Willie Jack and the Bear

Once upon a time there was a boy named Willie Jack. He lived down the road right by the Crockett Springs resort. Jack was an honest and hard worker. He spent most days up at the Crockett Springs Resort doing odd jobs here and there. He liked working at the resort, but one of his favorite things to do before heading home every afternoon would be to stop right outside the kitchen. You see, the cook made a warm apple pie every afternoon and Willie Jack loved the smell as it sat in the windowsill to cool. He would take one big whiff, and then continue home.  Well, one spring afternoon, something strange happened. The cook set the apple pie on the windowsill to cool down. She turned back to the oven to prepare the green beans for cooking. A few minutes later, she went to retrieve the apple pie, and what do you think she found? The apple pie was gone! Well, who do you think took that apple pie?  The cook marched right on down the hall to find Willie Jack, who was whistling away while sweeping the floor.

"Willie Jack, did you take that warm apple pie in the window sill?"

"No, ma'am, I've been here sweeping all afternoon."

"Now, Willie Jack, I know you're an honest and hard worker, so I'll believe you just this once," and she went right back to work.

The next day the cook went back to work, cooking up an apple pie to go with dinner. Once it had baked, she put it up in the window sill to cool off. She turned back to the stove to put in a pot roast, and as she turned back around to grab the apple pie, guess what she found? The apple pie was gone! Knowing how much Willie Jack loved the smell of that pie, she marched right on down the hall way to find Willie Jack sweeping the floors of the resort.

"Willie Jack, this is the second time in two days I've lost an apple pie. I know you come by my window every afternoon, and I think you took it!"

Turning red in the face, Willie Jack responded, " I've been here all afternoon, just like yesterday. I didn't take your apple pie, ma'am!"

The cook, knowing Willie Jack was an honest and hard worker, had no choice but to let him off the hook once again.

The following day, the cook had planned a special pot roast and apple pie dinner for the guests of the Crockett Springs Resort. This dinner was going to be especially delicious, and when she finished preparing the pot roast, the cook baked an apple pie. Like always, she placed the pie on the windowsill to cool off. She turned around to stir the pot roast, and within seconds, the apple pie had been taken once again. She had had enough. She marched down the hall, so mad she could almost spit.

"Willie Jack, I've had it! You're the only one who could be taking my apple pies! This is the third one I've lost! You are no longer allowed near my kitchen!"

Willie Jack was so flustered, he lit out of there mighty quick. He ran home, packed up a sack of odds and ends, and started hiking. He needed to get away from there. He had hiked right to the top of that mountain over there. When the sun decided to set, Willie Jack came across a dark cave-like opening in the mountain. He thought that the cave might be a good place to stop and rest for the night. It was so dark inside that cave that he couldn't see the hand in front of his face. He felt his way around the cave and found a nice big pillow to rest his head on for the night. When the morning sun rose, Willie Jack gave himself a nice stretch and made his way out of the cave. On his way out, Willie Jack saw a ground full of pie pans glistening in the sun. Willie Jack was mighty perplexed. As soon as he recognized the cook's pie pans, a low rumble came out of the cave behind him. That pillow wasn't a pillow after all- it was a black bear!

Willie Jack thought about running, but instead, he figured he could strike up a deal with that black bear. As the furry black beast came bumbling out of his cave, eyes locked on Willie Jack, Willie Jack yelled out:

"Mister Bear, you're the one who's been taking the pies from the cook at the resort! She's been blaming me and it's actually been you all this time!  I'll tell you what Mr. Bear- I'll bring you a pie every afternoon as long as you stay up here on top of this here mountain."

Satisfied with his smarts, Willie Jack traveled back down the mountain and marched straight to the kitchen at the Crockett Springs Resort. He explained to the cook everything that had happened. She agreed to bake an extra pie every afternoon to hand off to Willie Jack. She was never going to blame Willie Jack for stealing pies ever again because he was an honest and hard worker. Willie Jack stayed true to his word and hikes up that mountain every afternoon to this day. And that is why there are no bears at Camp Alta Mons.