Moon Mullins

by Frank Willard

When Mamie was too lazy to climb up here she missed something! My my! Such a marvelously majestic and magnificent vista.

Oh I don’t know. Take away them trees and the mountains and lakes and it’d look jest like anywhere else, Uncle Willie.

But just look at that valley, Kayo. Perfectly beautiful! I calls it.

If it’s so beautiful down there, then what’s the sense of us climbin’ all the way up here?

Pow!

Good gier! What you got that?

C’mion. Let’s get away from here.

I can’t leave. Ohhhhh! Wottle I do? Wottle I do?

Do anything you like, but laugh! One giggle cutta that big ray window of yours, Uncle Willie and I’ll shove you offa there and you won’t stop bouncin’ for a week.

Have yer Aunt Mamie get a rope and climb up above with it and pull me up, Kayo!

Wot? You aint got no rope? Well then we gotta drive to town and get one, Mamie.

Oh well, I don’t mind. I want a ice cream scopy anyway.

What seemed like hours and hours and buzzards and buzzards flew by—while Uncle William clung to his precarious perch.

Yoo! Waa!

Did you get the rope, Honeybunch?

I did not!

The greedy goofs wanted two dollars for fifty feet—and I told ‘em I what kind of a nancy do you think I am? And that they could take their old rope and—

Poor Uncle Willie.

Kitty Higgins

Jim Hoyle.

I do better look this way.

Crash!

Ha! The jove’s on you, Paunel. They were deliverin’ coal!