

Brett Pets The Fluffy Cow
(Word count 432)

It was a warm and sunny day in Yellowstone National Park, and Brett and his family could not have been more pleased with how the trip was going. After an arduous 6 day drive in the R.V. they had finally arrived at their destination, the Old Faithful Inn, and as luck would have it the inn was not far from Old Faithful itself.

Brett and the gang were completely enamored with the splendor of nature that abounded them. Real pinewood boardwalks under their feet, the sound of traffic barely audible over the chatter of tourists, and not a cellphone in sight save for the few hundred that were being used to take a barrage of selfies.

“Daddy look! It’s a fluffy cow!” Li’l Ellie shouted as she tugged on Brett’s arm, pointing towards a nearby bison.

“Actually that’s a buffalo dear.” Brett assured Li’l Ellie, proud to demonstrate his glut of outdoors knowledge to his daughter.

“Can I pet it?” Li’l Ellie inquired, a bead of drool dangling from her lollipop stained lips.

“Of course baby, we are at a park after all.” Brett picked up his little girl and approached the bison. When they got within 20 feet of the great big beast the bison gave a huff.

“Awwww it sneezed.” Squeaked Li’l Ellie. Brett continued the approach. The bison gave a mighty stomp with its foot.

“Awwwww it farted” Squealed Li’l Ellie, her li’l legs kicking with excitement. They were upon the bison now. Brett leaned in, Ellie reached out, the bison reared up, and all went white.

As the blinding white light dimmed Brett took in his new surroundings. He was in a park, the city kind, complete with oak trees, concrete sidewalks, and all his friends and family present. Among them were Li’l Ellie, now looking like a mummy with her whole body covered in

bandages, and Brett's brother Garrett, who was standing before a casket, speaking rather eloquently.

“And although he died in a freak accident while trying to pet a wild animal, he was still the smartest man I ever knew.”

“What idiot would try to pet a wild animal! Am I right?” jested Brett. “Am I right?”

Brett grew worried. Noone was laughing at his funny joke. People always laughed at his funny jokes.

“Geez guys lighten up! Who died?” Brett began running up and down the aisles of folding lawn chairs, desperate for acknowledgement, and then he saw the tombstone.

“Oh no...” Brett read the epitaph: Here lies Brett R. Grett. Who died trying to pet a wild bison in Yellowstone National Park.