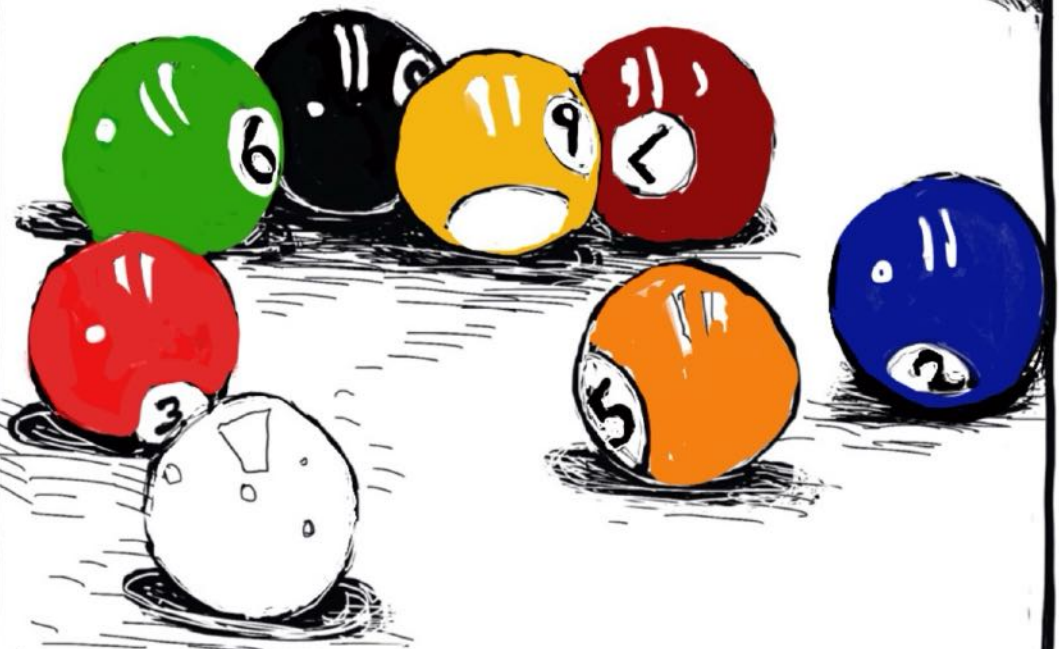


A ZINE STORY



The Dog Days and The King

words and drawings by .randall.colley c 2019





Johnny Winter

Born February 23, 1944 died July 16, 2014

Albino Blues Guitarist

The Dog Days and the King

By Randall Colley C 2019

It was 1977, it was Florida, it was August, and it was hot. The pool hall was an air conditioned oasis, the best place to wait out the dog days of summer. Little Piggy had lost three games of nine ball to Lucky Lonnie.

Lucky Lonnie was an asshole that everyone loved to hate. He worked as an outside salesman, who spent most of his time inside the pool hall. Little Piggy was a young kid with long platinum blonde hair that made him look like the blues singer Johnnie Winters.

He got his nickname in grade school from his pale pink skin. He spent most of his youth indoors and out of the sunlight, and now he had his little pink albino looking ass in a crack.

His mother had given him two \$20 bills to go to the grocery store for her, which he promptly took to the pool room and now Lonnie the lucky smart ass was about to take away.

I was up six dollars; I had been betting on the side with toothless Ted the Polish guy. I hated Lonnie as much as the rest of the guys, but I was not going to lose my money betting on Lil'Piggy.

There was no way he was going to beat Lonnie at nine ball, not this day.

Lonnie could sense when someone had the bug to gamble; so maybe that is the reason I hated him so much he was an opportunist and he never played fair, he did not have to he had a good paying day job.

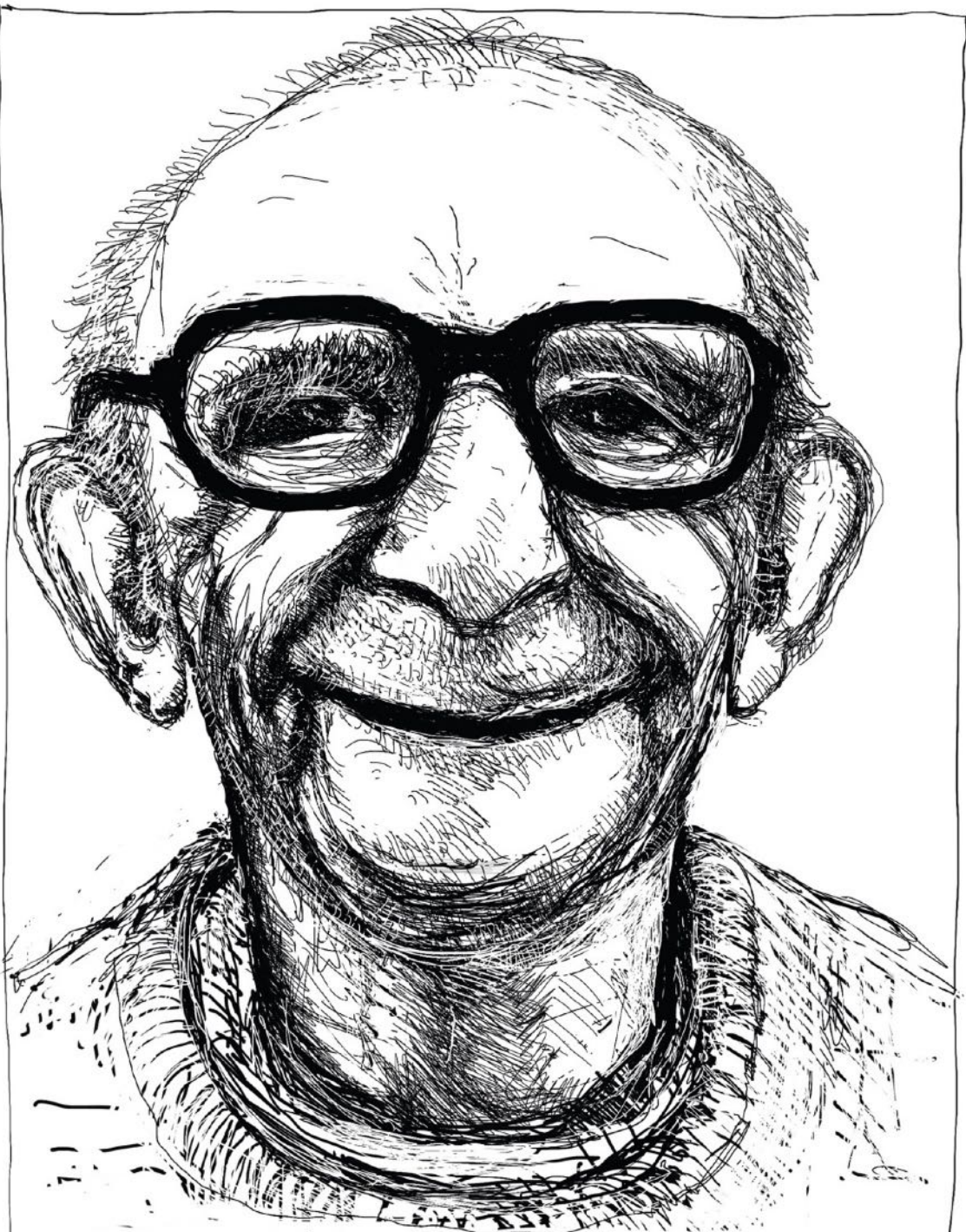
Everyone knew he should have spotted little piggy at least the eight-ball, but the little piglet had his mother's money, and it was burning a hole in his pocket, and Lonnie could smell the smoke.

Toothless Ted, was a well dressed old guy who always wore a red sweater even in the summer. He was missing several teeth that made you want to look away when he laughed and he laughed a lot.

He wore huge black rimmed thick glasses that made him look like Mr. Magoo.

Ted was the pool hall version of a Wall Street stock hustler. He would make small two dollar side bets all day long, but he didn't count his money until the end of the week.

He was not a bad pool shooter for his age, mostly because he usually required the seven or eight ball for a spot, and most of the young jitterbug, pool hustler wanna-bees, were not that worried about a \$2.00 dollar bet. Everyone liked Ted.



Toothless Ted AKA
Mr. Magoo



Lucky Lonnie

Lonnie was a portly man, who wore tight pants that made his huge butt look even bigger. When he chalked his pool stick he held the chalk cube with three fingers sticking out, like a dainty old lady holding a teacup.

His hair was always perfectly combed with heavy dose hair cream, holding each hair in place; I never saw one hair on his head move-ever.

After each shot he would flick his fingers, like he was getting rid of breadcrumbs.

He had to make sure he didn't get any blue chalk on his fingers or his white shirt, so they would not know at work that he had been shooting pool all day.

He always had to explain loudly before every shot, what he wanted the cue ball to do after the shot.

As if anyone was interested in what his fat ass was going to do; we just wanted him to lose.

The problem was, the son of a bitch was good. He was one of those guys that you would gamble your last dollar or your mother's grocery money just to beat him.

Little Piggy yelled, "rack" "come on Bob rack the fucking balls, you know we're shooting pool here for Christ-sake."

Bob was 65 years old and looked 85. His back was permanently hunched over from 30 years of racking pool tables.

He was nursing a big goose egg on the top of his head, from a cue ball that bounce off the rack two days ago.

He was not in a good mood. It wasn't the first time he had been hit on the head with a pool ball.



Little Piggy was down to his mothers last fin, "Just break the fucking balls Lonnie, I don't give a fuck where you put the cue ball, unless you put it up your ass."

Lil' Piggy was desperate, he knew he needed a miracle. He needed help from the pool gods or a sign anything.

Lonnie chalked up his cue stick with his fat little fingers, lined up the cue ball broke the rack, sending the nine ball straight into the corner pocket.

"That's a rack, pay up little piggy boy."

"You lucky fat son of a bitch."

That was all Little Piggy could take, but it was not the first time that Lonnie had beaten him.

Maybe that's what made it hurt so much, people like Lonnie always seem to come out on top.

Little Piggy gave up his mother's last five dollar bill, from her last twenty dollar bill. He was putting his pool cue back in the rack, when the front door burst open and one of the Wilson twins came running in out of breath and pouring sweat.

We guessed it was Jimmy, because Johnny was still in jail. Only their mother could really tell them apart, and they were never apart, unless one was in jail. The only way I could tell them apart was, Jimmy was not as big an asshole as his brother Johnny.

"Hey, you are not going to fucking believe what I just heard," we all just looked at him waiting... "The fucking King is dead".

Billy the pothead spoke up from the corner, "The king of England is dead?"

"No, man.... The King.... Elvis fucking Presley is dead, the son of a bitch O.D.ed dead on his toilet seat at Graceland... G.I. Fucking Blues dead."

Lonnie's face turned white and Little Piggy saw the sign from the pool gods. We all saw it. Lonnie was shaken by the news of Elvis dying.

Lonnie told Bob to go call somebody, he didn't believe Elvis was dead, it was some mistake or some radio station was playing a sick joke.

The little piglet was headed back to the table with his pool stick. "Come on Lonnie five games \$10 bucks a game."

"You don't have \$50 dollars." "Fuck if I don't." "Piggy I just took all the money you had." Billy the pothead yelled, "Long live the King." "Fuck you Lonnie I have my whole paycheck in my pocket, where do you think I got the \$40 you just took for me." "Show me the money first, and when... did you get a job?"

Toothless Ted spoke up, "The kid was good for the \$40 bucks you took from him, now you want to take the money and run."

Ted knew that piggy didn't have the money, but he also knew how to shame Lonnie into playing and he needed a game to side-bet on.

Lil' Piggy put a Marlboro in his mouth, flipped open his zippo lighter, and lit the cigarette with a big drag.

He chalked up his pool cue, placed the cue ball on the table, and he was ready for the break.

With a cigarette dangling from his mouth, he said to Lonnie, "I never did like that fat jumpsuit wearing, slick black haired, stupid fuck anyway; I think it's because he reminds me of you Lonnie."

Piggy broke the rack and won four out of five games. He got back \$30 of his mother's \$40 dollar grocery money, and for this day that was as good as winning.

For the dog days of summer, it was a pretty good day, except for the King.

WOODEN HEART

Words & Music by FRED WISE, BEN WEISMAN, KAY TWOMEY & BERTHOLD KAEMPFERT

ELVIS PRESLEY IN G.I. BLUES

Paramount Presents

ELVIS PRESLEY

IN

G.I. BLUES

A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION

Co-Starring

JULIET PROWSE

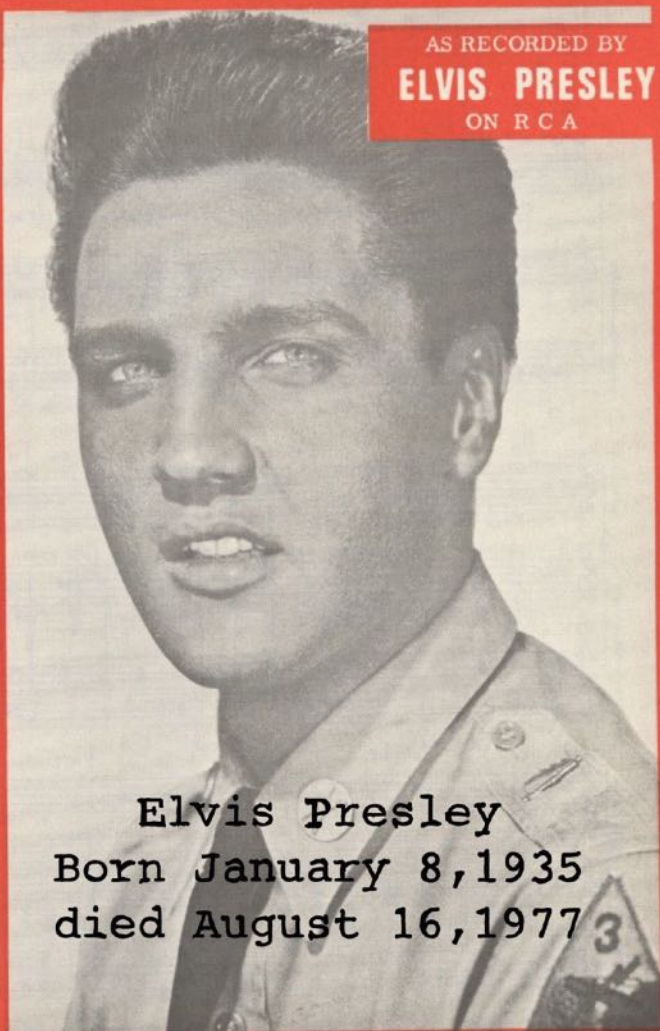
TECHNICOLOR

Directed By

Norman Taurog

Written By

Edmond Belton and Henry Garson



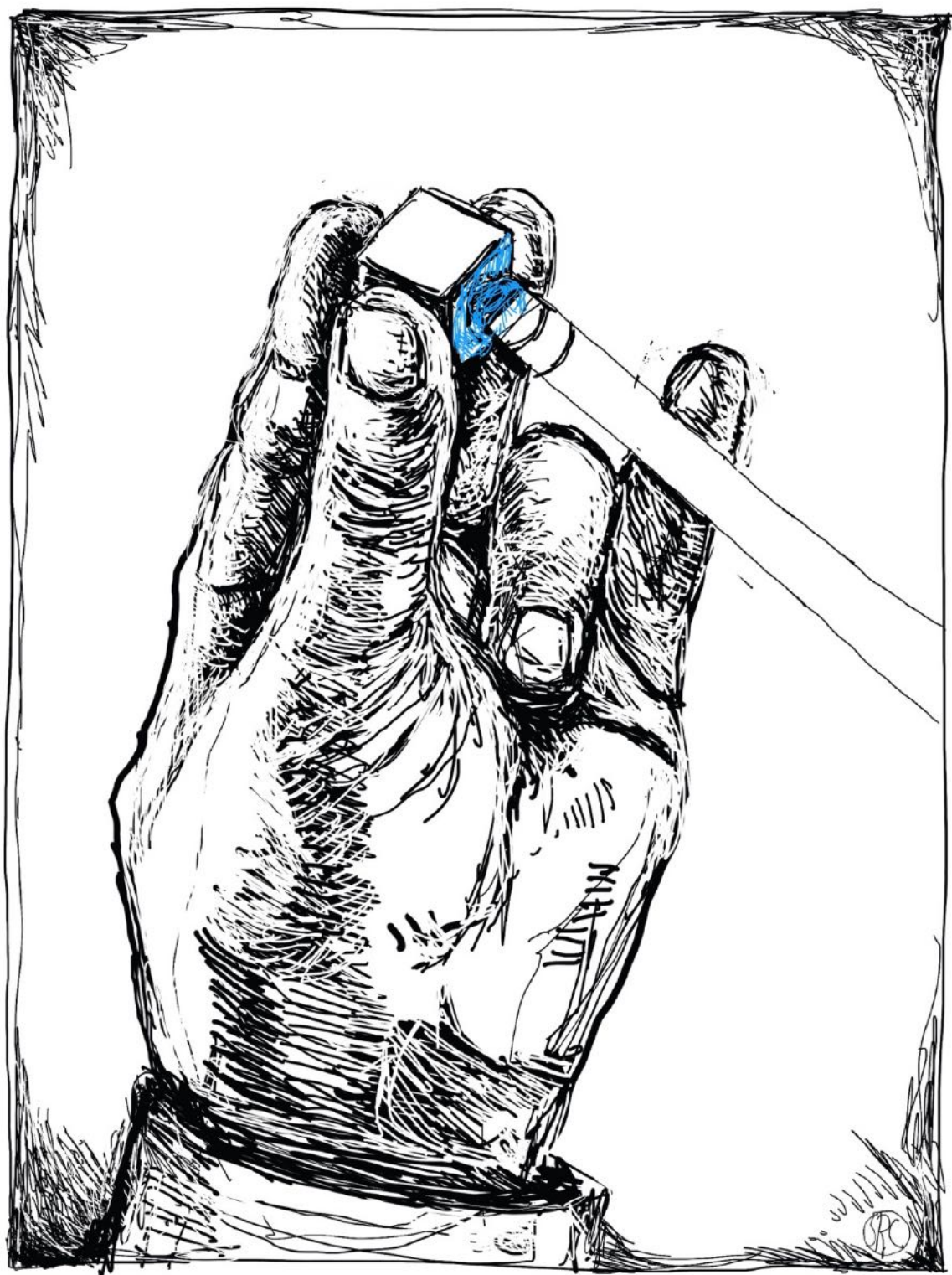
AS RECORDED BY
ELVIS PRESLEY
ON R C A

Elvis Presley
Born January 8, 1935
died August 16, 1977

CARLIN MUSIC CORP., 17, Savile Row, London, W.1.

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

