

## THE YARN SPINNER

By

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At eighty-two Grandpa remained nimble-minded. Years of hard work had sagged his shoulders and bent his six-foot frame. His once wavy auburn hair had grown white and the freckles of his youth had faded into obscurity. Grandpa always fascinated his grandchildren with his story telling ability.

Many of the stories were fairy tales, but we knew not the difference, nor cared. When Grandpa spoke, time stood still, and we were taken-in by the awesome beauty of detail. There were stories of savage Indians, gold teeth that sprouted from the vacant spaces left from ones pulled, and of giant watermelons growing from the eyes, ears, and nostrils of children that swallowed the seeds.

Grandpa and Grandma moved to Corpus Christi when I was eight. We visited them during summer, and Grandpa had numerous fishing experiences he would relate. One story was of a giant black bass that swam the waters off Padre Island. He had narrowly missed catching the bass many times; each time the fish jumped from the water and would spit in his eye. There were tales of sharks and porpoises. I had never seen a porpoise, until one day one was lying dead on the beach. I was amazed at its size, and it occurred to me that the bass story could have been true; however, it probably did not spit in Grandpa's eye.

My Grandparents moved back to Childress after an absence of eight years. During the last family reunion, Grandpa was encouraged by my cousin, Jimmy, to relate his story of Bonnie and Clyde. Jimmy had his recorder set, as Grandpa began the story. It appears Grandpa's neighbor's wife had been held hostage by the Barrow gang

for two days. In her vain attempt of escape, her thumb had been shot off. At the same moment the Sherriff arrived on the scene, entering from the front of the house as the gang departed from the back, stealing his car. It was only a short distance from the farm to the Oklahoma border, which aided their escape from the Law.

Grandpa was not a Dr. Seuss, but his stories were just as fascinating. They remained to be, for until his death some small grandchild could be seen on any sunny Sunay afternoon sitting spellbound, while the old white-haired gentleman would spin his fascinating yarns.

THE END