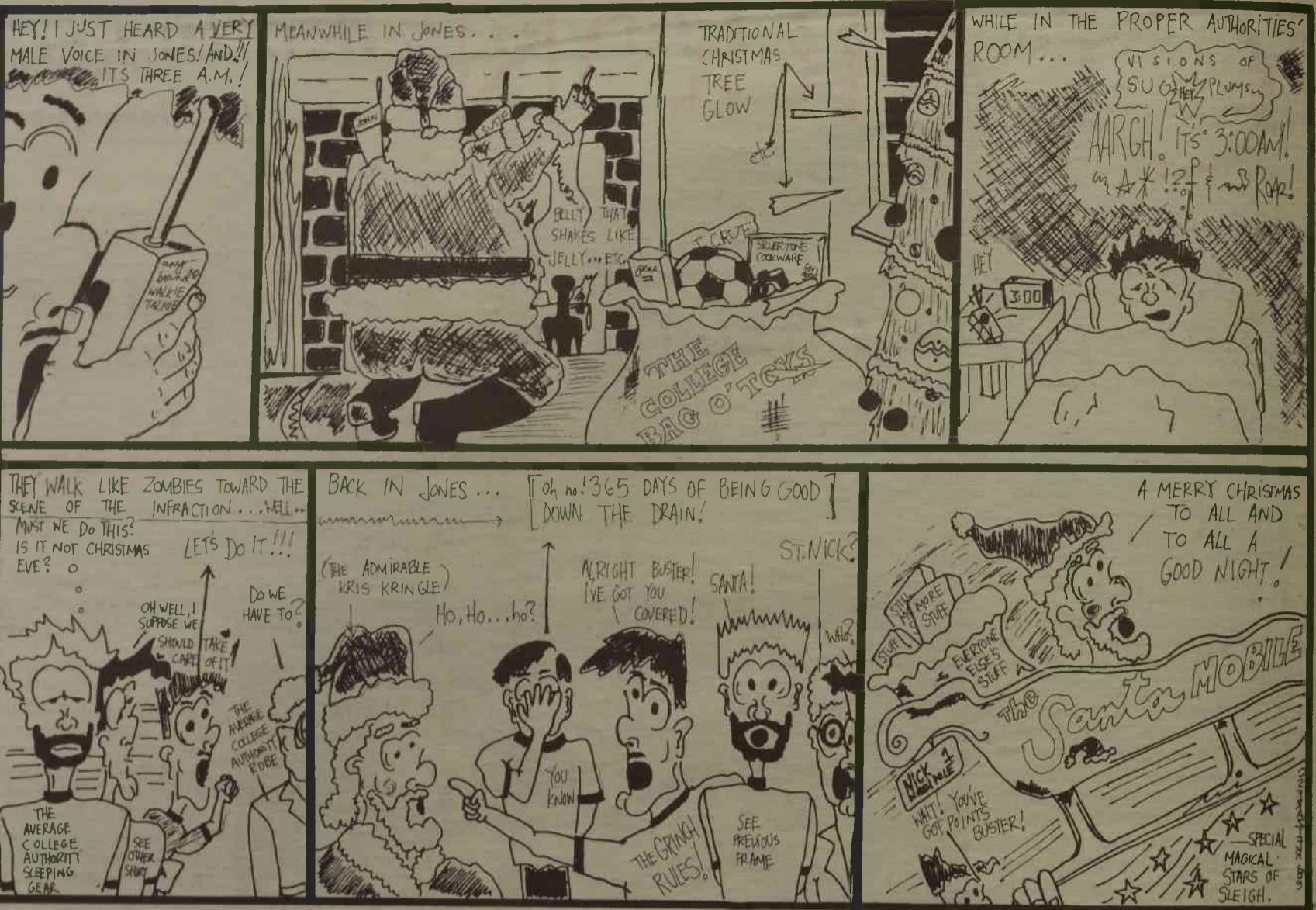


DEAD TOONS SOCIETY



# Flashing back with Uncle Elmo



Charles Koory  
Clarion Columnist

'Tis the season to be jolly, fa la la la and all that stuff. The sweaters have come out. The fires have been lit. The stockings are all hung on the ladies' legs. Thoughts of turkey, stuffing, berry and eggs. Everyone glowing with holiday cheer, and everyone drinking their holiday Pepsies. Santa is working overtime and he sometimes neglects to give Mrs. Claus the love and care she needs. The nights are

long on the North Pole, ya' know. That's o.k., I'm sure she has her toys too. Don't even think what you guys were thinking. Mrs. Claus is not over the hill. All of this Christmas talk has reminded me of my last Christmas which was spent at my Grandma Coon's house. If it gets kind of wavy when you read this it is because I am remembering (you know like in the movies). FLASH BACK, FLASH BACK, BACK LASH, oo, ah, oo, ah.

Over the hills and through the woods to Grandmother's house we went. Hey, that could be a song. We had spent all day traveling by car with our pet to the backwoods of Dalton, Ga. We traveled for hours on this long and dusty dirt road. We finally came to this really old looking cabin. I thought to myself, "There is no way we're going to spend our Christmas here." We ended up not spending the night there. We stayed in an Econo Lodge, because that was not my grandmother's house. I don't know whose house that was, I'll probably never know whose house that was. Anyway, we caught a plane in Hotlanta the next day, and flew to where my grandmother really lives. This house is in Hanover, Pa. We got there about noon, and as soon as we had time to use the bathroom, we sang a few Christmas tunes. The next day my Uncle Elmo Dog decided to take me hunting for the Christmas turkey dinner. It was my first time hunting and Elmo was kind of showing me the ropes. "Now this here's a gun, boy, you shoot it at things that move." "Does that mean I can shoot you?" I replied. "No son, shoot turkeys," Elmo said as he spit out his plug. I'm not your son, I thought, but I decided not to press my luck. So off we went. The first sign of a turkey I looked over at Elmo and he said, mouthing something to me, "Shoot boy, shoot!" So I leveled the gun and fired. I totally missed, but Elmo shot soon after and hit something.

It turns out that Elmo had shot a chicken. That's right, a chicken. Oh boy, I really rubbed it now," Wow, Elmo you're really great! Didn't you say you were an expert marksman? It takes a whole lot of brains to distinguish between a turkey and a chicken! Gobble, Gobble, Emo. Who's the turkey now? Darkness, I got hit. When I woke up it was Christmas morning and people were opening their presents. I limped over to the tree and opened my presents. I got a lot of neat stuff: a razor, a doorknob, sea monkeys, zit cream, toe jam, and a bottle of Captain Morgan's Spiced Pepsi. My favorite present was a little drum. Last Christmas I was broke so I couldn't afford presents for anyone. Right then an idea came to mind. I gathered everyone around and I said, "I know you are all wondering what I got you for Christmas. Well, what I have for you cannot be bought, for it is a gift of love." I broke into song with my drum, "Come they told me parump a pum pum, a newborn King to see parump a pum pum..." I kind of finished the song in an empty room. It was probably too emotional for everyone. The day rolled on and dinner finally came around. We had chicken. We left the next day with memories of Elmo and chicken dinner fresh in our head. I just hope this Christmas will be as memorable as my last one. Have a good one, guys. Gobble, Gobble, parump a pum pum...

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