

An Aquatic Trinity

WHEN ol' Tracy said they wouldn't be no school that afternoon I saw Kirk lookin' at me and holding up two fingers. I knew what that meant—there wasn't many Decoration days come but what me and Kirky and Hooty Lockwood went swimmin'—and he could surely swim too, there wasn't no fake about him. He wanted to get the Egerson kid besides Hooty, but the Egerson kid said he was goin' to march with the school in the parade to the cemetery. Kirky told him he was a baby fer marchin'; and he said as how he'd peach on us kids fer goin' swimmin', but when Kirky told me to hold his coat fer a minute, that Egerson kid said he was jes' foolin'. Why Kirky could a' licked that Egerson kid with one hand behind him; he could lick any kid in school.

After dinner us kids met in our barn all dressed up and ready to march to the graveyard. Hooty said he wouldn't go if he had to wear his shoes and stockin's, but I showed him how he could hide them under the coal-shed where nobody'd find them. Me an' Kirky hid our'n there too.

There's a road runs from the graveyard to the swimmin' hole, it's nearer to go by the straight road. We took the long road cause we had lots of time and 'cause me an' Kirky wanted to see Hooty make faces at the Egerson kid.

The parade hadn't come when we reached the fence but we was busy thinkin' how cheap the Egerson kid would feel when he'd see us sittin' on the fence smokin'. Hooty's old lady didn't care if he carried matches, an' it wasn't hard for me to swipe the cornsilk. Finally the parade did come along, an' ol' Tracy was marchin' at the head of the school, with the big flag over his shoulder. Me an' Hooty dropped when we seen the teacher, but Kirky jus' sat there with his feet doubled on the second board, puffing away an' sittin' up straight with a kind of a queer smile over his freckled face, and his pug nose lookin' puggier than ever, an' when the Egerson feller come past Kirky tol' him to look out or the wind ud blow him away. Then Kirky dropped.