

A Story

by T. Schenck

It's Sunday. He'd stayed at m'house agin, an I'm beginin t'wonder if he's ever goin home. I knowed that him an his mom don't git 'long too well, an that his pops is been dead fer I don't know how long, but m'mom is startin t'wonder 'bout him. His name is Conroy Adams. He's 'bout six feet tall and lanky, but he's perty well defined muscle-wise. He's got sandy brown hair thut's bushy and brissly, and eyes thut's the color brown of the rusty ol wagon wheel thut lies out back. Y'all thut don't know whut color thut I'm tawkin 'bout, it's 'bout the color a m'pickup truck. He's perty much a rough-houser, kinda a punch without a warnin, if ya know whut I mean, but at the same time he's perty well educated, seein hows he's bin through a lot a years a schoolin, a lot more thin I has anyways. As a matter a fact, he come within a toad's hair a graduatin from high school.

Well anyways, Roy, thut's whut everbudy calls him is Roy, he ain't much the church goin kind, an I am, and since it's Sunday, an since it's m'bound duty t'git people t'go t'church so they kin go t'heaven once they die, I figered thut I'd ask Roy t'go with me this mornin. T'my surprise he said thut he wud an even though all he had was an ol pair a knee-torn blue jeans, an a flannel shirt with a blue jean patch on the elbow, I knew thut God wud bless me fer bringin Roy 'long t'church with me t'day. I drove, cus I was the inviter, and we was jus a wee bit late arrivin at church. An I started watchin Roy as we was a gittin outa the truck, an he looked a might spooked, cus I think thut this was the first an only time thut he'd ever bin t'church, an thut got me t'thinkin a why he'd want t'come, but thin I r'membered thut God works in mysterious ways an it wasn't m'place t'be askin them kinda questions. Anyways, me an Roy, both t'gether walked up t'the two reflectin glass doors thut ya cud see yerself in, and I dressed kinda like Roy t'make him feel a little more comfortable, an I didn't think thut God wud mind me a dressin like this cus after all, I'm doin m'bound duty as a Christian. Well anyways we walked through the reflectin doors, an I looked at Roy, an his eyes was a lightin up like a lantern, kinda like they did whin thut blacky had him cornered in the bushes down b'the ol goose-pond. Boy, he was so scared thut day thut he come near t'peen in . . . well thut's a differnt story. Well anyways, I figered thut the reason Roy was so surprised is the fact thut he ain't seen no place so imac. . . imacu. . .so perty b'fore in his life. Cus up t'this time, his life ain't bin the best in the world, an m'church is perty nice, an no afence, but it's a hundered times nicer thin the rat-hole thut Roy lives in. But anyways, whin we walked in, everbudy in the congregation was a standin up and a prayin, an I was goin t'tell Roy t'be silent an bow his head, but he was already quiet so I figered thut thut was good 'nough, so I didn't bother him.

Roy seemed real interested in church, but he seemed a lot more intersted in Maggie Carter, I cud tell cus his eyes was fixed on her

through the whole sermon. Maggie's probly the pertiest girl thut ever graced the halls a m'church, but I never looked at her the way Roy was a lookin at her in church, cus I knowed thut it was a mortal sin t'lust in church, an I figered thut I got 'nough sins piled up under m'belt anyways an I didn't need no more. But anyways, I kinda nudged Roy t'git his 'tention, an tode him t'folla me, an he did, cus now they was all done with prayin an they was gittin ready t'sing outa them ol torn 'part him. . .hym. . .books. Well I knowed thut it was fine and dandy t'find us a place t'sit, so we did. It was right b'hind fat ol Miss BVelcher. Everbudy knowed how Miss Belcher was, an nobody really much cared fer her, an it was kinda sad but it happens, cus she was a. . .well she wasn't the most polite lady I ever seen. Well anyways, she ain't never bin married an she is gittin up in years, I'm not fer sure how ol thut she is but I heard Reverend Jacobs tawkin bout her an he said thut she gains a pound with ever year, an she takes up haf a pue the way it is, so I reckon thut she's perty ol. Well anyways, we all stood up t'sing an whin we did we, me an Roy, noticed thut Miss Belcher's dress was a crammed up her crack, an it wasn't a perty sight. It mus a bin from all thut weight a scootin back an forth across the seat. Well anyways I didn't much pay 'tention at first, but Roy kep a nudgin me an a laughin, an I didn't think thut it was thut funny, as a mattera fact, I kinda felt sorry fer her cus everbudy was a laughin, so I d'cided t' help her out an pull her dress outa her crack. I don't think thut I knowed whut I was gittin m'self in to cus 'bout thut time she let out a God-awful scream an come 'round full force on Roy's head an knocked him fer a loop. Thing 'bout it was thut Roy thought it was funny an started laughin, but not me boy, I thought thut I'd done somethin real wrong, an thut she liked her dress like thut, so I poked it back in there, an her she come all three-hundered an some odd pounds a her an plowed Roy up the other side a the head. By now Roy was all red-faced an as mad as a hog in a corner wantin t'bust out. I thought fer sure thut Roy was goin t'sock her back, an my grandpa always said thut the more ya stir shit thut the worse it stinks, so I yanked Roy out in the isle, an I pulled him down the isle, an all the time he was jus cussin up a storm, an I was jus a askin left an right fer God's fergiveness fer whut had happened in his holy house. Roy kep a cussin an didn't think nothin 'bout it cus he didn't much understand, but I finally got him t'the reflectin glass doors, an everbudy was a lookin at us, an I cud tell outa all the confusion thut Roy was a lookin over at Maggie, an her an everbudy else was lookin at us. I kinda got a small hint a how Jesus felt whin he walked bearin the cross an all the people a laughin an hecklin him. Well anyways, me an Roy got outside, an I felt mighty 'shamed a m'self cus I knowed thut Roy got the wrong idea a whut church is s'posed t'be like. But, the thing 'bout it was thut Roy didn't even tawk 'bout whut happened in church with Miss Belcher, all he tawked 'bout was how perty Maggie was. It was like thut was the only thing on his mind. But not me boy, all I had m'mind on was gittin outa there an maybe findin a new church where nobody knowed who I was. Anyways, me an Roy got in t'm'truck and got ready t'head home.