

Bestowed! Sight! Sound! Mud! Lets walk! It must have been where I was. Now, Lets walk outside the mud. O the day begins. Step, step, rickety rick, step. The air still crisp. Better have a coat. You should have a coat. I know you want to dress for you're car, I'm not talking about you. But that's no excuse, you can do better. I have seen you without a hat when its freezing. You embarrass me, make me think I'm out of place warm in my hat and scarf. But I have no car. I take the bus. And that means I must stand outside and tolerate the weather even if there are dead birds falling from the sky. Don't test me though, I doubt very much my umbrella could cut the bill.

The problem is I see you. I say to you, "Where's you're hat?", and you say something to me that makes we wish I had better neighbors. "Son'", you say, "I've lived around here all my life, and I have never bought a hat in my sixty six years". Well, bad parenting is bad parenting no matter. Isn't it though, like family, you can't choose you're neighbors, or family. Doesn't that ring true? Always? I guess, moving is such a stress. Sixty six years of telling the people who listens to him it's not that cold when it's freezing. That makes me wish I had better neighbors. I bought him a hat, but never saw him again and to this day carry that stupid hat in my back pack as I head off to work each and every morning.

How can you brag about not ever buying a hat when there was

close to four feet of snowfall last year alone. Makes me sick. Bad parenting. And if that's not enough. If that's not bad. The thermos company manufacturing just closed it's doors and over two hundred people lost their jobs. I remember going to the department store and buying a locally made thermos, but someone somewhere must have made a bad decision because it's a thing of the past.

I liked going fishing on the big river where the fish get pretty big. I do it when the weathers warmer. I was one of the lucky ones. I had bought one of the last three remaining locally made thermoses on the shelve. It made a tear come down my cheek. They had been making thermos in my town for fifty years. Damn Democrats couldn't get a right minded tariff deal if their life depended on it.

And there is nothing to replace the lost jobs now. They are all closed and people are walking around in the winter. Who don't have cars, without hats. Makes me sad.

I already know that I would build a great manufacturing center right here in town if I had the money and wasn't an orphan all my life, and could have afforded to become a lawyer or a librarian. That's for sure. How cool to make winter gloves and have twenty of you're town neighbors make those gloves and get from you, a cool dude, living wage and a yearly piss test for drugs. I tell you, it's where it's at. It's cool

beans Samson. But either way, the road of good intentions is paved with, what, marbles? I forget the saying.

Instead, I'm working for just above minimum wage walking on a metal leg that carries my weight pretty well and can't take a job that doesn't have insurance that won't cover the leg. I better hope this parking lot doesn't close. And that's what I do. That's where I go when I get on that bus M-F. First bus in, last bus out. Otherwise I'd be in trouble with all the fee's and costs associated with owning an Auto. To add insult to injury, Ford or Chevy won't build me a \$5,000 commuter vehicle, what gives? I hate those guys. I never want to see a Ford Mustang ever again as long as I live. I'm so sick and tired of rich people always showing off their stuff in front of me, and my stupid neighbors, who can't even buy a hat to stay warm in the winter, talking about cars they couldn't afford. What gives? I sure hope stupidity isn't contagious.

Look, you want to be angry at me for not making that much money when I'm in my forties, that's you're business. I would have been fine if not for the hospitalization in my twenties that cost me a memory, and my leg. I'll swear to the end it was the other drivers fault. And it was because of that that, that I didn't learn to walk again until I was thirty five. So I know. I don't even deserve to breath, never mind have a brain. Well, you'll just have to get between me and my pet Jinx and my

Shotgun hidden under the sink. But do you really want to hate me that much? What happened to second chances, and charity? I thought it would be a good thing to return to work after so many years since the accident. If I had known you were going to hate me because of it, I would have, what?

It's the question of the century. What would I have done? I thought you loved me. I thought you wanted me happy and wouldn't have done anything in the world to throw me off. Why else would you be reading this. I must have been wrong. I must have developed a disease that it's called whatever name is on your driver's license.

How could you have. I thought you were cool. A regular dude! I thought we rocked! We wanted to live forever and conquer the realm and turn on the super duper immigration! I thought we would live as Americans like we had always done! I didn't know you had reservations. I thought we were cool? What happened? Did you fall on your head and break your face! Did you get hit by a bus? Attacked by a pack of vicious dogs who tried to tear your limb from limb? No, you made the mistake of buying a stupid Fiction Magazine? Hmmmmmmmm. This might require some thinking.

Well, whatever it is, I'm not so convinced you should go on. With reading this I mean. Maybe you would be better off with a comic book, or one of those commercials that looks like a

magazine. How could anyone do that to themselves. O, the insanity. I can't even say if there is such a thing as a magazine. I swear, last week while shopping for brains, IE Fiction Literature, I scoped what said Magazines! And to my surprise, there wasn't one magazine. At least by my standard. Magazine. Four articles and thirty advertisements. Screw you! I walked away before I could open my mouth. Like I'm supposed care about lice on the cats a thousand miles away. Yuk.

But that's OK, you get what you give. That's the old adage. And what I get to give is hopefully what you deserve. You know, not everyone can have a success where others get a living wage because of it, so please be humble so we can all pay our bills and such things. And for the sake of those types of successes lets take a giant step towards peace on earth, and prosperity for us Americans. And why not, isn't it about time for something refreshing. Something with soul instead of having to torture ourselves with advertisements by hacks who couldn't care less if you were from Maryland or Nevada?