

This old typewriter/What I know

by Bobby George poulette

Now some folks think I'm a deep thinker but that's not really all of it. When I sit in front of my typerwiter it takes over my mind thru my hands. They just type wheatver comes thru the machine. alot depends on the whether tee. If its rainin some things can't git thru as well as whin is sunny. An when its snownig out some real hundingers of idecazshow up. I thik that's becuz each snowflake contains somethign that stimlutats the rbain cells by weigh of my fingernails. Maybe its tha New Word Oder tryin to spread its mesaage through me. My deep thinkin is a gift, way I see it. If I dind't tell folks whut they need to know the sky would fall and then whut wueld happen.

An another thing. Crop cercles. Everyone that they was made by space aliens. Then syentists said they was made by farmers out for some fun. They wasnt real alien cercles. Well I had it from Jimmy Don lives at the next farm ever well 2 farms ever really since old Man Snedbledet died & left his farm to his sister's bey...anyhow Jimmy Don said he an his frends went out late one night to make theyr own crop cercels. They were in a empty filed onlye it wuznt empty. It wuz fulla littel aliens makin crop cercles. How did he know they wuz aliens? Becuz when he yelled at them to stop, they pretneded they didn't understand and ran and hid. that's how I knew.