

Ain't Your Business

They don't ask questions of old Norris Grimleecher, no they don't. They don't want to know the answers. And I'm old enough not to give any, simply to watch people's faces go all slack and awful.

Nah, the *good folks* just want me to go to their blighted fields, or rotten hollows, and start planting my seeds. I plant, I weed, and then I suck out all the evil and the badness of a place. Suck it all right out of the ground, I do, and right into strange, corrupting fruits.

Remember. *Don't* ask what I do with 'em, later.

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