Big 'Un, for goldcountry

By : DMStubblefield

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Big 'Un, for goldcountry

I know why yer here. Yer here fer the gold ainâ tcha. Yessiree, I know about that therâ gold. Itâ s right oâ er yonder, oâ er them hills you see. I seen many of you younguns come on through these here parts, and I donâ t blame ye for wantinâ to get rich. Though I do have a warninâ fer ye. Beware of the big â un.

Ye ainâ t never heard of thâ big â un? Whoo damn! Boy, ye might wanna take a seat real quick like and let me â splain it a lil bit. The big â un is the biggest coyote yer ever gunna see. He stands taller than that there train car that brought ye here. He runs faster than a hundred horses, and never gits tired. His jaws can eat up a whole man in a matter oâ minutes. Yessir, I seen the big â un myself. He was a monster, I tell you what. But donâ t ye let that stop ye from gettin rich, everyone else is.

I mean, ye could get mighty rich out there, ainâ t no doubt â bout that. Ye could git so rich you ainâ t never â ave to work anuther day in yer life! But then again, thatâ s if you still got a life to have. â Ere, take this witcha. This hereâ s the pistol that I used to hurt the big â un when I saw him last time. Them bullets â re made of pure Spanish silver, yessir. If that ainâ t gonna stop a giant coyote then nothin on earth or in hell will do the trick.

Well good luck to ye stranger. I wish ye the best â o luck out yonder. And remember, if ye strike it rich out there, donâ t ye forget who gave ye that revolver. Iâ d like it back yâ hear. Now, when ye get rich, ye come on back â ere and Iâ ll cook us up a good olâ supper. Be safe, stranger. Be real damn safe out there.

For goldcountry

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