

This is about the Irishman that just came over to this country, and some friends took him up north on a moose hunt. In the morning they were setting the men out on the different moose trails. The Irishman ~~man~~ had never seen a moose in his life. They set him up on a rock beside this trail and told him to shoot the moose when he came down the trail. Some time later on they headed the moose down the trail. The moose went right by the Irishman and they never heard a sound. When they came down to where the Irishman was he was setting there spell bound. One of them said "did you see the moose, why didn't you shoot him?" "Faith no, said Pat, but I just seen the divil go by with a rocking chair on his head.