

Musings of the King

Can't go east. Shouldn't go west. Going north's still dying, just slower. Can't stay. Guess it's got to be south.

I hate the idea. Down south's the people who wouldn't lift a finger to help, back when we needed a hand. We got rolled over real hard because of that. I want to hate 'em, hate 'em real bad. Thing is, I need 'em lots more than I hate 'em. Maybe we and them can still put something together, keep them from being next on the list. Maybe.

Tell you this, though: if we all go down there, we're staying.

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