

Weed whackers

They're coming... the **Weed whackers!** I am horrified by these evil machines. This bone rattling, heart shaking, grass killing monster is wicked. We need to rise up and destroy them.

If you love using a weed whacker, in my point of view that's crazy (unless you're a gardener). Weed whackers are like robots running wild. They seem to have their own mind. There are so many more things out in the world to enjoy over a weed whacker. For instance there are roses and fresh chicken roasts and Monday night football. What could be better?

A majority of my encounters with weed whackers do not go well. The usual case is: my Dad is tired from cleaning the backyard so he makes me get the weed whacker out and have to get to work. There are a series of instructions you must follow to start it. They're very complicated and I prefer not to explain. The weed whacker spits up rocks and things which leaves very painful scars, though they are temporary.

One of the scariest reasons I despise this wretched device, is because if I ever had a problem, the weed whacker would be too loud for my family to hear my last words as it explodes in my face. Ok, that was a bit dramatic. I just want to make sure my parents approve of my work, but if they can't hear me and I have to turn the weed whacker off to ask, then my Dad gets mad at me and I have to start the thing back up again.

I hope that you can see weed whackers from my point of view now. They can be haunting. A piece of advice for all of you that are truly afraid, always before turning a corner, look too see if the area is clear of all the things you fear. Whether you fear plague doctors with creepy bird masks or weed whackers, *always check the corners.*

By Jack Amerine