

Buffaloland



Once, Benny, Bertha, Bob, Basil, Brad, and me, Betty Buffalo, had a good life. Each day, we'd wake up as the sun magically appeared in the sky overhead, illuminating the rolling savanna that was Buffaloland, our home. Each day, we'd roam and graze on the abundant, tasty grass. We seldom heard a discouraging word because those grouchy deer and antelope, which once romped and kvetched in great numbers over our land, mysteriously vanished last year. Sometimes, God would show up and either adjust the sun or move one of us Buffaloes to a different part of the savanna. Sure it was disconcerting to have this, like, giant hand come out of the sky and pick you up. But Brad had been relocated fourteen times already and he didn't seem any the worse for wear. Then one day, God showed up and He was really cross. He smote a cloud in the sky and the whole western vista – Basil's favorite – splintered and came crashing down. Then he roughly grabbed Benny and ... ohh, I knew God sometimes worked in mysterious ways, but I didn't know He could throw like a major league pitcher. Poor Benny! And from that day onward, the rest of us have lived in fear of God, afraid to even, like, budge ... *especially* when He moves us!