

## Let it bleed, 1968

It was senior year and religion class never started on time. Father Nick was well over six feet with a beer belly. He always smelled of Frankincense because of his heavy use of it during Mass. John once asked him during religion class why all the incense? Father Nick reply was, “Because I like it, you got problems with that, “he said sounding like a true Philly street thug. He never rushed for anything or anyone. Most often, he taught religion class to several sections of the smart kids and one section of the zoo population which consisted of future cops, criminals and arm service recruits. The zoo population called Father Nick, Santa, because he looked the part when he grew his gray beard. Twenty minutes pass the time the zoo class was to begin; Father Nick strolled in and had everyone stand when he asked the question, “Each one of you lads tell me your favorite prayer. It can be official or a made up one you used to ask Christ assistance.”

There were several answers such as “Jesus, thanks for getting me out of that one”. The phrase “that one” meaning outrunning the cops, drinking underage, and dealing pot or other drugs. There were several legitimate answers; the Hail Mary was very popular.

” Well, my students, I was thinking over the weekend on what to call this class and we’ll try to come up with one during our time together. For now, follow my directions. If you follow them, I guarantee no one fails the class.”

Applauses filled the room with a couple shout-outs of, “Santa...Santa.”

“I want everyone to line up at the windows and look out to the Viet Nam memorial,” He said watching the seventeen boys in sport coats and the school matras blue ties line up and look out the windows. Some began to wave at girls and friends waiting across the street to meet up.

Santa studied his wristwatch and addressed the boys once again. “I been informed the McGee Stone Mason company will arrive in five minutes to add two alum names to the Viet Nam monument. Damn shame dying overseas, makes me mad, damn mad.” Santa said the students mimicking his gravelly voice, “Mad, damn mad!”

“Now quiet down, what I want you to do is in your best way you know is to say farewell to these lads by saying a prayer you know or one you made up. Shout it out to rattle the gates of heaven for these boys.” Santa yelled pounding the desk for emphasis.

So when the stonemason started the drill, shouts of thanking the Lord, and Hail Marys’ were yelled out in a confuse choir of baritones. Shane stated singing the new Stones tune, Monkey Man, with his best friend John singing with him and eventually all the boys joined in, “I’m a monkey, won’t you be my monkey girl to,” John sang to his girlfriend Sara standing on the other side of the street

After about 5 minutes of singing, Santa whistled for everyone to stop and asked the boys what the name of the song was. Almost in unison, the class answered “Monkey Man, Monkey man!”

“Shane, your voice isn’t half bad. This class will be the Pious Monkeys”, he said sitting down at his desk in front of the room.

“We’ll rattle the gates when a new name is added,” Santa said then looked at John still at the window waiving at his girlfriend Sara.

“Sit down book worm!” Santa said making John rush to his seat. The name bookworm used because John always had his head in a book and most times not listening to the lessons in class. Thus, the reason he was in the Zoo class and received a lot of detention for his inattention.

“In an orderly fashion, meaning no yelling, study or talk among yourselves quietly while I read my paper and while John reads whatever he is reading,” said the coolest priest at Father Judge High School.

Eight years later in late August, John and Shane were early for the funeral mass. Shane sitting shotgun in John’s late model Ford pickup. He closed his eyes and relaxed in his seat. The AC was on and he was comfortable.

John counted the years since he regularly attended the church and grade school in front of him. He thought it was about thirteen years since he left grade school, then High School, then his off again and on again Community College attendance. The entire elementary school, church and rectory were a light yellow gold color brick. It was a no nonsense look with only a crucifix on the church door to show it was a place of faith. Nothing had changed about it except for the trees growing taller and offering some shade from the sunny hot humid dog day in Philadelphia.

They were parked in the parking lot a short distant from the church. Next to the church was the elementary school building. It was there just outside from the school entrance John remembered first laying eyes on Sara. John remembered her getting out of her mother’s station wagon. Rose, her mother, and Sara walked toward him. At first, John could not believe how big Rose was. She was very tall with black hair tied in a bun. She was heavy, heavier than the fat men he saw sitting in the bars when he walked to school. Next to Rose, her daughter held her

mother's hand looking down to the cement. Sara was petite and shared the same long dark black hair as her mother. She wore the dark blue uniform the girls wore at St. Jerome Elementary School.

John held the safety positioned right outside the principal's office when Big Rose and Sara walked up to him and said, "Young man, could you direct me to the principal office," Rose asked bending slightly looking him in his eyes.

"Yes, Miss, I'll have to tell Mother Mary you're here first then I'll come out to get you," John said. He was following the directions of Mother Mary who explained to him that he was the guardian of the principal's office and no one could just walk in unannounced.

Once he informed Mother Mary, he led mother and daughter to the office. He could not stop looking at Sara and as he shut the door after their entrance, he was excited that she had given him a peek.

John inhaled thinking about Sara, his first love who now laid in a coffin in the church. He was sad and angry about what he knew. It made him crack his knuckles and he imagine running from his car and smashing the face of the guilty party but he controlled himself. He wanted no witnesses.

"Really, you got to do that," Shane said annoyed at the cracking sound.

"Tell you what, being here makes me think when we first met, remember?" Shane said with a smile.

"In the school yard, right?" John said.

“More to it bro, we really met when I lied to you to follow me to church ‘cause Mother Mary wanted me to say prayers. We entered the church, knelled at the altar and said a prayer. Remember what I said.”

“Keep lookout,” John answered remembering Shane hopping over the altar. He then looked back at John and laughed. He entered the vestibule and after a few seconds left with a bottle of wine.”

“You were freaked,” Shane said laughing.

“You only calmed down when I told you it wasn’t blessed yet.” Shane said laughing looking at John to join in the fun but John kept his serious composure.

“Just trying to cheer you up my man,” Shane said.

“You gonna tell me what’s bugging you”, Shane said watching John looking out to the church.

“You blame yourself for Sara? Did you fail a college class? Did you catch a disease off a girl? Maybe your problem is you can’t get a girl? Did you get fired tending bar because of giving free drinks to your friends? Did you give up pot and you’re having a hard time? What’s wrong with you?” Shane asked with John shaking his head no, on each guess.

“What’s bugging me is your new cowboy duds,” John said with a broken front tooth smirk looking at John who looked like he was in a Marlboro commercial.

“Yep, new black leather roper boots, new Levies, new black shirt and new Bolo tie with a new motorcycle ornament. It’s a 650 Triumph. I’m like a Clint Eastwood type while you look

like a smaller mob guy, “Shane said brushing some ashes off his jeans. “I’m coolness in the flesh”, he said.

” Notice your hair is longer, you gonna just let it wear off when it hits the ground,” John said

“It’s my power dude, like the Samson cat in the Bible.”

“Dude, looks what’s maybe coming our way”, John said motioning to the dark figure closing the church door.

Father Wright stood on the steps of the church entrance and looked in John’s direction. “I don’t want to talk to you, I don’t want to talk to you,” John repeated hoping the priest would go inside and leave him alone.

Both boys were imagining punching Wrights’ face until they saw blood. As John continued to sing-song his chant, Shane touched the side of his right eye. The scar started close to his right eye to the top of his cheekbone. Wright had hit him with the wooden dustpan brush when Shane wore a cowboy Bolo Tie with the clasp of a Harley motor cycle. He challenged the dress code in High School and defiance called for severe consequences. Wright wailed him several times with the wood part of the brush. It was not until John ran to get Father Nick that the beating stop. Shane went to public school after that.

Wright a tall slender man with wire rim glasses walked toward the car and motioned for John to roll down the window.

“Who is this now?” the priest said, his hand shading the sunlight from his eyes and peering into the car. John said nothing but stared at him.

The priest came closer looking into the back seat of the car filled with books on psychology.

“Oh, its little John, I recognized your father’s old pickup... here for a visit? How’s college? You make your mother proud. I saw your mother the other day lamenting about your father losing at the track. Said she get the donation over to church.”

John knew it was true, his father loved gambling but he and his mother never had to worry about a roof over their head or eating meals. John never thought badly about his father.

“Don’t have money for you and by the way, everything’s great with my parents. Do not need help from you,” John informed the priest.

“They and you are part of the flock,” Wright said pointing his finger at John.

“Am I and my father part of your flock?” Shane’s voice made Wright freeze. Wright looked in the car again until he made out the face of Shane.

Shane’s father was the one that sent him to public school after Shane came home bloodied. He told Shane not to make trouble. That he met such priest back in Ireland.

“Why yes Shane. I was out to see your father. He was tending to a neighbor’s fence. He said he had nothing for block collection and to tell you the truth was a bit curt with me.” The priest said folding his arms looking like he expected Shane to apologize.

“Got nothing for you Wright.” Shane said with a smile.

“Don’t worry about us in your flock; just tell us who is doing the service?” John asked.

“It is Father Wright to you,” Wright said pointing at John.

“You doing the service?” John asked again.

Wright stepped closer to the car bending a bit to look at John face-to-face, “forgot to say Father after that question?”

“Okay, just this time, can you tell me Father,” John said moving his face closer to Wright face. Wright stepped back.

“You two best put your best foot forward here in my church or I’ll asked you to leave,” Wright said stepping forward to regain the step he lost but then retreated when John and Shane stepped out of the pickup. John and Shane walked passed him Spassed the priest ignoring the finger pointing and the demand to use his proper title, Father.

“I’ll find out who’s presiding,” John said.

After a few steps, John stopped and turned around to Wright, “Would like to discuss with you some questions I have about Faith. Would that be okay after the service, Father?” John said in a sincere respectful tone, which surprise Shane.

“Oh, yes to that John, maybe you wish to confess,” Wright said with John and Shane continuing their walk to the entrance of the church.

“What this stuff you wanna talk about?” Shane asked John when they stopped at the church entrance.

“You can be there and find out,” John said

Shane lit a smoke and slowly the neighborhood started to show. They watched Father Nick come out of the church greeting mourners coming toward the church. It was six years since



their religion class but Father Nick looked good. He was hugging everyone, slapping people on the back and doing many handshakes.

“How’s college kid?” Father Nick said punching John in the shoulder

“Cool, everything is cool”, John said patting the priest on the stomach.

“I’m Santa, what you want me to do,” Father Nick said pulling up his pants, “Loss some, don’t you think?”

“Sure, sure, think I see it,” Shane said.

The priest laughed padding his stomach then became serious looking in John’s eyes.

“I know she was the girl always waiting for you after school, sorry for your lost Johnny boy. I’m real sorry, the poor kid,” Nick said hugging him then Shane. “Remember, the Pious Monkeys, be at the funeral, right”, Father Nick asked and after a nod from John and Shane, he greeted the next mourners.

The boys watched the priest join with other mourners then looked at each other.

“Let’s go over and shoot the shit with the losers,” Shane said pushing John toward three assorted color vans in the parking lot.

The red metallic colored van had an assorted array of the neighborhood stoners passing around joints and pipes. Tiny, who own the van and weighed about 250 pounds, offered the boys to join the group. Shane smoked some joint but declined the offer to sit.

“Don’t mind I save this for later men,” he said to the group while pinching the joint flame out and putting it in his shirt pocket.

John thought some of the smokers on the van floor were laughing so hard they looked like they were passing out. He wondered how they would make the funeral. He shook his head when the joint was passed to him then visited the next van. Here GOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

The many-dented gray primer looking van held the serious drug users. They had an equal number of participants compared to the pot van. Shane thought their eyes were dead. Some were nodding out and some were cooking up heroin.

“You assholes thinking about attending the funeral?” John asked. Blank eyes stared at him. He started to asked the question again but was interrupted by the van driver, Dealer Dave “Man, oh man, I’ll be in. Sara is cool. Did not know she was using. Heard she died at a traffic light after she hit up, that right?” Dave said

“Yeah, in traffic. She had nodded out at a traffic light and when the cops got there, she was dead. Blood was coming from a needle mark on her arm,” Shane said while John went to the last van.

The third van was black. The bumpers and wheels were black. It riders were the boozers of the neighborhood. The drink of choice were bottles of Jack Daniels. There were several empty bottles on the floor of the van. Fred Martin was the driver and offered the boys to share from his bottle. Fred keep saying in a low graveled voice, “Damn shame, damn shame someone going out like that.” He looked at John and slapped him on the back. “Shame she went out like that,” Fred said again offering both of the boys his bottle. Shane drank, John declined.

A large dented late model black *Cadillac* slowly stopped in front of the church. Rose, Sara's mother, opened the passenger side door and slowly pulled herself out the door. The driver, her son, Dominic, and granddaughter, Sara, opened the trunk and assisted her with her walker. She grabbed the walker, steadied herself then looked at the people milling outside the church. Her eyes met John's eyes and she started walking over to him trying to hold back tears. She stumbled a bit while her son tried to steady her. John walked to meet her. She was bigger than when he last laid eyes on her. She wore too much make-up, reeked of strong perfume and hard liquored. She hugged John making him struggle to keep his balance. Shane grabbed his shoulder for support then she and her granddaughter, sobbed uncontrollably.

"I have to raise her child, poor kid. Why she do it, why, why, why," she screamed.

Her son asked her and little Sara to be strong, that both had to enter the church now.

After Rose cried on John's shoulder, her son escorted her and little Sara to the church. "We'll all be with you," John said. He felt like crying with her but he remained calm even with angry simmering within.

"Let's go Johnny boy", Shane said. They headed over to the church steps.

Both boys with young and old neighbors walked up the steps. John and Shane nodded their heads at prior classmates and friends. The boys shook hands with many young men they knew in high school. Some were working in the steel mill, garages, post office and some were dealing drugs. Some wanted to know what college was like. John heard many call him the nerd of the neighborhood. Some yelled, "Worm, Worm", at him kidding him about his habit of not hearing anything or anyone while his head was in a book.

“Sit in the back,” Shane whispered to John but John headed for the second pew behind Sara’s mother, brother and Sara’s daughter.

Shane sat in the back pew filled with neighborhood drug users. He sat, closed his eyes as if in prayer, breathed in the Frankincense thinking the small amount of pot he smoked in the parking lot was strong. It relaxed him enough to enjoy the fragrance.

The loud crying of Sara’s mother made Shane opened his eyes. He looked at John, and thought he had never witnessed John racing to the front of the church. He figured it was his first love and he was grieving.

The Mass started and Shane looked at the congregations, the older folks following along with prayers and hymns while several of the younger members of the neighborhood were nodding out and some meth-heads tapped their feet or drummed lightly on the pews.

He wondered how long the drug users would live and how many more funerals he would attend because of an OD. It seemed that everyone was accustomed to death by OD. That the cause was here to stay.

Sunlight pour through the stain glass windows and Shane loved the violet color hitting faces and on the Stations of the Cross. He looked at each station and remembered the thoughts he had when he was in elementary school. Christ dying without anyone from his gang helping him. He knew John would have, no matter what Christ said. He watched John making a strain painful face. “Like the agony in the garden,” he whispered to himself wishing he could help his friend feel better.

John closed his eyes trying to think of a better time with Sara. He remembered many times waking up just before dawn; Sara would have her arms and legs around him. She wore an oil that

smelled like flowers during springtime. He would gently touch her cheeks then lips, and she would make gentle sounds of half waking and sleep. He would watch her for some time and then gently kiss her lips and breast then rest his head on her pillow to feel her breath and warmth.

Shane breathed in the incense and sat back into the pew. He was enjoying the pot high and laughed to himself that more than half the people there probably were holding drugs thinking about the next joint or fix. He admired the dope fiends that showed up because Sara was a sweet girl who would help anyone even degenerate dopers and drunks. She had the strongest faith out of the entire neighborhood crowd and after her husband's death; he sometimes picked her up on his bike on Sunday mornings and drop her off at the church. It just didn't make sense she died hitting up but losing your mate to suicide must have pushed her to use. Last time he met her she was getting help from the church. She was actually earning a few bucks cleaning the rectory and cooking dinners for the priest. She often would take leftovers home for the household.

The Mass was finishing up and some of the van crowd shuffled out the entrance early. Shane stood up also and headed for the entrance. John looked around to Shane and followed him out.

From the distant parking lot came the smell of cigarettes and pot coming from the vans. Shane joined John at John's truck; he was getting cigarettes from his glove compartment and then joined Shane. They both agreed it was a decent service with Father Nick.

Soon everyone else in church started coming out. Christopher and some others lifted the coffin in the black Hearse and started their journey to Resurrection cemetery, about a 30-minute drive up the Boulevard. Shane asked John if he wanted to leave his car in the lot and both could take

Shane's cycle to the funeral. John agreed but before Shane kick started the Harley, John told him to wait. He had to ask Wright something.

"Okay man, go talk to the priest, tell him I'm crazier since he hit me with that wood brush, Shane said touching the scar near his right eye.

"Nothing ever happen to him for that cause he's a priest, nuts to that", John said spitting on the church steps with feelings of anger and contempt welling up in his mind.

John cracked his knuckles while taking deep breaths as he walked up the church steps. His heart was racing, he felt like knocking statues over, throwing mass books at the stain glass. For seconds, he watched Father Wright at the altar. He witnessed the vision all through grade school. A priest looking like he's contemplating Christ sacrifice with the sun shining through the stain glass with fragrance of frankincense penetrating the silence of the church. He contemplated this vision and he felt the anger in him shoot up his spine. It made him hang onto the alter rail.

Shane followed John back into the church, sat down, and took the half-smoked joint out of his pocket and lit it. He figured the heavy incense would mask the pot smoke. He watched John looking like he was going to rise from knelling at the altar rail but then knelling back down. He did this action a few times. While knelling his face held anguish. Shane thought John's face looked somewhat like Christ looked like in the station of the cross, agony in the garden.

Shane looked at the Christ on the cross. He hung over the altar with golden lights shining on it from the ceiling. He wondered if Christ was a good carpenter. He be willing to compare his work with the Christ any day of the week. It would have to be man to man, no super hero stuff

involved. He then laughed about his thought until he watched John wiping his eyes. Shane thought Christ needed a guy like John. John would have busted some Roman heads to save JC. Shane remembered how John screamed at Wright when he was using the dustpan brush to beat him. With blood flowing in his eye, he heard John yelling to Wright, "Get your fucken' hands off him!" Wright started to beat him harder. Shane put his hands on his desk to not fall down. He knew he had to take it because smacking a priest was taboo. Through the blood, he watched John running out of the classroom yelling for help. The rest of the class watched him suffer blow after blow with blood running down his face with Wright yelling, "There are rules to be obeyed. You must learn right from wrong." Then John came back with Father Nick who broke up the beating sending Shane home and excusing Wright from class.

Shane took a deep breath, looked at Christ on the cross and thought maybe he should play it safe and say a prayer. He thanked JC for his trade, carpentry, pot, motorcycles, incensed and a good friend. He again focused on John.

John stood up from his kneeling and hopped over the altar rail. The joint in Shane hand went out so he popped in his mouth and chewed on it wondering what was John up to.

"Wright, I'm here to ask you questions," John said slowly waking closer to Wright.

The priest made the sign of the cross, with stern dark eyes turned to John, and said in a slow deliberate voice, "That's Father Wright to you, are you here to discuss your father's gambling?" Wright said folding his arms and straightening his posture.

"No, no problems at our house no matter what my mother said", John said.

“Yes, your mother is devoted to the church and your father may come back to it for your Mother’s sake.”

“My mother loves my Dad even when he gambles; she loves me when I’m bad. We all love each other in the thick and thin of life, Priest.” John said with arms at his side making a fist with each hand.

“Not supposed to be near the altar,” Wright yelled pointing his finger at John.

“She told me what you did,” John said inching closer and closer toward Wright.

“What’s this about boy”, Wright said putting his hands on his hips. He had a stern stance. All he needed was a dustpan brush, Shane thought.

“Sara told me what you did”, John said with Wright staring at his accuser. Shane continued to chew the joint and wonder what was happening.

“She said it was after she cooked you priest a meal of pork chops and after all the other priests retired to their rooms. You were helping her clean up.” John said with clenched fist.

“You were giving her wine to drink and she stated to tell you about her husband hanging himself. Then you held her and she cried about how alone she felt. Then you made your move. She told me about the affair and you using the pastor’s bedroom when he was doing home visits. She said you use to laugh about it and how you always made her drink.” John said watching for any sign of remorse in Wright’s eyes.

“Now John, she’s gone. There is no use to bring up the past. She seduced me and I’ve confessed it.” He said standing straight and pointing his finger at John.



Father Wright stood his ground, took out his Pen-sized Holy Water Sprinkler from his shirt pocket and said, “ Silence young man, I want you to knell for a blessing”, he said staring to anoint John with holy water

“She told me when she showed up to cook one Sunday the pastor met her. He called her a temptress. Told her she had almost ruined a good priest. Told her she was forbidden from church. That she was not welcome anymore. She told me she ran out and into her car, went home and grabbed her daughter and cried losing everything she thought loved her.” John said with rage in his voice.

Wright kept telling John to knell and asked forgiveness for making this accusation.

“Can’t you admit it, say you’re sorry. You were supposed to help her. If you did, she be here alive. You’re a priest. You ain’t supposed to do harm,” John yelled. He began to sob. Deep anguished sobs filled the Church.

Wright started sprinkling Holy Water from his sprinkle pen. As John’s face was wet with holy water, Wright started his blessing in the name of the father, son and Holy Ghost.

John cried in place looking like he could not move any more while the holy water splashed on him. He remembered Sara scared hopeless voice saying it was her fault. While John yelling at her that that was bullshit but she believed it was her fault. With this thought, John screamed at Wright, “Your fault, you should have helped her instead of throwing her away“, he screamed.

Shane sat in amazement. He thought John cries sounded like some suffering animal. He saw the same act in High School. Priest were above everything and everyone. Always forgiven no matter what happened. He remembered his father telling him he seen the same abuse in Ireland when his father was washing his wound.

“Not this Time,” Shane whispered. In a flash, John felt someone from behind grab his shoulder and pushed him aside. It was Shane. The scar on his cheek and lips reminded John of a crazed jack-o'-lantern. In one quick move Shane body punched Wright in the kidneys. With a gasp, Wright fell hard on the white marble floor. A terrible groan filled the church followed by crying then pleading to both Shane and John, “don’t hurt me, a man of god,” Wright shouted. Shane stood over him and shouted, “How’s the agony priest, “he said kicking him in the ribs. Then looked at John. “You good bud,” he said. John nodded.

John looked over Wright and said, “Don’t’ bother my mother ever again and you say nothing about my father.” Then John made a fist and was just about to deliver a blow to Wright’s head until Shane pulled him back.

“Enough, no more,” Shane said with John beginning to cry.

“Go into the vestibule and get me a bottle,” Shane said making his command sound like he was scolding a bad dog. He held his eyes on John until John started backing away.

“One other thing Johnny, get me some Frankincense,” Shane said.

“Don’t think about calling cops about what happen here today. We’ll tell them the reason and even if we have troubles about it, you’ll be found out.” Shane said looking at Wright. With some effort, Wright nodded his head.

John came back with a bottle of wine and can of Monastery Brand Incense. He kept whipping his eyes mumbling, “She would still be alive...still alive”. John said looking down upon Wright.

Again, he tried to attack the priest but Shane grabbed hold of his jacket collar.

“Enough, we’re not killers,” Shane said dragging John to the entrance yelling for him to settle down and hold the wine.

Once outside Shane stood face to face with John slapping him while John cursed and cried yelling he should kill the priest. Shane continued to slap and shake John until they looked at each other eye to eye.

“Get a grip; we need to get to the cemetery. Remember the Pious Monkeys have to be there,” Shane said with John nodding his head.

“Yeah, I remember, rattle the gates to see ...see her off, but that’s all bullshit. What he did, he should pay for it, pay for it,” John said wiping his eyes.

“We’re not murderers, we’re not gonna kill anyone, Shane said.

“All he had to do was listen, she would’ve still be here, “John kept mumbling as they headed toward the bike.

Shane mounted the Harley and kicked started the bike until the familiar rumble filled the parking lot.

“Get the fuck on and hold on, “Shane yelled thinking his friend looked drained with bloodshot eyes.

“We got to make time. You okay Johnny,” Shane asked turning to look him in the eyes.

“No, no, no,” John said with Shane shaking his head making Shane yell to him over and over, “Get on, get the fuck on”. Shane reached out pulling John on and said, “Hold tight”! Once both were in position Shane yelled, “Let’s fly!”

Shane did not think about the speed limit, he had that young man’s assurance that he could handle anything. He keep yelling for John to hang on as he zigzagged between cars with purse of speed when coming up on a yellow light. On a straightaway, he made time. Some other bikers on the roads cursed at his antics but for the most, they nodded their heads thinking the cowboy could sure ride. Others in autos cursed and gave the finger. One cop parked at Burger King shook his head and continue to eat his whopper.

Soon, both boys saw the black iron gates of the cemetery. John started to sing, “I’m nothing but a monkey”. He remembered that time in the classroom signing to his Sara on the other side of the street.

“Won’t you be my monkey girl too,” He sang feeling like someone had shot a hole in his heart.

Shane heard parts of John tune over the engine. With sobs and screams, John keep singing.

“Rock ‘en’ Roll “, Shane yelled making a hard turn sliding into the entrance.

**THE END**