

(WRITTEN MAY 19, TO 21ST 1986) (ONE FINGER TYPED, MAY 21, TO 25TH 1986) (I'AM SLOW)

(SECOND SHORT STORY)

(PAGE 1)

(THE ADVENTURE'S OF MISS CROCK, THE PIGMY CROCK - A - DIAL)

QUITE A FEW YEAR'S AGO, I ACQUIRED FROM A LOCAL PET-SHOP. A VERY UNUSUAL CROCK - A - DIAL. SHE WAS ONLY TWO FEET LONG WHEN I GOT HER. SHE LOOKED LIKE ANY OTHER OLD CROCK THAT ONE WOULD FIND IN THE SWAMP LAND'S OF FLORIDA, OR OTHER SOUTHERN STATE'S. BUT AS TIME WENT BY, I WAS TO FIND OUT THAT THIS PERTICULAR CROCKADIAL WAS SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL INDEED.

WHEN I FIRST BOUGHT HER AT THE PET SHOP, THE SALE'S PERSON TOLD ME THAT THIS CROCK WAS FROM A SMALL PIGMY VALLEY, DEEP IN THE RAIN FORREST ALONG THE AMAZON RIVER. AND THAT SHE WAS A PIG - MEE CROCK. MEANING SHE WOULD NOT GET VERY BIG.

WHEN I FIRST BROUGHT HER HOME, AND BECAUSE MOST OR ANY CROCK - A - DIAL LIVE'S MOSTLY IN WATER. I HAD TO PUT HER IN MY PET CHIPMONK'S SAILING TUB. FOR THE TIME BEING, UNTIL I COULD DIG OUT AND MAKE HER OWN POND. WITH MY FATHER'S PERMISSION, I DUG A LARGE POND, 6 FT. DEEP, 30 FT. WIDE, AND 40 FT. LONG. I THEN DUG A LONG DRAIN LINE FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE POND, AND RAN A 4 INCH DRAIN LINE FROM THE POND INTO THE LOCAL SEWER LINE RUNNING THREW OUR ALLEY. I THEN BUILT A DEBREE TRAP ABOVE THE DRAIN HOLE TO CATCH ALL STICK'S, LEAVE'S OR WHATEVER FROM PLUGGING UP THE DRAIN LINE, WHEN I CHANGED THE WATER FROM TIME TO TIME. THEN I HAULED ALL THE DIRT OUT TO A LOCAL RICE FARMER, IN EXCHANGE FOR TWO LARGE TRUCK LOAD'S OF A STICKY CLAY DIRT. TO PUT IN THE BOTTOM OF THE POND TO KEEP THE WATER FROM DRAINING AWAY TO FAST. IT TOOK ME A COUPLE OF WEEK'S TO PACK AND ROLL THE CLAY INTO AND ONTO THE BOTTOM OF THE POND. USEING A TRACTOR WITH A SCAPPER ON THE BACK AND A WATER FILLED ROLLER, ON THE FRONT. I HAD A LOT OF HELP WITH THIS PROJECT, FROM MY OTHER ANIMAL FRIEND'S AND PET'S. THIS GAVE THEM AN EXSUCUE TO GET DIRTY AND THEN GO SWIMMING IN THE BIG BACK YARD BATHTUB, THAT MY PET CHIPPER THE CHIP - MONK USES TO SAIL HIS SAILBOAT IN. (SMILE FOLK'S)

THE TWO BEAVER'S (BASCO AN BEVA) PATTED THE CLAY AROUND THE SIDE OF THE POND. GORGO MY PIGMY GORRILLA AN RALPH MY NORTHERN BORNNEO ORANGATANG, THREW CLAY BALL'S AT EACH OTHER, AND ONCE IN AWHILE SOME WOULD GET ON THE BOTTOM OF THE POND. THEN THEY WOULD PONCE AROUND ON ALL FOUR'S AND WORK IT INTO THE GROUND. CHIPPER THE CHIPMONK AN HOOPER MY HOOPING CRANE WOULD HANDLE THE WATER HOSE. WETTING DOWN THE CLAY, SO IT WAS EASIER TO WORK WITH, AND ALSO SPRAY - ING WATER ON EVERYBODY TO KEEP THEM COOL. CARRIE THE CARRIER PIGEON, HOMER THE HOMING PIGEON YELLOW TAIL MY OVERSIZED CANARY, AND HUMMY MY OVERSIZED HUMMING BIRD, WOULD PLUCK ALL THE ROCK'S AN STICK'S OUT OF THE CLAY DIRT. AND ONCE IN AWHILE, THEY WOULD FIND A NICE JUICY WORM TO FEED ON. (MMMMMMM! GOOD) MY PET CAT (PIPPIE LA FEW CRUMMY KATT) WAS THE SUPER - visior. (EVERY PROJECT NEED'S A SUPERVISIOR RIGHT!..)

AFTER THE BOTTOM AND THE SIDE'S OF THE POND WERE ALL DONE. I MADE A BORDER OF CONCRETE AROUND THE WHOLE POND. THEN I BUILT A 3 FOOT HIGH WALL, USEING BRICK'S AND LAVA ROCK'S. THEN I PUT IN A 3 FOOT HIGH METAL GATE. AND BUILT A NICE CONCRETE RAMP, SO IT WOULD BE EASY FOR MISS CROCK AND HER OTHER FRIEND'S TO GET IN AND OUT OF THE POND. I DID TWO OTHER MONOR THING'S. I PUT IN A WATER SLIDE, AND A EASY, NON - SLIP WOODEN RAMP TO THE TOP OF THE SLIDE, SO IT WOULD BE EASY FOR MISS CROCK TO CLIMB UP AND USE THE SLIDE. EVERYBODY ELSE LIKED MY IDEA TOO. AND I GOT A FEW HUG'S AND PAT'S OF APROVEL.

THE NEXT DAY, WHILE SOME OF MY ANIMAL'S HANDLED THE FOUR HORE'S TO FILL UP THE POND WITH WATER. (NOTE) (MISS CROCK AT THAT TIME WAS TOO YOUNG, OR SMALL TO DO MUCH, BUT WATCH.)

I TOOK HOOPER, GORGO, RALPH AND CHIPPER, AND LOADED THEM INTO MY PICKUP TRUCK. THEN I TOOK ALONG THREE ROUND WOOD TUB'S, AND DROVE OUT TO THE WESTSIDE OF THE VALLEY. I FINALLY FOUND ONE NICE POND THAT HAD WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR. I TOLD RALPH AND GORGO TO FILL UP ONE OF THE TUB' WITH CATTAIL AN CATTAIL ROOT'S. THEY WERE BOTH VERY STRONG. AND COULD PULL UP ROOT'S AN ALL VERY EASELY. THEN I HAD HOOPER WADE OUT INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE POND, AND WITH HIS LONG BEEK, HE COULD PULL UP SOME LILY PAD ROOT'S, AND SOME GOOD LILY PAD'S. IN THE MEAN TIME, CHIPPER AND I WENT ALONG AN PULLED UP A BUNCH OF WATER GRASS ROOT'S. THEN WHILE THE BOY'S PLAYED IN THE WATER. I WENT FISHING FOR A SHORT TIME TO CATCH SOME FISH FOR THE BIG FISH FEED, LATER THAT EVENING. I FIGURED AFTER ALL THIS WORK, MY ANIMAL AND BIRD FAMILY NEEDED TO CELEBRATE A BIT. AND JUST PLAIN RELAX. AFTER WE HAD RETURNED HOME AND PLANTED ALL THE GRASS, CATTAIL AND LILY PAD ROOT'S. WE ALL SAT BACK AND ADMIRED OUR WORK. THE ONLY THING LEFT TO DO WAS TO FIN - NISH FILLING UP THE POND WITH WATER.

(PLEASE TURN PAGE OVER)
(AND KEEP SMILLING)

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(ONE OF THESE DAY'S, I AM GOING TO LEARN HOW TOO SPELL CORRECTLY, AND HOW TOO TYPE WITH)
(TO, TOO, OR TWO FINGER'S)

(PAGE 2)

THAT EVENING, WE HAD A HUE - MUNG - GUSS FROG LEG AN FISH FRY. WITH BAKED POTATOES, TO -
SSED GREEN SALAD, FRENCH BREAD, (SAW - TADE WITH BUTTER AND GAR - LICK SALT.) RED SUGAR WATER,
FOR THE HUMMING BIRD, MILK FOR THE CAT, COKE, PEPSI, 7 UP. THEN WE HAD (SYRAWBEERY SHORTCAKE)
FOR DESERT. (YUMMY! YUMMY! YUMMY!, ALL THAT GOOD FOOD IN OUR TUMMY.) (MMMMMMMMM! GOOD.)
AFTER WE HAD OUR FILL, AND EVERYBODY HELPED CLEANUP, AN PUT EVERYTHING AWAY. WE ALL SAT AROUND
RELAXING AND LOOKING AT THE STAR'S AN THE BRIGHT SHINING FULL MOON ABOVE, AND LETTING OUR FOOD
DIJEST RIGHT. ABOUT AN HOUR OR SO LATER, I YELLED! LAST ONE IN IS A ROTTEN EGG. AND YOU NEVER
SAW SUCH A MAD SCAMBLE FOR THAT COOL AND REFRESHING POND. I TRIPPED OVER A CHAIR, AND I WAS THE
LAST ONE IN, WITH EGG ALL OVER MY FACE. (HOW IMBARESSING CAN IT GET.) (SMILE FOLK'S)
AFTER KEEPING MISS CROCK COMPANY FOR ANOTHER HOUR OR SO, WE ALL CALLED IT A NIGHT, AND HEADED
FOR OUR OWN SLEEPING QUARTER'S.

IT NOW HAD BEEN ABOUT 4 MONTH'S SINCE WE FINNISHED THE POND. AND ONE DAY AFTER WORK, I
WENT OUT TO CHECK ON MISS CROCK. I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE MY EYE'S. WHEN SHE CAME OUT OF THE POND
SHE WAS 2 FEET BIGGER THAN THE LAST TIME I SAW HER. BOY WAS I EVER SURPRISED. AS TIME WENT BY,
WE DID A LOT OF DIFFERENT THING'S TOGETHER. I MADE HER A BIG HARNESS OUT OF NILON, WITH A HEAVY
OR A BIG ROPE FOR A LEASH. AND I MADE IT SO I COULD MAKE IT LARGER, IF SHE GREW ANYMORE?? I
WOULD TAKE HER FOR WALK'S IN THE PARK, AND ALSO OVER TO THE LOCAL NATURE CENTER, THAT HAD A
MALE ALLIGATOR THERE. THEY MADE A GOOD COUPLE, BUT NEITHER ONE OF THEM WERE OLD ENOUGH FOR BRE
EDING YET. CHIPPER WOULD SOMETIME'S GO ALONG AN RIDE ON HER BACK, AND HOOPER WOULD WALK ALONG
SIDE OF ME, AND KEEP ME COMPANY. WE WOULD GET A LOT OF ROOM TO WALK IN THE CITY PARK, AND OTHER
PLACE'S WE WOULD GO. UNTIL THE OTHER PEOPLE USEING THE PARK FOUND OUT THAT (MISS CROCK) WAS
TAME, AND WOULD NOT HURT A FLEA. (SMILE FOLK'S) AND OTHER TIME'S WHEN I TOOK HER FOR A STROLL
GORGO MY PIGMY GORRILLA, WOULD RIDE HIS OVERSIZED TRICYCLE, AND RALPH MY ORANGTAANG WOULD RIDE
HIS BICYCLE.

(I GOOFED! THE WORD SHOULD BE MORE HERE!)

WHEN MISS CROCK WAS ABOUT 3 YEAR'S OLD, (AND STILL GROWING). I STARTED TAKING HER
ON FISHING TRIP'S OUT TO THE SACRAMENTO RIVER, AND THE MANY LAKE'S IN THIS AREA. AT FIRST I
HAD TO BUILD A SPECIAL LEAK PROOF WATER TANK, TO CARRY HER IN THE BACK OF MY TRUCK TO AND FROM
THE DIFFERENT FISHING AREA'S. UNTIL SHE LEARNED TO STAY OUT OF WATER FOR A LONG PERIOD OF TIME.
ON THOSE FISHING TRIP'S, SHE WOULD ALWAYS CATCH MY FISH THAN I WOULD. BUT AT LEAST SHE WAS
EATING GOOD, AND COULD GO LONGGER, BETWEEN MEAL'S. SHE WOULD CATCH AND EAT ALL KIND'S OF FISH.
LIKE, STRIPPED BASS, BLUEGILL PERCH, CATFISH (STINGER'S AND ALL), STEEL HEAD, SALMON, AND
TROUT. (SHE DID NOT LIKE SUCKER'S OR CARP, BECAUSE THEY WERE TOO BONEY.) SHE WOULD ALSO CATCH
MUS RAT'S AND SNAKE'S. (YUK! YUK!) AND SHE LIKED DIVING FOR FROG'S. MOSTLY BIG BULL FROG'S.
AND SOMETIME'S SHE WOULD CATCH A WHOLE PASSLE OR PASSEL OF BULL FROG'S AND BRING THEM TO ME.
THEN THE WHOLE GANG COULD HAVE A FROG LEG AND FISH FRY SUPPER OR DINNER. (MMMMMMMMM! GOOD,
LICK YOUR CHOP'S?). AFTER A YEAR OR TOO OR TWO, SHE COULD STAY OUT OF THE WATER FOR UP TOO 6
HOUR'S, BEFORE HER HIDE WOULD GET TO DRY.

ON THE WAY BACK FROM ONE OF OUR FISHING TRIP'S. SHE WAS RIDING IN THE TRUCK BED, STAND
ING ON HER HIND LEG'S, WITH HER FRONT FEET ON MY TOOL BOX. ALL OF A SUDDEN, SHE WAS SNORTING
AND WHISTLING AND MAKING ALL KIND'S OF NOISE'S, AND POINTING OR TRYING TO POINT WITH HER STUBBY
RIGHT FRONT FOOT, TO A PARKING LOT THAT I HAD JUST PASSED. SO I TURNED AROUND, AND WENT BACK TO
SEE WHAT WAS GETTING HER ALL EXCITED. AS WE PULLED INTO THE PARKING LOT, THERE WAS 5 OR 6 GROWN
UP'S RIDING AROUND ON THE BLACKTOP, ON MOTORIZED BAR STOOL'S. WHEN MISS CROCK SAW THESE THING'S,
SHE TOLD ME IN HER OWN SPECIAL WAY. THAT SHE WANTED ONE OF THOSE UNUSUAL KUN - TRAP - SHUN'S.
AFTER WATCHING THEM RUN AROUND FOR A LITTLE WHILE. WE CONTINUED ON HOME.

THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY AFTER I GOT OFF WORK. I WENT BY THE LAWN MOWER SHOP, AND I BOUGHT
THE BIGGEST 18 HORSE, SELF PERPELLED BRIGG'S AN STRATTEN MOWER I COULD FIND. THEN I WENT TO A
SECOND HAND STORE, AND BOUGHT A STEP LADDER TYPE METAL STOOL, WITH THE TOP SEAT THAT WOULD FOLD
OR SLANT DOWN. THEN I WENT TO AN AUTO JUNK YARD, AND BOUGHT ONE FRONT AXLE, WITH TIE ROD'S, AND
LEAF SPRING'S AND SHOCK'S. THEN I ALSO GOT A REAR AXLE, WITH LEAF SPRING'S. THEN AN OLD STEERING
SHAFT AND A STEERING WHEEL THAT WAS AJUSTABLE. THEN I FOUND FOUR 12 INCH WHEEL'S AND TIRE'S.

I HAD KNOW IDEA, WHAT IN THE HECK I WAS DOING. SO THE FOLLOWING MONDAY MORNING, BEFORE
I WENT TOO WORK. I TOOK ALL THE STUFF OVER TO A MACHANIC FRIEND OF MINE, AND I SHOWED HIM MORE
OR LESS, BY DRAWING HIM A PICTURE, WHAT IT WAS SURPOSE TO LOOK LIKE. SEVEN DAY'S LATER I WENT
BACK AND HE HAD IT ALL DONE. AND HE HAD PAINTED IT A NICE BEAUTIFUL BRIGHT RED, WITH LIGHT
YELLOW AN WHITE PEN OR PIN STRIPE'S, AROUND THE BASE OF THE MOWER HOUSEING. IT LOOKED GREAT.

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(PLEASE GO TO NEXT PAGE) (ARE YOU HAPPY)

(ANOTHER TWO WEEK'S AND I SHOULD BE DONE WITH THIS SHORT STORY.) (COME ON SMILE FOLK'S.)

(PAGE 3)

AND HE HAD ADDED EXTRA THING'S TO SPRUCE IT UP. HE PUT A BIGGER GAS TANK, EXTRA 6 VOLT BATTERY TO RUN THE LIGHT'S. TWO SMALL HEAD LIGHT'S ON THE FRONT, AND TWO SMALL TAIL LIGHT'S WITH BRAKE LIGHT'S ON THE REAR. ALSO A IRON OR METAL TUBING BUMPER ON THREE SIDE'S. AND COVERED WITH OLD MOTORCYCLE TIRE'S TO CUSHION THE SHOCK, IF SHE RAN INTO ANYTHING. AND LAST BUT NOT LEAST, A TRAILER HITCH, WITH A BALL MOUNT. JUST IN CASE I MITE LIKE TO BUILD A TRAILER FOR HER TO HULL OR HAUL HER TAIL IN. (SMILE FOLK'S)

IT HAD A THROTTLE LEVER LIKE AN OLD MODEL T. PUSH IT FORWARD TO GO FASTER, PULL IT BACK TO SLOW DOWN. HE ALSO TOOK OFF THE ROPE START. AND INSTALLED AN ELECTRIC START. THE MACHANIC DROVE IT AROUND AND SHOWED ME HOW IT WORKED AND RAN. THEN I TRYED IT OUT. BOY DID THAT THING GET UP AN MOVE. WITH THE WIDER TIRE'S ON IT. IT DID NOT WANT TO TIP OVER AS MUCH, OR AS BAD. I PAID THE MAN, AND THEN I LOADED UP THIS NEW WAY OF GETTING AROUND FOR MISS CROCK AND HAULED IT HOME. WHEN I PULLED INTO THE DRIVEWAY, AND MISS CROCK SAW ME. SHE CAME OUT OF HER POND, (FASTER THAN A GOFFER OUT OF A SNAKE PIT.) SHE WAS REALLY HAULLING TAIL, AND SHE RAN RIGHT OVER A COUPLE OF BUSHES IN THE BACK YARD, WHILE MAKING A BEE - LINE FOR MY TRUCK. SHE WAS A REAL HAPPY CROCK - A - DIAL.

I TRIED TO EXSPLAIN TO HER, THAT SHE WAS TO PRACTICE ON IT IN THE PARKING LOT ONLY. UNTIL SHE COULD LEARN HOW TO START IT HERSELF, AND NOT RUN INTO ANYTHING WITH IT. SHE CLIMBED ABOARD AND I SHOWED HER HOW TO START IT, AND WHERE THE KILL SWITCH WAS. I COULD TELL RIGHT OFF THAT I WOULD HAVE TO IMPROVE A COUPLE OF THING'S. WHEN SHE WAS SETTING ON THE LOWER STEP OF THE 2 STEP LADDER STOOL. THE STEP OR SEAT WAS NOT DEEP ENOUGH, AND SHE ALSO DRAGGED HER BIG TAIL ON THE GROUND. IF SHE SAT ON THE TOP SEAT, THEN HER BACK LEG'S OR FEET COULD NOT REST ON THE BUM - PER GUARD'S SO SHE COULD RETAIN HER BALANCE. SO I ALMOST HAD TO USE A PRY BAR IN ORDER TO GET MISS CROCK OFF HER NEW TOY, SO I COULD GET IT FIXED RIGHT.

I WENT TO A TRACTOR SHOP, AND BOUGHT A SOFT PADDED SEAT ON A FLAT STEEL BAR, WITH AN AJUSTABLE MOUNTING BRACKET. THEN I WENT TO THE SALVAGE YARD, AND GOT ONE 20 LB. LEAD BLOCK TO USE AS A COUNTER WEIGHT. THEN I WENT TO A TRAILER SHOP AND BOUGHT A SMALL FLAT BED TRAILER WITH SIDE RACK'S THAT HAD 12 INCH WHEEL'S AN TIRE'S. I THEN WENT HOME TO PUT THIS STUFF TOGET - HER. I PUT THE LEAD WEIGHT ON THE FRONT OF THE MOTORIZED BAR STOOL, TO OFF SET THE WEIGHT OF MISS CROCK, SETTING ON THE NEW SEAT THAT WAS NOW OVERHANGING ABOVE THE TRAILER HITCH. THE REA - SON FOR THE SMALL FLAT BED TRAILER, WAS FOR "MISS CROCK" TO HAUL HER TAIL AROUND ON. SO IT WOULD NOT DRAG ON THE GROUND AND GET HURT OR SCRAPED UP.

WELL "MISS CROCK" WAS TICKLED PINK, AND VERY HAPPY THAT I FINALLY GOT ALL THE KINK'S WORKED OUT. SHE CLIMBED ON BOARD AGAIN AND WAS OFF AND RUNNING. IT TOOK "MISS CROCK" ABOUT 7 DAY'S TO REALLY GET THE HANG OF DRIVING HER NEW WAY OF GETTING AROUND. AT FIRST, EVERYTIME SHE TRYED TO TAKE A TURN TOO SHARPLY, SHE WOULD FALL OVER, AND BUMP HER HEAD SLIGHTLY. SO I WENT DOWN AND BOUGHT HER ONE OF THOSE HELMETS THAT BICYCLE RIDER'S WEAR. THEN SHE HAD A LOT OF TRO - UBLE WORKING THE FOOT LEVER BRAKEING SYSTEM. SIMALURE TO WHAT THE "OLD STAGE COACH" USED IN THE OLD WESTERN DAY'S. WITH A WOODEN PAD PRESSING AGAINST THE WHEEL. BUT AS TIME WENT BY, SHE BE - CAME AN EXPERT DRIVER. AND COULD HANDLE IT VERY WELL.

ABOUT 3 WEEK'S HAD GONE BY, AND "MISS CROCK" WAS WANTING TO GO OUT TOO THE RIVER AGAIN TO GO FISHING. SO ON MY DAY OFF, A SATURDAY. I TOLD HER TO DRIVE HER "MOTORIZED BAR STOOL" OUT AHEAD OF ME, AND I WOULD FOLLOW HER TO THE RIVER ON MY MOTORCYCLE. CHIPPER AND HOOPER PUT THERE HELMET'S ON AND RODE IN THE TRAILER BEHIND "MISS CROCK". RALPH MY ORANGATANG, AND I PUT OUR HELMET'S ON ALSO AND HE RODE BEHIND ME ON MY MOTORCYCLE. AS WE STARTED OUT WITH "MISS CROCK" IN THE LEAD, WE ATTRACTED A LOT OF RUBBER NECKER'S. AND AT ONE TIME WE HAD A LOT OF YOUNG KID'S FOLLOWING US ON THERE BICYCLE'S, UNTIL WE GOT GOING TO FAST.

WE FINALLY MADE IT TO THE RIVER, AND WHILE "MISS CROCK AN HOOPER DID ALL THE FISHING. CHIPPER, RALPH, AND I SAT ON THE BANK AN GOT A SUNTAN. AFTER "MISS CROCK" AN "HOOPER" HAD THERE FILL. THEY WERE NICE ENOUGH TO CATCH A FEW NICE SIZE, STRIPPED BASS, AN STEELHEAD FOR THE REST OF THE CLAN TO HAVE LATER THAT EVENING. WE ALL THEN HEADED FOR HOME. WE HAD A LOVELY DAY, INJO YING EACH OTHER'S COMPANY, AND WATCHING THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE GREEN WATER'S OF THE RIVER, MENDER - ING ALONG ON IT'S WAT TO THE OCEAN. AFTER KEEPING "MISS CROCK" COMPANY ON FOUR OR FIVE MORE TRIP'S TO THE RIVER. SHE WAS FINALLY ABLE TO GO BY HERSELF. AND MOST OF THE TIME SHE WOULD TAKE ONE OR TWO OF HER OTHER PAL'S WITH HER TO HELP HER ENJOY THE DAY.

(PLEASE TURN PAGE OVER)

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(SLOWLY I GO, STEP BY STEP.) (PAGE 4) (AND ONE WORD AT A TIME) (SMILE)

AS TIME WENT BY, SHE GREW A LITTLE BIGGER AND SHE REALLY HAD A LOT OF FUN WITH HER MOTORIZED BAR STOOL. WHETHER SHE RODE IT BACK AND FORTH TO THE RIVER, OR THRU THE PARK, OR JUST AROUND TOWN. SHE JUST KNEW HOW TO HAVE FUN. SHE REALLY GOT A LOT OF LOOK'S FROM OTHER MOTORIST'S, WHO WOULD STOP AND STARE IN DISBELIEF OF WHAT THEY WERE SEEING. EVEN THE LOCAL LONG - DON'S OR POLICE CHECKED HER OUT TO SEE IF SHE COULD HANDLE HERSELF ALRIGHT. BECAUSE HER "MOTORIZED BAR STOOL" WAS UNDER A CERTAIN WEIGHT CLASS. SHE DID NOT NEED A DRIVER'S LICENSE. EVEN THOUGH SOME OF THE LOCAL POLICE AND SHERIFF OFFICER'S HAVE SEEN, AND HEARD THAT SOME TRAINED BEAR'S, AN CHIMPANZEE'S RIDE SMALL MOTORCYCLE'S IN A CIRCUS. THEY HAVE NEVER SEEN A "CROCK - A - DIAL RIDING A "MOTORIZED BAR STOOL" BEFORE. AND AS LONG AS SHE DID NOT BREAK ANY TRAFFIC LAW'S, SHE COULD RIDE IT ANYWHERE SHE WANTED TOO. WHEN "MISS CROCK" WAS 7 YEAR'S OLD. SHE HAD A LOVE AFFAIR WITH MR. CRUNCH THE ALLIGATOR, OVER AT THE NATURE CENTER. MR. CRUNCH WAS 9 YEAR'S OLD AT THAT TIME. THEY REALLY HAD A WONDERFUL COURTSHIP, AND A LOVING RELATIONSHIP. THEY WOULD SWIM AT ONE OF OUR LOCAL LAKE'S, CALLED HORSE SHOE LAKE IN THE UPPER PARK. OR SWAM UP AND DOWN BIG CHICO CREEK, AND SCARING THE HECK OUT OF THE OTHER PEOPLE USING THE CREEK AND THE OTHER SWIMMING HOLE'S. THESE PEOPLE DID NOT KNOW AT THAT TIME THAT THIS "CROCK - A - GATOR PAIR, WERE TAME. BUT SOON FOUND OUT THAT THEY WERE AT TIME'S, THEMSELVES ALMOST HUMAN.

AFTER ONE YEAR HAD GONE BY. "MISS CROCK" LAID HER FIRST EGG'S. 4 BIG ONE'S. AND A FEW DAY'S LATER, THERE WERE FOUR OF THE CUTEST AND MOST ADORABLE LITTLE "CROCK - A - GATOR'S THAT YOU WOULD EVER WANT. (2 BOY'S AND 2 GIRL'S). BEING BORN SO SMALL, ONLY 7 INCHES LONG. IT IS JUST HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THEY WOULD GET SO BIG. EVERYBODY AROUND HERE WOULD TAKE TURN'S FEEDING THEM. AND THE POND IN THE BACK YARD WAS A BEEHIVE OF ACTIVITY. WHEN "MISS CROCK'S" PUP'S AS SHE CALLED THEM, WERE BIG ENOUGH. SHE WOULD LOAD THEM IN THE TRAILER BEHIND HER MOTORIZED BAR STOOL, AND HAUL THEM OUT TO THE RIVER, SO SHE COULD TEACH THEM THE FINE ART, OF CATCHING THERE OWN FISH AN FROG'S FOR DINNER. IN THE SUMMER MONTH'S, MISS CROCK AND HER KID'S WOULD PLAY HIDE AN SEEK, WITH ALL THE TUBER'S GOING DOWN THE RIVER. ALL THE GIRL'S REALLY GOT A KICK OUT OF THEM. (SMILE FOLK'S)

A FEW MONTH'S AFTER MR. CRUNCH THE ALLIGATOR HAD BEEN GOING WITH "MISS CROCK. I MAD OR PUT TOGETHER ANOTHER, MOTORIZED BAR STOOL TO GIVE HIM AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM "MISS CROCK, AND THE GANG AN MYSELF. BECAUSE HE WAS ALWAYS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN WHEN HE WAS COURTING HER. AND WAS A VERY GOOD FATHER TO HER KID'S. (NOTE) (YOU SEE FOLK'S, THEY NEVER GOT MARRIED, BECAUSE THEY WANTED IT THAT WAY. THEY WERE HAPPY JUST THE WAY THEY WERE.) (SMILE)

JUST A LITTLE OVER THREE YEAR'S AGO. MR. CRUNCH WAS PULLING OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY, OVER AT THE NATURE CENTER, ON HIS MOTORIZED BAR STOOL. AND HE DID NOT SEE A BIG HAY HAULLING TRUCK COMING DOWN THE HIGHWAY. THE TRUCK DRIVER TRIED HIS BEST TO MISS HIM BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. AND HE DIED INSTANTLY. ACCORDING TO THE HEAD PERSON OVER AT THE NATURE CENTER, THAT CALLED ME, AND TOLD ME WHAT HAD HAPPENED. THAT MR. CRUNCH NEVER NEW WHAT HIT HIM. HIS MOTORIZED BAR STOOL WAS ALSO DE - MALL - LISHED. WE HAD A BEAUTIFUL FUNERAL FOR "MR. CRUNCH". ALL HIS ANIMAL FRIEND'S AND HUMAN FRIEND'S ATTENDED AND PAID THERE LAST RESPECT'S. "MISS CROCK" WAS VERY UPSET, AND HER AND HER KID'S CRYED A LOT. THE KID'S WERE REALLY GOING TO MISS THERE FATHER. IT TOOK HER A LONG TIME TO GET OVER HIS PASSING ON. BUT SHE FINALLY REALIZED THAT HE WAS IN GOD'S HAND'S, AND HE WOULD BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF.

HER AND HER CHILDREN WERE GETTING BIGGER, AND BECAUSE OF ALL MY OTHER ANIMAL'S, I WAS RUNNING OUT OF ROOM. SO I HAD TO MAKE A VERY HARD DECESSION. I FINALLY CONTACTED A LARGE ZOO IN THE SOUTHERN END OF THE STATE. AND THEY AGREED TO TAKE HER AND HER KID'S, AN LET THEM LIVE THERE UNTIL THEY PAST AWAY FROM OLD AGE. AND SHE WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE HER "MOTORIZED BAR STOOL AN TRAILER WITH HER. ANOTHER SAD TIME IN MY LIFE AS WELL AS THE REST OF THE GANG. WE HAD A GOING AWAY PARTY FOR THEM. I DELIVERED HER AND HER FAMILY MYSELF. IN THE LAST COUPLE OF YEAR'S, I HAVE MADE 6 TRIP'S DOWN THERE TO SEE AND VISIT HER. HER KID'S ARE ALMOST AS BIG AS SHE IS. AND BOTH OF THE BOY'S LOOK JUST LIKE THERE DADDY. AND JUST AS STRONG TOO. AND HER TWO GIRL'S ARE AS PRETTY AS SHE IS. AND HAVE THE PRETTTEST YELLOW EYE'S YOU WOULD EVER WANT TO SEE. AND A SMILE THAT KNOCK'S YOU OVER. MISS CROCK IS STILL RIDING HER BAR STOLL, AND IS A CROWD PLEASER. THERE ARE OTHER "CROCK'S" AND "GATOR'S" TO KEEP HER COMPANY. MY TWO BEAVER'S "BASCO AN BEVA" HAVE NOW TAKEN OVER THE POND. HOOPER STILL USES IT, AND CHIPPER STILL SAIL'S HIS SCOONER IN IT ONCE IN AWHILE. THIS BRING'S TO A CLOSE, MY STORY OF "MISS CROCK", THE VERY UNUSUAL "CROCK - A - DIAL. HOPE YOU ALL INJOYED READING IT, AS MUCH AS I INJOYED WRITING AND TYPING IT. (SMILE FOLK'S) AND LET YOUR MIND WONDER.

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OR
(ALWAYS LOOKING AT NOTHING) 5/9/90