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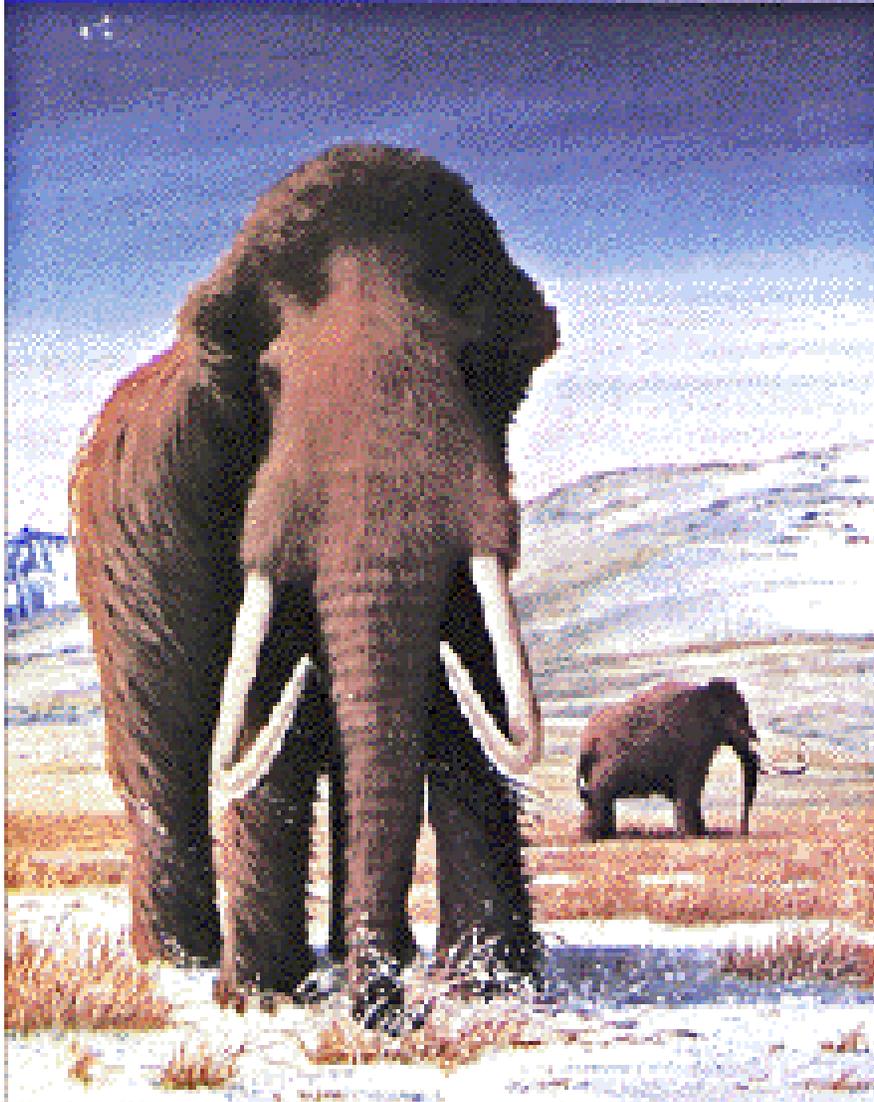
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If for any reason you wish to contact the author (Mr. Fritz) you may send an e-mail to fanzivino@sc.rr.com.

I hope you enjoy my story.

Mighty Mike

The Mammoth Mammoth



Mighty Mike, - the Mammoth Mammoth

By TJ Fritz

Millions of years ago in what is now called the “deep south” of the U.S.A. there roamed a herd of huge, furry, elephant-like creatures called mammoths. Though these gigantic, hairy, dark brown beasts had long, scary tusks, they were very friendly and sometimes funny. As they wandered through the countryside in groups of 40 or 50 the ground shook as if there was an earthquake. The deafening rumble sounded like thunder.

There was one mammoth that was bigger, had more hair, was a darker brown, had longer tusks, and was friendlier and funnier than all the others. His name was “Mighty Mike.” He was the youngest member of the heard, only 372-years-old. Whenever he yelled, his voice was so loud it turned the white clouds purple and it rained like crazy.

Because Mike was the biggest, the chief of the herd - called Major Pachyderm - always asked Mike to lead the way as they went for long walks through the forest. Mike was so huge, and his tusks were so long and powerful,

that when he trampled through the jungle he would move all the trees, flatten all the lumps, and make it easier for the others to follow. This was one reason why Mike was the most popular in the herd. All the girl mammoths, smaller mammoths, and very old mammoths especially loved him because Might Mike made it so easy for them to walk after he had cleared a path.

One bright, warm and sunny day as Mike was leading the herd through the jungle, downing trees and flattening lumps along the way – there was a deafening CRASH!!! Mike ran smack into a gigantic boulder. It hurt him so much and he yelled so loudly that the clouds turned purple and there was a heavy downpour.

Mike's mamma - Myrtle the Mammoth, ran up to him to help. Poor Mike had injured his right tusk and he was in terrible pain. All the other mammoths were worried and felt awful that their friend was hurting. Major Pachyderm - the boss - hurried to the front of the herd to see what had happened.

"I banged into that rock," Mike said, pointing. "I hurt so bad and I yelled so loud that I made it rain! I'm sorry!"

“The rain is good for the forest,” said the Major. “It makes everything grow. But it looks like you’ve hurt yourself, and we have to get you fixed.”

“What should I do?” Mike asked.

“I’m going to send you to see an old friend, Doctor Cavatino. He is a monkey dentist, and he can help you. Just tell him I sent you.” The Major gave him directions to the Doctor’s office, and Mike left immediately.

By late afternoon Mike found Doctor Cavatino’s office. It was located way up high in the upper branches of a towering oak tree. When Mike walked up to the tree, the Doctor felt the earth shaking and climbed down to find out what all the racket was about.

“Good–a-day, Mr. Mammoth” greeted the doctor. He was a friendly, furry, light grey monkey, about two feet tall. He had a black face, sparkling eyes, and big, shining, bright white teeth. Though Dr. Cavatino talked funny, his broad smile made Mike feel at ease.

“Hello, Doctor,” said Mike. “I got hurt today and Major Pachyderm said you could help me.”

“Oh, for sure,” Dr. Cavatino said in a high-pitched voice. “How’s-a my friend? I’m-a no see him for a while. Maybe 50 years. Tell-a him a hello.”

“He’s fine. And I will tell him. Can you help me?” Mike explained how he injured himself and the doctor took a look at Mike’s tusk.

“Just-a wud-I-tot,” said the doc. “You gonna be all-a-right.”

ghty Mike was glad to hear that, then asked, “ Thanks, Doc. But what’s wrong with me?”

“Well-a? When-a you bump-a that rock . . . you crack-a you tusk-a. So . . . your tusk-a? She’s-a-loose-a. You gotta tusk-a-loose-a. I fix-a for you.”

Dr. Cavatino climbed up the tree to his office and returned with a brown glass jar. He opened it and with a small brush, carefully painted Mike’s cracked tusk with the clear liquid from the jar.

“This is-s tusk-a-loose-a medicine,” he said as he painted. “You gonna be okay in a cup-la-days.”

“Oh. Thank you!” Mike exclaimed. “It feels better already! How can I ever repay you?”

“It was-a nothing,” said the doctor. “Joost-a be more careful. No more bump-a da rocks. Okee-dokee?”

But Mike had to do something to show his gratitude. So, on a flat rock near the doctor’s tree-office he carved a message with his good tusk. The sign said:

**WELCOME TO
the office of Dr. Cavatino who fixed my
TUSKALOOSA**

Mike was so happy and proud of himself that he roared a great roar. The clouds turned purple and it rained heavily for a week.

This story happened many centuries ago. Today, only the larger words remain on Mike’s sign. And if you travel in the “deep south” of the USA, you can still see the remains of Mighty Mike’s sign which says, “Welcome to Tuscaloosa.”

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