

IV An Origin of Song

With the Arnold-Tones, as with everything I s'pose, there is just too darned much good nibblets of kibble to get it all down into digestible chews. I'll never be able ta tell that girl everything there is she should know. Hmmm. Older I get, the more content I is to just stand here at this sink an leanin'. Leanin' over the faucet and just staring out the window. Folks pass now and then, but mostly I'm just lookin' at jack and shit and jack shit. S'pose I seen enough trouble and triumph in this life, these idle times is just catch up.

I fear more and more I won't be able to tell that girl all that she need to know. How could I! Fact, I feel there's so much to say, perhaps I'd be contented just talkin' it all through to myself. Yeah, not the important stuff of course, but if I could just yammer to myself some of the historical details of the Arnold-Tones lives, well that might just inform or improve how I'm impartin' all this knowledge to that youngster. Sure. Sure it will. I often get to thinkin' how those boys lived before they became a croonin' quartet. That boy Song for instance, Arnold Song.

Song was Asian of course, but I know fer fact he was born on the native soil of the United States if you could believe it! Now his parents were immigrants to this country, but that's okay...they did it all legal like. Refugees of war they were, his pap a refugee from the Korean war and his mammy a refugee of the Vietnam war. Heck there was so many war refugees in his lineage that his grandnanny was a WWII refugee from Japan! The only one wasn't a refugee was his great Grandpap who got over here to build railroads. You may ask how could so many people immigrate from one family? Heck one would have to wonder why no one in the Song family ever stay put, they musta been on real hard times.

S'pose that's why Song never seemed to take root anywhere. He started out a latchkey kid, his parents were such hard workers and hardly had the time or love to raise him on. He was smart enough for schoolin', but wise enough to get by on the street without it. Soon enough as a pre-teen he became a died in wool hooligan. A smack head by the age of fourteen, he listened to grunge music, robbed stuff from one store to sell it to another, and in general was always up to some trouble makin'. He woulda been the shame of his family if they ever had time to notice him. One thing kept his head above water, and that was the day he took to whistlin'.

Music had always passed through one ear and out the other for him, but 'fore long he discovered he had a knack for puckerin' and blowin'. It wasn't all just spittle and plop neither, he blew noise that both sounded pretty and could make a lark jealous. Not that he coulda noticed but this passion for music started so simple and led him in a direction that would save his life. No more stealing, now he was on the corner beggin' like a proper man. But his beggin' was a bargain deal, considering folks would stop to stare at the lad and hear his melodious, kissy blowin'. As with many addictions, one love replaces another, gradually the boy got off the smack and was addicted to the adoration of the whistlin' groupies.

Heck, Song even started droppin' the truancy act and went back to school. Mostly to show off the flashy clothes he bought through his street hustles and to pursue his new interest in meeting all the girls he could for fucking. However the natural side effect was his grades got him all caught up before long on account'a his smarts. Wouldntcha know it he became favored among both the faculty and the student body and soon enough a scholarship came his way. That's right, he became marked and destined to attend Julliard, awarded their first ever whistlin' scholarship.

Whelp all that was meant to be for the Asiatic lad, soon became not to be. Our Song was on a high - straight off'a bein' awarded that scholarship, his daddy told him he loved him and then he even got laid that day. Old Song got to thinkin' he was a'top the world and then got to thinkin' of

other happy times what he had had in his life. That foolish boy thought to himself, "Oh Gee, this is the best I ever have felt. But I bet I can get even higher...imagine how great I could feel then!" Boy then wouldn't cha know, the stupid fuck ran out to score some black tar heroin! Up to his old way, in the bad part of town, and mixed with the wrong crowd to boot.

Course Song didn't look the part of a rascalion no more and all the eyes and ears of skid row were upon him. But score he did and soon he was in an alleyway piss puddle - shoes off and shootin' up his favorite vein in his favorite foot between his favorite toes. He got to droolin' while the sky got to spinnin' and he felt like he was floatin' in a cloud, though there he was right there laying aback in hobo piss!

He had been marked of course, fingered and ganged up on by the very same crew that had sold him the junk. Now they approach, the whole of them, about five of the roughest and stinkiest shit kickers known to man. They punch and kick the boy in the guts, steal his wallet, thief his clothes and continue the beat-down upon him. But that dumb ass kid didn't even pay no mind, high as he was he still felt just like a feather atop a pillow. In all his euphoria he took to doin' what his natural expression do as it came natural to him, he puckered up his lips and blowed out the most beautiful sonata one could ever hope to hear. Note after note tumbled out from 'tween his lips. The music stopped the thugs right in their tracks, but perked up the ears of another crew nearby.

That's right of course, it was the rest of the Arnold-Tones! Nightingale, Cantor and Croon were just round the corner and perked their ears at the wondrous warbling. Well they sussed up the situation right quick and came round that corner to fix it up. The boys brandished their flickers and got to stabbin' those thugs right then and there. Once they lay all crumpled and dead like in a pile, bledin out into the gutter - they helped up Song and took him back to their loft apartment to nurse the boy back to health. Now the other Arnold-Tones had yet to determine whether Song could carry

a tune in the singing department, but if a fella could whistle like that how could he not be a belter?!
Once they found out he was an Arnold, well that just sealed a contract that was written by fate.

By the time Arnold Song was fully recouped he was detoxed off that doojee juice for good and lookin' at the fellas that would make his family for life. For his blood kin hardly gave a hoot for him anyhow and the love he's found through schoolin' and his lothario-ism had clearly always been conditional. That's how it came to be that Arnold Song joined the Arnold-Tones.

Just makes me gotta grin. And here I am leanin' on a sink.