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Ser på en thriller med George Clooney, det är han som sitter i soffans vänstra hörn, själv sitter jag förstås i läderfåtöljen, han ville ha soffan för sig själv för att kunna lägga upp fötterna och ha nära till chipsen o dipskålen...

The man who talked to horses

A man, not looking much like George Clooney, stopped his car for a while in the middle of just anywhere in the land of cows and crops. He saw some horses standing in the grass a couple of hundred yards from the road. He walked forward till he was in some distance from them and whispered. After a while a stallion was talking back to him.

- Hey, horses. It was an accident with a car just here at this road down there last Wednesday. You do not happened to see something?

- No, sir. We did not see shit.

- I did not asked for shit...

- Yeah, we know that, but when those two was standing sleeping, I was fucking myself like my owner always ask med to do when I ask him for some water. 'You can go and fuck yourself, horses do not speak english', he keep saying like he was drinking bourbon or something.

Spännande fortsättning någon gång I framtiden.

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