

Phil K Swift and the Neighborhood Street Rockers

by

Philip Kochan

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Chapter 1

I'm not even trying to brag or anything but I am one of the hippest cats you're ever going to meet in your entire wildest fantasy of a life, for real. I'm not talking smack. I'm just being honest with you. It turns out that I was a part of the original wave of breakers, which is a very big deal you know. In fact, I may as well tell you the whole story and start from the beginning, since I can tell you really give an Effin' damn. That's why you looked this way right?

I've got a whole lot of Shee-ott to drop on you, so listen up B-Boys and B-Girls while I lay it all on you. I'm not going to leave out any of the crazy ass details either, no matter how nuts it sounds. So cover your eyes and plug your ears if you don't think you can hang. What I am about to tell you is not for the goody goodies out there, so if you're one of them you better leave now before you get corrupted. I'm going to take you back to that year it all started for me.

It was 1983 in Chicagoland, more specifically; Downers Grove, IL. I wasn't called Phil K Swift just yet, that came later, but I was still a hip cat, it's just that nobody knew it yet. I was a legend in my own mind. I didn't really fall into any of those clique categories that everybody else at my school was falling into; I wasn't a jock or a burnout or a prep or a nerd – well ... maybe I was just getting out of nerdom by the skin of my teeth. I eventually broke away from nerdom but that was after I figured a few things out. I'll tell you about that later on. But as for being a nerd and such, I was a geek in nerds clothing who became a geek in hip cats clothing so I looked different than I felt but deep down inside, I was still a geek. But I became a cool-geek. Are you following me so far?

The more I think about it - I suppose that last year you could have just called me a geek or a nerd, flat out. The hip cat clothing probably wasn't fooling anybody except me. It's not that I had the black plastic watch with the calculator keyboard on the watch face and I wasn't wearing floods or anything. Well, not too often at least –and I certainly wasn't rocking red socks to my knees with green shorts to contrast the blue vinyl Velcro shoes that other geeks at my school were wearing - and proudly I might add. But I didn't start dressing hella-cool until lately. So yeah, I was half freak last year.

I can't claim to have never looked like any of those "total" geeks and gauche freaks but things did drastically changed for me in the 5th grade when Willy Renoir told me, "Hey dude, nice tough skin pants, did mommy pick those out for you?" It was at that moment that I had realized that I had to stop having mommy pick out my clothes.

By 7th grade, I was dressing straight up sharp because rink fashion had become my passion. I'll tell you about the roller rink in a minute.

By 8th grade I ditched the pop bottle thick, brown framed nerd glasses and got myself some contact lenses, which opened up a whole new selection of chicks for me to botch up puppy love with.

Finally by 9th grade I put the old kibosh on mom putting a bowl around my head and giving me a giggle worthy haircut. You know the kind, it was very similar to an Amish mans hairdo, all bowl, no style, very Moe from the Three Stooges.

Anyway, I got rid of the hair combed like Moe by having my mom take me to this fancy schmancy ritzy titzy hoity-toity hair salon in Hinsdale that charged one hundred dollars for women's haircuts and fifty bucks for young adults. Where they served champagne in the waiting room, and rich women carried their five thousand dollar dogs around in their five thousand dollar dog purses.

The first time I went there, this hottie, who was the shampoo girl, phone girl, and champagne passer outer all in one, quietly offered me a glass of, "bubbly." She whispered to me, "Would you like some bubbly sir?" and let's just say, she had this certain kind of perkiness that was protruding outwards.

"Sure doll face," I said. Heck; I was only 14 years old and the next thing I knew I was sipping champagne while waiting to get my haircut and peeking at protuberances. To be honest with you, I didn't know what she had meant when she had whispered, "Bubbly." I was pretty naïve back then but she made it sound so sexy, so I figured I'd try.

My Mom was waiting in the car for me and with her bible thumping ways and all I didn't think she'd much appreciate me slamming down the bubbly while I was supposed to be getting a million dollar haircut, so I only took a few sips. Anyway, this hair dresser named Penny hooked me up with a "Billy Idol" spiked haircut which was really being ostentatious and rebellious back in the early 1980's. This new super fly hair cut ended up pushing me out of geek-dom and into hip-cat-ness – just like that!

Nowadays you can have a Mohawk with blue hair, nipple piercings with chains that are attached to your eyebrow piercings and you might not even get stared at. In the early 1980's spiked hair was atypical unless you were a rock star, well for a little while at least. When something becomes hip; everyone eventually hops on everyone else's bandwagon. I'm not complaining, I'm just saying, "Y'all a bunch of biters" – no offense.

It wasn't just the spiky bleached blonde haircut, cool clothes, and contact lenses that snapped me out of geekdom and nerdiness though. I've got some other secrets, so keep listening. BUT -I've got to warn you, if you suddenly become cooler than cool and the hippest of the hip cats and everyone starts hawking you; don't go coming to me with your problems. I've got enough of my own.

For example, the first night that I hung out at the roller rink after my new hip happening hair cut, I had two girls come up to me and ask, "Ohhh hey, can I touch your hair and feel your spikes?" That's when I first knew that I had really belonged. Some things – you just never forget. The rock star, messy spiked, bleached blonde hair, and girls hawkin' me was when I knew, I was in- in like Flynn. It didn't suck when chicks started diggin' me.

Beneath it all though, I was a guy who from time to time liked to read the dictionary for fun to polish up on highfalutin words. I was also the dude who had friends that talked about, "Emmer Effin' Punk ass Bee-otches that were going to be shown wazup when we knock 'em out da box." And other kinds of shiznit like that that some of my friends talked about when they were talking all tough. And some of my friends – weren't just talk; they walked the walk.

I had some rebellious friends but the thing about me is that I was smart enough to stay away from drugs but I was also dumb enough to almost inhale Mary Jane once on the way home from school with these heavy metal burnouts that I was cool with. I'll tell you about that later; Peer pressure can really be a Punk ass Bee otch, you know? Don't get me wrong - I'm cool with the burnouts, it's just that 420's not my thing, it got me paranoid as EFF. What I am trying to say is; I am the cool dude that didn't have to drink or do drugs to be cool. I was just cool. And since we are on the subject of cool, I'll tell you all about it.

I know there's a lot more to being "cool" and "hip" than just thinking you are though. What makes me a hip cat for real though? I've got the groove baby! I listen to hippest of the mix jams, I dress like a stone cold hipster and I hang out at the rink on the weekends where all of the action happens. Oh yeah, the rink – I told you I'd tell you more about it, didn't I?

I went to Suburbanite Roller Rink every weekend night, which turned me from a kid to a cat – a hip cat, in an instant. From the moment you stepped inside the roller rink it was as if you were entering a whole new world of something salacious, mysterious, and esoteric; it was sex and drugs and music and secrets and underage this and underage that ... and oh yay, there was skating too.

There are certain things that happened at the rink from time to time that I probably shouldn't be talking about but I'm kind of a blabber mouth to be honest with you. I even tell my P.s almost everything, I put my foot in my mouth all of the time and tell them almost everything on accident. Thing is, I usually end up freakin' 'em out more than I need to be freakin' 'em out. But even though my mouth was as large as a watermelon, I had somehow managed to not tell them about the drugs that were going on at the rink, which would have put that place off limits to me. I knew if I had told them about the Mary Jane I smelled there from time to time, they literally would have freaked out. And not the good kind of freak out, like "Freak Le Chic" freak out, but

the bad kind of freak out like: straight jacket, keep your ass home on the weekend's kind of freak out.

It's not like my P.'s had anything to worry about anyway because I skipped the whole drugs thing. It's there and it was everywhere. But I just skipped it. I was not trying to turn my brain into mush. Drugs suck, in fact, I know two people who have died from doing drugs. They're gone! Nuf said.

Speaking of freaking out, I just thought about something, so I'll tell you more about the rink in a second. There's something I've been dying to tell you about that I freaked out about – and this time it's the good kind of freaked out. This thing I saw on a TV show called, "PM Magazine" did this story about inner city kids from New York that had supposedly hung up their weapons, stopped fighting, and were now duking it out via "break dancing." Although, I would bet that this story was just media spin because I'm sure that dancing wasn't really replacing violence in the gang banging neighborhoods. But I'm not going to get into that right now, what I wanted to tell you was, this show was playing clips of people on the ground: twisting, turning, spinning, twirling, and all sorts of cool ice crazy shee-ott. It was the first time I had ever heard of "Break dancing." Some things you'll just never forget. I instantly fell in love.

A day or two later, after school one day, while I was walking home with my buddy Brock Blazin' we got to talking about this thing called break dancing, which Brock happened to see the same TV show too. I decided to bust out with some impromptu break dancing right in the middle of the street as we were walking home. I later learned that the move I was doing that day was called "down rock" or "floor rock" but Brock Blazin' was calling it, "Scatting."

That first day we had tried break dancing together, Blazin' kept saying to me while I was breakin', "Yo Phil, that's Swift man, that's Swift."

I got up off of the ground and I said, "That's why they call me Phil K Swift," even though nobody had ever really called me that before because I had just made it up. But that's what I said, and that's how I got my name.

Blazin' and I vowed from that point on to learn other break moves and become the baddest breakers ever. It eventually became our lives.

Chapter 2

Saturday night was here and it was time to go to Suburbanite Roller Rink. I had been going to that rink for a few years but it wasn't until I bought myself a kick ass pair of roller skates at the pro shop and stopped being a "rental mental" that some of the cool cats that were a part of the rinks "in crowd" started talking to me.

Going to the roller rink is all of those things I had told you about earlier, but the thing that really had got me hooked on skating, other than the girls, was the tricks that could be done on skates; like spaghetti legs, crazy legs, and high speed turns. I loved making the loud screech sound as I power slid to stop on the rinks hardwood floor.

Since I'm telling you about the rink, I will let you know about the "In crowd" at the rink. I'm probably telling you about them because some of them kind of annoyed me. I can tell you that I wasn't in the "in crowd" but once I bought my expensive tricked out skates with the Blinger wheels and speed skate bearings along with the two hundred dollar skate plates it became an inadvertent "in" with some of the known "cool people," who actually started talking to me once I had them. Which hey, I get it. Who wants to talk to a "rental mental" that skates like a chump? By the way "rental mentals" were the skaters who had to rent skates when they went to the rink.

I suppose anywhere and everywhere there's an "in crowd" and we all want to be "in" but some of these "in people" were just too cool for school, at least so they thought. I mean some of them seemed kind of dorky to me but because some of them had a brother or sister that knew

people in this “in crowd” somehow that made them a part of the club too, which gave them the right to act like hard-asses.

Once in a while you had to deal with dorks that thought they were cool because they knew the right people. And they knew that if you messed with them, they would have tall “back up” waiting in the wings to mess you up. I had watched it happen to many rental mentals who didn’t quite get that there was an “in crowd” clique at the rink. These new comer rental mentals would mouth off to the wrong person at the wrong time and then BAMM, “Bruno Capone” or “J.D. Soprano.” (A couple of cats from this in crowd) would be surrounding them like flies on shee-ott and start pushing them around. That’s why I mostly just kept to my crowd.

I’d usually get to the rink early right when it opened. I wanted to be one of the first ones inside. I didn’t want to miss a thing. Even just waiting in the circular shaped lobby was a trip. The entire lobby reeked of girls perfume, dudes cologne, cigarette smoke, and gum. Older teen’s jackets smelled as if they had smoked ten packs of cigarettes just before they had walked inside. Even 420 seemed to be lingering around the yellow lobby once in a while. Heck, I didn’t even know what 420 was or what it smelled like until I started going to the rink. The first few times I had smelled it, I just assumed that someone down the street was burning leaves or that person had just come from a bon-fire.

While waiting to get in, you can totally hear other people’s conversations, because of the acoustics in the circular shaped lobby. It’s amazing how many teen girls were concerned about their periods being late, whose ass itched, or whose feet smelled even after they took a shower. People should really watch what they say in close quarters, dontchya think?

When I started to hear the muffled music playing in the background, it meant the rink DJ was starting to warm it up and get things going and that the cashier would be opening up her window to let us pay to skate. That was when everyone in the lobby would start pulling out their cash, which was a perfect time for an enterprising young man to make his move. I tell you about it.

This one time right after I had whipped out my cash, my buddy Witold Dee, (he goes by Witty) and I were laying low, just chatting and such, waiting to get in, when this big dude, which I recognized from school came up to me and opened up his jacket all slick like and pulled out some large packages of gum. “Sup dude? Pack of gum for a buck?” he asked while shifting his eyes around with raised eyebrows and a horizontal smile, not even looking at me, even though he was talking to me. I remembered thinking at the time that he had been sprayed by a skunk before he had walked into the lobby but the more I think about it now; it was Mary Jane, but like I said, I didn’t know all that much about 420 just then. But I always remembered this incident because I would have sworn that he had been sprayed by a skunk. So I’m going to call this my “dude got sprayed by a skunk story” but I may have to revise that later to, “dude is a stoner story.”

I think he tried to sell us gum as a subterfuge because he asked us seconds later, “Or anything else you guys might need?” and the way he had said it with a certain smile, made me think that he had drugs for sale under his dark green trench coat.

I told him, “No thanks, bro.”

“Nahhh dude,” Witty said.

“Did you get sprayed by a skunk?” I asked.

“Yeah, hah-hah, good one” Big Ted said.

Big Ted shifted his eyes from left to right a few times seeking out his next prospect, then quickly swept his way around the lobby hitting up the rest of the unsuspecting soon to be skaters, leaving a waft of what I now know was 420 behind.

After Ted walked away, Witty Dee rolled his eyes, and I told him about Big Ted. “He is the dude that has a pair of speakers in his locker at school. In the mornings and in between class periods he plays Vanity Six, “Nasty Girls” over and over again; every time I walk past his locker,

it's jamming. That song is a groove," I said while nodding and smiling, as I noticed a couple of girls staring at me.

"I know who you're talking about," Witty said, "I just didn't recognize him at first, he's a loser, he sells all sorts of bull shee-ott."

Big Ted was the kind of guy that would say something to you confidently. But you wouldn't necessarily agree with him or even think the thing he was saying was true. But he would raise his eyebrows up and down a couple of times, show you the whites of his eyes, while nodding, and before you knew it, you'd be nodding with him too. Which made me start to wonder how much gum Big Ted actually sold that tonight? Ted was one of many "types" that had hung out at the rink. But it wasn't just the people that made the rink a big deal. It was the music and the lights.

I still remember how it always took a while for my eyes to adjust as I walked out of the bright yellow lobby, through the turnstiles, and into the dark, humungous, echoing skate rink that was jamming loud disco music with laser lights flashing that begged for my attention right when I walked in.

The funky fresh skate jams blasting from the speakers would always get my groove moving; the place was instant euphoria. It was where kids became teens. Right when you walked into the rink you could feel that something cool was going on.

Anyway, getting back to the Saturday night at the rink that I was about to tell you about, which was the same Saturday just after I had seen that show PM magazine with the break dancers.

"There's something going on" was echoing through the speakers as I sat down and started lacing up my skates. And as usual, I spotted some of the "in crowd" cats walking into the rink, hugging all over each other as if they hadn't seen each other in years - Even though they had just seen each other last week. They were all slobbering all over each other while they looked at everybody else as if they didn't even exist. This is what they always did, every time I went there. I suppose I was a little jealous and I guess I'm telling you this so you can feel it all. I want you to feel as if you were really there, you dig?

After lacing up my skates and watching the "in crowd" beam their "in crowd" eyes around, I started heading over towards the stand up arcade games. Nobody was on the rink hardwood yet. And I usually needed a few minutes to start to feel my skate groove anyway, so I headed on through the carpeted outskirts of the rink and slowly made my way towards the Donkey Kong and Pac Man video games. I passed by a couple teenagers sitting on the benches where you'd expect them to be lacing up their skates but they had other ideas. They had conveniently picked a less lit section of benches where the two horn dogs were ramming each other's tongues down each other's throats. I didn't want to eyeball them too obviously but they were straight up mashing! Old boy had his octopus arms all over her, grabbing her ass, rubbing her thigh. I mean some of this stuff was a little gaudy. They didn't seem to be in too big of a hurry to get their skates on. There was definitely something going on just as the song was singing.

"Yo Phil - Sup?" Witty Dee slapped my back and yelled, "Are ya ready for some roller tag dude?"

"I'm just heading to the back of the rink by the arcade games my brother! I'll get you in a game of tag in minute; I'm about to rock out on some Pac man. I'll catch up with you in a few," I told Witolde Dee as he gave me a nod and skated off. I knew he was ready to get on the rink and get some roller tag going but I usually started out my night over by the coin ops. I was only going to drop a quarter in the game but since I could rock it like a rocket, that quarter on Pac Man would last me a good hour, put that on the docket. I was a Pac Man champ, you see, and I remember this part of the night because it was the first time that I had broke 200,000 points and I had made it to the key where the ghosts didn't turn blue anymore, even after eating the power pill. Some things you just never forget.

After my game ran out, I heard the DJ playing my jam, "Don't stop till you get enough," by M.J. If Michael Jackson couldn't get you out on the floor, nothing would. It was time to rock, time to roll, time to skate, and get out on the floor. I had been working on my trick skating a lot in those months –in fact, big Effing time! Trick skating to Michael Jackson made me look like a big deal you know.

For those of you who don't know, trick skating is like dancing on skates. Which may not sound all that tough but I guess you would have to see it to understand; it's actually very tough, just ask any girl who hangs out at the rink. Although, I understand how a lot of people may not see it that way. For example, I first started going to the rink in 5th grade. By sixth grade I already had someone that wanted to kick my ass because I told him I liked to go roller skating. I guess it can sound kind of wimpy if it's not explained the right way.

You see, in sixth grade we had pen pals from another school across town with other kids in our same grade. I wrote in my letter to my pen pal about how I liked to go roller skating on the weekends. So he was probably picturing some pansy that skated around some rink with flowers in his hands or something. He wasn't picturing tough tricks, high speed movements on skates, and hot rink chicks, that's for sure.

Our teachers had arranged for both classes to meet one another so we could all meet our pen pals; on the day that our class walked over to our pen pals school, my pen pal didn't show up. All the kids were telling me how lucky I was that he didn't show up because my pen pal named Bucky Munster was going to kick my ass when he saw me because I said I liked roller skating. I was shocked someone wanted to kick my ass over it.

In retrospect I guess I could have told him that when you go to the roller rink there are a lot of fast girls there, that are dressed fast too, and I'm not talking about how fast they can skate. Because when it came down to it, the rink was really all about the girls. If there were no girls at the rink, I wouldn't have gone there; Aint nothing pansy about that. And I suppose I could have told him about the underage drinking and the 420ers and about the make out sessions that I had witnessed and stuff like that. But I guess it never really occurred to me to write that in a 6th grade pen pal letter. But it also never occurred to me that someone would want to kick my ass because I said I went roller skating.

Anyway back to my trick skating I was telling you about. I had been practicing my crazy legs and spaghetti legs like a madman. I had just figured out how to do spaghetti legs last month. This is a trick you do while you're skating around the rink floor trying to look all sexy-cool. You get up on your two front wheels on each skate and start zig zagging your skates in and out in the shape of the letter "C" with the left skate and a backwards "C" shape with the right skate. Kind of like a pattern you'd see in a top loading washing machine at home while your clothes were switching back and forth. You dig?

And of course I had been working on my speed skating and quick maneuvers too; which came in handy when you had a half a dozen buddies on your tail in a game of roller tag out on the rink floor. Yep, I said roller tag, it's not really as juvenile as it sounds, I'll have to tell you about it later. It's actually kind of dangerous sometimes. Wiping out on a hard wood floor can really kill somebody sometimes; so it's not your little brothers game of "tag" is what I'm saying.

So, where were we? Oh yeah, MJ was grooving over the rinks sound system and after doing a quick reconnaissance lap around the rink, I spotted 2 hotties entering the rink and heading towards the rental skate booth. I took a couple of more laps around and I let them get their skates from the rental shop. I watched from afar; I tried to not be obvious. The next time I skated around I threw a hard gawk their way. I tried to act as if I wasn't looking at them but I also tried to have a "cool face," whatever that was, but I know I tried. Once I saw they had noticed me, I sort of smiled and tried to look like a hot shot and play it off, so I busted out into high speed spaghetti legs.

While I was zig zaggin' my blinger wheeled trick skates back and forth I saw one of the girls nudge the other girl as she surreptitiously pointed in my direction. I took another lap around

not to look too anxious, but I knew ... it was on, it was on like Donkey Kong. The girl was straight up gawkin'.

As I was making my lap around, I thought about what the coolest part about those two chicks was. Other than the fact that they were stone cold foxes, they were rental mentals. You know what that means? It meant they were not a part of the infamous rink "in crowd." I wouldn't have to watch my back, just because I was trying to talk to a couple of girls. If they were Rink regular girls – I'd have to watch my back, just for even looking at them. It's funny, something so small like what kind of skates someone wears tells a whole story.

After my lap around, I was ready to make my move, I smoothly exited the disco lighted hardwood rink floor and I made my way to the darker more mysterious carpeted rink outskirts. I felt the carpet slow my skates as I stealthily headed towards the benches by the two unknown "rental mental" chicas who were just chilling and casually putting their skates on. It's funny; we guys have to move mountains to look all sexy but girls ... girls can look all sexy by just putting a pair of skates on.

On my way over I was thinking about what I was going to say to those girls. The only thing I could come up with was, "Hi." But hi is good. Hi is better than saying nothing at all. And Hi is better than saying something stupid. As I was skating over I saw one of the girls nudging the other girl who was previously the nudger. The nudger had become the nudgee. Girls – all they have to do is nudge another girl with their elbow and they look totally cute with their nudging and such. However, we guys; we have to catch lightning in a bottle to look cute. It's just the way it works.

I was looking in their direction without being too obvious by having a mix of nonchalance and cockiness all in one. They both started vehemently waving their arms like two people floating on a life raft that had been lost at sea for hours – it's as if they were waving their arms at a passing airplane for dear life. I remembered thinking, wow - these chicks are really trying to get my attention. They must have loved my trick skating.

I started to skate more directly towards them so I could say, 'Hi' and find out their names and all. Then out of nowhere. Witty Dee slapped my back red hot hard and yelled piercingly in my ear, "You're it!" it was loud enough where I was sure the girls had heard it.

Witty Dee skated off as to not get a tag back.

And I suddenly felt like a kid.

Now I know I told you that playing tag at the rink is not really as juvenile as it sounds but I also realize that when you're trying to look all cool for the girls, playing tag, doesn't exactly accomplish that goal. But really, I'm serious, meandering through the busy rink crowd at high speeds, trying to evade another high speed skater from tagging you while also trying to fly under the radar from the rink skate guard, who can throw you out of the rink if he catches you skating all crazy, really makes this game a challenge. But I know, it did nothing for the chick magnet factor.

After Witty Dee skated away I continued to head towards the two smokin' hot rental mentals that were still a good hundred feet away. One of the girls was looking at me square in the eyes. She waved me towards her. She was even being more emphatic with her waving than she had been a minute ago, which seemed kind of odd since I was obviously heading their way already.

Another Michael Jackson jam began pumping through the woofers and tweeters while the smell of someone's sweet yet undesirable perfume that reminded me of old lady perfume hit my nose, practically triggering an asthma attack. I muttered, "If I didn't know any better I'd think that someone was wearing my grandmas' perfume." I said randomly, trying to get a laugh, to this group of "in crowders" that was lingering by the lockers, but nobody paid attention to me. I'm sure if I was an "in crowder" everyone would have laughed their asses off at my perfume joke. When you're popular, every joke you say is funny.

I coolly and casually skaundered toward the two girls, oh yeah, skaundered it's my own word. Skate and saunter merged together. Studying the dictionary in your free time can really

have a perverse effect on you, you know? The closer I got to this girl, the tighter her pants were starting to look. The disco lights were bouncing off of her tiny curves. Whether a girl has tiny curves or big curves, it makes no difference to me; girl curves are girl curves. Girls should never worry about what kinds of curves they have - And with her tight ass painted on shirt, you couldn't help but to look at her bumps and humps.

As I cool-cat-ed-ly inched over towards her I couldn't help wondering why she had this quizzical look on her face and was still aggressively waving at me, even though I was close enough for her to spit on me. (Well, if she really belted a hocker out. I mean, if she could spit like a guy, then I was a spitting distance from her.) She was acting as if I hadn't even acknowledged her yet or anything. But I had. I had already winked, did the head nod, and hap hazard wave of my own. Plus I was obviously heading her way. Girls can really be a mystery sometimes.

The closer I got to her; I started thinking about how sexy her curly brown hair looked in the purplish red disco lights. Her bangs were hanging down hiding her flirtatious eyes, which made my heart clang that much faster. My face felt warm as I noticed her belly button which was showing ever so slightly. Yet all I could think about was: why is this hot goofy girl still waving at me like someone at a sporting event trying to get the camera man to put them on TV?

I was seconds away from talking to her when she stopped waving. Belly button showing girl smiled big and I was thinking: cool, so far, so good. Then like a bolt of lightning. Bruno from the rinks "In crowd" swooped in from around me and gave the hot wavy haired girl a big hug. "That was awkward," I said out loud, but only to myself. I kept on skating passed the two girls and Bruno while feeling like an ass.

Then I shouted out, "Yo Witty Dee, wait up," but Witty Dee actually was nowhere in sight. I just had to save some face, you know. So I pretended I was waving at him.

I was wondering if the girls had known that I was heading towards them. But it's cool I got it, they were actually flagging someone else down that was behind me; none other than Bruno from the rinks "In crowd." He was one of the dudes at the rink that had tall "back up" and he was definitely not someone to mess with. He had too many people to back him up. In fact he was the last person that I'd want to see those girls talking to. As I skated by, I heard one of the girls say something about how her speed skates were getting repaired - and that was that.

It was time to look for Witty Dee or Brock Blazin' because "I was it" and it was time to un-it myself. It was a perfect time to find someone to tag because Harry the rink guard was still helping the mentals get their rentals instead of being out on the rink floor patrolling. Therefore, I didn't have to worry about getting kicked out of the rink for skating all crazy while I hunted down my targets.

You know what? Real quick, I'll tell you about my buddy Blazin' since he was first on my tag list. Brock Blazin' was one of those cats that you would see in a crowded place like a movie theater and he would just grab your attention out of nowhere. The theater could be dark, crazy, loud, and packed and Brock would just stand out. He would grab your eye, for no particular reason. He'd be the big pumped up cat, big smiled and sculpted jaw teen that was laughing his teeth off. I mean, he would be getting all of his body English into his crazy ass laugh, grinning with his eyes too - and you'd just have to look, he is that captivating. Funny thing about him - whatever he was laughing about probably wasn't even funny to anybody else but him. So when you'd ask him "Wazup?" about all of his laughing. He would then have to explain to you why he was laughing so hard. But his explanation wouldn't make sense, so he'd keep explaining and explaining until you finally laughed too - for no reason, just like him, even though you probably just guffawed to get him off your back, so you could go back to watching the movie again. But that's my buddy Brock Blazin'. Even though it may have been a dark movie theater that you had first met him - you'd remember him if you saw him later, he just stands out, even in the dark. That's exactly why he was the first person on my list to un-it myself.

I scanned the oval rink floor which was slowly becoming filled with skaters and couples, while the carpeted outskirts of the rink were also teeming with people: walking, gossiping, and damsels longing to be seen. Or maybe, I was just longing to see them. Many were just chill-axxin' and others were quickly getting their skates on and laced up. There were plenty of lovebirds to go around too. Those two lovebirds I told you about earlier. They were still going at it and talking all of that mushy mush while they stared at each other all starry eyed. I playfully yelled out, "GET A ROOM!" while they weren't looking my way. Subsequently they looked in my direction but I played it off and passed the blame.

I noticed this crowd of dorky looking rental mental guys, one with bucked teeth and another with pants pulled up to his nipples within my path of the lovebirds. While the lovebirds were still staring in my direction, I scolded the dorky gang of guys with my best tough guy impersonation, as to pass off the blame for that, "get a room" remark. I said, "Y'all should mind your own business" as loud as I could so the lovebirds could hear. I then looked at the lovebirds, nonchalantly nodded, I looked back at the rental mentals, and I shook my head disdainfully. I kept up my tom foolery by shrugging my shoulders and said, "Kids" as I skated away.

The two lovebirds gave those dorks dirty looks and then went back to their smoochy smooch. I skated away laughing to myself. I loved doing stuff like that. Truth be told, my buddy Witty Dee taught me that kind of crazy ice shiznit. Witty Dee was always busting someone's chops or blaming someone else for something he had done. Funny thing is - not too long ago, I looked just like those bucked tooth, pop bottle glasses, and pants up to their nipples dorks; the mess-ee had become the messer. I had to mess with them though, even though I felt sort of sorry for them. But not too sorry, I guess.

An animated indistinct figure had caught my eyes from half way across the rink. Someone was flailing about under the bright snack bar lights. It had stuck out like a zit on a cheek. I quickly skated my way over on a hunch. Show nuf, it was Blazin'. I skated over to his table; Blazin' was all chillin' like a villain. He was going on and on about how freshy fresh some dudes shoes were, who was also sitting at the table. Blazin' was all foaming at the mouth and filling the snack bar room with echoes of his voice - louder than anything else that was going on in the snack bar. You could feel the eyes glaring at our uproarious table. Mainly Blazin's uproar.

Blazin's mouth and eyes were filled with energy as he enunciated loudly and passionately about the dudes kicks. I had only caught a glimpse of them, but the more Blazin' went on and on about them, I felt the pressure to agree. I even started thinking quietly to myself, maybe the shoes are really cool and I just didn't know it yet. Heck I even started to want a pair. Brocks salivating, open mouth, and nodding melon, made me want a pair. It's funny though, I could barely even see the dudes' shoes because his feet were camped out under the table. Yet I suddenly wanted a pair too. That's the kind of passion Brock Blazin' had. I didn't even have to see the dudes damn shoes, yet I knew I wanted them.

I started to get the impression that the dude with the "killer kicks" wasn't really that excited about his own shoes; at least the same way Blazin' was excited about them. I could tell the dude was starting to feel the pressure to get a little more excited about his own damn shoes because he started adding to the conversation with reluctance, "Yeah, umm, my shoes are cool dude, I agree, okay, they're cool, it's all good man Chill," he had said sort of annoyed.

Blazin' can have that effect on a person.

After talking about that cat's shoes for a million minutes, Brock Blazin' finally asked me, "Yo Swift - have you seen Witty Dee yet?"

"Yeah I caught up with him for a minute. I've just been out there doing a re-con of the rink ... and there are some chica's up in this jizz-oint tonight my brudda," I said to Blazin', all slick like, since there was a table load of girl's right next to us. It's funny, when girls are around, they can make me talk that much more suave.

Blazin' continued on, "Have you seen these dudes' kicks yet bro?" he emphatically asked me again.

“Yep, they’re sharp for sure,” I told him, even though I wasn’t really sure if I had seen them or not but I wasn’t about to make the dude get up from the table and stop eating his pizza, just to show me his darn shoes. If anything the thing that crossed my mind was: why didn’t the dude have his skates on yet?

“Yo Brock, I’ve gotta tell you something but I don’t want everyone to hear, come here for a sec,” I said. I leaned in all slyly, while positioning my skates for a getaway and then I swiped Blazin’s back. “You’re it my brother from a different mother, you’re it.” I quickly skated away into the disco lighted, booming sound system, lovebird haven, gossiping skaters abound – carpeted rink outskirts, and began looking for Witty Dee.

I could hear in the distance, even though the rink speakers were blasting my ears off, “Awe man, you ganked me dude, you ganked me – paybacks are a bee-otch Swift!” I looked back and Blazin’ was still sitting at the table. Seconds later, I swear I could still hear Blazin’ yelling at me, “That’s bunk dude, that’s bunk,” he was that loud.

I skated passed the lovebirds again and gave ‘em a nod, then I saw that Harry the rink guard was done hooking up the initial rush of mentals with their rentals. So I hastened my pace and I caught up to him, I talked with him once in a while. A few girls were huddled around him giving him hugs and kisses and all that stuff which were the perks of being a rink guard. I just waited around a bit, keeping an eye out for Witty and Brock while he talked with the girls and I waited my turn to talk to him. He was a pretty popular cat at the rink. He was a part of that infamous “in crowd” but he was cool to me. Maybe he had to be since he worked there. But either way, he was cool.

Harry was sportin’ zipper pants that I had never seen before. They were puffy grey pants with gold zippers running down the sides of his legs with maroon sections of fabric on the inside of the zippered portion; the zipper started at the tapered ankles and extended to the hips, fresh as all heck.

I nodded at Harry a few times, to let him know, I was waiting for him, who half smiled back to acknowledge me. But I understood why he kind of blew me off, he was in the middle of chatting it up with a couple of “in crowd” hotties that were still hugging all over him. You can’t blame a guy for giving you the cold shoulder when something like that was going on.

Skate guard Harry and the two girls were finally done talking and exchanging hugs and all of that, so I asked, “Yo Harry I’m not trying to bite your style or anything but you’ve got to tell me where you got those pants from?”

He unpretentiously smiled and told me, “You can get them at Chess King in Dorktown mall.”

I asked him if the zippers on the sides could zip all of the way up and hide the maroon inside if you wanted to, so he started zipping them up and shaking his head yes and then quickly zipped them all the way back down. I knew I sounded like a kid when I had asked it, but I was just too damn curious not to, so I asked it anyway. After that, I could tell that Harry was done talking to me by the way he had started to skate away as he was unzipping his parachute pants and talking all at once.

Harry skated onto the busy rink floor and I stayed on the outskirts of the rink in the carpeted section where it was more clandestine. It was less lit; there were less people, and more shadows, so it was easier to see who was coming at me and who was on the rink floor, which was paramount when playing roller tag.

“Get down on it,” by Kool and the Gang was echoing all throughout my head as I was on the lookout for my mates. I prowled around all stealthy as I watched the skaters get down to the ground while they were skating. Every time the chorus played, “Get down on it” random skaters throughout the oval shaped rink floor would stick one leg out in front of them and put the other leg simultaneously behind them while pouncing to the floor on the word, “down” and springing fully erect again by the word “it.” There were a good 20 or 30 people, getting “down on it” in

unison along with the song. It really looked pretty damn cool, if you know what I mean. You've really got to see it sometime.

It seemed like forever but I spotted Witty Dee and Brock Blazin' skating together and scheming together. I could tell by their body language and camaraderie that Blazin' must have tagged Witty Dee and they were now conspiring to find me and nail me. They were in cahoots but they didn't know that I was hip to their jive. But because I had been surreptitious; you know, laying low like a pro, on the DL like a gazelle. And straight up incognito like a bandito; they had no idea where I was.

My Plan was to stay in the shadows for a bit, at least until "couples skate only." During couples skate - all bets were off; you can't tag anyone during couples skate only. Besides, if I knew Witty Dee and I did. During couples skate only Witty Dee almost always grabbed some gumption and swagger and would ask some chicky to skate. Witty Dee was good like that. He had no fear, any chick was fair game; he didn't care. He'd even ask a rink "in crowd" girl to skate once in a while.

Actually if I've got to tell you the truth, most of the time I'm a big chicken when it comes to asking some random girl that I've never talked to before to skate. Lucky for me, once in a while, some chick would approach me and ask me to skate. Even when I was hideous looking, some "okay looking" girl would come ask me to skate. It's not that I thought she was just "okay looking" - that's just what my friends had said to me after I had gotten done skating with her. But the way I saw it, a girl was a girl, and that was good enough for me. But ever since I changed my style, things got better, which was cool with me, you see, that's why I've been telling you - it pays to dress cool, have a cool haircut, and be sly on skates with the tricks and such. It really does get you noticed and make you stand out. Who's going to get the chicks? Someone whose standing out or someone whose not?

After a couple of minutes of chillin' like a villain and laying low, one of my jams came on, grooving through the sound system. "Abra Cadabra" reeled me in. That's just one of those songs that even though I knew I was a tag target, I had to take my chances and get out on the floor anyway. You see skating is kind of like dancing on skates, when the music's right; you're just grooving on skates, you dig? So when your jam comes on, you've gotta get out there.

I groovily finessed my way onto the oval rink floor and busted out with squiggly spaghetti legs right in front of a bench load of girls. I'm quite the show off, most of the time. I really am. I tried to remain a furtive half the rinks oval distance behind my tag mates. Or was it half a distance in front of them? Meanwhile, I was shucking and jiving in and out of skate traffic while mouthing the words to Steve Miller bands jam. Then almost as if time had stopped and had enraptured me in awe, I saw off into the distance on the outskirts of the rink where I was just hanging out, not even two minutes ago, the coolest and most amazing thing I had ever seen. I wish I could find a more meaningful way to say it to you, but I can't. Some things you just can't do them any justice by putting them into words, it's just indescribable, ineffable, if you want to do it proper justice that is, so I won't even try.

I cut right down the middle of the rink floor, while dodging skaters, and evading Harry the guard but not caring about my silly little game of tag anymore. I hastily made my way through the swarm of skaters, magically meandering through the maze of mayhem and I made it there. Time unfroze, I felt euphoric and I was awestruck.

Two guys, probably about my age were both donning red sweatshirts. One guy with a hood, the other guy without, they looked like they might be brothers. The taller of the two had long black hair, a goatee (yet he looked young - maybe 15), and black cursive letters on the breast area of his sweatshirt that read, "Poppin G."

The other dude, who had just popped up from the ground, and was the one who had actually caught my eye from across the rink floor, with his fantastically tornadic and whirl winding break dance move, was looking at me and smiling with an: I'm out of breath, sort of smile. He had just rocked 360 degree spins and quick bursts of windmill movements on the

ground and I had seen all of it. I saw it from a mile away. His legs were in the shape of the letter V and his body kept spinning continuous back spins to chest spins to back spins again and so on.

Break dancing - I had heard about it not even a week ago from that TV show I had told you about. I had wanted to learn how to do it since last week, but I didn't know anybody else who knew anything about it, other than Blazin' and I. We had been trying to figure it out on our own all week with some moves we had made up but our stuff looked nothing like this cats stuff.

Here I was, smack dab in the middle of a couple of hip cats bustin' out with some breakin' and I was enamored. This cat started pacing around in an imaginary circle on the carpet, while making slight eye contact with me, as if he knew that I was watching him. Or maybe he could tell that I had come over out of intrigue for his breakin' and he wanted to make sure I saw it all. I'm not the only show-off you know.

He dove to the floor and started spinning around in complete circles on his chest and back; his legs were stretched out wide in the shape of the letter "V." He was doing a circle within a circle of his own body. Picture a spinning top spinning on top of a record player, you dig?

When he finished, he propelled to his feet abruptly, kind of rough, but it seemed on purpose. He gave off an effervescent smirk to me and then to the rest of the rink but actually at that moment I was among the few spectators, since most everyone else was skating by that point. He looked back at me and started grinning gregariously. In that moment, I knew he was friendly; it was that kind of grin.

He looked over to me and initiated an out of breath, "hello" or I think he may have even said, "Hi-Low."

I was juxtaposed by a ceiling mounted speaker, I could barely hear him. I pointed to my ear as, "Der Komissar" was playing over the speakers and said, "Sup man that was cool - your Break dancing rocked!" I felt like a kid when I had said it, but I didn't care. It did rock.

He smiled wide with reticence.

"Where'd you learn that stuff bro?" I asked him eagerly.

"I just learned it," he said as he smiled unassumingly.

"Wow dude that was awesome! What do you call that?" I asked him.

"Helicopters ... some people call them windmills," he said. He was a teen of very few words but very many smiles.

After talking to him for a few minutes I could see that he had some black cursive writing on his sweatshirt that read, "Miguel 2 Tuff." I told Miguel, "Hey, well its cool to meet you. My name's Phil K Swift ... you can call me Phil." And when I had said it, he had given me the biggest smile ever, to the point where I almost wondered if I had sounded odd or something? - That's how big he had smiled at me.

I didn't usually introduce myself as Phil K Swift but when you're meeting someone named, "Miguel 2 Tuff" and "Poppin G.," it only seemed apropos to introduce myself as the cool cat that I was. Miguel smiled so big, it looked like a banana across his mouth when he said, "I'm Miguel and this is my brother Gio."

"Can you teach me how to break dance?" I asked hopefully.

Without hesitation and devoid of haughtiness Miguel said, "Sure!" Then he began to go through the steps of how to do helicopters (windmills) with me.

In the midst of hanging out with Miguel and Gio, I heard the DJ get on the mic and say, "Aaaah yeah, couples skate - couples skate only. Grab a girl, grab a guy, couples skate only." Simultaneously emerging from the rinks hardwood, Witty Dee and Brock Blazin' were heading my way. When they got over by Miguel, Gio, and me they started talking all that smack about how I was hiding on the carpet because I was afraid of getting tagged and such.

"Ahhh, the punk ice bee-otch is hiding from us," Witty said.

"Chicken shee-ott bee-otch," Brock taunted.

But I cut them off and explained to them, “I was out there skating around to my jam, “Abracadabra ...”

Witty Dee cut me off and said, “Yeah – bull effing shee-ott, bee-otch. Who are you bull shee-ottin?”

Then, Poppin G. busted out into pop lockin’, which is like rhythmic arm dancing, with ticks, body waves, and such, In case you didn’t know, that sort of quelled their banter for a few seconds.

Miguel 2 Tuff gravitated to the floor with foot work or “scatting,” as Brock had been calling it all week, which grabbed Blazin’s attention. Blazin’ looked at me wide eyed and horse toothed and I told him, “That’s the reason I left the rink floor, that’s what I was trying to tell you guys, these cats are breakin’!”

Blazin’ smiled at me like a teen that had just found a “Playboy” magazine and said, “Whoa dude, that’s awesome!”

Witty Dee seemed less interested in breakin’ and told Blazin’ and me that he was going to ask a girl to couples skate.

Miguel kept helicoptering around, while I simultaneously watched Witty Dee confidently skate away. He approached this girl that he was checking out last week, but never really said hi or asked her to skate or anything, until now. He approached the girl and switched into his “cute mode.” It was weird to watch Witty act nice. I could see him smiling and playing all cute and going in for the arm touch, real quick, yet soft, just to make contact. Then he smiled as if he was shy, but he’s not. Then he grabbed her hand, motioned cutely with his shoulders, and made her go out on the floor with him for a couples skate.

You could tell that she was just playing hard to get by the way she kept shaking her head no while smiling coyly, yet she was willingly creeping closer to the rink floor with him. Witty Dee’s a pro but you could also tell that this chick was hoping someone was going to ask her anyway.

The girl Witty had asked, had a buddy, who I was digging hard – it was one of the girls I had almost said “Hi” to till Bruno cut me off. But now she was engaged in a conversation with 2 other girls and 2 other guys that were rink regulars, so I left it alone. I sort of checked her out from afar but Blazin’ snapped me out of my longing gaze, when I heard him say, “Yo bro, that’s fresh! Your spinning is sweet my man!” Blazin’ was projecting his compliments to Miguel of course. Then he started looking at me with enthusiastic eyes and exclaimed, “Did you see those copters Swift? Did you see those copters?”

I nodded and told Brock, “Heck yeah!”

Then Blazin’ asked me the same question again out of excitement. Which was quintessential Blazin’. He would ask me if I just saw something even though he damn well knew that I just saw it. Then he’d ask again. It could go on for hours. When he got pumped, there was no stopping him.

Blazin’ and I both started talking to Miguel and Poppin G. about how we wanted to learn how to break. I told them about the entertainment news show that I saw the other night on TV called, “PM magazine.”

Miguel cut me off and said, “Yeah, it was kind of phony how they said that gangbangers aren’t fighting anymore because of break dancing.”

I interjected, “Yeah, I thought that sounded kind of nuts too.”

Miguel continued, “... and they kept calling it break dancing? ... I’ve always called it B-boying or breakin’ but whatever. That’s what my cousins from New York called it ‘breakin’.” Then Miguel did a twisting flipping twirl into the air and gravity took him to the ground into helicopters that seemed to have doubled in speed from his last time around.

Blazin’ yelled, “Kick ass man, Kick ass!”

Miguel 2 Tuff kept on breakin’ even during the slow couples skate songs as Blazin’ and I kept watching with awe.

When "Total eclipse of the heart" stopped playing and the couples skate was over, Witty Dee exited the rink, skated quickly by us with his "new friend" and said, "This is Muffy, I'll be back in a second," and then they went over by her friends – the "in crowd" where something had really stuck out right away.

As I looked over by Witty and Muffy's friends, I saw Bruno giving Witty Dee hard ass looks. I couldn't tell for sure but it looked like Bruno and Witty Dee had some sort of exchange of words.

After a bit, Witty Dee skated back over to us and I asked him, "Did Bruno say something to you?"

Witty replied, "Who cares - Eff him!"

You see, just like I told you, Witty Dee has no fear, even though this dude Bruno had the worst rep at the rink for being a bully and he had tall back up to boot, Witty still didn't give a flyin' Eff. Then in a flash of thought, I warily gleaned that I was in effect, Witty Dee's "backup." I hate having to be someone's backup; I just like having backup. Now that I knew someone was messing with one of my boys. I knew deep down inside that I was the dreaded "backup" if something were to happen.

Witty Dee asked Blazin' and me, "Do you guys want to join Muffy and her friends and me to go and hang out at the snack shop for some pizza?"

"Do you want a free pizza?" I asked Witty with a wry smile.

"Yeah dude," he said cocksure.

"A free pizza THEEZ NUTZ," I said while grabbing my package.

Witty skated away saying, "Ohhh, I see how it is, a wise guy, eh." He had said it in this "Curly" voice, yet Witty's face had this: you're a friggin' punk sort of smile that told me, he would be getting me back soon. That's the thing about Witty Dee he would always get you back, especially on a burn.

Brock chimed in loudly, so Witty could hear, "Ohh shee-ott, bee-otch, Phil just served you punk. He made you look stupid Witty; STOOO Pidd." I knew Brock was purposely adding fuel to the fire, because Brock also knew, that old Witty Dee was going to get me back.

I probably would have joined Witty and his "new girl" and such but Blazin' and I were too hypnotized in this thing called breakin', so we forewent the food offer and the females to hang out with our new found friends Miguel and Gio.

Witty Dee smoothly grabbed Muffy's hand as if he had never even left her side and as if he'd known her for weeks, when in fact he had just met her that night, other than a stare down last week. That's how confident he looked when he grabbed her hand is what I'm screamin'. He was a real pro.

Witty Dee and Muffy comingled down the corridor on their way to the snack shop, when coming as no surprise to me, I saw Bruno glaring at the two of them with fire in his eyes. Even though Bruno was at least a hundred feet away from me, I swear it looked like he had clenched his teeth together, smashed his hands in anger, and muttered what was most likely obscene language.

Blazin' and I spent the next couple of hours together with Miguel 2 Tuff and Poppin G. We chatted it up and learned how to break all night long – we had forgotten all about skating. Before I knew it, time was up and it was time to bounce or as Blazin' liked to say, "Yo, Lets blow this crazy joint Yo!"

I got Miguel 2 Tuff's number and began to put my skates back on again. I had taken them off a couple of hours ago while Miguel was teaching me how to do helicopters. I didn't quite learn how to do the copters yet but Miguel showed me enough of the necessary maneuvers that I figured I'd be able to learn them at home with some practice.

I knew I was going to have to drag Witty Dee away from his new gal pal because they were looking all cozy ever since they had couples skated. So after tying my skates, I skated over to the snack shop to find Witty Dee. Blazin' told me that he would meet us outside. Blazin's dad

was picking us up that night and he didn't want to keep him waiting. But you know, Blazin' was one of those cat's that was always in a big hurry to leave a place, even if we had just got there. I didn't really know for sure if he just didn't want to leave his dad waiting or if he was just in a big hurry for the sake of being in a hurry.

The only reason he had even lasted that long inside of the rink that night was because we were checking out some breakin'. Otherwise, Blazin' would have had us waiting outside in the parking lot a long time ago, for no good reason. Witty Dee and I would always laugh because we'd tell Brock, "You're always in a big hurry to go nowhere, RELAX!"

Blazin' would always respond, "Okay, I'll relax, I'll relax" and then I bull shee-ott you not, one minute later, Blazin' would say, "Hurry up let's go, let's go!" That's just Blazin' for you. He was always in a big hurry to get somewhere and then he'd always be in a big hurry to leave.

I made my way back onto the rink hardwood floor. I figured I might as well do one last lap around the oval, especially since Rappers Delight was jamming in my ear. I wheeled up onto my front wheels and started zig zaggin' spaghetti legs at a high rate of speed, well as fast as you can go when you're doing that sort of a thing. I wanted to find Witty Dee and get out while the getting was good, you know, before I'd have to end up being Witty Dee's backup or something, if you dig what I'm saying.

After one quick lap around, I got off the rink floor over by the arcade games and started heading to the snack shop to look for Witty. I almost tripped over two Damn lovebirds in the dimly lit arcade section of the rink. It looked like the same two lovebirds that I had busted out earlier in the night with that "get a room" comment. They had their legs stretched out and their skates were still on, which made it quite the obstacle to pass them. They were flailing and gyrating their legs all over the place like a bunch of horny toads, and they had inadvertently almost tripped me. That's how busy they were with their serious tongue action. You'd have thought that they were trying to clean peanut butter off of each other's teeth or something, that's how vigorously they were going at it, is what I'm screamin'.

I yelled out again, just like last time, "Get a room you two" only this time I didn't look away and play it off. I was staring right at them with playfully scolding eyes. But I was wrong, it wasn't that other couple of love birds from earlier. It was Witty Dee and Muffy. I skated right up to them and smiled. They both smiled back at me and then went right back at it; tonguing' the hell out of each other.

I cut them off and said, "Yo Witty Dee, Brock's out in the parking lot already waiting for us."

Witty Dee cursed quietly and said to Muffy, "Our boy Brock ... that dudes always in a Big hurry to go nowhere."

Witty Dee started taking off his skates and said, "I guess I better get going before Brock has a conniption."

While I was taking off my skates, I saw Witty Dee say his goodbyes to Muffy, which led to them picking up where they had left off before I told him Brock was outside waiting for us. So I slowly walked towards the front of the rink, since I didn't want to slow his roll, when moments later, Witty Dee yelled in a sarcastic tone, "Wait up dude, are you in a big hurry to go nowhere man?"

Witty Dee and I walked back down the carpeted corridor on the outskirts of the rink and he sheepishly leaned his mouth towards my ear and said with a boyish giggle, "Dude, it's hard to walk right now because I've got a big ol boner going on!"

"Thanks dude but I don't need to know about your LITTLE boner," I tauntingly laughed.

Witty Dee tapped me on the shoulder again and said, "Seriously man, that chick was giving me some serious wood and it aint little man, its HUGE!"

"Alright dude I get it, let's just get to our ride and don't get any closer to me with that little pecker of yours," I said which in retrospect I shouldn't have said because Witty Dee liked to antagonize.

Witty Dee started chasing me down the corridor with his pelvic area purposefully and exaggeratingly protruding outwards. Witty Dee was straight up running after me and maintaining a gross display of an arched back to emphasize his pelvic region, just to taunt me with his boner, just to mess with me. That's the kind of taunting Witty Dee liked to do, Crazy ice Shiznit like that, no holds barred, no boners barred. I mean, don't get me wrong, his pants were on and he was a straight guy. He's not gay. He just likes to taunt in any way shape or form. And if that meant chasing someone with his we-we, then he'd do it. That's just the kind of taunter Witty Dee was. I'm sure this was a part of my payback for that, "Pizza THEEZ NUTZ" comment I had made earlier too.

When we were kids, there was this time that Witty, just for fun, was chasing me around his backyard trying to spit on me. It was just a game to him. Let's see if I can spit on Phil was his game. He kept chasing me and chasing me with taunting goobers and hockers being spat about, when finally I just had to leave his house and walk home. I can still remember him calling me a "sissy" as I was jogging away from his house towards mine. He was the kind of friend that over time had thickened my skin.

We briskly walked out of the echoing disco sounds of Suburbanite rink into the bright lights of the circular lobby and Witty kind of calmed down. Well, he was no longer brandishing his boner at least. The lobby was quiet, except for someone's grandmother who was presumably waiting for their grandkid. You know, I love my grandma but having your grandma pick you up at the roller rink doesn't exactly add to your cool factor; especially if it's the babushka, curlers in the hair kind of grandma. In fact I bet you whoever it was that was getting picked up probably even asked old G to wait in the car for them but I bet you the sweet old lady was thinking; I'll just be nice and wait in the lobby for my grandkid. I really got a kick out of it all though, her babushka and such.

The doors to the outside were being held open by a chair, to let some fresh air into the rink lobby which come to think of it smelled rather smoky from cigs, most of the time. I could see clearly outside in the parking lot that Blazin' was pensively pacing with concern. While I was still inside, I made eye contact with Blazin' directly even though we were probably fifty feet away from each other, but as our eyes met, it was confirmed, something was bugging him.

Blazin' nonchalantly tilted his head to the side and moved his eyes in the same direction as to tell me to look to the left as we walked out of the rink and towards him. It was clear that he did not want to point but he was definitely trying to tell me something. I was already walking at a brisk pace because I had just been evading Witty's taunting testicles, just five seconds earlier. So I kept my stride and made my way towards him.

By the time we both were outside in the lot it was even more obvious that something was up, even Witty Dee saw that Blazin' was stressing about something. Witty Dee quizzically under his breath said, "What's up with Brock?"

Blazin' briskly walked over to us and tried to look calm but I knew he wasn't. He gravely uttered, "Bruno just came up to me a couple of minutes ago and told me he's going to kick your ass Witty. He wanted to know where you were. Don't look now, but he's over there," Brock tilted his head in the direction towards where Bruno was lurking, "hanging out with JD."

Then in typical ballsy Witty Dee fashion he yelled out loudly so everyone in the entire rink parking lot could hear, "Well I'm right freakin' here!" Witty Dee cockily smirked and continued, "Sorry it took so long Brock but I was inside making out with this chick Muffy ...She's hot!" Just then I thought I saw Bruno and J.D. out of the corner of my eye beginning to trek our way. By happenstance, Blazin's old man had just pulled up in the station wagon and we all piled into the car.

As soon as I closed the door to the car I saw the very blonde – surfer blonde haired, tight lipped Bruno spouting something from his lips. Blazin's old man was coincidentally rolling down his window as we were departing because he was getting ready to smoke a square and then it became more clear.

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