

## Chapter 10: Davey, Bubba, and Billy

“Ok mom if I go down to the school to check things out?” Chris asked.

“What school?” she asked.

“Jefferson Davis Jr. High,” he said.

“Oh, Jeff Davis?” she said, “sure, but be back before lunch.”

“Ok,” Chris said and started to walk out the door.

“Want to go with him?” mom said to Bobby sitting at the table.

“No,” Bobby said, “dad’s gonna to put a ramp together for me so I can ride my skateboard today.”

“Great,” Chris said and jumped on his bike to head out towards the school, “I’ll be back to ride it.”

When he arrived, there were about eight guys about his age playing ball. He drove his bike up to the dugout next to the bleachers and just sat there and watched them play.

The ball fouled and went over by Chris. He picked it up and threw it back to the pitcher.

The pitcher nodded to thank him.

After a while, the guys took a break and went over to sit on the bleachers near Chris.

“Do you guys have a team?” Chris asked one of the guys.

“No,” one of them said, “we just like to play. Do you play?”

“I was on a team back home,” Chris said.

“Wanna play?” he asked.

“Sure,” Chris said.

“Where’s home?” he asked, “my name’s Davey.”

“San Diego,” Chris said, “but we just moved here a couple days ago.”

“Where do you live?” Davey asked.

“On Patrician Drive,” he answered.

“Really?” Davey said a little surprised, “that’s where I live. What block?”

“308,” Chris said.

“I’m at 315, across the street!” Davey said. “Did you move into the old Boyters’ house?”

“Yeah,” Chris replied, “he was my grandpa.”

“Sic,” Davey said, “My dad and your mom were friends growing up.”

“Oh,” Chris said, “I heard your dad came over the other night.”

“Hey guys!” Davey yelled out to everyone, and they began going back onto the field, “this is Chris and he lives in the old Boyters’ house.”

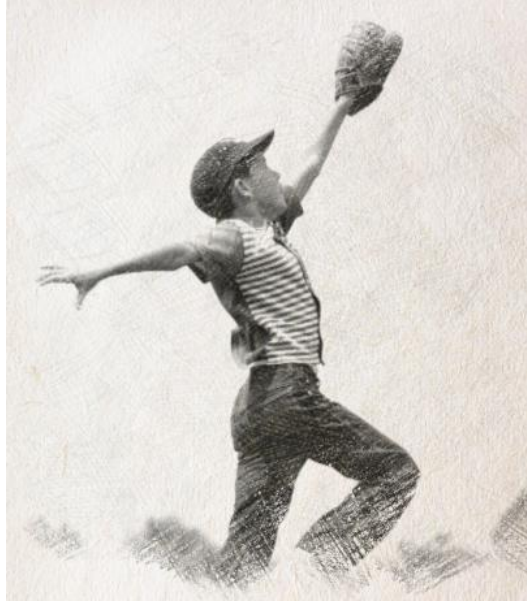
“Hey,” Bubba said, “I live at the end of your block. Sorry to hear about your grandparents. You gonna play with us?”

Chris said, “sure” and got off his bike.

“You play right field Chris!” Davey yelled out.

Davey was the pitcher and Bubba was at first base.

Chris caught a high fly, and the guys were impressed. When it was his turn to bat, he also slammed one over to first base, but he was out before he could get there.



They played for about another hour, then Timmy yelled out, "I gotta get home guys, see ya!"

"Me too," Jamie said as he came in to get his stuff.

"Well," Davey said as he came in to sit next to Chris on the bleachers, "guess that's it for today."

"My dad is making a skate ramp for us if you wanna come over," Chris said, and he and Davey began riding their bikes towards home.

"Really?" Davey said. "I'm not much for skating, but I'll come over and check it out."

"Do you have a skateboard?" Chris asked.

"No," Davey said, "we can't ride them on the roads around here because they're full of rocks," they both looked down at the rocky road.

“Yeah,” Chris said, “I noticed that.”

“And there are no sidewalks either,” Davey said.

“So,” Chris continued, “what do you guys do around here for fun.”

“We like to play ball, play in the woods, fish, go to the pool,” Dave said.

“The Northhampton Pool?” Chris asked.

“Yeah,” he said, “you can be my guest.”

“My parents sign us up,” Chris said, “but, we’re pretty far down on the list to be a member.”

“I’ll talk to dad about that,” he said, “he’s on the board.”

“Cool. So, what do you do in the woods?” Chris asked, “my cousin Brad said there’s an old fort in there that our uncles built.”

“Yeah,” Davey said, “we still use it.” We also like to climb trees, explore, hunt for tadpoles, shoot bee bee guns.”

As they drove up to Chris’ house, Bobby was on the driveway riding the little skateboard ramp his dad made.



Chris threw his bike down in the yard and ran inside to grab his skateboard.



Davey watched them and was amazed. “Wow, you guys are good!”

“Wanna use my board?” Chris asked and handed to Davey.

Davey rode it down the driveway and went up and over the ramp and crashed down on the other side and rolled into the yard.

They laughed. "That's not so easy," Dave said as he got up to try it again.



Bob showed up with his board and showed off a few moves and Davey was impressed.



“That’s so cool that your dad skates!” Davey said.

“This is my dad Davey,” Chris said as his dad nodded and took one last jump.

“How ya doing?” Bob said. “You must be Davey’s son, I met him the other night.”

“Yes sir,” Davey answered.

“Oh, hi Davey!” mom said as she came over to introduce herself. “You look a lot like your dad when he was your age,” she said. “I got somethin’ on the stove, just wanted to come out and say hi”, she said and ran off back into the house.

“Do you skate?” Bob asked Davey.



“Not really,” he said. “we can’t ride them around here much anywhere because of the roads.”

“Yeah,” Bob said, “I noticed that.”

“Davey invited me to the pool,” Chris jumped in, “he also said that his dad is on the board at the pool and he would see what he could do to move us up on the member list.”

“Oh yeah?” Bob said a little surprised. “Thanks.”

“Wanna come over Chris?” Davey asked.

“Yeah sure,” he followed Davey to his house.

They walked in to go back to Davey’s room and his little brother Billy came out to say hi, “this is Chris.” Billy followed them to Davey’s room.

Davey had trophies and ribbons displayed all over his dresser.

“What are these for?” Chris asked.

“Baseball, swimming, AWANA, but mostly AWANA,” he said.

“What’s AWANA?” Chris asked picking of one of the trophies, “cool.”

“It’s a club at our church and Billy and I’ve been in since we were little,” Davey said, “it’s a lot of fun. You should come some time.”

“Did you move into the house across the street?” Billy asked.

“Yeah,” Chris said, “I have a little brother about your age.”

“Really,” Billy said, “can I meet him?”

“Sure,” Chris said, “come over any time,” Chris put down the trophies and said he had to go.

Davey walked Chris to the front door and his mom was in the living room, “hey there,” she said to Chris.

“Mama,” Davey said, “this is Chris, he just moved in across the street.”

“I’ve heard about you and your brother,” she said, “I’m Mrs. Bell,” she reached out to shake his hand, “nice to have some more boys in the neighborhood that my boys can hang out with.”

Chris thanked her and said his goodbyes then left.

-----

“After lunch,” dad announced, “want you boys to help me pull out the bushes in the front yard.”

“Why ya pullin’ out the bushes?” Bobby asked.

“Gonna build a front porch with a deck,” dad said.

“Cool,” Chris said.

“Yeah,” dad continued, “it’s gonna stretch along the entire front of the house.”

“It’s going to be so nice,” mom said as she envisioned what it would look like.

“I need to pick up the wood tomorrow and get started,” dad said. Your uncle Larry is gonna help.”

Just about that time, someone knocked on the back door, then opened the door and yelled “anybody home?”

*That’s the way it is out here,* Chris thought. *People just knock once, then come on in.* He liked it.

Uncle Gary came in the house and sat down at the kitchen table. “What’s going on here?” he asked.

“Not much,” Lorene said, “we’re just talking about the front porch Bob is going to start working on tomorrow.”

“Want some help?” Gary asked.

“Larry’s gonna help,” Bob said, “but, we’ll take all the help we can get.”

“Sure enough,” Gary said looking at Bob, “I stopped by to let you know that I talked to Bernie down at the union hall and he said you

should come on down there and sign up tomorrow,” he continued, “he said there’s plenty of work.”

“That’s great news!” Lorene said looking at Bob.

“Yeah!” Bob agreed, “guess the porch is gonna have to wait.”

“Does that mean we don’t gotta pull out the bushes today?” Chris asked, “Davey wants me to come over.”

“I guess we can hold off on it for now,” Bob said.

Just as Chris was headed for the door, mom said, “why don’t you take Bobby with you?”

“All right,” Chris said with not too much enthusiasm, “Come one.”

-----

Chris knocked on Davey’s front door with Bobby right behind him.

Davey’s mom came to the door with an apron on and a spoon in her hand, she opened the door, “Hey boys, you must be the Boyters’ kids,” she smiled and said “Davey’s around back.”

They ran around to the back yard and Davey had a target set up and he was practicing his shooting with his bee bee gun.

“What’s up?” Chris said and he and Bobby walked closer to see what he was doing.

“Just practicing,” Davey said and handed him his bee bee gun,  
“wanna try?”

“Sure,” Chris took the gun, looked like a shotgun, Davey showed him how to put it up against his shoulder, aim for the target which was a bunch of cans off in the distance sitting on a log, then shoot. Chris shot out a couple rounds, but didn’t hit much of anything.

Davey laughed, took the gun, and showed him again. Ping, ping, ping, three cans shot and one flew into the air.

“Good shooting!” Bobby said, “can I try it?”

“Sure,” Davey showed him how to use it.

The back door opened and Billy walked out on the porch munching on some beef jerky. Billy was about Bobby’s age.

“This is Chris and Bobby,” Davey said to Billy. Billy nodded and sat down on the porch to watch.

Bobby hit one!

“Good goin’” Billy said, and went inside to get his gun and was back out in a flash.

Davey set the cans up again as Billy came back out. They both aimed, then ping, ping. Cans went flying.



They had fun shooting for a while, then Chris asked, “you guys wanna go in the woods?”

“Yeah!” Bobby said, “never been the woods before.”

“What?” Billy said, “where y’all from again?”

“California,” Chris said.

“Don’t y’all have woods back there?” he asked

“Yeah,” Chris continued, “but they’re up in the mountains, we don’t have woods around where we live, mostly canyons, parks, and the beach.”

“The beach?” Davey said, “now I could get used to that,” he continued, “we gotta drive for an hour to get to the ocean from here.”

“Yeah,” Chris said, “we went to Virginia Beach a while back to go surfing.”

“Haven’t been to the beach in a long while,” Davey said.

Davey’s mom opened the back door and yelled out, “lunch is ready boys, mom said, “and don’t forget Davey you have a dentist appointment at two-o’clock.

“Well, let’s plan on going to the woods tomorrow,” he said, “be here around eight,” he said as he walked into the house.

“Bye y’all,” Billy said as he followed him in.

“I’m getting’ hungry,” Chris said, and he and Bobby walked home.