

Bad Boys

by Jake Barnes

I don't remember much about kindergarten. I remember the school house was a two-story brick building just up the street from where I lived.

The teacher's name was Mrs. Halverson. She was nice.

We had a dirt fight once in the schoolyard. I picked up a handful of dirt with a stone in it and hit a little girl in the face. I didn't 'fess up. One of the other kids said whoever did it should be tied to his chair. That sounded to me like a terrible punishment.

Two or three of us walked home from school together each day. We'd stand on the overpass above the railroad tracks, and if a train should be passing by underneath, we'd try to drop rocks down the smokestack.

The best thing about Kindergarten as I recall was standing by the swings in the schoolyard watching the girls in their little skirts and white stockings and black patent leather shoes as they flew back and forth overhead. You could see their pink and white panties.

