

The Dead of Night

By J. W. Henson

Well, it seems that one of the farmers in that area had some chickens that roosted nights in a tree near the house. One night the old farmer was awakened by a squawking sound coming from the tree full of fowls. Believing that something was bothering his hens, he jumped from his bed, grabbed the shotgun and headed around the house toward the tree. He had not taken time to dress and was bare footed and had on only some long-handle underwear. The flap door in the back of the union suit was unbuttoned and hanging down. As he crouched alone in the darkness he was unknowingly followed rather closely by his favorite dog. All at once he heard a noise again coming from the tree and he suddenly stopped. The dog not anticipating the stop bumped his cold nose against the old farmer's bare seat. In alarm he discharged the shotgun into the tree filling the air with feathers, as the dead chickens dropped around him.

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