

Chapter 11 Indian Summer

“Freeze!” Steve said in a jolting whispering manner.

Henry and Larry Wilson heard Steve Champion’s voice. So did Mike Champion. They stopped on the dirt path in Maybury State Park.

“To the right. Through the trees” Steve quietly but firmly said.

Their eyes followed his. Thirty yards into the woods was a young deer. The four sets of eyes of the boys were like headlights to the fawn. The cute animal stood frozen like a freshman girl meeting the high school quarterback.

The teens stood like teens not knowing what to do. They had no clue and no plan. But, still, checking out the mammal was cool. When the Wilson brothers had left Philly for vacation they hadn’t envisioned standing in a park checking out a deer.

Steve stood behind Henry on the path. He had brought along a bamboo fishing pole for the hell of it. He saw Henry’s fixation on the deer.

THWACK!

Steve bent the pole back as far as he could releasing it and smacking Henry in the head. “OW!” came Henry’s exclamation. Henry jumped. The deer jumped. The deer jumped into a sprint running into the woods. Henry jumped at Steve.

WHAM!

Henry body slammed a laughing Steve into a small tree along the road. Leaves fell down on them. Steve gave out an “OW!” letting go of the pole.

SLAP! SLAP!

Henry got in a couple of head slaps saying “Oh, Pussy Boy, Did that hurt?”

The slapping and the parrying of slapping started in earnest. So did the trash talking. “Pussy Boy? You’re the Pussy Boy” “No! You’re the Pussy Boy!” “I’m not Pussy Boy I’m Weanie Man” “You’re Suck Weanie Man is who you are”

The dirt and leaves kicked up. The insults kicked up. The smiles kicked up as the bitch slapping continued. Henry made a fist. He faked at Steve’s jaw and came low with a right to Steve’s midsection. Steve started ducking and falling back.

“OW! FUCK! DAMMIT!” Henry yelled. His hand hurt from striking something solid in Steve’s jean jacket. He hopped back shaking his fist. Larry and Mike started laughing at his boobery. He angrily looked at Steve. “What the FUCK do you have in your coat?”

Steve laughed. He reached into the inside pocket. "Schnapps, Baby!" he said pulling out a pint. "Want some?" he asked.

"Sure" Henry said.

"You sure you want some?" Steve asked deviously.

Henry didn't pick up on it. He threw up his arms in frustration. "What the fuck Dingleberry? I said I'll have some."

"OK" Dingleberry said. He extended the bottle with his hand. Henry stepped forward to take the bottle.

WHAM!

Steve took a leg kick at Henry's privates. He caught Henry in the leg but missed his mark. "That's for taking a swing at me!"

"Why you mother fucking SON OF A BITCH!" Henry exclaimed. He took off after Steve. Steve laughingly led Henry around various trees and then back out to the path. They started running. Larry and Mike looked at each other, smiled and shrugged. Larry picked up the fishing pole and they took off on the chase.

Steve saw the wooden railed bridge fronting the pond ahead. The railing was as thick as two by fours and was four feet above the ground. Young Aug precariously propelled himself along the railing on a skateboard. He grinned and looked back to see where Henry was and then "WHOOOPS!" Steve caught his feet viciously wiping out rolling along the dirt path. His palms extended to catch himself; the pint flew out of his hands into nearby bushes; his palm flesh tore up a bit from pebbles and dirt as he wiped out.

Henry saw his victim wipe out. He fixated on the wiped out Steve. He intended to give Steve a bit of a whupping up on.

BOINK!

Aug came shooting off the railing as fast as he could. It wasn't too fast. The flat of the rail had a down sloping piece at the end but there was no momentum driver since the railing was so thin. It wasn't like he could propel himself forward pushing an off leg off cement, and if he lost his balance he would either fall into the water and brush or crash down onto the bridge. But it was enough to knock Henry down as Aug was able to lift the board into the oncoming Henry who was lowering himself to clean up on the wiped out Steve.

Larry and Mike came running up in time to see the bottom of the skateboard tag Henry in the head. The wheels opened a gash in the side of Henry's head. The skateboard went flying into the brush. Aug flew through the air executing an Olga Korbut somersaulting into a standing position with arms extended. "Whoa Auggie!" Mike exclaimed. "Way to go dude!"

Henry felt his head. He saw blood on his hands. He saw some punk strutting to say hello to Mike. "Why you little Shit" he exclaimed. He hopped up and started to charge at Aug. "I'm gonna kick your mother fuckin' ass for that you mother fucker!"

Mike was laughing. He stepped in front of the hard charging Henry. "Hang on there buddy" he said through his chuckles. "It's cool. We've had enough fun for the moment." He headlocked Henry continuing to urge him to "calm down, just calm down, man."

"Man, what's with this dickweed" Aug said. "I was just skating along the rail. It ain't my fault he ran up as I was comin' off the rail."

Henry let up. "Who's this fag?" he asked.

"Who you callin' a fag fag" Aug retorted.

"You're the fuckin' fag fag" Henry eloquently replied. "Only a fuckin' fag rides a skateboard."

"Only cool people ride skateboards" Aug said. "Chicks dig that shit."

"Yer a fuckin' dumbshit punk, ya know that?" Henry said. "Chicks dig hockey players. They don't dig you fuckin' Detroit pussies. They dig guys who know how to fight."

"Oh yeah?" Aug challenged. He walked up into Henry's chest.

The seventeen year old dwarfed the twelve year old. Henry looked down at Aug then pushed him away. "Get outta here ya fuckin punk before ya get hurt."

Aug strutted off to get his skateboard. "Yeah, right, before *I* get hurt. Yer the one who's head is bleeding." He picked up his board.

Henry wiped at his head to get the blood wiped away. He was pissed but he kinda liked the spunk of the punk. He looked at Mike. "So who the fuck is the midget?"

Mike was busy helping Steve up. He made sure to make it painful for Steve's palms as he grabbed his hands in assistance. "Aww, this is a friend a ours Aug." Mike walked over to Aug. He started mussing Aug's thick hair. "It's little Auggie Doggie. Doggie boy, these are our cousins Henry and Larry from Philly."

Aug responded by smacking Mike with the skateboard. He stepped back swinging the skateboard in a threatening manner. "Don't fuck with me man." he said.

Larry and Henry laughed. Larry pulled out a pack of Red's. He threw Henry one and pulled one out for himself. "For a dwarf you ain't gonna live long actin' like that" he said. He pulled out a Bic lighter flicking at it to get it going.

Aug start putting on airs saying "Why I outta..." The Schnapps caught his eye. "Hey!" he exclaimed bending down to get the bottle. "What's this?"

"That's my Schnapps" Steve said walking towards him. "Let me have that. Yer too young ta drink. Besides, that shit'll put hair on yer nuts!"

Aug backed away unscrewing the cap. "Oh yeah?" he asked. "Then how come yer still hairless." He took a schnort. "Hey!" he said. He placed the cap back on and handed the bottle to Steve. He rubbed his 'nads. "I can feel hair growing already!"

Larry asked Steve "How would he know you're if he ain't been suckin' you off?"

Steve answered "He's such a good little cocksucker. That's why we let him hang out. He gets it from his Mom." He looked inside the bottle. "OOOOOO!" he exclaimed looking at Aug. "You fucking backwashed! Aww, man, that's gross."

"That' ain't backwash" Aug said.

"Bullshit" Steve said.

"That's just yer jizz from the last time I sucked you off" Aug said. "I saved some for you."

A round of "Eww's" and "Gross" and "You're sick" came out. This was followed by a passing of the Schnapp's from lips to lips.

"Hey" Aug asked "Want a chaser?" He started walking across the bridge.

"You bendin' over?" Henry asked. "Is that what you mean by a chaser?"

Aug snorted. "Fuck you" he snidely said disappearing across the walk.

Steve capped the Schnapps and put the bottle in his coat. He started readying his pole to drop a line into the water from the bridge. A safety pin came out of a pocket and he opened it up to fashion into a homemade hook. Larry checked out the doings. They walked to the bridge and Steve dropped the line. "You think you'll catch anything with that?" Larry asked.

"I dunno" Steve said. "I always kinda wondered what the hell is in here and since we was comin' here for a little while I figured what the hell."

"Fuck, man" Larry said. "I couldn't believe it when we went to Lake Michigan. I ain't never seen no lake you couldn't see across. Fuck. I thought we was at the Jersey Shore lookin at da ocean. That was fuckin' awesome."

Aug came across the bridge wheeling a Puegeot bicycle. He carried a damp looking backpack. Henry looked at him coming exclaiming "Look at the dwarf with his little bitty bicycle.

Aug wheeled the bike across the bridge. He blew Henry a kiss saying "Fuck you! I guess you don't want a brew."

That perked the boys up. "You got Brew" "Whaddaya Got?" "I'll have one" "Where'd ya get these"

"I raided the rents" Aug said. "They won't miss it. They'll just think it got drank at another of their party's. I got six of 'em." Aug started pulling bottles of Brador's out handing one to each person.

"Molson Bradors" Henry said reading the label on the bottle. "What the fuck is this shit? Some pisswater?"

"Oh man, No!" Mike excitedly told him. "This shits the bomb. You can't buy this here. Someone gots to bring it back from Canada. This is the good shit."

"Canada, huh?" Henry said. "What the fuck is Canada? Ain't nothin' good come outta Canada. That's where all the fuckin' Army draftees run away to."

"Canada's cool" Mike said. "They got Jason's in Canada."

"What the fuck is that s'posed to mean?" Henry asked. *They got Jason's in Canada.* Who the fuck is Jason. Shit, it ain't like we gonna drink Jason's beer, are we?"

"Oh, man, you are a dumbshit ain'tchu?" Mike said. "Jason's is a tit bar over in Windsor. The chicks there like show their beaver and everything."

"You fuckin' lie" Henry said.

"No, man" Mike said. "I'm serious. A buddy a mine I' trust to fuckin' tell me true he and some friends went over there and like these really fuckin' hot Canadian chicks they like run around this bar with these stools that they like do dances on to songs from the jukebox."

"No shit" Henry said.

"No Fuckin' shit" Mike continued. "They like take it all off and like spread their legs open and shit. My buddy said like you can't touch the girls but like this one tat like him she like put her knees inside his and then she kinda like just spread both his and her legs open at the same time. It was like her pussy just like opened up. He said he could like see her clit and shit."

"No fuckin' shit" Henry said.

"Nof fuckin' shit" Mike said. "I know where I wanna go when I turn eighteen."

Henry thought trying to figure out whether Mike was lying to him or not. "Is all a Canada like that?" he asked.

"I dunno" Mike said. "But that's what Jason's is supposed to be like. It's like the fuckin' Garden of Eden."

Henry looked at his bottle. "Yeah, well, do they got fuckin can openers up there? I ain't got one ta open this beer."

They all looked at their beers and then they all looked at Aug. "Aww, man, I didn't think about no bottle opener. I didn't know."

"Dumbshit the Dwarf" Henry said. "He brings beer but no way to open them. Now whadda we do."

"We figure something out, Dingleberries" Steve said. "There's gotta be some way to get the cap off." He looked at the railing of the bridge. "I wonder if I can pop it off using the railing here."

"Oh this outta be a treat" Mike said. He watched as Steve tried to hook the cap of the bottle on the railing. "I see one fucked up beer coming up!"

Steve looked back and smiled. He held the beer in his right hand. The bottle felt wet and slippery in his still burning palm. He jammed teeth of the cap into the rail holding the bottle below in his hand. He flattened his left palm holding it above the railing. He geared up then slammed down his palm trying to wedge open the cap.

WHAM!

Steve succeeded in his smacking his palm loudly on the rail. Nothing else happened other than a loud "OW!" from his mouth.

They all laughed at Steve. Steve laughed at Steve. "So you think was funny, huh?"

Mike said "Naw, I think your hairless dick is what funny!"

Steve laughed. "Fuck You!" he tolde his brother. "I got it this time." He reloaded. His arm was set. The bottle was set. The palm flat was set.

WHAM!

The cap loosened up on the bottle opening slightly. The bottle shot out of Steve's hand. The bottle struck his tennis shoe hitting his big toe. "OW! DAMN!" he yelled. He instinctively dove down to chase the bottle rolling along the bridge. The beer foamed up inside the bottle spraying out the small cap opening hitting Steve with beer spray as he chased the bottle.

Steve grabbed at the wet spraying bottle but it escaped his grasp as his foot accidentally kicked the bottle forward. The Molson propelled forward with more impetus by Steve's attempt to grab it. The bottle shot rolling along the bridge striking the fishing pole. The bottle knocked the pole off its balance. The pole slid down through the openings in the bridge down into the pond. The spraying beer turned while rolling along the bridge falling down into the pond.

The youths all ran to the edge of the bridge to see what they saw in the water below. They saw a pole floating in the water below and waves from where a full bottle of beer had splashed down. They all turned their eyes to Steve looking at him incredulously.

"How did you do that?" Mike asked. His hands went to his head. He wanted to laugh but he was pissed. "How the fuck did you do that? he asked again. "Fuck! I saw it but I don't believe it!"

Larry said "I saw it too but I don't believe it either. How did you just do that?"

Steve stood with his arms extended. "I...I dunno" he said. "It just like...it just kinda happened." He couldn't explain it. He licked his lips wiping his clothing a bit with his hands gathering wet into his mouth. "But at least I got a little brew outta it!"

"Now what? Henry asked.

Steve said "Now what?" with a smile. He ran to Aug's backpack. "Now I get the last beer!" He looked down at his foot. "Damn! That fuckin' hurt my toe!"

SMACK!

Henry gave Steve a smack across the head with an open palm. "Yer a fuckin' pinhead ya know that!? Even if ya are my cousin!" Steve laughed.

Larry asked "So now whadda we do?"

Steve wandered back to check out the bridge. A small piece of wood had given way where the bottle cap had damaged it. He flicked at it with his fingers. "Cheap ass motherfuckin wood!" he exclaimed. "That's why it didn't work. The fuckin' wood gave way."

Mike raised an open palm at Steve. "I'm gonna smack ya this time, even if you are my dumbshit brother!"

"Quit yer cryin'" Steve said. "I got another idea." They all looked at Steve suspiciously. "Oh, fuck you all" he said. "I ain't see any a you got any good ideas."

"You could suck me off" Mike told his brother. "That's a good idea."

"Yeah, and you can bite me too!" Steve told him. "You wanna fuckin' try and open these brews or what?"

"So what's yer idea?" Henry asked. "Throw 'em all in the water and hope the water rusts the caps?"

"Yer the fuckin' pinhead, ya know that?" Steve smirked. "Naw. Naw, let me see yer flameage man. I heard you can like open one a these with the BIC."

"Get out" Larry said. "No fuckin' way."

Steve held out his hand. "You got a better idea?" he asked.

Larry pulled out his pack of Marly's. He copped out a smoke for his brother and himself. They lit up and set about inspecting the lighter. "How the fuck you gonna open a bottle with this thing? Where do ya hook it?"

"I dunno" Steve said. "I just heard you can do it at school. Somehow you hook the end on the cap and pry it off. Here, let me try."

Larry handed him the lighter. Steve put the flicking end of the lighter against the cap. That didn't make much sense to him. He flipped over the bottom of the lighter against the cap. That didn't make much sense. He put the lighter upside down with the butane release against the lid. He kinda felt he could hook the lighter that way. He listened to hoots and catcalls and insults while he tried to perform the magic trick but the damn bottle kept slipping.

"Motherfucker!" he exclaimed as he got nowhere. "Alright you bastard" Steve exclaimed. "I gotchu now." He wrapped the bottle as tight as he could in his coat jamming the cap and lighter into his palm. He tried forcing the bottle cap up with all his might.

Steve lost his grip on the Brador as his hand slid up. The cap gashed his palm as the bottle flew out of his hands. So did the lighter. So did "OW! DAMMIT!" from his lips.

Larry played hot potato with the flying lighter. He managed to corral it before it flew into the pond. The brew flew up and struck Henry in the head falling back down to the ground. Steve stood there looking at his scraped palm with a hunk of flesh gashed out wondering how he had done that. He took a bit of abuse from his buddies while standing there. He threw the abuse back. "Oh yeah, well if you got a better idea then you come up with it. OW!"

Mike had observed the series of events. He extended his hand to Larry for the lighter. "Here, let me try. I think I may see it." Larry obliged.

Mike sat down on the ground. He found a comfortable spot against a tree. He settled in making sure he had a good grip on the bottle. He took the lighter flicking it upside down and wedging the bottom against the cap. He tried brute force. His hand slid up the top of the bottle. The lighter and bottle and cap made a clacking noise as the combination slid together. He had a miss. He repeated the process trying a little more finesse and a little less brute force. The lighter and bottle and cap made a clacking noise as the combination slid together. His hand slid up the bottle jamming the cap and lighter across his palm causing pain. "Damn!" he exclaimed.

"Man, that won't work" Henry said. "This blows."

"No?" Mike asked with devilishness. He held up his bottle. The cap was bent back a little bit. Gases could be seen escaping. "I almost got it." He repeated his process. It took a couple

more tries. The cap came off. Mike took a victory drink while his cohorts jealously looked on.

"Whoa" was the general exclamation from all of them. "How'd you do that?"

Henry handed Mike his bottle. Mike stood up handing Henry the lighter. "You do it, pussy boy."

Henry took the lighter. He spent five minutes of failed attempts and jeers getting nowhere other than sore palms of his hands. He didn't get the trick. He offered the bottle and lighter to Mike. "Here" he said "You do it."

Mike laughed at him "You do me and I'll do it for ya."

"Man fuck you" Henry frustratingly and angrily said. "Open it or I'll kick your ass."

"Suck my weiner and I'll open it for ya" Mike replied. He taunted Henry by drinking some more beer.

Henry angrily threatened to swing his fist at Mike. "Open it or I'll kick yer ass."

Mike laughed. He took the lighter and closed beer and sat back down. It took less tries this time. He was getting the hang of it. He offered the brew to Henry. "Here ya go, Butterfingers."

Henry took the beer muttering "Buttnugget."

Mike replied "Buttmuncher"

Henry answered "Buttlicker"

Mike came back with "FudgePacker."

Henry answered "I'll fuckin' pack yer fudge if ya don't shut yer fuckin' mouth."

Mike laughed. The line had formed in front of him. It was like Oliver Twist. *Please sir, open our beer for us.*

Beer open, Schnapps re-passed around, Steve brought up the next sequentially important thing to teenage youth. "Man, I wish we had some weed" he said. He represented the glory of male youth not thinking any farther than the next buzz to have or the next girlie to round the bases with.

Aug went to his backpack. He pulled out a baggie. "I scored" he said.

"No shit" Steve excitedly said. "What the fuck? That's like the first fuckin' bag you ever bought, ain't it? Or, let me guess, you pinched that from the folks too."

"Yer folks smoke weed?" Larry asked. "That's weird."

"That ain't his folks smoke" Steve said with a laugh.

"Man" Aug said. "Why ya gotta dis on my folks?"

"Cuz yer fuckin' Mom is hot" Steve said. "She's smokin' hot."

"Better than that ol' bag you guys got for a Mom" Aug snapped back. "I can hear her now when you guys get home. She'll be like *Steve, Mike, what have you boys been doing?*"

"Hey" Larry interjected "Ya'll gonna talk about yer Mom's or are we gonna smoke some a that?"

Aug grimaced. "I ain't got nothing to smoke it in. If there's a can around here would could make a can-ji and use."

"Yeah, well" Henry said "I don't see no fricking can layin' aound, do you? You don't come prepared, do you?"

"Shut up, buttnugget" Aug said. "At least I brought some weed."

Henry chested up to Aug. "Who you callin' buttnugget, Midget?"

Mike reached into his jean coat pocket. "Hang on. Mike to the rescue. I got a pipe."

Mike pulled out two pieces of brass pluming elbows screwed together. Henry said "What's that?"

"That, my dumb cousin" Mike said slapping Henry on the shoulder "is a pipe. I was walkin' through the hardware store the other day and I pinched these pieces and a screen to go inside. It's like a free pipe." He pointed to Aug. "Here, let me see yer bag."

Aug handed Mike the smoke. Mike wrestled in the pipe filling on end with a generous amount of dope. He handed it to Henry. "Here ya go." He handed Henry the lighter. He handed Aug the baggie back. "Fire it up" he told Henry.

"Man, aintcha gonna clean it first?" Larry asked. "That stuff looks pretty seedy to me."

"Man, ain't no seeds gonna hurt anything" Steve said reaching for the pipe and lighter. "Gimme that. I'll fire it up."

Henry pulled the pipe away. "Waitcher turn, prissy boy." Henry flamed on. The hit came through heavy because the elbows created a wide mouth for everything to flow through. It tasted harsh. The air flow was not impeded in the slightest. Henry's lungs took a big shot. He started coughing immediately. His eyes watered. "Man...that's harsh" he coughed out.

Steve said "Give me that!" He took the lighter and bowl. "The only reason you're choking is cu you don't know how to smoke weed." Steve cooked things up. Steve joined Henry in

choking with watery eyes exclaiming "Wow...that...hits harsh." He handed the brass fittings and lighter to Larry.

POP!

A seed popped out at the exchange of plumbing. Larry let out an "Ouch!" upon taking the brass. The metal had heated up from the flame and was warm to the touch. Larry took his turn to join the coughing parade. "That ain't harsh from the pipe" he choked out. "That's all seeds in there."

"No it ain't" Mike said taking the warm material. He would prove them wrong. Soon he joined the coughing brigade. He handed the pipe to Aug.

After exclaiming "OW!" from the heat of the bowl Aug went to his backpack. He pulled out a pocket knife and opened up the blade.

"What...are...you...doing?" Mike coughed out in between beer swigs to wet his throat.

"I'm gonna get out the seeds" Aug said. "That's why it's so harsh. My folks always clean their shit cuz they hate smokin' seeds."

"There ain't any seeds in there" Mike said. "Yer fucking wastin' time."

"I'm wastin' time, huh?" Aug said. He looked inside the pipe. All he could see were seeds. "No seeds, huh?" he said.

"One. Two. Three." Aug started counting as he drew out each seed one by one on the blade flat flicking it's blackened husk onto the ground or at his cohorts. They were stunned as the count reached fifteen, then twenty, then thirty, topping out at thirty-two. "No seeds, huh" Aug said.

Aug stirred the remains. He flamed on taking a big hit. The contour of the pipe made the hit huge but with the seeds removed the taste was much smoother. He offered the pipe to Mike. Mike crooked his beer in his arm to light up. Mike cooked the pipe up as hard as he could.

POP!

The thirty-third seed exploded shooting up into Mike's eye. He dropped the pipe and beer spilling the goods inside all over the ground as he spilled himself to the ground yelling "OW!"