

Brought to Light

I arrived in Florida sometime in February of 1981, and a few weeks later met Barbara and soon moved in with her - it is now .October of 1982, and even though there have been plenty of hurtles placed in our way, Barbara and I, are close to achieving a mutual goal of leaving Florida and starting over - with my two children - with it now being a matter of how much we are willing to settle for on the sale of the duplex - before we head back out on the highway for parts unknown ...

Butch, against my wishes has been living upstairs in the duplex - with a couple of small time rag weed, pot dealers he met - I tried to explain to Barbara that we didn't need the heat of having a couple of conman pot dealers living in the duplex ripping people off by selling them rag weed (pot with little THC) - But, Barbara convinced me to use them to clean all the debris from the duplex - especially the upstairs bedroom that suffered all the water damage and was hindering the sale of the duplex - to my dismay I relented because there was a considerable amount of debris to clean up and the couple had an old pickup truck that was perfect for the job - so I got everyone together and we cleaned all of the debris from the duplex - loading it on the pickup - where it stayed for a couple of days ...

Barbara and I were running low on funds and I had begun selling my plasma in Clearwater, to help supplement our income - anyway - I walked to what I called the blood bank that afternoon - the plan was to get what little necessities I could after selling my plasma and head back home - When I got to the bus station about a block away from the plasma center - I learned I had just missed the bus back to the Beach and I didn't feel like walking home - so I decided to visit the bar across the street that sold three draft beers for a dollar, and wait on the next bus to the Beach - While, I am sitting there enjoying the coolness of the bar and cold beer - in walks Butch and he comes right over to me saying he needs my help to watch his back and I tell him I'm just waiting on the bus as I look at the clock and see the bus should arrive in about ten minutes - as I am telling him, I don't want to get involved - the guy Butch is having problems with over an under aged girl comes into the bar and immediately Butch and him are fighting - the bartender / owner starts yelling for them to take it outside that he is calling the police - So, I jump between them and get the guy called Arrowhead to leave the bar and look at the clock as I tell Butch to calm down and to catch the bus home with me - Butch isn't having it and I leave him only to find out I had just missed the bus again by a few minutes !!! Now I have a few choices - sit there at the bus station and wait on the next bus - start walking home or head back to the cool bar and

cold beer - the bar won out and I was relieved to see Butch wasn't there too - only now Butch and Arrowhead are causing a commotion on the street outside of the bar, as the bartender is telling me how the clock is set five minutes fast in order to get people to clear the bar at night - at this point my mind is working overtime - I can't go home and tell Barbara - I didn't try to keep her son from going to jail - so now I am outside coming between Butch and Arrowhead and sending Arrowhead on his way as Butch and me reenter the bar - while I am hoping it is all over - Any way after we each had a beer, I convince Butch to walk home with me ...

As we start home, Butch says to wait a minute there is someone that owes him some money he is suppose to meet at another near by bar, and that he would probably give us a ride home too - like an idiot I went along with Butch to the other bar - to my surprise the guy was there, and paid Butch and said he would give us a ride after he had a few more beers - so Butch brought a couple beers and we sat down only to get up after our bottles of beer arrived to go in the back room to shoot some pool - soon we playing partners against a couple other guys for five dollars a game - I was feeling pretty good as things mellowed out, so when the other guys quit, we decided it was time to head home - now the guy that was going to drive us had left - so we started out on foot - when I went to light a cigarette - I didn't have any matches and as I reentered the bar, I heard someone call Butch and I looked to see his roommates truck in a vacant lot down the street with the hood up, and Butch took off running in that direction - we now had our ride home ...

As I left the bar again to started after Butch, I stepped off the curb to the ally behind the bar - and was struck a glancing blow on the back of my head that had me seeing stars, and as I turned, I was struck in the face knocking me to the ground - when I regained some of my senses I heard footsteps running down the ally and seen a shadow headed back in the direction of the other bar - so I got up and started running after my assailant, I was now in never never land and almost got struck by a car as I ran across a busy street to the back of the other bar - When I stopped due to being out of breathe - I found I was bleeding profusely from both nostrils with blood pouring out all over me - as I stood there bleeding, a girl I knew came out the back door of the bar and noticed me - she immediately came to me asking a million questions and telling me of a washroom right up the stairs from where I was standing - for the life of me I am not sure who that girl was, but I am thankful she guided me to that bathroom !