

murder the bear

by dustin travis jenkins



this is the story of murder the bear.
his mother was a teddy, his father a grizzly.
as a mix of the two, he was pretty contraire.
sometimes he was sunny, sometimes a bit drizzly.



when murder was feeling "sunny," you see,
he'd have a neighbour over for lunch.





but when murder was feeling more "drizzly,"
he'd have a neighbour over-easy for brunch.

once, in the middle of a really bad deed,
his conscience caught up and yelled, "WAIT!!!
this thing that you're doing is no good at all.
please keep to the narrow and straight."



murder knew what he needed to do,
and he knew that it wouldn't be fun.
he had to go around town with his tail between his legs,
saying sorry for all the wrongs he had done.



he said sorry to the paperboy for getting him canned
by stealing all the papers on his route.





he said sorry to the fireman for setting him on fire.
and he said sorry for putting him out.

for impaling the congregation on the steeple,
he said an extra big sorry to the preacher.



and for dressing like a frog and dissecting the star pupil,
he said sorry to his science teacher.



he said sorry to him. he said sorry to her.
he said so many sorries, he was hoarse.
he said so many sorries, he forgot to eat!
he got so hungry, he could eat a horse!



and what galloped by at that very moment
but the object of his craving!
he thought, "oh, just this once! after all, i deserve it,
for how great i've been behaving!"



at about halfway through, he noticed it was branded.
he instantly screamed out, "oh fudge!"
because on this brand, it was clearly stated:



now, the judge had been lenient with murder's behavior,
and had let him off easy in the past.
but there's nothing he loved in the world like his horse,
so this last murder would be murder's last.



goodbye, dear murder. murder the bear.
one half saint, two halves sinner.
in a moment of weakness, you ate that poor horse.
did you enjoy your final dinner?

< THE END >



murder, oh murder, you really tried to fight it.
for a while, we were all on your side.
you had intended to be better, but it looks like, alone,
your intentions could not save your hide.



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