

Puppies and Daffodils

Saturday, October 29th 2005

One day while I was eating a puppy (the tenderloin is quite good), I saw a daffodil. I said to the daffodil, "hello little daffodil". To my shagrin, the daffodil did not reply.

I continued to ponder at why the daffodil did not respond, when it hit me. I left my watch in the trunk of the car after golf last month. I had been looking for it for quite some time now.

"But why won't this damned daffodil respond?", I asked myself, again. As the sun shone beautifully upon the rose coloured daffodil, like a brit drinking tea, it all made sense. I was eating puppies and talking to daffodils, a feat not matched to this day, by even the greatest of super heros.

Tommorrow I shall save the world from those evil bastards!!