



The tall tale of the Golden Moose

This is a tale of gold and a moose,
of intrigue, intervention and dam abuse.

But as with most tall tales,
it begins in a meadow by a river
where a girl and some goats,
pattered and dazed,
and quite often grazed.

Her meadow was soothing
and mellow, call it yellow.

Dazzling to behold,
hinting at gold.

It was filled with orange poppies,
some hiding hoppies.

There were lavender lollies,
light purple follies.

Some reluctant blues
with the occasional pink,
such colors and hue made one think.



She paddled these shades and glades,
guided by her river, keeper of leapers, and friendly to fish.

Always freely floating and never gloating. A true liver and translucent giver.



And even better ...

Each sunny day after
it rained and drained,
a hidden pond filled
and a rare creature
thrilled.

She watched in awe
as it pranced and
glowed, all because
it was dripping in
gold!

Somehow, she
thought, one of
nature's blunders,
had become one of
its wonders.

This was a beast for a
record book ... not a
feast for a cook book!

*By any account,
it was a magical
place.*



But bliss is a
curtain,
and change
almost
certain...

Thus it was
that one day while in town
she learned of the plan ...

**It seemed that someone was building
a !#%*ing dam!!**

The dam builders - as they might be called - were two sisters and brothers who were friends to no others.

They had long since squandered their family fortunes, and now they pondered their familiar misfortunes.

The most distressing of which was the broken bridge, ... which fell off their ridge.

So the river ran round them, pressing and bound them.

How would they rebuild ?
They had no money,
and the banks found that funny.

They pouted and plotted,
and drew up a plan.

They would build a dam!

Or call it a bridge
with a clot!
It was their best shot.



The bankers would fund
a dam that sold power!

And with the river banks rise,
their accounts should revive.



A dam in the valley? Her rivers last sally?

All she saw was that the valley would flood,
bringing along silt, loss and mud.

No meadow no more. No frogs to adore.

And what of the moose? Would it still glow?
Or would the magic be submerged,
crushed below.

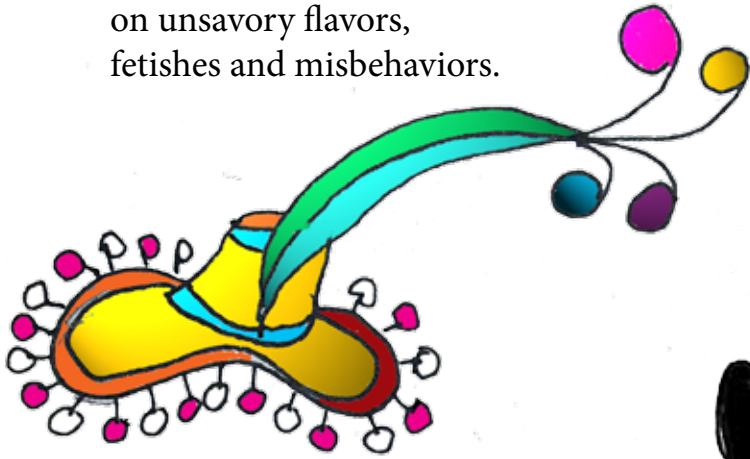
Well, dam it went up and the valley drown. A look at the new lake made her frown.

And although she still dragged the goats up the hills,
it provided little in the way of previous thrills.

Because the hapless moose would now roam, with a coat that never shone.

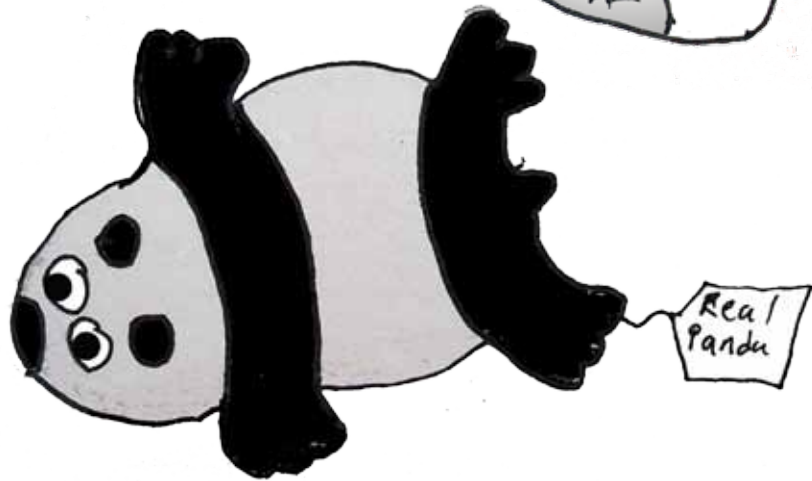
Now the four siblings,
off to such a quick start,
apparently had not been so smart.

What was lent was often misspent,
on unsavory flavors,
fetishes and misbehaviors.



And here lay the problem,
that money was meant
for turbines and towers.

So they had a dam,
but could sell no power!



Further downstream,
the townsfolk were not keen,
to loan more funds
for this fraudulent scene.

They mistrusted the foursome,
always shifty and quarrelsome.

Add to that, the fish had gone foul
and the fowl had flown hither!

With a collective shiver,
they realized they missed the
old river.

With all this trouble beginning to bubble,
the girl was feeling a bit green,
and sometimes quite mean.

Too often thinking,
the moose was a dream.

So one shineless day,
she decided she had something to say →

She wrote a pamphlet, ate a sandwich
and set out to save her hamlet.

Not just for the moose.
But to let the river loose,
running curly, swiftly and swirly .

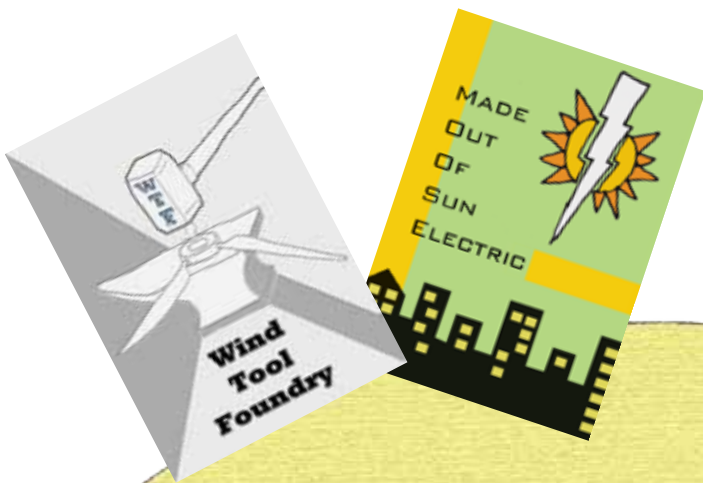


Her gifts and guile (and a winning smile)
persuaded the payers and naysayers
to become team players.

The next part of her plan to restore the rivers
boundary, was to sell shares in the Wind Tool
Foundry.

And then she explored new business channels,
hoping to sell solar panels.

Sales were so hectic that she formed
Made Out Of Sun Electric.



Finally the town had cheap power.
And no longer needing a river clot - they voted to erase that blot!

When the dam was removed,
she watched with a sly smile
as the river re-grooved, mile after mile.

And when the rain returned
she was quite happy to note,
that the moose came back
to sparkle and float!

As time went by,
she was also pleased to see
that the wind and sun
brought in a tidy little sum.

But running a business was not so fun.
and it certainly was not passive income.

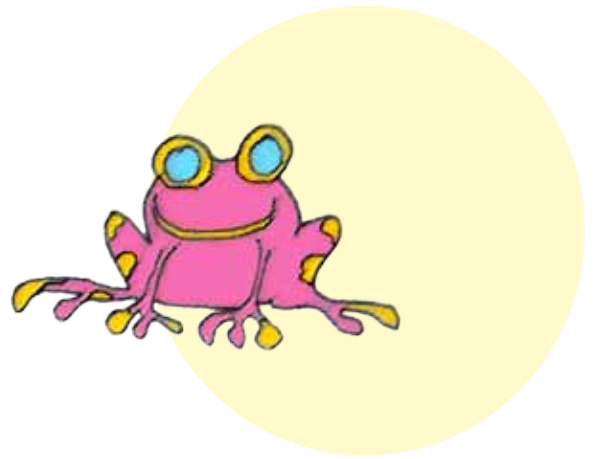
She missed the mountains,
pined for the trees,
and thought of the river,
bursting free.

So she left the goats to mind the store,
a chore they actually seemed to adore.



Now she spent her days counting frogs,
and ~~evaluating~~ exploring bogs.

She especially liked to document
what was under logs,
and write poetic blogs.



All in all, her research and musings were hailed,
but for the golden moose, that tale she kept veiled.

It was her secret, and so was its mine,
which only existed for a limited time.

For when the rains were just so,
the river would overflow,
twisting through seeps and underground deeps.

There was gold in those rocks!
and the river would tug it,
swirling around, collecting dust and nuggets.

Frothing forth,
the water was enriched,
and the moose bath was bewitched!



But all was not well...

Deep in hock upon their rickety rock,
the lost dam had been quite a sharp shock.

Scheming and plotting for gains ill gotten,
they noted her success with anger and distress.

They followed her into the hills
with thoughts of kidnapping and ransom.

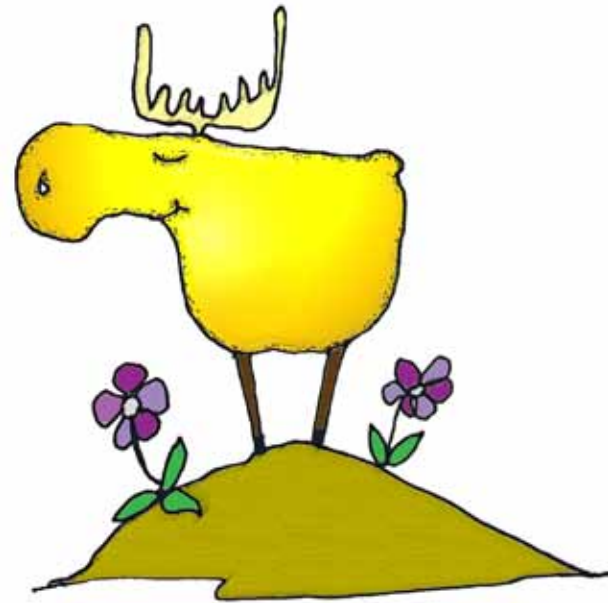


But that was all forgotten – if the
truth be told – when the moose
appeared bathed in gold.

As one they gasped
“It’s the mother lode!”

“It’s gilded, a sight to behold!”

“Ooooh, It could be sold!”

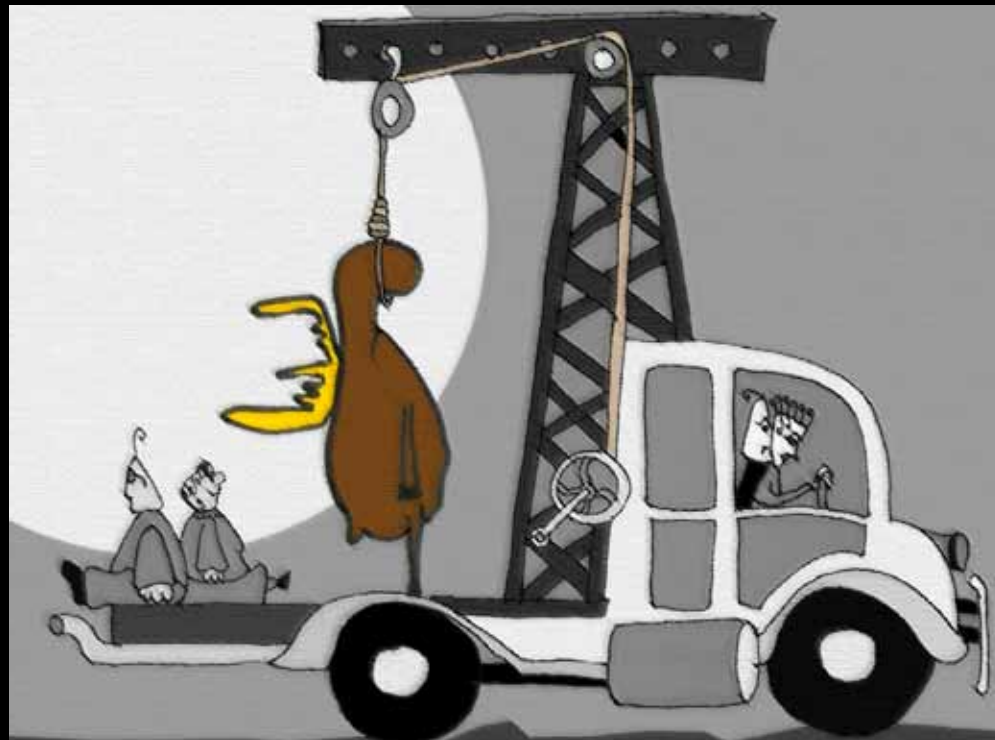


Overflowing with greed
and a vengeful need,
they set a trap fit for a moose,
a cupcake in a noose!



They captured the beast
and tied it with ropes!

They were no dopes!



Now back at their rickety house,
the siblings cackled and groused.

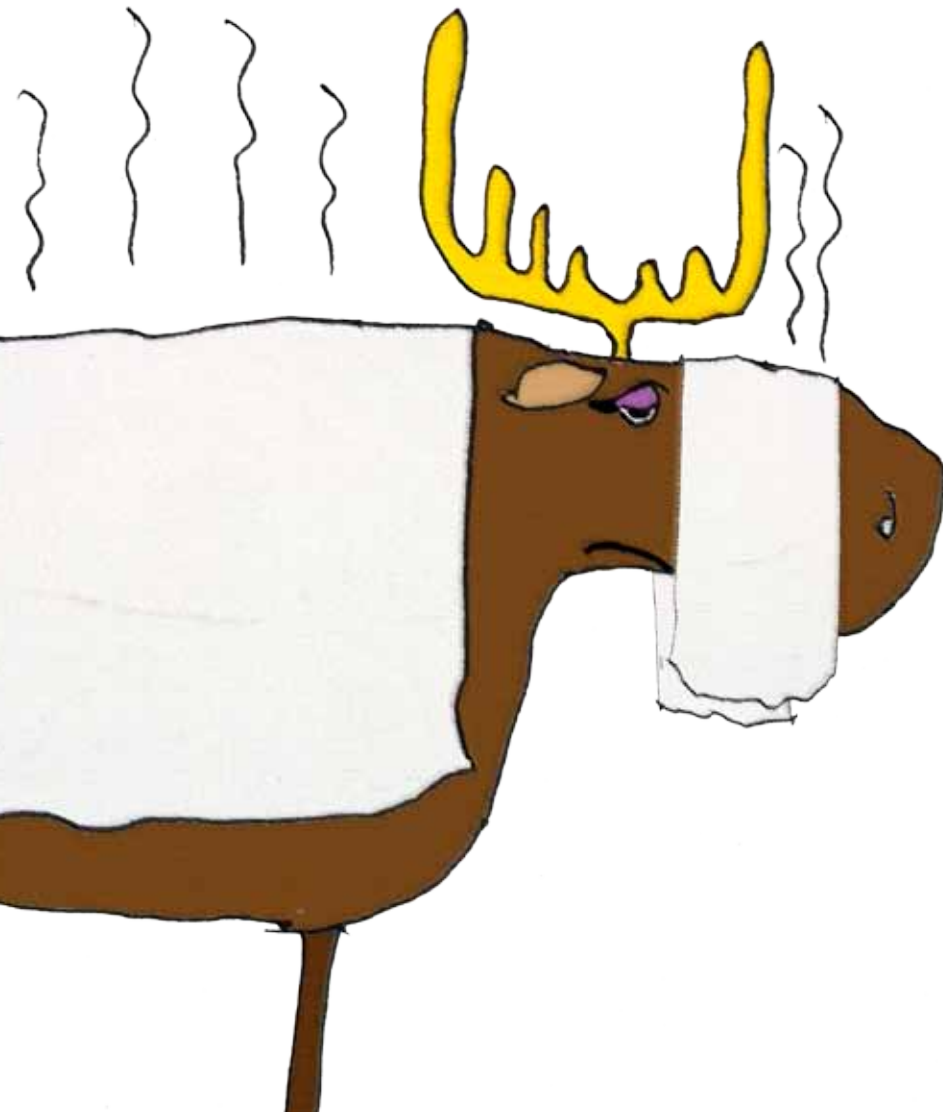
Weeks had passed,
the moose was still dull.

And their bank account
was exactly null.

They fed it spoiled beets
and covered it in stinky sheets.

Concerned with their debts,
they made idle threats.

“If it doesn’t shine by Sunday,
we’ll have moosestakes on Monday !”



What afflicted it?

Where was the gold?

They did not know,
and the moose never told.

She had seen the moose theft and it left her bereft.
Was she to blame for betraying the moose claim?

Whether or not, she vowed on the spot
to free the moose, like the river she loosed.

So she cracked the books pertaining to crooks,
until she came to a law
that the thieves never saw.

It seemed in the land where they resided,
it was illegal to have a house
with a moose chained inside it!



She thought on this fact,
and two notions came to mind.

One would free the moose
and the other, punish the abuse.

Disguised as a vet,
she knocked on their door,
and enquired of their pet.

“Do you fix moose?” they said as one.

“Indeed, moose repair is my specialty.”
she said for fun.

“Excellent!” bleated all four
and let her in the door.

Then she brought out her kit,
poked, and prodded,
made serious noises,
shook her head and nodded.



“I see the trouble,” she exclaimed
“and it is double!”

“Look how his muzzle is droopy
and his fur all nappy”

“Its a clear case of moose mange and snout
gout! And he is not happy”

“Can you cure it ?” they rasped.

“Oh yes, but it’s very contagious!” She
said quite fast. “If you catch it, you’ll get
fits and rages!”

They paled.

“Don’t fret,” she said, “to keep away the
ills, here are some pills ... compliments
of the vet.”

What she gave them did nothing to save
them - and when they woke, they would
be none the wiser for having eaten
horse tranquilizers!



The effect was immediate!
And the moose rustlers soon fast asleep,
collapsed in a heap.

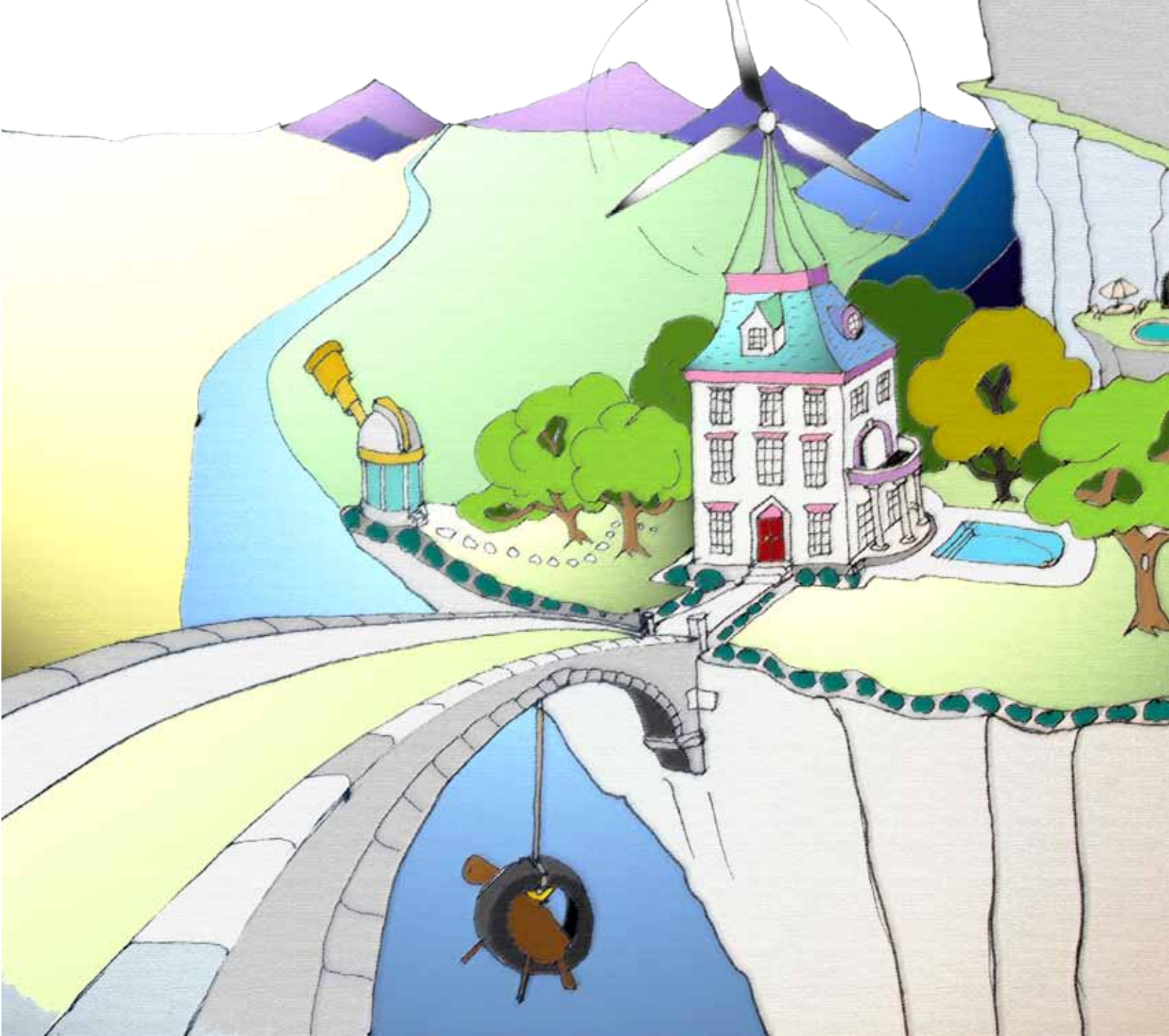
She called in the rangers,
and the siblings were penned,
no longer dam dangers.



Sent up the river for multiple crimes,
the siblings whined,
about the ruse the girl told
and a moose made of gold.

But surely that was only a tale that fools sold.

*And of course,
the rangers had never suspected the secret of the moose,
so they simply let it loose.*



Sometimes people wondered
how she came to own that old house on the rock.

It was now fixed up and stunning,
really tip top.

And to this day,
after a good rain,
the moose shine and they play

*... but sometimes she thinks
gold might not be enough, and
that moosekabobs
are best stuff!*

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No moose were hurt during the writing of this work.

Moose kabobs provided by Bavacuda Food Trucks.