

## A Story Of Two Boys

Once upon a time there were two boys, brothers, born five years apart. One day the big brother said to his younger brother "lets go and ride our bikes." So, they did. They road their bikes on the gravel road in front of the farm house and went places. They rode to their grandparents; they rode over the hills to their aunt Mamie and uncle Oatis' place. Years went by as the boys rode their bikes; their legs grew strong as they grew up. Sometimes they fussed and fought but most of the time they were best friends as the oldest one allowed his younger brother to tag along with him.

Then one day the oldest boy was allowed by their dad to drive the tractor on the road. It was a red International 424 and it was their toy. The oldest would drive while the youngest would ride on the fender. When the oldest cut hay the youngest would ride the fender and get off in order to unclog the mower. The red paint on the fender of that 424 tractor was worn off by the younger boy sitting there. They spent their summers on the farm working in and hauling hay. They grew tan as their arms and back became strong.

They played basketball, tackle football together as they grew up. Sometimes they invented games and on more than one occasion something in the house got broken. But they were happy and growing boys. The oldest took ROTC in High School and often woke up his brother in the morning. He would make the youngest promise to polish his shoes so they would be shiny for his ROTC inspection, before allowing him to go back to sleep. They went places together and got into a little trouble but that was what brothers are supposed to do.

Then their father bought a pickup truck. It was white and green with a four-speed manual transmission. Like with the tractor but this time with the truck, the oldest would drive the truck, and the youngest would enjoy the ride. As the oldest got to dating he ran out of gas one night. In the middle of the night he woke up his brother in order to drive the tractor to where the truck was. As they siphoned the gas into the truck from the tractor the youngest reminded his brother to leave enough gas for him to get home! They each took their turns wrecking their father's truck, as the youngest hit a tree and the oldest flipped it into a ditch. But their dad and mom were thankful they were both ok.

As time went by the oldest graduated from school. In the pictures of that day the oldest was taller than his baby brother. Three years later the youngest graduated from the ninth grade. In those pictures the oldest was still taller but only because he was standing on a step stool. The youngest was now the tallest but the oldest was still his big brother." Then one day the oldest said "I am going to get married; will you be my best man." To which the youngest said, "OK." The oldest got married and had three children.

The oldest loved working on the farm but he would go to Fort Knox and work during the weekday. He would drive two hours to and from home, work at night and on the weekends on the farming. He grew things like cattle, hogs, and tobacco. His children grew too and they became big also.

Then one day the younger brother said "I am going to get married; will you be my best man?" To which the oldest said, "OK." As time went by more children were born, the youngest had three, and the oldest added one more to make a total of four. As their children grew the two brothers did not see each other as much as they would have like but it was OK for, they were still brothers.

Through the years they got to celebrate the good times together and cry together during the bad times. They and their sister got to meet for special occasions such as Christmas and Thanksgiving, they would laugh and remember the good times together.

As the years went by, they started getting older as did their parents. Until the time came when the three of them had to buried their dad and mom. They worked together during those tough days and nights as tears were once again shed.

One day the youngest took his family on a vacation and the oldest stayed home. The oldest got to do what he loved to do as he went to cut hay. It was a beautiful July day with the perfect temperature and plenty of sunshine. He rode in his tractor and cut his hay. At the end of that day his head began to hurt and God decided to call him home.

The youngest brother will miss his big brother but it is ok! As it all began with the words "lets go and rides our bikes." -- Dennis Tucker