

**Ali**

I'm a Crumpler Bag. I'm not a Johnny Gum Lately, either. I've been through the rites of passage so I can help your passage. And whatever u passage with me.

Plus, Mum, I was here first, **I WAS HERE FIRST!** Nahhhh . . .

i started in Baliarat, Australia, where u have to be tuff to survive cos it's cold & people are born with teeth in their ears to chew your every word. Then I ended up in Melbourne, Australia, on courners' backs. That was a ride close to a passage. Heavy humps nearly put Crumpler into the Grim Creeper's dead bagland. But Crumpler bags got through.

**So** here I am with u. Done the huff fart miles. Still smilin. Can teach u a thing or two bout livin. Can hang on your shoulder coz I'm sewn tight to be your private voice of conscience up there. If you ask nice like, I'll carry your load through life for u.

