He filled his right cheek with chew and worked the cud until it felt right to him.

Uncle Floyd pulled out his old brier pipe and stuffed it. He lit it and puffed a few times before he continued his story. “Not his pet bull, *his pet bull*. You know, his dawg. *His pet bull*.”

“Floyd, they are called pit bulls, not pet bulls.” Billy Bob said.

“Pit bull, pet bull, it don’t pay me no never mind. Y’all know what I am talking about. I am a-talking about dawgs. You know, a pet bull is a dawg with a permanent case of PNS.” Floyd said with a tone of deep frustration in his voice.

“He had insurance didn’t he? And that is PMS, Floyd, not PNS.” Bubba said as he lit one of the huge cheap cigars he smoked.

“I cain’t see what he sees in them pet bulls. They are about as friendly that big city Yankee divorce lawyer Bubba’s wife had during his divorce.” T-Bone said with a grin.

“Nope, he had no insurance at all. His mobile home was a gift from his momma-in-law and it wasn’t insured at all. And, Bubba, I don’t care if it is PMS.... and not PNX. It don’t matter none to me, because you knew what I meant all along.” Floyd commented between puffs on his pipe.

“Yep, them pet bulls is just like Yankee lawyers...they both go for your throat and then the kill.” Bubba interjected quickly.

I looked at my watch and realized it was going to be daylight in less than an hour. I wanted to be on the lake way before then and ready to fish at first light. I stood, finished off my coffee, placed the cup on the table, and said, “Well, at least Willy’s still got his bagel and the puddle. That bagel is a good rabbit dawg. Actually, one of the best I have ever seen. But, personally, I don’t see what him, or his woman, see in them puddles. Some kind of French breed, ain’t they? I hate that little ball of cut fur it’s got on the tip of its tail.”

All of us picked up our bills and headed toward Nadine Lucille at the cash register. In a few minutes we would all be on our way to a full day of bass fishin’ and fun in the sun. Our conversation in Andy’s restaurant would soon be all but totally forgotten by us. Besides, it didn’t make no never mind. See it was just another cool and early summer morning in the backwoods of Southern America, the birthplace of a great nation. All in all it was just normal mornin’ in Dixie Land, with a normal conversation.

I hope y’all enjoyed the samples from my new book. If you are interested in ordering it, please go to [this site](http://store.fultus.com/product_info.php?products_id=95).

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Gary “Bubba Lee”