

THE OLDEST LIVING GRADUATE

by Preston Jones

Part of Floyd

Quit tellin' me what ah can and can't have. Ah've looked after this family for seventeen years, seventeen years! ME, Dammit, not you. Now, by God, form now on what ah say goes. That, Colonel, is an order and that is a fact! And to hell with Franklin. I'm sick of hearin' about him. You've stuck him down my throat ever since we were boys. Your precious damned Franklin. You know what Franklin was, you really want to know? He was a stuck-up, smarty-assed twirp! My beloved big brother. My first day in high school he sicked some of his buddies on me and they took my pants off in front of the whole school. I was layin' there in the dirt, too dammed ashamed to move, and he was laffin', laffin' louder than all the rest. I hated his guts and you put him on a pedestal forty feet high. Franklin the star! Football, basketball, track, baseball. "The Bradleville Flash," isn't that what ever'body called him? You wanna know somethin' else? When the old "Flash" bought it in that B-17 ah was happy, happy as hell, because ah knew that if he lived out the war and came home some kind of hero I could kiss my ass goodbye.