**BOB’S BAR-BE-QUE: A REAL CHRISTMAS STORY**

 *Some have meat and cannot eat, some cannot eat that want it: But we have meat and we can eat, Sae let the Lord be thankit.*

Robert Burns

It was The McDonald brothers are less known than Mr. ray A. Kroc, who bought them out out in California in 1955 and went on to make their efficient fast-food idea his yellow and overarching franchise all across America, as well as all around the world. He was at least smart enough not to name it the McKroc Giant Lion Fat Fast-Food and Farmacy, which is what it was later temporarily named, until it was discovered that the real McDonald’s was back in 2011, owned or appeared to be owned by the CIA, which is still under congressional review years later, in 2027. At least McDonald’s never varied its tasteless menu, which is why I can now tell this Christmas secret in 2027, as a very old man.

This story actually began back in 1991, when I was shopping for Christmas dinner in Athens, Georgia. I was then something of a “hot dog,” as they called it back then, but certainly a fully confirmed “Georgia Bulldog,” as was more or less required 38 years ago of a faculty member at the University of Georgia, i.e., “politically correct.”

Here is one reason I was accused of being a “hot dog”: As I went shopping for Christmas dinner at Fast-Food lion, I pulled in right next to a Toyota Corolla painted with the same robin-egg blue as my own 1985 Toy car. I thought it was clever!

As I smilingly got out of the car, a half-ton pick-up truck pulled in immediately beside me. A large and hardened gentleman got out and politely nodded and spoke to me at the same time. There were two young boys in the cab, I would say between 12 and 14 years of age. The back of the pick-up was filled with rakes, hoes, pick axes, and perhaps a saw horse.

I went inside the grocery store to shop for Christmas dinner. You know how it is: You keep going up and down the aisles and seeing the same people: I kept meeting this same polite gentleman and his two sons, whom I had just met in the parking lot.

You talk about hot dogs! I had just grabbed five dozen, which I planned to bar-be-que on Christmas Eve.

I was now vacantly staring at the turkeys, which all looked about the same in their nakedness, trying to think of Christmas dinner. The recurring gentleman from the pick-up truck was now standing next to me. He picked up three of the largest birds and placed them in his cart, which I noticed was filled with six huge hams, each probably weighing 35 to 45 pounds, or 16 to 20 kilograms as expressed today, which of course is the year 2027.

I thought it odd that someone was cooking for so many Christmas guests. I asked, “So how many are invited?”

He said, “I’m smoking them hams and turkeys for customers. It’s a dollar a pound to cook. I cook mainly for white folks.”

I asked, “Would you smoke one of these turkeys for me?”

“Sure,” he said, “Pick out one and I’ll meet you at the checkout. I recommend that 25-pound bird over there.”

As I headed for the checkout, I heard him shout to his sons, “Get some more brown sugar.”

Back in the parking lot, he gave me the directions to his place. He took my turkey and said, “I’m on Bob’s Bar-Be-Que Road, you’ll see the sign, and my sons are learning the business. One day they’al be as many of my signs as McDonald’s.”

Just after noon on Christmas Eve Day, I turned off the paved road onto the indicated first dirt road to the right where the 17th Fellowship Baptist Church sits on the left. About a mile and a half later, I arrived at his double-wide trailer, which had a huge barrel drum cooker in front. There was Bob loading several foil-wrapped hams and turkeys into the trunk of a robin-egg blue Mercedes. A woman was seated in the front passenger seat: A bumper sticker read: “NO MORE VIETNAMS!” That would be the only time I would actually see Ted turner in person. (I later saw Jane and her new husband President Bill Gates upon my retirement from the University of Georgia in 2003, when he gave his classic and inspirational commencement address “Microsoft and marriage Mergers Versus the Waste of a College Education.”)

I now know why Ted Turner was his own secret chauffeur on one of his least global but most profitable business adventures, which I did not know in 1991.

The rest of the story is history. As you know, now even small towns across America, indeed around the world, have Turner’s BAR-BURP-QUE, which is the fastest growing private company during the early 2000s and which of course went public as a leading blue-chip stock on Wall Street, London, Tokyo, Beijing, Moscow, Mexico City, and New Baghdad.

Mr. Turner now owns 98 percent of the state of Montana, which is of course a key point in all contemporary geography books, where he raises bison for bison-bar-be-queuing. (Really bright geography students also remember that the name of the state of Montana was changed to Turner in 2005; even dull students recall that the capital is Turnerville!)

Postscript

Unfortunately Bob has passed away, but his two sons remain Junior Vice Presidents-in-Training at the World-Wide Turner’s BAR-BURP-QUE, which is now the leading competitor with the recently renamed McKroc’s Giant Lion fat fast-Food and Farmacy, formerly known as McDonald’s.

The two sons, “The Bob’s Brothers,” as they are incorrectly but affectionately known in certain corporate circles, are said to work out of an undisclosed location or are variously rumored by the general public to be seen in different diverse locations, a la Elvis Presley, especially when people shop for Christmas dinner.

The secret and original formula, which only Bob’s sons were supposed to know, after their father’s mysterious and untimely death, is now owned by the Turner Subsidiary Safe-Keeping Kompany, which also owns Kola Kola’s secret “Kocaine” formula.

I write this as a very old man: Here is what it really is: The secret I know that most Americans don’t know is that we eat a lot of brown sugar at Christmas dinner.

Although I have never shaken their hands or spoken a word with them, I am confident that ted and Jane Turner (now first lady Trump) and I would agree: Once upon a time—and a very long time ago—that that was the first and best Christmas dinner we’ve ever shared, which is now being shared with all planetary people.

Some secrets are worth sharing.

Merry Christmas!