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Wake up, kid...Wake up!

“Grandpa! What are you doing?... It’s. It’s four A.M.”

It sure is and I’m shaking you to wake you up, dummy.

“I feel like I just fell asleep. Lemme sleep some more.”

The older I get, the less I can do, but also the less rest I need to get done what I’m doin’. It’s a strange thing, think I’m developing a fear o’ sleep for fright the net one could be my last. So forget ‘bout getting any more winks for today and lets get right back into it. I started you off in this point in time where I did in the year 2,000 ‘cause of events which pertain specifically that day.

“What day?”

I don’t remember, child! I swear I wasn’t there, and I only know from hearsay. It was just some day in 2,000. But it was an important day!

We have there the Arnold-Tones, just loitering about on that corner as usual, but then something significant happened. Y’see a cop on the beat, a mean old cop referred to as Officer O’Malley, came to approach our lads. Now this copper was already well known to the Arnold-Tones, neighborhood folks who had run-ins with him called got to callin’ him Oinker O’Malley.

O’Malley was a salty man, rotund belly and a bushy old moustache on his ginger freckled face. Y’see he was Irish, which was a group of White people much like our crooner Nightingale, only

but the Irish often thought themselves as put upon as some of the other races. The Officer for his part, self-identified and had an affinity with his Irish origin, so much so that he used it to excuse his excessive taking of drink and the beatings he often handed his wife and kids.

This Officer of the law swaggers up to the Arnold-Tones, who immediately halt their singing upon his arrival. But this interruption isn't good enough for the law man, so he of course has to chime in, all the while swinging his baton, "Well, well well. What have we here? Juvenile delinquents I take, the lot of you?"

"Officer, Sir. We're just minding our own and staying out of trouble." Croon spoke up in defense of his groups virtues.

"Shaddup. The lot of you! Delinquents! ...and **integrated at that** I see. I'm going to need you fellows to separate from each other, disperse, and leave this corner."

At that, Nightingale stepped up, thinking his shade in common could help win over the law man. However, O'Malley had even more disdain seeing a fellow Caucasian carousing with what he perceived to be lowlier races.

"O'Malley, we're good kids...really we are. Y'see we offer a service to the community. Sharing our gift of song with passerby's. And when by chance a person of old or feeble condition ambles through, well, we help them to venture across the street."

But O'Malley just cut down Nightingale's reasoning. "Singers, eh? I thought as much. Y'see, now I gotcha on loitering, noise ordinance violations, disturbing the peace...and resisting arrest."

"Resisting arrest?! Resisting arrest?!" The Officers statement of intent gave rise to our Latino friend, Cantor, who saw fit to swell with anger and violent intention. His friends in song held him back with

their arms, but they knew too well what he could do in a pinch and also knew they just might have to call on him for violent justice.

“Who, ho ho! You seem fit to strike an officer of the law, boy...”

Now as O'Malley laid into the Arnold-Tones with berations and admonitions, the singers began to shoot each other loaded and furtive glances. Friends as long as they had been, they had come to a kind of shorthand and mental telepathy, so to speak. Back in those times, you wasn't a proper Doo-Wop group if you weren't armed with a weapon – a standard tool of the trade...the Arnold-Tones for their part was strapped with their favored and trusted switchblades. At that moment as Officer O'Malley spit venomous anger and hate at them, the boys let each other know through non-verbal type of communication that they better be ready to flick them blades out if need be...but Croon held his fellas at bay. A simple hand out, angled in a certain fashion and Croon was tellin' them cavalry to **hold**, but be prepared if need be.

O'Malley went on, “I don't gotta hear that tune you canaries are singing. You Doo-Woppers plague the good name of this neighborhood and you four, mixed as you are, are like a virus on a germ. Bubonic levels of wrong nearly!”

Well our four crooners were appropriately taken aback by the vile and hatred O'Malley the Copper was lashing out with his surely forked tongue. So the Arnold-Tones get to making eye contact with one another and nodding their heads...making plans as it were.

“Furthermore, your kind is want to be quick to violence and I just knows you boys are armed with some weaponry or another. So before I get to roughing you up and arresting, turn out your pockets inside of out and throw the contents what be in them to the ground.”

Croon just had to smirk. “Well, you heard em, boys.”

Nightingale added, “He wants what we got. Let’s give it to him.”

Like a flock of seagulls on bread that Doo-Wop combo leapt to action in unison, each Arnold-Tone pulling out their switch blade knife and flickin’ it out! What a wonderful sound, I tell ya – *flick, flick, flick, flick.*

O’Malley got that look on his face as the Arnold-Tones approached him in a choreographed dance like fashion. For y’see, a man inclined towards violence can smell the intention of violence in the air, and O’Malley knew right away that these boys had the hunting eye poised upon him.

And our boys didn’t wrestle with no hesitation, they thrusted towards the police officer and stabbed him more than enough times needed to do the job. Unnecessarily excessive, with each of our singers making sure they got a turn to carve that turkey up. Why, they stabbed in his guts, in his thigh, shoulder and Cantor even got one right in his cheek. For a moment, the only thing keeping that copper from crumpling onto the ground like a pile of ground beef was the fact he was being hoisted by the dull blades of them stickers ‘goin in a’ then out of his body. When they finally bored of boring their sabres into his meat – about forty-six times they did- the Arnold-Tones wipe and sheathed their weapons and looked upon the dead officer just laid up there on the ground.

If you’da looked them in the eyes that moment, Croon, Nightingale, Song and Cantor – you’da seen no remorse. For there lied a symbol of all that was wrong with the world back in them days- hatred, bias, discriminatory predilection and pure institutionalized systemic inequality dressed up in a uniform and doing the bidding of the state. But hey, they Arnold-Tones did not want for to be heroes or revolutionaries remember, they just wanted to sing. They killed only out of self-preservation ...defense. So without thinking too long upon it, they got to snappin’ their fingers in unison and backed away from the scene, heading off to beat a retreat.

“Didn’t anyone see them though? Wouldn’t more cops come and arrest them for murder?”

Hmmm. Probably you’re right. Except back in those times it was pure cowardice that kept people law abiding...fear of the men with the guns. Cowardice also leads to an aversion of snitching, and most folks didn’t keep such a high opinion of law enforcement either. So while a passerby or two, and maybe a few onlookers witnessed the scene, the Arnold-Tones weren’t fingered for the assault and were free to just meander away from the scene of the crime.

“Wow.”

Don’t let it surprise you, kiddo. There was one person that watched the scene with keen interest though. And I will lean towards you and emphasize her name with a slow drawn out whisper in order for to punctuate the significance of this person... Krimble Clown.

Krimble Clown saw everything, hidden behind a nearby bush. She had been keeping a close eyes on the Arnold-Tones for weeks and waiting for an opportunity such as this. Now understand dear granddaughter, Krimble had a hand in being a maker of events what were to come in the future. A trickster of sorts, she was like one of dem people what pull the strings behind the scenes. What happened at that moment in which the Arnold-Tones killed that police officer was a window of opportunity opened.

Once the Arnold-Tones were out of sight, Krimble blew her clown horn in satisfaction. Ha! I see you’re surprised. You think her name was just Krimble Clown? No child, she is an honest to god fearing clown...and you my dear have a lot more to learn ‘bout clowns, and we’ll get there soon enough.

“Oh boy oh boy!” that clown said to herself. Y’see she was a compulsive performer and had tendency to meander on a path of monologue.

“The Arnold-Tones have gone and done it and now I have opportunity to set events in motion!
Those silly, Merms!”

“Merms?”

Oh that’s just a slang term Krimble Clown picked up from somewhere. Y’know how language is – fluid and unruly. Then before she could waddle off in her big ass goofy shoes, Krimble hustled over to that dead officer and frisked him up and down. She went right in to his pants and coats pocket and had no compunction against robbing that corpse. She took his wallet, his badge, his full sets of keys – those were things people used to get through doors in a time before fobs – and she even found a yo-yo in one of them po-po pockets.

She wasn’t worried about leavin’ prints, as like most clowns she was already wearing white gloves. Nope, just some playful corpse robbing was what she got up to. Then she just chuckled to herself a bunch with her hand over her mouth to feign a conspiratorial aspect to her actions, as if in acknowledgement of the naughty nature or what she got up to. Then she just took off in the opposite direction from where the Arnold-Tones went. Leaving that dead Officer O’Malley to bleed out into the gutter as pigeons began to land upon him and nibble and peck at his exposed innards.

“Gross, grandpaw! I don’t think Mom would want you telling me this story in such graphic detail!”

Now you know full well I could give a shit with what your mother thinks. Y’know I practically raised that bitch bastard child and she can’t tell me what for. So I’ll go on imparting my knowledge as I see fit. Sides, this will all become important and come to fruition before too long, kiddo.

Hmmph. Now I feel all worked up into a frenzy. Tell ya what kid, fore I say something I regret why don’t you take them tired eyes and get a lil’ more rest. Imma go have a siesta in my armchair and we’ll pick this back up later.