



Berrington

I try to keep myself together but kick my ass if I'm not a bear with freckles. I'm a little over-weight and I have an excessive hair problem. I mean, hell, I shave just like every other bear does but the shit grows back like steel bristles, as if I bathe in hair-grow-all-the-time. But that shouldn't keep me from finding the love of my life because I am looking. Don't think I'm not.

Give me a little credit. Hell, I'm wearing my best track suit and I keep it as clean as I can. I'm a damn bear for wilderness sake.

It's been extra hard on me, though, these past few months because, shit, I can't even go out in public with the way I look right now and I think I look damn good. But society might not think so

I know I gotta get my ass outta here, though. They have these two raccoons over here and I'm telling you, they are driving me crazy for real.

The two little varmints are always leaving shit and nut shells all over the freaking place and guess who steps in it, yeah, me and I'm sick of it. But it's not like I can just go somewhere else because the place is only so big. It's like I'm in a freaking prison or something.

I swear though, if I step in their little rainbow shit one more time, or crack my feet on those damn shells, I'm going bear shit on their asses. Whoever heard of bears and freaking raccoon's cohabitating together anyways? This is some racist shit.

They know damn well raccoons and bears can't have sex with one another. Picture my big hairy ass trying to hump a little ass raccoon. And you know they put two female raccoons out here to tease me. They just want to see me explode. That's what they want to see. But I got a trick for their ass. I'm getting out of here somehow or another and as soon as I can. Watch what I tell you.

But until then, I swear I would sick my two little cubs on those little coon-eyed, hairy little bitches so they could kick the shit out of them. But I can't.

For one, I don't even have one cub, let alone two. And two, even if I did, they wouldn't be able to catch those damn coons because they are faster than a fiery cannon ball heading south. Speed racer couldn't even catch up with those two.

Hell, I even tried on several occasions to catch the little bastards, you know, because I was kind of horny and I wanted to see if I could get with either one of them, but they wore my ass out just chasing after them. I couldn't do shit after that even if I wanted to my ass was so tired. And I only ran a freaking yard, or a half of one.

Those little heifers are big teases too. I woke up one time, thinking they finally gave in and wanted what I wanted, 'cause somebody was scratching my ass and it was feeling so good that I thought I was already having sex with somebody. I had my arms and legs wrapped around something and my shit was like, man, you gotta just stick that in. so I did.

The little heifers stuck my jar of honey down by my waist and made me think I was on top of something soft and cushiony. When I opened my eyes, all the other animals were banging on their cages laughing at me in that hot sticky mess, the little fuckers.

I told them that I'm a full grown grizzly bear and I will bite a whole in their ass. I'm not a freaking teddy bear. They can't do me like that. They better stop playing with me.

I told them all of that and you know they just laughed, kicked me then ran off laughing louder and shit. They're lucky my big ass was in that sticky situation.

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