

GRANNY GERT AND THE BUNION BROTHERS





GRANNY GERT AND THE BUNION BROTHERS

BY DOTTI ENDERLE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KULKA



PELICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

GRETNA 2006



BY DOTTI ENDERLE
ILLUSTRATED BY JOE KULKA



PELICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
GRETNA 2006

Text copyright © 2006

By Dotti Enderle

Illustrations copyright © 2006

By Joe Kulka

All rights reserved

*The word "Pelican" and the depiction of a pelican are trademarks
of Pelican Publishing Company, Inc., and are registered in the
U.S. Patent and Trademark Office.*

ISBN-13: 9781589803732



Printed in China

Published by Pelican Publishing Company, Inc.
1000 Burmaster Street, Gretna, Louisiana 70053

GRANNY GERT AND THE BUNION BROTHERS

Texas is a mighty big place, so to say the Bunion Brothers were the dumbest boys in Texas would be saying a lot. But the truth is—they were! Buddy and Buck Bunion not only lacked in the brains department, but they were worthless rascals as well. They had only one talent between them—playing the banjo.





Once, after being chased out of Amarillo,



the Bunion Brothers headed southeast,



where they rode right up to a rickety old farm with two signs out front.



Figuring it best to approach with caution, they rapped lightly on the door. It swung open in a hurry.

“State your business, varmints.”

The boys took a step back. “We’re the Bunion Brothers, ma’am,” Buck said. “And we’re looking for work.”

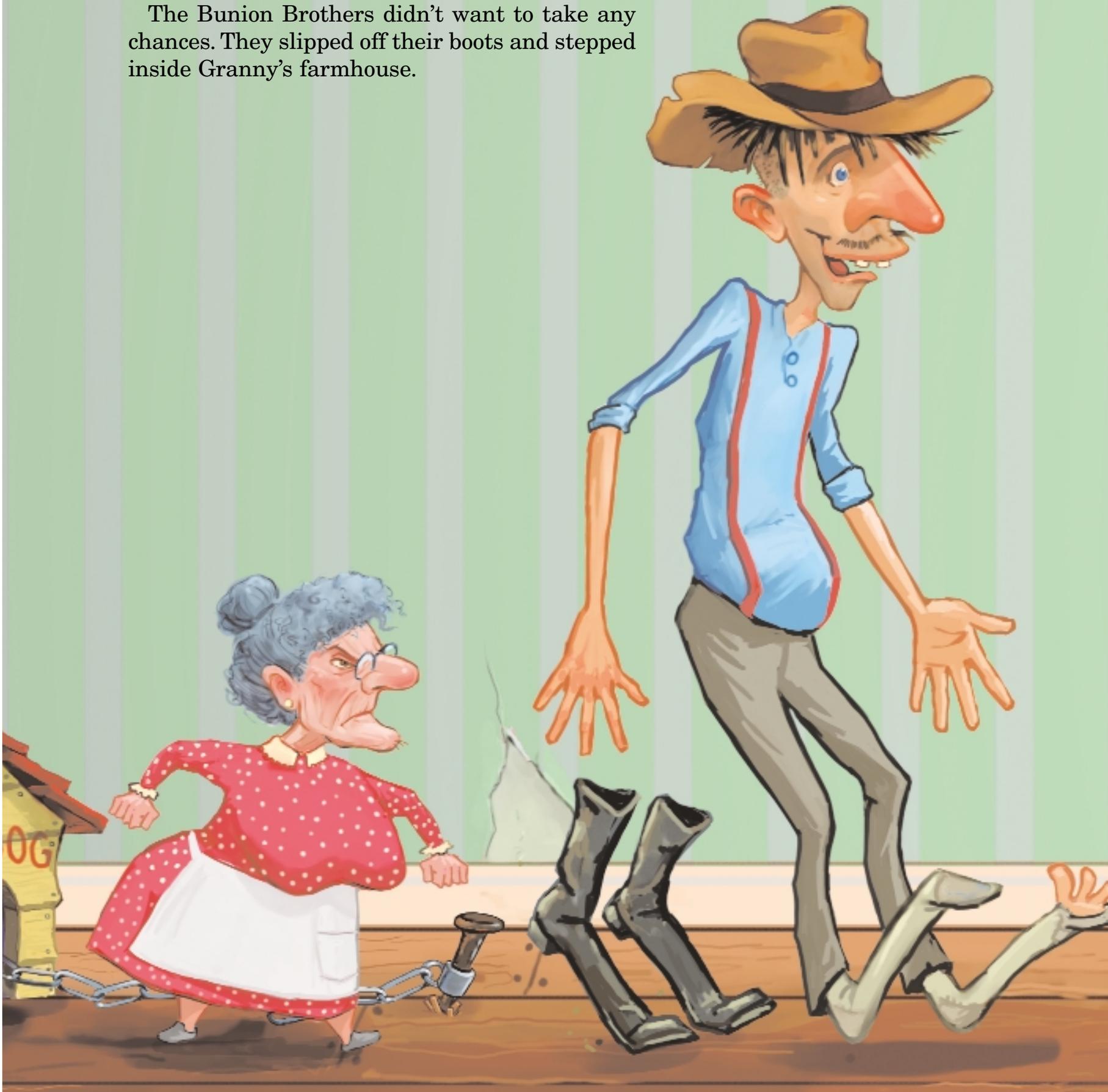
Granny eyed them, rubbing the whisker on her chin. “Well, I could use some stout boys like you to clean my privy.”

Buddy and Buck jumped at the offer like a couple of hound dogs on a ham. “Yes, ma’am!”



“Come on in first and have some dewberry cobbler,” Granny offered. “You’ll need your strength. And be sure to wipe your feet, or I’ll sic Mad Dog on you.”

The Bunion Brothers didn’t want to take any chances. They slipped off their boots and stepped inside Granny’s farmhouse.



On their way to the kitchen, they bumped into the loveliest vision of a girl ever to step foot on Texas soil. Both boys stood staring, too stunned to apologize.





“It’s a princess, come out of a fairy tale,” Buddy said with a sigh.

“It’s an angel, come down from Heaven,” Buck said in a whisper.

“It’s my granddaughter, Starla Scissors, come to live with me,” Granny Gert said with a growl. “And you better behave yourselves, or I’ll sic Mad Dog on you.”

But Granny’s words were wasted on the Bunion Brothers. It was love, pure and simple. They both had eyes for Starla.

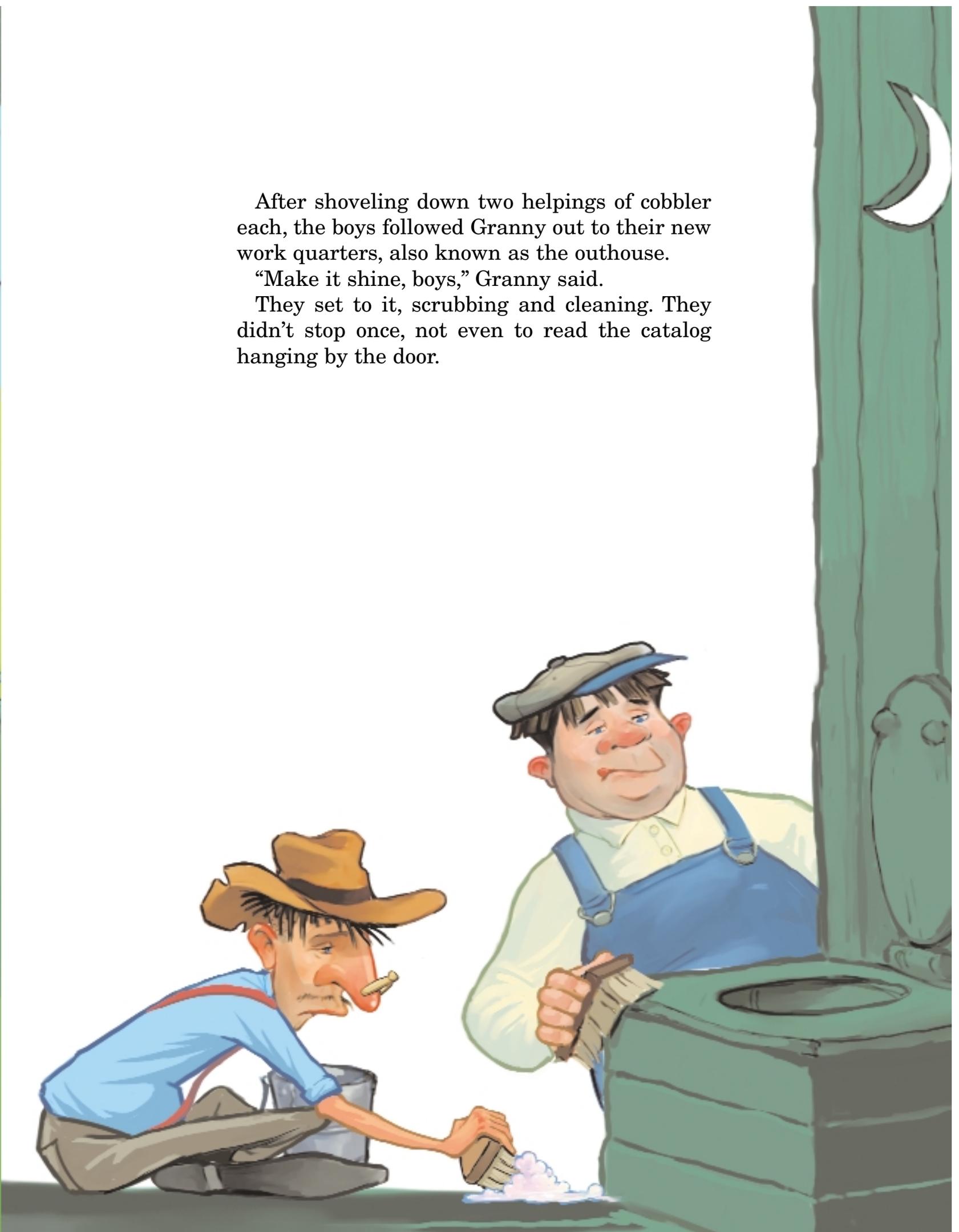




After shoveling down two helpings of cobbler each, the boys followed Granny out to their new work quarters, also known as the outhouse.

“Make it shine, boys,” Granny said.

They set to it, scrubbing and cleaning. They didn’t stop once, not even to read the catalog hanging by the door.



After supper, Buck and Buddy found their chance to impress Starla. They pulled out their banjo and commenced to pickin' and singin'.

*Starla, my darling,
You've gone to my head.
You're as tasty as gravy
And as fine as cornbread.
Your lips are like cherries;
Your eyes are like moons.
You're as cute and as cuddly
As a ring-tailed raccoon.*





“Goodness, boys!” Granny said. “Your singing is so sour, it pickled the cucumbers!”

But Starla batted her eyes, and the Bunion Brothers’ hearts melted like butter on a flapjack.

