

(He was noddling wasn't he?)

Yeah. It was under water, and he had his hand right under that bank of that creek.

(Hard telling what got him. Might have been a turtle--snapping turtle.)

But it don't look like it would swell though, a turtle, it might make a place on it.

(Yeah, that's right 'cause they don't have any poison venom, do they?)

You know, them copperheads everytime they strike, you know, they cough up a just yellow stuff, you know.

(Do they?)

Yep. Yeah, I make him do that one time. I get a stick, you know, and put it up there close to his mouth, hold him, you know.

(He'd spit up yellow stuff?)

Yes, just as yellow.

Maggie: Poison.

Everytime he bite.

(Was that coming out of his teeth?)

Somewhere in there. I don't know where.

(Scares me. From now on when I'm out in the weeds I'm going to wear my boots. They're crawling now, aren't they?)

Maggie: Yeah. Yeah They won't hardly bother you. You take them really poisonous smakes unless you step on him or something.

(They usually not looking for you. They're trying to get away from you aren't they?)

But you take copperhead now, you better not get close to him 'cause he's going to strike. I don't make no difference to him. That copperhead--

(They're kinda mean, aren't they?)