

East Texas.  
Sulphur Springs.  
Christmas Eve.

The hardest part  
about changin'  
history is livin'  
through it.





*You get rid of the whole  
agin' and dyin' thing, you  
can get a whole lot done.*

*Win wars, dethrone  
kings. Build great  
statues or pyramids.*

*Land on the moon,  
start a family, win  
a Heisman. All  
that kinda* ■■■





Me?

I ain't never  
done nothing.

I wasn't born in Texas. But in a way, I guess I'm its last surviving son. I was sired the same year--same month in fact--Texas declared its independence from Mexico.

And it ain't like I'm useless. I done a few things or two...

Hell, just before I died, I was at the Alamo. "Remember the Alamo," my ass. I was there and I don't remember half of it.

We were all drunkern' when that ol' son of a whore Santa Anna showed up.

Snake-bit son of a bitch.

Tell you what, I'm a whoop that one-legged bastard's ass when I get to Hell, too.

Did a little bit in the Civil War, too. At least there was a war where you--

What side?



