

Here is a tale for all to tell
to your children and theirs too
Written by Mr. Carson
And gratefully shared with you.



GREAT-GRANDDADS TALE

With Christmas dinner over
in the house at the edge of
the wood
we were all stuffed like
Santa Claus
and feeling mighty good.



Great-Granddad rose from his
chair
and went to the window sill
said, "I'll tell you all a
story
if'n you promise to be still.

And all of the little ones
gathered round his chair
as Great-Granddad lit his pipe
and took on an important air.

The grownups took their places
all around the room
as Grandmama hung up her towel
and put away the broom.



She doused the lights one by
one
and lit the Christmas tree
then took the rocker next to
his
and put a child upon her knee.

When all was still and silent
the old man began his yarn
about the night in
Nineteen-nine
out behind the barn.

"Twas a cold cold night in
December
a clear and snowless night
I had just put away old Bessie
and locked the barn up tight.

When my brother came a runnin
and shoutin out my name
he bolted down the path
and over the fence he came.



'What in tarnation.....?'
I said as he went by
but he just kept on runnin
and pointin to the sky.



And then I froze right to the
spot
there was a ball of fire comin
and lookin mighty hot!

Well, I didn't know just what
it was
but my brother had heard tell
that a comet named Halley's
was comin
a little piece of Hell.

He had heard all about it
down at the General Store
they say it comes every
seventy-six
and never less or more.

It's Haley's Comet up there
ahangin in the sky
they say it's comin mighty
close
you can touch it if you try.

Well, the fireball was closin
in
with a tail a mile long
I climbed the barn up to the
roof
though I knew that it was wrong.

His head was mighty hot
his tail a path of ice
and I jumped aboard that comet
that few would ever see twice.

Yes sir, I mounted that tail
ahangin on for my my dear life.
And I dug in with a pick
my good ol' huntin knife.

