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Now how is that homework coming, child?

Sorry. Did I surprise you as you entered as I entered your room without permission?

“Grandpa! I tell you all the time! You have to knock!”

Well... lookie at you here, doin' your homework without even a single book cracked. But I see you with your head in your phone...it seems those devices could do so much these days. No. I'll bet you musta forgot about my tale, leavin' off as we did on the porch out there. Whelp, ha! My mind might be slippin' some but I sure wouldn't forget to unspin a yarn all the way for ya. So I thought I'd come in and get on tellin' ya a little more as I tuck you in for sleep.

“It's okay. I'm thirteen and don't need to be tucked in anymore. Besides I still have a few hours before bedtime.”

A few hours? Well that gives us a little time, but we can maybe let it slide and let you stay awake a few more winks. We really gotta crack this tale!

“Argh! But I got it. Doo-Wop, the Arnold-Tones, racism. Good story, Paw.”

Kiddo, don't you condescend and sass at me! You got no idea what you got in this life o' yours.

Now get under the sheet as I approach the bed and sit on the end, poised to launch right back into this tour of force adventure!

The Arnold-Tones went about livin' as they did, singing and bein general rapscallions. Though the world didn't pay them much mind, Arnold, Arnold, Arnold and Arnoldo – hmm, I see the nomenclature of our particular heroes is confusing you somewhat so I'll just call them by their surname if that suits you. Cantor, Croon, Nightingale and Song just kept on raisin' hell and goofin' off as if they had some excuse to be using up valuable oxygen. They were what we call young adults. Still young enough that they didn't know much for what to do with themselves, but old enough to know better than half the shit what they was up to.

So our boys just hung out there on the street corner, a snappin' their fingers and singing their tunes in harmony. And when I say hang out, I mean just standing there mostly looking like a pack of creeps. Back in the year 2,000, folks didn't have cellular phones or other electronics in their pockets for what to entertain themselves with so they mostly just looked each other in the eyes and chatted it up. To each croonin' crew a corner, and each corner was a kingdom!

Their particular kingdom of choice was the corner of Oakland St. and Sunrise Ave, and yup that ain't too far from here indeed. It was all red brick with ivy back in those days. They had crazy contraptions dotting the city landscape, like telephone booths, traffic signals and newspaper dispenseries. And don't even ask, I do not have time to get to splainin' what the fuck a newspaper was to you!

There they were, singing a song in four part harmonies and snappin' their fingers along to the rythm. The song they sang that day was one of particular interest to me, a personal favorite and one which holds thematic significance.

Here I'll just cough to clear my throat and then launch into it for ya:

“Diversity is like a bubblegum

you gotta chew, on it.

It's what you do, it's gonna stick.

To you –ah –oo.

Shoo op ooo op doo dop do dop

Diversity won't lose its flavor,

It's an idea you gotta savor.

Take it in your pocket or underneath your shoe,

It's a thing, you gotta bring

With you-ah-ooo

Shoobop ba do doo doo dop”

Or something along those lines... Don't you glare at me, girl. It was a good song.

Now after belting a tune like that out, these four pals just had to have a round of high fives, hootin' and hollerin'. Then the fellas lamented some, with Croon commenting, “I don't get it boys, we got the pipes, the drapes and the cut of our respective jibs is on point.” The rest em just had to agreed with head nods and yups and Song continued, “Heck! Doo-Wop is popular, but people ain't ready for us.” Though they all knew full well what he meant by that assessment, Cantor just had to play dumb, “What do you mean to say? People aren't on our wavelength just because we're integrated?! That's ridiculous!” Now it was Nightingale's turn to speak and shut down any disagreement. “No they are right I'm afraid. This goshdarned racist world has no place for us!” Nightingale slammed his fists down upon a newspaper box as he spoke as he was often want to do.

Dejected, all they had left to do was loiter on that corner day after day. See, back then before social media there were folks that seemed to have no other way to express themselves other than through their respective artistic expressionistic endeavors. For the Arnold-Tones that was their croonin. With little handy skills and even less brain power, they weren't exactly hiring material, so they had little else to do except with what they had been doin... singin' out to a universe that couldn't care less about them as they wallowed in poverty. Troubled as they were, they didn't have any way to know that they were livin' in simpler times. You see, just a little more than a year later 9/11 would occur. This event, known as 9/11 is one so momentomous that it had the power to change the course of near everyone's life the whole world over.

“Hey, Grandpa. If that's true then how come I've never heard of 9/11?”

Welp, little one, that's one of the reasons for which I intend to tell you this story in it's whole. For the course of this tale takes us through the events of just how the world came to forget such a thing, or even let's say how the Arnold-Tones had a hand in keepin it from ever happening.

“Hmmm. I'm confused.”

Confused, huh? Well that's a good thing. Cause'n that just means you're listenin'.

But seeing as how 9/11 never actually existed for you, meaning history comes to be changed so for it never happens. Let me explain to you what 9/11 was so for that you can understand it. Then I can get back to just why this particular day was important for the Arnold-Tones.

9/11 is called such for that it came to occur on September the 11th in the year Two-Thousand and One. The **why** for what what happened happened was of some debate which is of course irrelevant now, but the **what** for why what for happened is mostly accepted knowledge. You know those giant two skyscrapers called the World Trade Center towers that were demolished to

some fanfare a few years back? Well in the Arnold-Tones original timeline they were actually destroyed. They blowed up and collapsed all in on themselves- in conjunction with another tower as well. It came to be defined as a terrorist attack by the United States government at that time, and they blamed a lot of things other than the real reason for why it happened. The seeds of racism which were planted deep and strong...whelp they were flamed, with culture and the arts themselves becoming enemies of the states. While in the tale I'm endeavoring to tell you the Arnold-Tones will come to uncover the **truth**, the **lie** the government told spread fast and wide, coming to be instantly believed by all. You see, just about a year later from where I begun this story, the Arnold-Tones are going to come to be blamed for what was then alleged to be the largest terrorist attack ever perpetrated on U.S. soil.

“How’s that, Grandpa? How could some loser Doo-Wop singers blow up huge buildings?”

Surprising that no one stepped back to ask that question, right? Well according to the journalists of that time and place, the Arnold-Tones were dejected when finding they were disqualified from the international Doo-Wop competition being held in New York City at that time. The newspapers reported—**Shit!** Okay, I know you don’t know what a newspaper is...it was sheathes of printed paper delivered right to your door each morning containing the news of the day beforehand. Hot off the presses they would say! It was a slow and inaccurate process, just one example of how folks lived in the dark ages back in them there days.

So, because the racist organization running this Doo-Wop competition disqualified them from participating, the New York Times reported that they hijacked some airplanes with harmonicicas and tambourines then flew those planes into the two World Trade Center towers.

Yeah. I can see you look confused...that’s crazy right? Just listen up and it will all become clear.

That was a story not exactly true in the Arnold-Tones timeline and especially not true in ours. And

remember, our story begins a year earlier, in the year 2,000. Now let's get back there before we get ourselves too far off in the weeds.

“Hold on, Grandpa. I have to get to sleep.”

Goddanged it and it was just gettin' good you such and such and so and so ingrate! Well shit, I'm tuckered anyhow...I'll prolly just fall asleep on the floor right here. Kick me in the morning and I'll finish this bit.