

Friday, April 2, 2010

## **THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT...**

This place get weirder and weirder, but this specific thing is particularly awesome. I don't have cable, so I was going to go hang out and watch The Office last night with some friends down the road. I grabbed my purse and started the short walk. The street that leads me to their place is nicknamed "Renter's Row" as it's a bunch of lower income homes and duplexes for rent and you often see piles of broken furniture and just house junk that people throw out in their yard when they move out. This one house has been for rent for a bit and as I approached it I saw a huge pile of dirt and leaves in the front yard of the empty house. And as I got closer and could see around the tree blocking part of the view, I saw a large animal sleeping on it! I thought it was a huge dog at first and kind of panicked because it was really big and not in a backyard. As I got closer I saw what it was and kind of panicked for a second...it was a lion!!! The following conversation ensued in my head...

Imagination: There's a fucking lion in my neighborhood!!!

Logic: You retard! Why would a lion be in your neighborhood?

Imagination: It ran away from the circus and found its way here looking for food! What if he's hungry and I walk by?

Logic: It's been a couple of months since the circus was here. If a lion escaped, you'd have heard about it.

Imagination: Okay, so maybe it's an escapee from some redneck who illegally bought a lion. You hear stories about that all the time of people buying tigers or chimps and stuff and then they snap one day and kill or maul their owner's friend. It made its escape and found its way here. Now he's napping and waiting for his dinner. This is the South, weird shit happens all the time here. People find legs in smokers and stuff.

Logic: You're in therapy, right?

Imagination: Yes.

Logic: Good.

So after the battle of Imagination vs. Logic, I compromised; I walked slowly and quietly as I neared the sleeping lion. And as my blind ass got close, I saw it. It was a very large stuffed lion. Okay, so I was partially correct.

My friends and I were talking about scary movies later that night and I got scared to walk home in the dark so they drove me and I told them I had to show them the lion. As they approached I shouted, "There he is!" Josh turned the car a bit so that the headlights shone directly on the large stuffed animal napping on dirt. It was missing an eye.

"It's a faceless lion," I whispered.

"Ohhhhh. It's the Velveteen Rabbit," Priscilla whimpered.

This of course led to conversation of that book and I was getting misty-eyed. I was grateful to stop talking about it by the time I got home, as everything makes me cry lately and I didn't need to add "stuffed animal books" to the list of things that make me weep.

This morning as I drove in to work, I passed the lion and stopped and took a picture. Here he is. I'm still thinking he escaped from the circus...or Toys R' Us.