

## **Bloody Chuck—Montana**

I told my doctor it was those dern Comanches what jumped me from a low branch on a tall horse and we kilt two but three got away with my horse but then my horse got away from them and cum back.

He said he knowd fur sure it wurn't Comanches on account of how if they want yer scalp they don't do such a half ass job as this from settin in a low branch. But he hurd of Crows settin 'n low branches.

I said fur sure it wurn't Crows cause I wood haf hurd them goin' caw- caw like they do.

He said if it wurn't Comanches or Crows maybe you nicked yerself shavin.

I said I don't shave my durn ear or my forehead least wise since I turned 12.

Good thing, he said.

Then I said, Don't you ever hurd the legend of Bloody Chuck? Ever person in Red Lodge knowd it.

Nope, he said.

Well I'll be? I says.

What? He says.

Will I got a scar? At least I gotta git a scar.

Nope, he said.

Even a tiny one?

Can't see nun.

Dern, I said.

Kin I go back next year? I says.

Yup, he said.

Montana