

St Martin skit

On a bust trip. They let me out of the institution. My brother said i could stay with him
He moved to Maine. His wife don't like me- she's scared of me.

We stop in Providence, God's town, I use the bathroom, I don't like the bathroom on the bus.

i feel lost; like I'm living a life someone else planned.

So i didn't get back on the bus.

i forgot my luggage and felt stupid- that I can't take care of my stuff.

And the bus station is closed. it's not like NYC. i used to stay there on cold nights.

they locked it up and it was freezing rain. i stayed in a doorway until it just got too cold.

I went out and my bags of stuff got wet and the stuff just feel right through the bottom into a puddle.

i looked at it just laying there, feeling like I couldn't do anything right.

then a car came through a puddle and splashed me.

The guy got out. He was wearing big plastic bags over his clothes. he looked like the Michelin tire man.

he came and helped me pick up my stuff. he said he was sorry. He offered to drive me home, but I told him I had no place to go. he said I could drive around with him.

They say never go with strangers, but I trusted him- his face; so I said OK.

We delivered papers. We talked and He told me his name. I even helped him put them in the plastic bags. When he went in the apartments I folded a bunch. He gave ME bags to wear and then I looked like the Michelin tire man.

he lived with his mom and dad. he used his dad's car when it rained. I could tell things were not always good. His father wanted him t join the army like he did. But he didn't want to; he wanted to be a priest. His father didn't like that. He said never take a job where you have to wear a dress. we laughed

i told him he'd make a great priest, especially here in God's town.

We talked about how I didn't want to go to my brothers. i didn't want to be a burden.

he said I was a big help with the newspapers- he was sure I'd find some way I could help.

that made me feel good.

the guy took me to Dunk-in Donuts.

i called my brother. He was mad because he was worried when my baggage arrived and I didn't. The guy dropped me off at the bus station as soon as it opened. i took the bus up to my brother.

I live with them now. I get along. I get along fine with my sister -in-law. We talk and we're not afraid of each other anymore.

His babies like me

I do odd jobs and my brother saves my money for me and we use t for special trips just for me. I'm saving up now to go to Providence, because I'll never forget that town, or the young man I met there named Martin