

**White Trash: Tales from the Florida Panhandle**

**Creative Project**

**Submitted to the faculty of  
The University of Houston—Clear Lake**

**By**

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**In partial fulfillment of the  
Requirements for the degree of**


**Master of Arts**


**In**

**Literature**


**December 2007**

We the undersigned, certify that we have read this project and approve it as adequate in scope and quality for the Master's Degree in Literature.

  
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## **White Trash: Tales from the Florida Panhandle**

### **Prologue**

I don't really know why I'm telling you all this crazy stuff. I mean I moved all the way to Houston to get away from it and live my own life. This's the kind of game that old people play, reflect on shit. Maybe I should make me a bowl of damn soup or something. Old people eat soup. It's been damn near thirty-five years since I first left home, but when I think about it now, did home leave me? My family has made me who I am today. By hell, I never had a chance because of how I grew up. We didn't have any money, and my parents never even tried to help me figure out what to do or how to get a job. They were too caught up in their own trashy drama to give two shits about their kids.

It reminds me of what Charles Manson said when he was on trial. He looked out over the courtroom and went, "Society made me. You made me." I have to think he was right. What was wrong with him in the beginning? Nothing. He wasn't naturally evil. Babies aren't evil when they're born, people make them evil. Their parents do. Society does. Society made Charles Manson that way. He was an orphan. Constantly going from one foster home to another. Beaten, molested, told what a little bastard he was. Society *did* make him. He was a product like a marshmallow pie or a can of potted meat. It's like how things work with dogs. All dogs start out as being good when they are puppies, but if you start beating them and crap like that, they learn to bite and turn mean. It's something they learn. They *have* to be mean in order to survive. You made them that way.

Anyway, I guess the McKnight family is like those dogs and Charles Manson. We've lived through some shit but still managed to survive. But I'm not saying that we ain't fucked up or anything.

My name is Millard Malone McKnight. Daddy named me when he was drunk. Millard, for one of his drinking buddies, and Malone, for Daddy's Daddy. But everyone calls me Mac. The best thing Daddy could have done for me was to let me run down his leg. I wasn't a result of love. Daddy and Mother didn't have that kind of scene going. They were a mistake, and I was one of the biggest mistakes they made together. I still tell mother that, too. Usually when she's drunk and she calls me an ungrateful little bastard.

## The End

**"Die, you sonuvabitch, die!"**

**Mother was constantly threatening to turn the Old Man's oxygen tank off or kill him in his sleep. He'd given her hell their entire married life, and now she was feeding it back to him. She gave him what he deserved and then some. It was a damn wonder that she put up with his crap. Why hadn't she set his ass out with the trash a long time ago? All the shit he put her through. He screwed around on her, picked up whores, beat hell out of her and us. Yet she stayed with him. I wonder now if it was only to get her revenge on him when he got old and unable to do much for himself.**

**Daddy had emphysema from years of smoking cheap cigarettes and cirrhosis from drinking anything he could get his hands on. He was a hardcore alcoholic; he drank a whole bottle of perfume one time when there wasn't any alcohol to be found. So by the time I'm talking about, Daddy was in a near catatonic state. He didn't speak, just made grunts and weird sounds. Everyone thought that it was because he was so sick, but we knew the real reason. Mother'd actually beaten him down to where he didn't want to open his mouth. Every once and a while he'd get tired of listening to her bitch.**

**"Shut the fuck up, Jean!" or "Robert, get me the fuck out of here!"**

**He depended on an oxygen tank to breathe for him. He hacked up a lot of snotty crap from his lungs which he spit into paper towels and chunked into a Krystal Burger bag.**

**"I'm gonna to turn off your god damn oxygen tank, you piece of shit!"**

He sat around with no shirt on, in just his khaki shorts, boat shoes, and fishing hat watching videos on CMT. The tubing from the oxygen tank ran across his bare nubby old man chest, and his piercing blue eyes bored into the television screen. He was on the lookout for asses of the women in tight cowboy jeans and when he saw them fantasized about when he was young and powerful. Because he'd been a good-looking sonuvabitch back in the day, he could get any woman he wanted. Get her to do anything he wanted. Hell, he probably could still, in his mind, if he could just get around better and if his old lady would stop bitching at him. Meanwhile, Mother cussed him.

Daddy seemed not to hear, just stared straight ahead as if his ears didn't register a thing. He wasn't deaf, just zoned out. Daddy let her bitch. The old bastard probably knew he deserved everything she dished out and more. Or likelier, he didn't really think what he'd done was wrong. Hell, he'd just been having a good time drinking and fooling around with whores. Besides, what did his old lady know for sure about all of that? She couldn't prove it, anyway. Beating on her, though. That was different. He knew that wasn't right, but when he got drunk and the bitch just wouldn't keep her mouth closed...*Jesus!* She's always been just like she was now. Couldn't she just shut her mouth and let him watch his music videos?

When the Old Man finally died, Mother didn't even seem relieved. We were all relieved. Old bastard finally dead. He had put us through such crazy shit growing up. Knowing Mother, she was probably pissed off that it was over, that she couldn't torture Daddy any longer. She wanted to continue getting that good revenge.

**“When they put you into the ground, I’m gonna dig you up and kick your ass, you old bastard!”**

### **Daddy**

**Daddy always wanted to be a warlock—it was in his blood. It was a kind of thing with the men in the McKnight family; they all wanted to do Black Magic. No one really could figure out why except he wanted to control people. Daddy thought that he could use his warlock powers to run everybody. Once he could control people, he could control the whole world. All the power would be his, and he could do whatever he wanted. In order to *get* the power, Daddy knew that he needed to connect with demons. He had a pentagram necklace that he always wore. And he mixed up potions in a rusty tin pail behind the house. God only knows what kind of spells he was making. Probably something to get back at Mother. The spells and the hex books that he read were to help him channel demons. He would make the demons his bitches and get them to do all his bidding.**

**Putting people in trances was his favorite, and he was always practicing on us. I remember this one time when Pauline was a teenager, Daddy tried to use his warlock powers to put her into a trance. It was during the summer when we were off from school and Pauline was about twelve. She walked into the kitchen from outside, slamming the screen door behind her. Daddy was sitting at the kitchen table by the door staring at her when she came inside. She kinda glanced over at him, and he had a weird look on his face.**

**“Daddy, what the hell are you staring at?”**

He didn't answer at first, just kept staring.

"Don't move, girl, I'm trying to put you into a trance."

What the hell was the Old Man doing to her? Trying to control her mind! Creepy bastard. Pauline got mad and cussed Daddy.

"Knock it off, you old bastard!"

Daddy didn't care, even though the little bitch had foiled his plan to hypnotize her or whatever. He would try it with another one of the kids. Or better yet, with his old lady. He mumbled "bitch" under his breath and went to the icebox to get another beer.

We didn't know if Daddy was just practicing or if he wanted to control Pauline for a reason. So he could fuck her. He was a sick bastard like that. Fucking his own daughters. I was lucky, though, I was a boy and I wasn't afraid of Daddy controlling me *that way*. I saw the whole Pauline thing, how he tried to put her into that trance. It fascinated me and scared hell out of me at the same time. I really believed that Daddy had the powers, and he could make people do whatever he wanted. Daddy had power over everyone. It was weird. Even though he was a total piece of shit, people were attracted to him in spite of themselves. He was magnetic.

The real story about Daddy's background is still a mystery. We all know that he's from Panama City, Florida. That's the thing about Panama City, it's on the coast so there's both beach and woods. There's two theories about how Daddy was raised. The first one is that he was raised near the beach by his own Daddy, Malone McKnight. From what I've heard about Malone McKnight, Daddy is his spitting image in both looks and behavior. Supposedly, Malone was a drunken old bastard who beat hell out



of his wife and kids, and his wife was a tough old bitch just like Mother. The second theory is what most people believe because Daddy is so fucked up. Local legend has it that Daddy was raised by an old man who lived in the woods. This old man was a crazy school teacher or something who stayed in a dumpy old shack with dirt floors in the middle of the woods. No one really knows if this is true or not. Some say that the old man was Daddy's father, and others say that he was just a crazy old fart who felt sorry for Daddy and let him live there with him.

No matter what Daddy's background was, something must have messed him up good because of how he was when we were growing up. Hell, Mother was only fourteen when she married Daddy, and he was twenty one. He really made a whore out of her, made her exactly what he wanted her to be. Just like that book *Go Ask Alice*. They made a whore out of Alice, society made a whore out of her. She gave them sex, and they gave her drugs. Like that song "White Rabbit" by Jefferson Airplane. That had to be talking about Alice. It was the same way with how Daddy treated Mother. Daddy beat hell out of Mother on a regular basis, but she came near to loving him in a stupid kind of way. She worshipped Daddy like he really had power, the magical warlock power. She didn't fear him, she only feared those magical powers. He hit her with his fists, and when they fought, they broke furniture. We would all run and hide in the woods when this happened. Mother would be pissed for a while, but later on she'd be making Daddy some dinner. Back then she couldn't stay mad at him for long. When she got older, she'd had enough, and she rebelled.

## **Mother**

**Mother's hardcore. She's from Geneva, Alabama. The people there are a different breed; they are all hardcore. They're used to being by themselves in the woods without the influence of outsiders. They don't just not like you; they hate you. They hate to the bone. It's hard as hell to get on their good side. You can't, really. If you are an outsider, they automatically hate you. Mother's a tough, old country woman. You had to be, back then. Women couldn't get free help like they can now. There were no Programs and stuff back then, no shelter, no support groups. If you married a drunken asshole who beat the shit out of you, that was too damn bad. You had to deal with it or fight back, and the women in the Brown family knew how to fight back. They were the only ones who could handle the McKnight men. Mother'd beat hell out of Daddy with a cast iron skillet or roll him up in a blanket like a burrito and beat hell out of him with a broom handle. Just let him come home drunk. When Mother and Daddy fought, they threw furniture as I said. She's always been a tough old bitch; she still is. She'd take on anybody.**

**Mother drinks two six-packs a day. She now only drinks Natural Light. She calls me up all the time to go into town to get her a couple of six-packs. This ain't actually as much as she used to drink. She could even drink Daddy under the table in the peak of her drinking days. When she's had some beer in her and you get her cranked up, you had better watch out. She's likely to come unglued at any moment for any reason. She gets drunk and has Robert drive her around in his car to visit people and go to the Piggly Wiggly. She'll tell everybody to go fuck themselves if she feels like**

it. When she and Daddy fought, Daddy used his fist on her, but Mother was the one who went crazy, screaming like a banshee and tearing stuff up.

Mother had a mug of beer for breakfast every morning when we were kids. She was the one who always beat our ass when we got in trouble. She grabbed a switch or a belt and switched you like mad and cussed you the whole time she was doing it. You'd admit to anything just to get her to stop. She switched us until our legs were covered with puffy, red streaks. Looked like the devil's own claw marks. Still, I really think that's what's kept me out of trouble to this day.

Well, one damn thing's for sure, I don't smoke cigarettes because of it. I remember when Mother learned my ass (as she liked to say) a lesson. One day, I went under the porch to smoke cigarettes. Mother smelled the smoke coming up through the floor boards and yanked me out from under and beat my ass black and blue. It was crazy, though, because when we were *really* raising hell, we always got away with it. We terrorized the neighborhood every day, threw eggs at cars, and nigger-knocked.

Nowadays, Mother is skinny and wrinkled and she wears moo moos around the house and water sandals. The kind that Velcro. It's a mistake that she looks like an innocent old lady. A .22 rifle and a six pack of tall boys are her best friends. She likes to get cranked up. I know that rifle well. If there's one heirloom piece in the McKnight family, that gun is it. I gave it to Robert in 1977, and he never used it. It just sat there until about ten years ago when Mother adopted it. She's pulled it on everyone in the county at least twice. Anytime she gets her feathers ruffled, she's got that rifle out before you know what's going on. Her favorite targets are Mark Honeycutt and Peggy,

Moonrock's wife. She doesn't give a shit about the cops or anyone that might witness her pulling firepower on someone. She's in the zone, and she aims to kill whoever is so unlucky as to have pissed her off. Moonrock used that gun one time when he got into a fight with Peggy at his trailer. He got pissed off and shot up the living room furniture. Bullet holes in the coffee table and the couch. Robert finally asked me to come pick up the gun and keep it at my trailer because he's tired of the damn thing.

In the days I was still at home, Mother had a shotgun that she loved to pull on everyone. Whenever she got the chance, she never held back. Some kids from up the road used to come into our yard to steal watermelons from the garden. Mother rolled up a piece of bacon and shoved it into the shotgun. She ran out onto the front porch, half drunk, screaming.

**"I'm gonna learn your ass a lesson, you little shits!"**

She shot one poor kid in the leg with her bacon bullet. The piece was raw, but the heat from the gun cooked it, and it stuck to the kid's leg and wrapped around it. That bacon fried on his leg just like it would in the cast iron skillet. You could hear it sizzling, and the poor bastard hollering and carrying on like his leg was gonna fall off.

Mother is old and senile now. She's seventy-five years old. Her mind's different these days, but I still wouldn't want to cross her. She still has her gun, and I know she still knows how to use it. Shooting bacon was nothing. Hell, mother'd unload a whole breakfast if she had the mind to. Bacon, eggs, and everything. Pancakes slapping you on the ass.

## Pauline

Pauline lives in a hippie colony in the mountains of Vermont. She's lived there ever since she ran away at the age of fourteen, hitchhiked with a motorcycle gang up North. After a while Pauline left the bikers and took up with the hippies and started doing a bunch of crazy stuff different from the crazy stuff she knew about from home. She ate magic mushrooms and experimented with all kinds of mind-altering drugs for years. Her favorite was the mushrooms—she'd pick mushrooms from piles of cow shit to make tea. Her and all six or seven of her damn kids would hold hands, flowers in their hair, half-naked, barefoot and go out into the woods to search for mushrooms. Even now, when I hear that song, "The Age of Aquarius," that's what I picture.

She's always high on something. Mushrooms, mostly. I guess she did it to escape into a different world, different at least than where she was raised. Now, she's a genuwine tree-hugging environmentalist. These kinds of people usually piss me off, but Pauline's my sister and I've always known that she was pretty hardcore. So, I'm used to it.

During her last visit, she brought out her camera and snapped frames of a gopher turtle crossing the street. Gophers were a staple for people in the Florida Panhandle during the Depression. We ate them sometimes when there was no other food. She was protective as hell of the gophers and wanted to "Capture Their Beauty" with photographs. Quite a change from her biker and drug years. Hell, just five years ago, she'd have chopped the damn turtle up and smoked it with her dope. Now, she's into all of that animal rights shit. I think the drugs are what messed her up like that.

When you do too many drugs, you get all kinds of crazy ideas in your head and can't let them go.

### **Monkeys and Stuff**

I still dream about monkeys. There were two monkeys I knew when I was a kid that stick in my mind to this day--the baboon at the Kissimmee Zoo and Deedro. Is this sad? Well hell, the monkeys were better than most of the grown-ups I knew and made more of an impression on me.

When I was a kid, there was no such thing as animal rights. I remember this big baboon at the Kissimmee zoo. You paid a nickel to get in that zoo and stayed all day just looking at him. He fascinated me. He was a big monkey with a pink and blue butt and eyes the size of silver dollars. He dipped tobacco and spit it on people. Men gave him chew and cigars just to watch him with them. He was a Grade A bastard. He snatched ladies' purses and jacked off, spurting love juice all over the crowd. Half the time, his damn fur was crusted with it. Once, he snatched this nigger woman's wig right off her head. Just ripped the bastard clean off, and spit in her face, too. Nigger bitch (well, we don't say that anymore but I'm talking about back then) started freaking out and screaming. The zookeepers had to go into his cage to get the wig back. I'll never forget that old baboon. I spent a lot of time at his cage, missing supper a night or two a week and getting an ass whipping for it.

The other monkey was the one my Uncle Jimmy had, a monkey that he kept in a cage at his house. In the 50's and 60's, you could buy a monkey and keep it at home. There were no laws about that kind of stuff like there is now. Uncle Jimmy bought this

monkey out of the back of a rusty, old pickup from some beat-down man on the side of the road. Deedro was a medium-sized spider monkey with a bad attitude and evil plans. You never knew what was going on in that monkey brain of his, especially since he belonged to Uncle Jimmy.

When I was two years old, we were all over at Jimmy's, grown-ups drinking beer on the porch. I remember this day very clearly, including my interaction with the monkey. That's just something that you can't forget. Old Deedro got it in his mind that he wanted to do whatever he wanted, show his ass maybe. He grabbed me and ran up a banana tree. No kidding. This really happened. I remember being in Deedro's grasp, the coarse monkey hair on his monkey arm, clutching me close to his guts. Mother'd had a few and was meaner than a snake. She screamed at Deedro and threatened to beat his ass.

**"Bring him back down, you piece of shit bastard!"**

The banana tree wasn't too high, six or seven feet, and Deedro was a snack fiend. Uncle Jimmy convinced Deedro to un-ass me by offering him a banana and mayonnaise sandwich. Deedro agreed to trade. The kid for a sandwich? Deedro couldn't resist a regional favorite. He was getting the better end of the deal. So the monkey dropped me to free up his hands to take the sandwich. Uncle Jimmy caught me so I didn't bust my head open.

### **Daddy's Bastard Half-Brother**

My Uncle Jimmy is Daddy's bastard half-brother. No one knows who Jimmy's daddy was. There was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. Jimmy ain't as evil as

Daddy or his other brothers, though. He's a greasy, pimple-faced old man who still thinks that he can score young chicks. He's married to some barfly and has a couple of bastard kids on the side, in the tradition of the McKnight family.

Jimmy leaves his trailer every now and then to go to Arizona to dig for gold in his home-made, rusty old trailer, "The Gold Digger Express." He's a crazy son of a bitch. I don't know why he still goes out there. He gears up in his brown leather pants and hiking boots every year for the trip. He carries a whittled walking stick and tries to act just like an 1890's prospector. Uncle Jimmy talks nonsense he got out of the movies and exchanges his usual "god damnit" for "dag nabbit." He watches way too many of those prospector western movies. He's never found any gold, but he always brings back a sack full of brown rocks and tries to get gold out of them. Even though he's about a hundred and fifty years too late for the big gold rush, we let him live in his fantasy world of his. He's the biggest fucking idiot this side of the Mississippi River when he gets cranked up about the gold rush. Misfit of society's little sick games.

Mother has always hated Jimmy and still hates him. No one really knew why there was such bad blood between Mother and Jimmy, but they got into it a couple of times and Mother damn near killed him. She's tried to kill him several times that I remember. Once, Mother put a straight razor to Jimmy's neck and threatened to open his jugular vein. I remember what she said to him.

"Give me one god damn reason why I shouldn't slit you throat right now, you shit-eater!"



She pulled a gun on him more times than anyone can count. She truly hated his ass. The fact that he was *breathing* got on her nerves. When anyone mentioned Jimmy, Mother would get pissed as hell and drop her voice a few levels, filled with hate, and mutter "that pimple-faced son of a bitch."

### Carolyn

Carolyn and me are pretty much the only ones of us that turned out somewhat normal. She lives in upstate New York. She's a Physical Therapist, and she's married to an Engineer. She left home when she was eighteen, got married, and has been up there ever since. Carolyn's tame on the surface, but she's hardcore underneath. When she gets cranked up, she's just like Mother.

When she was sixteen and I was fourteen, she got pissed at me and chased me around the house with a damn butcher knife. She scared hell out of me. The only way I escaped was by running outside and hiding in the woods. She had that crazy look in her eyes. She really was going to stab me. I never thought twice about that.

Carolyn is obsessed with Elvis. She belongs to this Episcopalian church in New York that has an Elvis festival every year. Her job is to make the sandwiches, just like Elvis liked them. Peanut butter and bananas. You have to toast the bread with the goo inside it, though. Fry it all in butter. That's how the King ate them. She was even in a local magazine. There was a write-up about the Elvis festival and a picture of her making peanut butter and banana sandwiches. She does it every year, and everyone says that she makes them just right. The whole town, Lake George, is obsessed with Elvis.

## **The Hangin' Tree**

The "Junction" in Geneva is a park where two rivers meet. The Pea and Choctawhatchee Rivers form a v-shape at the edge of this cliff overlooking the rivers. The water's like stirring a glass of milk where the rivers meet, a rolling current. The water gets to color of pea soup, and a lot of people have died at that spot. People get drunk as hell and try to go out there in a little boat or a raft--teenagers usually. I like to go to Elmore's convenience store and buy some tater tots and come out to this park and watch the water current.

There's a nigger-hanging tree in Geneva at the Junction. The nigger-hanging tree is this massive old oak that's over two hundred years old. Now, it's roped off with a historical plaque by it. I remember my Daddy talking about how they used to string actual niggers up in the tree. The whole town turned out. He remembered it from when he was a little boy. That was real excitement for him back in the day. I wonder if that's part of what fucked him up. I would sure as hell be fucked up from seeing something like that. An old black dude hanging from the top of the tree gasping for his life. The tree and the park are up high on a bluff, and you have to look a long way down to see the river.

Daddy said that they hung niggers there up until the 60's and all of the Black Equality stuff came about. He said that you could see a chain with a nigger hanging there. We were always scared to go by the tree because it was supposedly haunted by the ghosts of all the niggers. It was a creepy old oak tree with Spanish moss dangling from the limbs. The bark was all scaly, and the tree was so old that the branches bent

all the way to the ground and came back up again to where the leaves were. If you got too close to the tree, an old nigger man would come out and kick your honky ass for revenge.

Every time I think of the Junction, I think of Daddy. Daddy always did a lot of crazy stuff when he was drunk. Back when we lived in Geneva when I was about four or five, he spent a lot of time driving us around all over the place. There was a levee that surrounded the whole town of Geneva, and Daddy liked to load us all up in the station wagon and go for a ride when he'd had too much to drink. Before you got to the rivers at the Junction, there was a place below the tall cliff with areas to park. Usually, people get out of their cars and walk up to the cliff to look down at the rivers. But Daddy used to drive right up to the edge of the cliff and slam on the brakes right before we went over the edge. He was drunk as hell. He thought it was funny, but it used to scare the shit out of us. I remember thinking that I was going die everytime he did it and *everyone* started screaming.

### **Child's Play**

We did a lot of crazy stuff when we were kids. It's not how kids are now. We didn't have video games and TVs and stuff. Mother kicked us all out of the house to go play outside all day. We always found stuff to do.

We used to play in the trash pits by the levee near the Junction. There were all kinds of things to explore, all kinds of fascinating junk. The pits would have dead dogs and cats in them. You could look out over the trash dump and see dog legs and stuff. Where people had just chunked them. They layed upside down in heaps of trash.

**Veiny bodies with patches of iridescent fur. Eyeballs hanging out of sockets. Maggots teeming in the flesh like that old song:**

*Don't you laugh when a hearse goes by 'cause you may be the next to die*

*They wrap you up in a clean white sheet*

*They bury you down about six feet*

*It's been a week you pop and leak*

*The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out*

*Your eyes fall out*

*Your teeth decay*

*And that's the end of a lovely day*

**We poked holes in dead dogs with sticks and punched them until their bloated bodies exploded, gooshing out guts and a real foul-smelling brown ooze.**

**We used to hang out behind the Piggly Wiggly to wait for the overly ripe bananas that the store used to throw out by the dumpster. We were always hungry, since Daddy spent so much money on booze and whores, and the bananas were a real treat. We grabbed as many as we could and had enough to eat for days.**

**We played in the dirt. Not like kids now. We didn't have all of that fancy stuff playground stuff or like at McDonald's. We played with matchbox cars, trailing through the dirt and rocks. Sometimes we went down by the river and caught frogs. We operated on them. That was how we played doctor. Then we dug little graves and buried them.**

When I was about fifteen, a couple of us kids hijacked a donut truck. There was a donut warehouse nearby, and we waited until the workers were inside and we jumped in the truck. We stole bags of chips and a whole wire tray of donuts. We rode around on our bikes tossing chips to the kids in the neighborhood. Mother and Daddy found out, but they let us get away with it. Mother didn't say anything and Daddy was mad that we didn't bring him any chips; he loved to eat chicken chips with his beer. Of course, he was drunk as hell all the time.

When we were kids, we went to the candy store to get a scoop of Tar Baby candy. Tar Babies were black licorice and they looked like little niggers... Little African-Americans. They were gooey like a gummy bear and about the same size. You could get a small brown sack full for ten cents. They pulled that candy off the market sometime in the 60's, though. That's when the niggers started bitching and doing all of the civil rights stuff. It's a damn shame that you can't even eat some black candy shaped like nigger. What about saltine crackers? No one's offended by those.

### Joyce

Joyce lives right up the road from Mother with her current boyfriend, Mike. Mike was decent (even though he's a yankee) compared to Joyce's real husband, Mark. Just last night, Joyce was up at Sam's (the local redneck bar), talking trash about how we should open a whorehouse. The churchy people wouldn't let her, though. That's the thing about Bonifay, about this whole area, these Panhandle Born-Again people are real Snake Handlers. It doesn't stop them from drinking and fucking, though. Hell, half the damn congregation was at Sam's getting drunk off their asses, and there are

bastards plenty in these woods. Probably about half the town or more are bastards. The preacher was a bastard himself, though he won't admit it. He pays whores to suck his dick out in the woods just like Jimmy Swaggart did. That's the kinda stuff that shows you how dangerous religion is. Take Jim Jones. He proved how stupid people really are when it comes to religion. Nine hundred and something he killed. Put cyanide into the Koolaid and made them drink it, and if they didn't he shot them. A bunch of educated middle-class people with plenty of money being brainwashed, buying into the dream of going to Heaven. It amazed me that people were that stupid. He was like Jimmy Swaggart, too. He screwed young girls all the time for sex. They both had their own "family" that would do anything they asked them to do. If I was an insurance salesman, I wouldn't want to sell a policy to a "strong Christian." Talk about a risk.

I can't tell you about Joyce without talking about Mark. He's like a damn legend where we live. He was always trying to pull off some crazy stuff. I never figured out where he came up with all of this shit. He went around telling everybody that he was Hulk Hogan's former body guard. Yeah, right. There must've been something wrong in his brain. Or he did too many drugs when he was a teenager. Everyone knows about him, knows stories about him. Usually starting with, "Do you remember the time that Mark Honeycutt..." Joyce was married to Mark Honeycutt for years until he died about five years ago. He was a trip. He was from Orange, Texas, but he moved to Geneva when he was in his late teens. He's the only outside person that I know that's crazier than some of the people that live around here. I remember when I first met him.

We went for a ride. I was driving, and Mark was in the passenger seat. We were cruising the hilly back roads out in the country. As we got to the top of a hill, we saw a hitchhiker with his thumb out trying to get a ride. Before I knew what happened, Mark pulled out a "Texas flyswatter" (a big-ass flyswatter, about five times the size of a regular one) and hit the guy's hand. He went rolling down the hill because we were going pretty damn fast. That's the kind of stuff that I'm talking about. He was an asshole to some random guy just trying to get a ride. It gets crazier than that.

Mark was a bigtime pyromaniac. He loved to set the woods on fire. I remember one time he set this old oak tree on fire that was filled with bees. It was crazy. The bees come undone and flew out and stung the hell out of Old Mark. He was lumpy as fuck for about three weeks until the swelling went down. Fire finally got its revenge on him. I got Mark a job at the chemical plant where I worked at the time when I first moved to Houston. There was no smoking in the plant at all because we produced flammable chemicals. One day, Mark decided to sneak behind some pipes to smoke a joint. As soon as he sparked it, a flash of gas covered his body. He had third degree burns all over his chest. Before he went into shock, he'd pretended that he'd been trying to save his co-workers by turning off a malfunctioning valve, but we all knew what had really happened.

Mark Honeycutt was Real High Class, if you know what I mean. He was into wife swapping except it didn't have to be wives and he didn't have to swap. He started screwing Peggy, Moonrock's old lady, and they kept it up until Mark died. They did all kinds of drugs together, eight balls, meth. About seven years ago, the two of them were

driving down Highway 177, the main drag in Bonifay that goes by my trailer and the elementary school. Mark was driving his truck with Peggy in the passenger seat. They were running off to god only knows where. Probably a swinger party. Mark was hauling ass when a school bus pulled out in front of him from the school parking lot onto the highway. Mark slammed on the brakes and screeched the truck to a halt, but the Laws of Physics threw him clean out the windshield and onto the road. He was fucking dead. Peggy survived with minor injuries. A couple of months ago, Peggy's uncle that molested her when she was little, came back to get her. She left her-and-Moonrock's son to go to New York with her pervert uncle. We hear she's a whore on the streets of Times Square. She has fulfilled her life dream.

After Mark died, Joyce lived with a drunk old man in a pop-up camper in our Uncle Fred's trailer park for a while. The camper was so small that if you took a dump on the toilet you'd hit the back of your head on the wall. That old man was a piece of shit, too. He got drunk and beat hell out of Joyce all the time. I guess it was comfortable for her, though, since her Daddy used to punch the girls with his fist when he got drunk. It's what she knew, what she was used to. It's the way she thought women should be treated by their men.

Joyce works in the lunchroom at Bonifay Elementary school and has for over twenty years. She hooks the kids up with extra food and desserts. Even the fat ones. She says that they never give the kids enough food at school.

**"Eat your peas, you little shit"**



## **Moonrock**

**My brother Moonrock's real name is James Paul, but everyone's called him Moonrock as far back as I can remember. He's the youngest one of us. He got the name because of the way his head is. When he was about fifteen, he started losing his hair. Not on the sides or anything, just on top. After a few months, the top of his head was completely bald and shiny. All the rest of his hair was still on his head. He kept growing it out because he was losing his other hair. So he has a bald, shiny head on top with long brown, greasy, stringy hair all around the rest of his head. So they call him Moonrock. It's because his head looks like the moon, and his stringy hair looks like flames when the moonrock's coming in from space to the earth.**

**Moonrock was fucked up from the start. Believe it or not, he's the craziest one of us kids. We all knew it from the time he was a little kid. You know how adults are always asking little kids stuff so they can get a bang out of what the little fuckers say? Well, when Moonrock was five years old and we were living in Orlando, a nice old lady asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up.**

**"I wanna be a train robber."**

**"Goodness, there is something wrong with that child!"**

**Moonrock gave her the finger. I thought that the old bitch was going to have a heart attack or something. She sure as hell hadn't counted on that from a five-year-old. He only got crazier from there.**

**He was a hardcore brat. I used to go over to Kathy's house after school and sometimes he would tag along. It was around Halloween one time and everyone in the**

neighborhood had carved pumpkins out on their porches. Moonrock went around smashing the damn pumpkins, leaving stringy pumpkin guts and seeds all over everyone's porch. The boy just wasn't right. Even from the beginning.

Moonrock lives in a trashy old trailer. The paint's peeling and it's half rotten. He's on about two acres and has a pond. He drives this old white truck. It's a total piece of shit. There's a huge crack across the whole windshield, and when it rains it leaks water all over the place. I remember when he bought it. The bill of sale was handwritten on the back of a grease-spotted Captain D's receipt.

His wife, Peggy, is a corn-fed country girl. The chick's an amazon. She towers over Moonrock, and I bet she could kick his ass if she had the mind to.

Moonrock has some good ideas. His latest is to get into the Guinness Book of World Records by raising the largest bass fish. He plans to get him a ten-gallon aquarium to restrict the fish in its swimming space. The fish must be small at first so it can be raised entirely on beer and Skittles to reach a massive size. He plans to fill the tank with beer instead of water and force-feed the fish Skittles. Seems like a good idea, theoretically. He's always into get-rich-quick schemes. He spends his drugged-up life thinking up stuff like that. Moonrock has done pretty much every kind of drug there is. In recent years, he's always doing meth. I think it's actually fucked him up in the head, and he's too damn dumb to cook up his own so he can't make any money at it. Moonrock wouldn't know the first thing about running a meth lab, but he can sure as hell get fucked up on it. He goes around town acting like a retard all the time. Mother

gets extra pissed off at him; she's always pulling the gun on him when he stumbles into her yard.

**"Get off my property, you crazy sonuvabitch!"**

You never know what kind of drugs he's been doing along with the meth when you see him or what kind of crazy shit he'll try to pull next.

Moonrock is all into whores like Daddy was. Once, about two years ago, Moonrock and I drove out to Orlando to try to sell a sixty-eight Camaro I had redone. On the way to the motel, we stopped at Arby's and got the five for five roast beef deal so we each had a couple sandwiches. When we pulled up to the motel, a van with New Jersey plates pulled up. A bunch of girls jumped out looking to score some money by giving blowjobs. Moonrock went up to one of the whores and asked her how much for a blowjob. She said twenty bucks. He only had ten bucks so he bargained with her. Ten bucks plus two roast beef sandwiches. They went into the room, he got his dick sucked, and the whore came out of the room eating one of the sandwiches. Moonrock came out right behind her with a smile on his face. I guess he thought that he was pretty slick, and he was so proud of himself. I had to hear about it the whole rest of the weekend.

### **Robert**

Robert is the original momma's boy and the youngest except for Moonrock. He still lives with Mother, and he does whatever she says. Recently, he bought an acre and a half in Black, Alabama, and he wants to put a trailer on it. He'll never do it though, at least not until Mother dies. She won't let him—he must be constantly there to do her

bidding, to go to the store to buy her two six packs of beer every day. He has to be there to kiss her ass. And she treats him like shit, Sure she cooks for him, but she tells him what a piece of crap he is and makes fun of him for never making anything of himself.

One time, Robert wanted to open a little store below the house along the highway. He built a shack. He went over to Spike's in Geneva, the wholesale place, and loaded up on inventory. Lamps, stuffed animals, sunglasses, toys, flags. He even had a cooler with Cokes and a can of beef jerkys on the counter. Mother cussed his store and made fun of his efforts the whole time.

"Robert, what the fuck are you doing? No one's ever gonna buy that shit." Eventually, she just sold the store without telling him. He never said anything about it, though. He just acted like nothing ever happened. A couple years later, he wanted to open another store in the same place. A candy store to sell candy to kids on their way to school, but Mother shut that deal down too. Mother always controlled him like that. She knows that she can push him around, and she does it every chance she gets. I think it's her way of getting back at men because of how Daddy treated her all those years.

Robert's worked as a cook in the hospital kitchen for the last twenty-five years or more. He spends his time away from Mother at the Titty Bar. He spends his cash there, too. The family has always accused him of being gay because he never screwed around with any girls or got married. Of course, he was always too busy kissing Mother's ass to go out with women and he's bashful as hell. That's why he'd rather stare at women's titties instead. No strings attached and he doesn't have to talk to them.

## **The Highlander**

From something he saw on a TV show, Daddy fantasized that he was a Highlander and took pride in his Scottish Heritage. It's true that McThis and McThat is often a Scottish name. And he had the thirst for alcohol to go along with it. Mother thought that his ramblings and connections with the Highlanders were all bullshit, though. Mother has always said that the McKnights were nothing but "pig shit Irish." We weren't real Irish but a mix of Scotch and Irish, and Daddy sure as hell had the Scotch part down. Mutts. Daddy said that Mother was full of shit and that he was a real Highlander, god dammit.

Daddy showed his true dick-headedness when he got drunk. When Daddy got drunk, he claimed to be a real "Highland Scot." He played records like "My Bonnie," and tried to do Celtic dancing. Of course, he made a fool out of himself and ended up falling right on his drunk butt, but his antics amused us kids and we were fascinated by our only impression of what a real Highlander was.

The McKnights were MacNaughtons before they came over to America. Uncle Fred once got a flea up his ass and traced the family history back to Scotland from day one. He had a lot of pictures of the Scottish part of the family. I'm even supposed to look like my great-grandfather or something. He said that he had researched the family, and they had been wealthy landowners and lived in castles back there in Scotland. That's not how it really was, though, not how I thought about the original McKnights, anyway. I think it was a fantasy Uncle Fred held in his mind because he

couldn't bear to think of the family as white trash. But that's what we were—white trash in its purest form. Hardcore white trash, trashy to the core.

Here's my take on the MacNaughtons. I think that the MacNaughtons came over from Scotland in a boat but stayed out at sea for about six to eight month, drunk as hell the whole time, and raped young girls. That's my theory on the family history. All I knew was that if the rest of my family was anything like the McKnights that I knew (my Daddy and his brothers), then the whole bunch was fucked up.

### **Haints**

Haints were a part of everyday life in the southern Alabama/Florida panhandle region. They were among us all the time. Even by local standards, The McKnights were obsessed with ghosts. They believed that ghosts followed them wherever they went.

Daddy and his siblings claimed that the shack that they lived in was haunted. Blood dripped from the ceiling, and they noticed buttprints and footprints left behind by ghosts. Daddy actually wanted his house to be haunted. The possibility of ghosts fascinated him. For some reason, he craved the attention of these haints. I think that that's what led to his tie-in with witchcraft, the unknown, the mystical, the otherworld. He sure as hell wasn't interested in God or in angels. Didn't even pretend to be.

He loved the Dark Side. I guess he could relate easier to the demons of the spiritual world. He worked constantly to channel these demons. He wanted the demons to do his bidding. Daddy was confident in his abilities to control them. He certainly had the power to control everyone else, it seemed. He was able to get any

human being (except, at times, Mother) to do whatever he wanted. He was powerful like that. The next challenge was to dabble into the world of the unknown, to force the demons to do what he wanted and to make them like it.

Daddy was haunted by a little black man that appeared to him sometimes in the middle of the night—not one from Africa, but a black man from Hell. The little black man followed Daddy wherever he went. He usually came to him when he was asleep, though. He described him as looking like a gnome, about three feet tall. He had the stocky build of a gnome, you couldn't see his face but he wore a black cape. Daddy said he reminded him of the Grim Reaper, no face, just a hollow vortex. So we all know about this black man. He floats low to the ground, hovers. He scares the fuck out of you. The little black man's an evil little bastard. He takes on voices of family members, channels them to trick you into doing something bad. He wants to get a reaction out of you and will not stop until he does. His hands are bony and cold as ice. Daddy saw his hands once, but he usually kept them beneath the raggedy edges of his too-long faded black sleeves.

Joyce is a true McKnight in the way she believes in haints. She thinks haints are all around her, always watching her. Daddy is buried just down the road in an old cemetery on the hill. You have to drive past it to go anywhere in town. Joyce won't drive past it at night. She won't let anyone drive past it while she's in the car. Once, she made me turn around and take the long way into town. Pain in the ass. Daddy's ghost waits out by the side of the road by the cemetery. Joyce says that he stands there

in his blue windbreaker trying to hitch a ride and staring at you when you drive by. It scares hell out of her, and she doesn't want to see the Old Man's ghost.

### Lois

Uncle Lois was Daddy's brother. He was possessed by the demons he'd channeled. He used to visit graveyards and talk to ghosts and stuff. He was obsessed with trying to communicate with the spirit world. He had a Ouija board that he used just about every day.

When Kathy and I were newly married, we lived in a trailer house on a couple of acres in Bithelow outside of Orlando. We had two German Shepherd dogs. Anyway, my uncle Lois was on the run from the cops and he wanted to hide out at our place for a couple days. He had got into a fight with a nigger over a woman. Kathy didn't want him to stay over, given the situation, but she finally agreed to let him. One night, Lois and I were drinking ice tea in the living room, and Kathy was washing dishes at the sink. She was scrubbing some cereal bowls, and there were three unwashed ice tea glasses setting on the counter. Suddenly, the glasses burst. We think that Lois used his powers to do it.

Another time, Lois was over and we were sitting at the table for Thanksgiving dinner. We all had glasses of ice tea at the table. We had been talking on the subject of ghosts, and he was totally informed about the existence of these spirits. I denied that people could connect with the spiritual world and channel demons. Daddy was the exception, of course; I believed that he really *had* the supernatural powers of demons. I told Lois, "I don't believe in haints," and as I spoke these words, the bottom of my ice



tea glass fell out completely, sending both tea and square, thick ice cubes to the cheap linoleum of the dining room floor. It was beyond strange. I will always remember that moment. Joyce insists that it wasn't Lois that did it but some ghost. The ghost was pissed because I said that I didn't believe in it. I still think that it was Lois using his supernatural powers to fuck with us. Ghosts or not, though, from that moment on, I wholly believed in the spiritual realm.

Not only did Daddy have the demon powers, but his own brother, Lois also had the ability to use demons for his own purposes.

### **Home**

When I was a kid, we lived in a three room shack. That's three rooms total. Kitchen, living room—the bedroom was one big room. Hell, there was no insulation or drywall. It was colder than a well-digger's ass in winter and hot as hell in summer time. Rent was about twenty-five bucks then. They were old "shirt mill" shacks originally built for the mill workers back in the day. We didn't have our first toilet until 1960, just an outhouse. We used to look through the crack in the floor of our shack for pennies. Sometimes, we'd find pennies in the dirt where they'd fallen out of the Old Man's pockets after he'd passed out on the couch drunk. We used our harvested pennies to buy penny candy and Cokes at the corner store when we'd saved up enough.

### **Babyfucker**

Since I'm the only one who will talk about this part what happened, I might as well tell everything. Daddy raped all of my sisters and many other girls in our neighborhood. He had a sort of sexual power over them. It was the demons doing his

work for him. One day, after school, I came home and was going to take a piss. No one was home and the house was quiet. I did hear some creaking on the wooden floor, but I thought it was just the house settling or the breeze rattling up through the floorboards. I walked down the hall to the bathroom, and the door was shut. When I opened it, I saw a five-year-old neighbor girl sucking Daddy's dick. That was, hands down, the craziest shit I've ever seen. Ever. Still, I don't know why I was surprised. I later learned that he bribed *teenage* girls to fuck him by giving them weed. He was a horny old bastard.

There wasn't anyone who could stop him, so why try? First of all, people didn't talk about that kind of stuff back then. I'm sure they mostly all *knew*, but they didn't want to confront anyone on it. It wasn't just Daddy; I bet it happened all the time. A lot of girls got attacked and raped, but no one ever knew that it happened. The girls just wouldn't talk about it, and the man that did it would get away with it. Girls were just more scared of men back then, I think. I'm sure there were many bastards born because of Daddy, but we never knew about it. Daddy's evil seed is out there somewhere. Back then if girls got knocked up, they just hid it or had some kind of abortion. Not like all of this women's lib shit. You can look at a girl the wrong way now, and she'll be trying to sue your ass.

### **Sandwiches**

I like banana and mayonnaise sandwiches. Eat them all the damn time. It's a regional thing here.

#### **Recipe:**

**Ingredients:**

- A banana or two
- Two pieces of white bread, the cheaper the better.
- A knife-full of mayonnaise
- Then another

**Steps:**

Get two pieces of white bread and slap a knife-full of mayonnaise on each piece of bread. Chop up a banana. Put the banana on both pieces of bread in a single layer. Slap the bread together to make a sandwich. Enjoy.

**Catalog Shopping**

Daddy loved to shop from the FingerHut catalog. Any time one of us kids were over, he'd want us to help him order stuff.

"Hey, bring that FingerHut catalog over here and write down my order."

"OK, Daddy what do you want?"

"A pair of ceramic Collie dogs...."

He never paid for anything that he ordered. He ordered clothes, hats, nick nacks for the house, and even a TV one time. It was a greedy addiction for him. FingerHut got mad when he didn't pay and they wouldn't let him order for a while. Then they'd offer him a free gift to get him to order again. Guess they thought he'd pay eventually. Even after he died, they sent him a set of luggage with his initials on it to get him to order more stuff. Then they called to collect all their back money, and Mother gave them an earful.

**“He’s dead, you dumb asses! Just like I told you the last time you called. You can dig him up to get the money out of him for all I care, but quit fuckin’ calling me! You can put a goddam mailbox at his grave if you want to get stuff to him in the mail!”**

**They never did call back.**

### **Bullshit**

**Once back in Orlando, Joyce and Carolyn took the old bamboo fishing poles and went down to the pond to catch a fish. On the way back, they had to cross the field where Uncle James’s mean bull ate grass. He was always trying to get you with his horns. He was meaner than hell. They had to walk by him to jump the fence to get back home. Carolyn was real scared of that bull.**

**“Joyce, what are we gonna do? That bull’s in the way. How are we gonna get past him?”**

**“Hell, I don’t know.”**

**They watched him for a few minutes while Joyce thought of a plan. The bull took a crap, and Joyce knew exactly what to do. Something sparked in her brain.**

**Butt...crap...fishing pole...butt. She took her bamboo fishing pole and shoved it up the bull’s butt. The bull took to hollering and carrying on. It was a horrible sound. The girls made it outta the field, all right, but Uncle James had to call the vet for Joyce to get her pole back.**

### **Daddy's Brother, Herbert**

Herbert and Art (Daddy's other brothers) live in Orlando. They're old and crusty. They're total homos. Well, maybe just bisexual but who the hell can tell any more? They live across the street from each other in their own houses. They have houseboys. Homeless guys that they get off the street and shit. To cook for them and take care of them. To empty out the tin cans that they piss in. An old coffee can rusted with piss. Their houses are all dusty and the carpet is shag from back in the day.

Herbert was in some Southern branch of the mob. He was called "Big Red" for the mess of red hair atop his head. He and Daddy used to gamble on numbers back in the 60's. They'd lose a lot of money to niggers when their dreams and hunches fell through. They gave the niggers wigs instead of money to pay them off. One time, we were with Herbert in Georgia. In Pavo, Georgia near Thomasville, when the FBI raided the place. We took all of Herbert's money and numbers and hid everything in the chicken house so the pigs wouldn't get it.

### **Gopher Ghosts**

Daddy didn't go to the store and get meat. Mother would fix bacon or hotdogs, but we ate a lot of animals from out of the woods. And gophers. Daddy and Fred killed this really big gopher turtle one time for us to eat. They chopped it up and took out the guts. Us kids started playing with the heart because the damn thing was still beating even though the turtle was dead. There was blood everywhere. Never seen anything like it. The heart kept beating.

### **Nigger-rich**

**Nigger-rich is when you get some money, like from your income tax, and you blow it off. A lot of people in this area get nigger-rich, especially when the income tax refund comes in. They collect for all of the illegal shit that they've claimed. Daddy was like that. He'd get paid on Friday, and be broke on Monday because he spent everything on booze and whores. But when he had that Tax money, hell, he *would* show off. He'd make him a wad of money and tie a rubber band around it. He thought he was a high roller. Moonrock does the same damn thing with his income tax money. Hell, he camps out in the H&R Block office waiting for that Rapid Refund to come in. When he gets the money, he blows it all on drugs. Every last god damn cent.**

### **Nothing Left to Do...**

**When the guilt finally set in, Mother started putting crap on the Old Man's grave, angels. His grave now looks like a damn angel shrine and she talks about him like he's some kind of saint. She even has a picture of the two of them when they were younger out on the coffee table now. It's a wedding picture or a picture taken right after they were married. That kind of shit kills me. She used to cuss his ass at the drop of a hat. Some people weren't so quick to turn around and get fond of Daddy, though. More than one went by to spit on his grave. *See you in hell, you old bastard!***

**We all came back home to Bonifay for the Old Man's funeral, reluctantly. Daddy had put his mark on us. Old Man had fucked each one of us up in one way or another. Some of us more than the rest. The only thing to do was to get together and talk about it all. So we got some tater tots and drove down to the Junction in Geneva.**

**We spent all night chewing the fat and telling stories about Daddy and all the other stuff that we remembered from growing up.**

### **Epilogue—The Road Back West**

We stayed out at the Junction half the night drinking beer and eating tater tots, and we all went to the Old Man's funeral the next day. They put him in a plain pine box and chucked him into a hole dug out of the red clay. Before they closed the coffin, Mother put his pentagram necklace around his neck and his spell book in with him. We knew that he'd want to have those when he got to Hell.

After, we went back over to Mother's house and had a feast of potato salad, cold ham, cornbread, ice tea, and some of that gooey green salad with jello and marshmallows in it. And fried chicken. Everybody brought fried chicken. It's easy to pick up in a bucket. Don't have to make more than a quick drive-through stop for the dead bastard. About thirty showed, family members mostly. No one wanted to hang around, really. I sure as hell was ready to get back to Houston. Too many fucked up memories there.

So I packed a ham sandwich for the road and a piece of cornbread and a piece of fried chicken in a napkin and jumped back in the car. I damn near tore up I-10 heading west. I noticed a pretty big crack in my windshield. Guess it must've happened out here. Rock or chunk of something on those red dirt roads back home. Have to replace that when I get back to Houston. Reminds me of another Mark Honeycutt story...

Mark Honeycutt had this old car (I forget what kind) about twenty years ago with no windshield. It *did* have one, but it got busted up and he took it out and hadn't bothered replacing it. So, Mother, Essie Dell (Mother's Mother), Robert, and Joyce wanted to go into town to the Piggly Wiggly to get more beer. They wanted Mark to



take them. He said he would but told them that he didn't have a windshield. They were like "whatever," so he put on these black cutting goggles—like you wear when you weld something—and drove them into town. Maybe to keep the bugs out of his eyes. Mother was in the front seat, and Essie Dell, Joyce, and Robert sat in the back. On the way back, Mark spotted a buzzard on the side of the road, and he had a bright idea. He honked the horn to scare the thing and make it fly. Then he sped up. Buzzard hit the top of where the windshield would have been. Guts splattered all over everyone both front seat and back. Feathers, scaly feet, beak in the floorboard. Mother and Essie Dell took to cussing him right away. They all had to hose buzzard guts off themselves in the front yard. It'd all worked out, just like he planned.

The drive to Houston's a sort of Hosing-Off. I could get really pissed off about all the stuff that has happened to me, but it's not worth it when I look back on it now. People let little stuff bother them, and that's just stupid. It's like when I go to the flea market, and people have all this junk they're wanting to sell. Well, they wouldn't have the problem of trying to unload it if they hadn't thought they needed it all in the first place. Look at the stress people get even trying to *give* all the junk away. Never buy nothing you can't eat, drive, or have sex with. That's my theory.

Stuff like that gets your blood veins all messed up. I'm getting older now, and I have to be careful about my blood veins. My friend that works at the drugstore told me all about how veins are like weather stripping on a car window. When they get old, they get hard and crack like rubber. When that happens, there's nothing anybody can do for you. You can't just squirt Son of a Gun spray around, soften them again and

mold them back together. I don't have any of those great Cadillac veins, I got cheap, throw-away Kia veins from my Old Man. You can't just crank up your car when it's cold. Your blood veins are the same way. That's why, past a certain point in life, you can't experience any sudden shocks. You have to make your body last longer by not getting pissed off or upset about anything. If the house is on fire, just get up and walk out, don't run. Be like a cat, ease out of a situations. They're not in a hurry about anything; they just slink away real slick-like. Cats probably got good blood vessels. Sometimes cats get freaked out, though. If you hit something and make a loud noise, they jump. But most of time, I just try to think how a cat would act in a situation when I feel my veins getting tensed up. I'm not going to get my veins all cracked thinking about things too much now, either.

Along the way, I'll stop at a Dollar Store to buy some chicken crackers and some Krystal Burgers. The steamer pack. Twelve burgers, two fries, and two Cokes for \$11.99. I'll listen to some good music. A song that brings me down, a song that makes me feel good. Get to listening to my music and I'll think about those burgers and start munching again. It's good to be depressed and then feel good. You can check yourself that way. Analyze your situation. A real emotional rollercoaster ride just like action movies. If you really think about it, everybody's just role-playing anyway. It's like some kind of fucked-up dream.