

CEPHUS

Ike was a big hog thief. One night he was busted into Sydney's hog pen. He'd already stolen three of the hogs when he got greedy. And went back to steal Sydney Joe's prize-winning sow. It was pitch black dark and Sydney's house was about a half a mile from the hog pen, so Ike felt safe knowing that Sydney couldn't see his pick-up truck. Well it just so happens that Sydney had been back up in the woods making whiskey that night and he was walking back to his house on a path near the pig pen. Ike was leading the sow out of the pen and he spotted old Sydney. Scared Ike damn near to death. He turned the sow loose and she went off just squealing, into the woods. Sydney heard this and he knew something was up.

Old Sydney started peeping around in the dark. Real sly like. This way. Then that way. Sydney reached in his pocket and pulled his thirty-eight special out. She was glistening in the moonlight. Ike seen that gun and he peed on himself, but he didn't make a sound. Just stood there. Motionless. Sydney fired three shots into the air. Ka-pow! Ka-pow! Ka-pow! Ike dived into the bushes. Sydney just knewed somebody was close by so he squatted down. Like a Indian, and began to wait. Old Ike was scared to death. He could see that gun in Sydney's hands just a shining. "I'll find you." "You goddamn hog thief," Sydney shouted.

Now Ike had landed on his back when he dived into the bushes. His right arm was caught between the ground and his body and he was laying on it. He couldn't move or else Sydney Joe would hear him. One hour passed. Then two. Ike felt his arm go to sleep on him. Then it started to hurt. Four hours passed. Old Sydney still squatting like an Indian. Finally after six hours, Sydney gave up and walked towards his house. By now Ike was crying. As black as Ike was, his arm had turned blue. No blood circulating. Well they had to cut his arm off after that. Right at the elbow joint. So now he just sits around strumming his guitar with that stump, what used to be an arm. I tried to lift his spirits by telling him I needed music to practice my cussing by.