

here's some text



"On the Way to a Sing"

The sound of Bing singing along with the Godfather of Soul could be heard over the cheap radio speakers and the tires crunching gravel as his truck slid into the liquor store's parking lot. Bing always had to get a buzz on before each sing. He knew his old flame, Gloria, would be there and he wanted to be lit by the time he saw her. They had an on-again/off-again thing going, but mostly off-again since their graduation from Tuba City High.

With his paper bag wrapped Jack Daniels, Bing burst out of the liquor store doing the James Brown shuffle when he saw Shorty, the Arizona Highway patrolman, veering off the highway heading toward the parking lot. Bing cut the shuffle short and ducked around the corner with his bottle of Jack.

"Shorty has always had it in for the Crosby family," thought Bing, "If that Baptist son-of-a-bitch catches me drunk driving again I'll spend some time in the Flagstaff jail and those cells get real cold this time of year."

He chug-a-lugged the Jack Daniels then promptly threw it up all over the liquor store's wall. He knew he couldn't keep it down on an empty stomach, but he couldn't resist. Tonight's plan after the sing was the ol' James Brown special--hit it and quit. Gloria's meth problem was getting worse, and she was no good to him like that.

Bing had bigger plans. A rodeo scholarship awaited him at NAU (Northern Arizona University). Bing had picked up some bulldogging tips from his first cousin up in Henrietta, Oklahoma. His cousin, Delbert, fancied himself as a "Navajo Jim Shoulders." Yeah, Bing had bigger plans than being a drug addict.

As Shorty was turning his cruiser around in the back of the store, Bing jumped in his truck, started the engine, and took off for the sing. He thought about Gloria as he squinted in the rear-view mirror.



"On
the
Way
to a
'Sing'"

The sound of Bing singing along with the Godfather of Soul could be heard over the cheap radio speakers and the tires crunching gravel as his truck slid into the liquor store's parking lot. Bing always had to get a buzz on before each sing. He knew his old flame, Gloria, would be there and he wanted to be lit by the time he saw her. They had an on-again/off-again thing going, but mostly off-again since their graduation from Tuba City High.

With his paper bag wrapped Jack Daniels, Bing burst out of the liquor store doing the James Brown shuffle when he saw Shorty, the Arizona Highway patrolman, veering off the highway heading toward the parking lot. Bing cut the shuffle short and ducked around the corner with his bottle of Jack.

"Shorty has always had it in for the Crosby family," thought Bing, "If that Baptist son-of-a-bitch catches me drunk driving again I'll spend some time in the Flagstaff jail and those cells get real cold this time of year."

He chug-a-lugged the Jack Daniels then promptly threw it up all over the liquor store's wall. He knew he couldn't keep it down on an empty stomach, but he couldn't resist. Tonight's plan after the sing was the ol' James Brown special--hit it and quit. Gloria's meth problem was getting worse, and she was no good to him like that.

Bing had bigger plans. A rodeo scholarship awaited him at NAU (Northern Arizona University). Bing had picked up some bulldogging tips from his first cousin up in Henrietta, Oklahoma. His cousin, Delbert, fancied himself as a "Navajo Jim Shoulders." Yeah, Bing had bigger plans than being a drug addict.

As Shorty was turning his cruiser around in the back of the store, Bing jumped in his truck, started the engine, and took off for the sing. He thought about Gloria as he squinted in the rear-view mirror.

