



SMILZ 'N' INSPIRATION

A real letter from a mother to her son This real letter has been circulating for years and has been attributed, minimally, to an Arkansas, West Virginia, Georgia, Texas and Ohio real mother. (Sonny is very real also.)

Dear Sonny,

Im writin slow cause I know you cant read very fast.

We don't live where we did whin you left. You read in the paper that most accidents happen within twenty miles of home so we moved. I wont be able to send you the address cause the last folks here took the numbers off the house for their new place. They didnt want to change their address.

Our new place has a warshing machine. The first day, I put in four shirts, pulled the chain and Ive not seen em since.

It only rained twice here this week, three days the first time and four days the second time.

You know the coat you wanted me to send ya? Well, Ant Sally said it would be too heavy to send in the mail with thim heavy buttons on, so we cut them off and put thim in the pockets.

Your sister had a baby this morning. I ain't heard whither hits a boy or girl, so I don't know if you're a uncle or ant.

Your Uncle John fell in the whiskey vat last week. Some men tried to pull him out, but he fought thim off! So he drowned. We cremated him and he burned for 4 days.

Three of your friends went off the river bridge in a pick-up. One was driving, the other two wuz in the back. The driver got out. He rolled down the winder and swum to safety. The other two drowned cause they couldn't get the tail gate down.

That's all I have to say. Theres not much news this time. Nuthin much has happened.

Love, Mama