



Mountain Humor

"The Good Mule"

Having spent the biggest part of my life in the Appalachians — from Georgia to Western Maryland — I've always enjoyed "Mountain Humor." It seems there's a never ending flow of stories and tales. Some of them are true and some maybe not quite so true, but you'll always find someone who'll "swear that's the truth." One such story I've heard several times I printed in the last Mountain Discoveries. Here is another one I'd like to share with you so you can experience the flavor of "Mountain Humor." It goes like this...

Written by: **Lance C. Bell**

Jeb and Wendel each had a small farm high in the mountains of Appalachia. By mountain standards they lived pretty close to one another, about 25 miles in between. Wendel had a mule he used to carry goods (moonshine) from hollow to hollow until he got his first truck. He decided he didn't need that mule no more so he put a sign out that read "Good Mule for Sale, \$100." One day ol' Jeb was close by and saw the sign. Since he didn't have no truck he figured he sure could use that mule. Well, he bought that mule off a Wendel and was pretty pleased.

After a couple of months passed ol' Wendel got to miss'n that mule and wished he hadn't sold it. Wendel went to Jeb and asked if he maybe could sell him the mule back. Ol' Jeb thought about it awhile and finally said he'd sell the mule back for \$125. Wendel got kinda upset at hav'n to pay \$25 more to get his mule back, but he liked that mule so well (shucks, he was a member of the family), he paid it. Well ol' Wendel's wife found out how much he paid to get that mule back and just pitched a fit. She made Wendel put that mule back up for sale, this time for \$150. As luck would have it Jeb wandered by an' saw that sign. He stopped and told Wendel that was a good ol' mule an' he'd surely like to have it back. He didn't like having to pay the extra \$25, but he did and took that mule on home.

A few months later ol' Wendel came visiting and told Jeb he just couldn't get along without that mule and wanted him back, no matter what the missus said. Old Jeb told Wendel he'd have to have \$200 on a count of all the care he'd given that mule. This time Wendel had a fit but he paid the \$200 an' took the mule on home. When his wife saw that mule and found out how much Wendel paid to get him back she really exploded. Well, she thought about it for a couple weeks and finally decided she was gonna sell that mule and get their money back. That day a stranger from another county came by and she offered him some cool water. At least that's what it looked like, but when he drank it down in one gulp it knocked him senseless. I'm sure I don't need to elaborate on what that clear water was. Well, he looked over at the mule standing there and said, "That sure is a fine looking horse. Would you be willing to sell him?" That was just what Wendel's wife wanted to hear and said, "That is a fine animal, but I suppose I'd sell him for \$300." About this time the stranger is seeing double and really starting to wobble. He said, "Tell you what, I'll give you \$350 for both of them."

Ol' Wendel was pretty unhappy when one day Jeb came by and asked him where their mule was. He said his ol' lady sold him off to some stranger from another county. Jeb said, "Dang Wendel, I wish you hadn't let her do that. We was mak'n some good money off a that animal."

