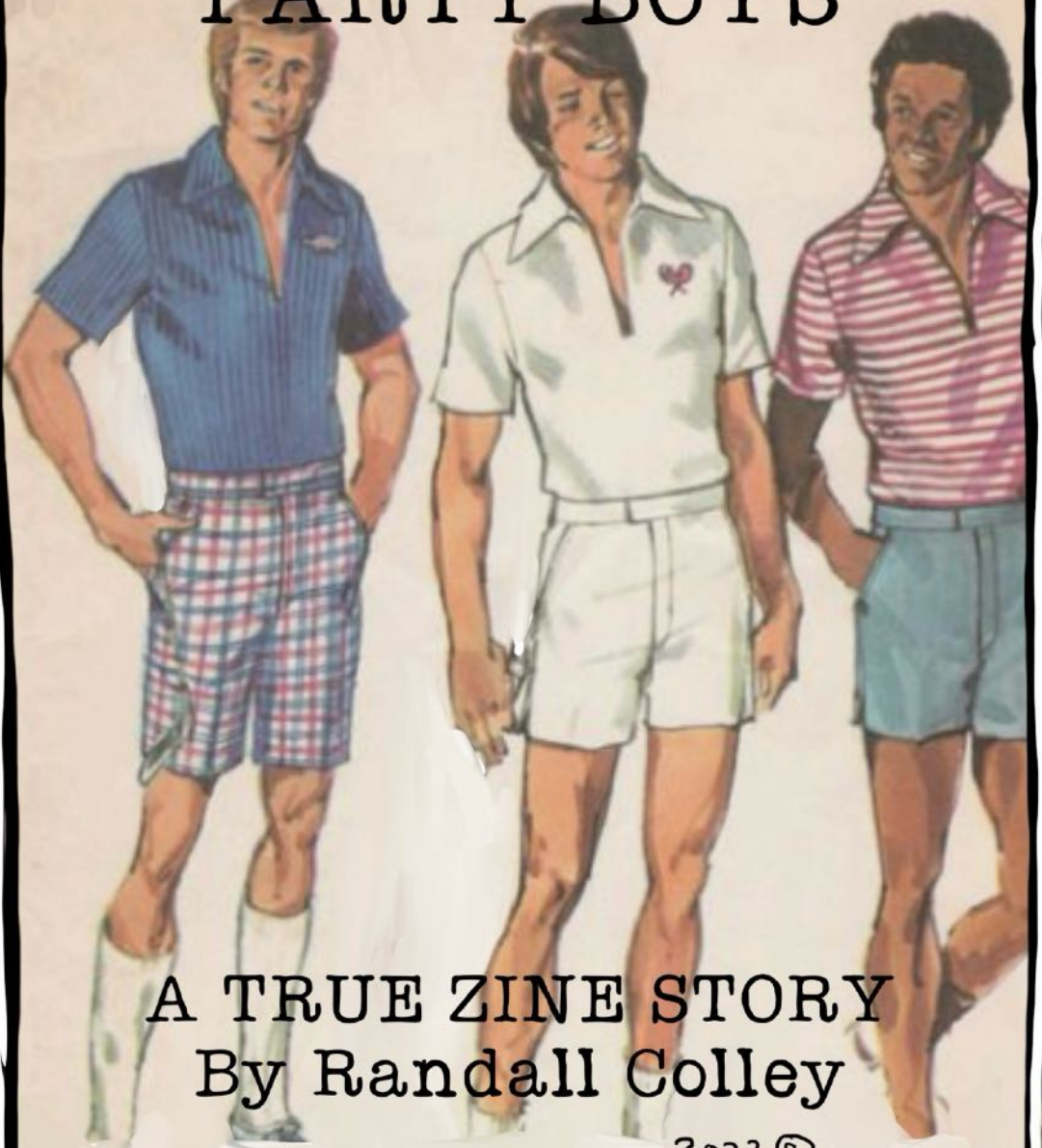


# CONNIE AND THE PARTY BOYS



A TRUE ZINE STORY  
By Randall Colley

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## CONNIE AND THE PARTY BOYS

By S. Randall Colley

It was 1959, I remember it was fall, warm with a cool breeze, it was Florida.

Billy and I were playing on the elementary school playground. I was in the third grade, with Mrs. Graham, Billy was in the fourth grade, with Mrs. Bentley, both were mean.

On weekends we played on the clay playground across from where we lived.

This weekend was the best. Carnival week was coming. The schoolyard was stacked with bales of hay and wooden orange crates, that would be used next weekend for the fall carnival.

This was just the stuff we needed for a good pioneer fort. I was Davy Crockett and Billy was Jim Bowie.

We worked and played all weekend, stacking the boxes and hay bales. We built a fort with tunnels so we could crawl on our bellies and no one could see us. We made gun ports and lookouts.

We were shooting, fighting, cutting, stabbing, and killing all sorts of Indians and bad guys. Reloading our make believe guns, covering for each other, and saving each other's lives, in our make believe, boy world.

Then we heard a car door close... and it all vanished in an instant.

"Stop... stop... wait... be quiet, I heard something for real, stop."

# DAVY CROCKETT





It was a car door. We crawled our bellies to a gun port, our hearts were pounding, we've been caught... oh God, please not Mrs. Graham, or worse the principal, or even worse... the police. I whispered... "Wait, wait", there were more cars and more voices.

Boys, teenage boys, loud teenage boys, four carloads of brightly dressed rich boys, boys on a mission.

They walked tough, they talked tough, they hurried to the grass square by the empty flagpole.

We moved quickly through the fort to get a better look.

They gathered at the May Day flagpole, one of the boys pointed at us, he saw something, they looked in our direction, Billy was ready to break and run.

I said, "No, wait... wait..." not at us, behind us, they were looking at something behind us.

Someone else was coming up the sidewalk, a dark figure. We could see him down by the cafeteria.

We watched him as he made his way up the long sidewalk. Billy whispered, "Let's go." But I couldn't take my eyes off of this person coming toward us.

He was a teenager like them, but not like them.

He was the reason they came, he was what they came for.

He had dark black hair and dark clothes. They were fair haired boys, dressed in bright colors, reds, yellows, Madras shorts, penny loafers, white tennis shoes, while he wore black lace up Knapps, a workingman's shoe.





The party boys were joking and laughing, he was not.

One of them said his name, "Connie", I thought he can't be a Connie, that's a girl's name. We came out of hiding and no one noticed us. All eyes were on Connie.

As he came closer, the boys made a circle around the one called Steve.

Connie strolled his way past Mrs. Harper's classroom, without breaking his stride, he took a comb out of his back pocket, pulled it through his thick black hair, first one side, then the other, like Elvis, or my uncle Johnny.

The circle opened up. Steve was waiting in the middle. Connie put his comb back into his pocket and stepped off the sidewalk. He entered the circle, it closed.

He went straight for the blonde boy in white shorts and a bright blue shirt.

The boy raised his fist and took his fighting stance, his friends cheering him on.

But, in the blink of an eye, Connie fired a straight right hand that caught the boy square in his face, knuckle bone to nose.

It snapped his head back, blood flew through the air, and then begin gushing from his nose.











Then, Connie gave him a hard kick with those workingman shoes into his privates.

That sent the boy, in the bright blue, and now red blood splattered shirt, to his knees, curled up holding himself, while blood poured down his face.

Connie surveyed the silent circle, no more takers.

He turned and walked the long walk back from where he came. He pulled the comb out of his back pocket and touched up the damage.

The well-dressed boys helped their friend into a small green sports car. One under each arm, he left a trail of red blood down the middle of the sidewalk.

Connie turned back into the dark figure and faded out of sight down the sidewalk.

The bright party boys, drove off in their fast cars.

We touched the blood on the sidewalk with a stick and hoped it would stay there long enough for Jimmy to see it, he was never going to believe this.

I learned something that day.  
Working class boys are different than the party boys and they sure can hit hard.

The end.

MAKE A POEM  
WRITE A STORY  
MAKE A DRAWING  
MAKE A ZINE  
EVERYDAY

