

Morgan 512

H.C. Schaffer

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This book is dedicated to

Two angels in my life

You believed me

and

You believed in me.

***Shackled by who you are
Bound by what you think you are not
Better to lie to someone else
Than to lie to yourself***

~ Excerpt from *Adieu* by
H. Schaffer / Beyond Classy Music

Chapter 1

IT WAS A SUNNY DAY in early May at a little past three in the afternoon. It was soon to be half past hell. North Hollywood High School had just adjourned for the day but the highlight of the day would begin shortly in an alley that ran behind the school. This alley had seen all kinds of life experiences since its existence in the mid-1940s. It tended to be the students' easiest place to meet as there was only one alley. It had been the site of many groups, rallies, deals of all sorts, kisses, and even a couple of killings. But today it would serve as the fighting ring where a large portion of the student body would turn out to see what they perceived as justice to a student who had more people who disliked him than liked him.

Lewis Morgan was a straight A student who was also the student body president and the captain of the football, basketball and baseball teams. A tremendous athlete and scholar, he was also very giving and tremendously helpful. Lewis had been this type of person since the first grade. All of his teachers believed Lewis was their student of a lifetime.

All year long Lewis had been fielding over thirty full ride scholarships to some of the most high profile colleges and universities in the United States. They wanted him not

only for his perfect 4.0 grade point average but also for the leadership and talent he displayed in leading his high school football team to a national high school title and two state divisions the two previous years as quarterback and captain. As his father Charlie said, "Not bad for a school that had never won anything of any kind." His high school football stats looked remarkably similar to the high school stats of one John Elway.

If that wasn't enough, Lewis had led his respective basketball and baseball championship teams the three years that he had played varsity. At six feet four inches, he had the height, but he also possessed an unbelievable quickness that was usually associated with much smaller athletes. His career batting average of .428 had a number of pro-baseball teams trying to get him to pass on a college career. He could easily throw a fastball in the mid-90s without much effort.

His basketball prowess was equally impressive. He broke a California state high school record of sixty points scored in the state championship game that propelled North Hollywood High onto a national championship stage against perennial champion schools from the northeast like New York, New Jersey and Boston. To top it off, Lewis sunk the game winner at the final buzzer at the home of the New York Knicks, Madison Square Garden, with a national television audience watching. The pro offers hadn't stopped coming to the Morgan family's mail box since Lewis's junior year.

And if all of this was not enough, Lewis had been dating the absolutely gorgeous Sarina Burke, who had been a professional model since she was six years old. She was a fellow classmate and they had been an item since the tenth grade. It was already pre-ordained that they would marry after their respective college careers. Sarina was also an equal to Lewis in the

academic realm and was as popular as he, being runner up to Lewis as student body vice-president.

There had been a lot of talk that the two would try to go to the same college so they would not be parted from each other. They had been inseparable since the tenth grade, to the delight of both families.

Lewis was not only much taller than his parents, but he embodied the best of both gene pools in his physical good looks. Charles Morgan, aka Charlie, was descended from a line of Morgans that traced all the way back to County Tipperary in Ireland. The fair complexion and the classic Gaelic good looks were passed unsparingly to Lewis.

Angeline Morgan was a Mediterranean mixture of Italian and Sicilian ancestry. She was of dark complexion, deep dark bewitching brown eyes, and a very petite build. Charlie, her husband, described her many times as being five feet four inches of “pure dynamite.”

From the time he was a little boy, girls had used the same adjective in describing Lewis: hot.

Lewis’s temperament was again the perfect balance. He had been described many times as soft spoken, resolute in not only character but physically, calculative and controlled, and with intelligent fury. Both Charlie and Angeline had supplied various doses to this genetic blueprint. Charlie was a controlled and soft spoken individual, while Angeline was the resolute and the fury, or as her husband would say, “Hell, fury and damnation.”

The Morgan family consisted of four children. Lewis was the eldest, followed by Paul, one year younger than Lewis. Then came sister, Ashley, two years younger than Paul, and finally, the baby of the family, Claire, two years younger than her sister Ashley.

The Morgan family was Catholic on both sides of the equation. They all attended church every Sunday at St. Charles.

Lewis was an altar boy and sang in the choir. The two girls were involved in various choir groups. The lone exception to this family tradition was Paul.

Paul Morgan was a junior. Born son number two, Paul lived in the shadow of his older brother in many ways. Where Lewis was described as a great student, fabulous athlete and good looking, Paul was a good but not great student, a pretty intense athlete, and very good looking but from another aspect of his genetic pool. He had more of his mother's Italian/Sicilian physical looks. In other words, he was more of a darker handsome than his older brother. He did not have the height, build or strength of Lewis, but he more than made up for these perceived shortcomings in focus and intensity.

"Paul can overcome anything he puts his mind to," his mother would say. He could also get himself into an unbelievable amount of trouble with very little effort. He was outgoing and very funny. He sometimes gave the impression that he was going only at half speed or half caring but that could change with the flip of a switch. It was said he could go from the speed of a turtle to a cheetah in a blink of an eye.

Paul questioned many of his family's long held tenets, beliefs and aspirations. He did not want to grow up to be a servant to anyone or anything. He very decisively let his parents, family, and anyone who would listen to him, know that he had no plans to pursue work that had small money and manual labor attached to it. He was directly on the path of a highly paid executive.

His father Charlie had been a longshoreman for over thirty years and was very proud of that fact. What Charlie lacked in education was more than made up for in singular focus on hard work to provide for his family. His sons inherited their leadership qualities from him in that he headed his local union

for many years; as many times as he tried to step down he was re-elected by a landslide of votes.

Each son's leadership qualities were exhibited in very different arenas. Lewis's forte was the classroom, the athletic field, and being a natural born leader among whomever he was with. Lewis did it silently and from within. A person you always felt you could trust. Paul, on the other hand, led a completely different set of individuals using the opposite approach. If he told you to do something and you failed, he used the corporal method; he would physically make you do it. His belief in what he was doing was unwavering and God help you if you were found to be doubtful. His tenet was all in or all out warfare.

While they were growing up, Lewis tried many times to show Paul that there were better ways to interact and lead. Paul would have none of it. Focus on the prize and go get it with as few interruptions as possible. Paul was a street fighting man from the time he was in grammar school. With no concern for size or weight, he was going to do his damndest to either convert you to his side or physically convert you to his perspective.

Whereas Lewis never saw the inside of a detention hall, Paul spent a great deal of time there. His sisters, Ashley and Claire, began to call it Paul's home away from home. His parents' approach was to tell Paul that his behavior shamed the family and reflected badly on their parenting skills. Paul was oblivious to their remarks, saying that it was his way and he was not going to be a kiss ass, like his brother.

The comparisons to his brother had obviously left a burnt patch on Paul's psyche. But looking at the two boys as a third party bystander, they both had a world of talent and intelligence; it was just exhibited in opposite pathways of life.

Many times, as brothers do, Lewis and Paul would get into physical skirmishes, usually with size and strength (i.e., Lewis)

being the victor. But victory over Paul always came with a cost, sometimes a very painful cost. No matter how injured Paul was, he would continue to extract a measure of either vengeance or a sudden turn of events in his favor with absolutely no care or concern with amount of pain being inflicted on him.

Angeline's father, Carlos Catania was born was in Sicily's largest town, Palermo. Carlos's family had left the province and city of Catania, which about half of the residents used as their last name. Catania is located on the south side of the island but most industry and commerce would be found on the north side of the island, namely Palermo. When Carlos's family sought a better life they, as many immigrants before them, left the old world to seek a better future. The Catantias left Sicily by ship and three year old Carlos would not see his native country for another seventy years.

The ship docked in New York City where, even though there were many fellow Sicilians, the Catania family did not want any part of the harsh winters and humid summers. They headed west to California, where the weather was more like home. It gave them the opportunity to have vegetable gardens and a life style that generations of Catantias had been accustomed to.

Carlos was made to attend school and he mastered the English language ahead of anyone in the family. He didn't think of himself as a Sicilian. He was an American first, a Californian second, and if someone persisted in asking him, he was a former Sicilian. He whole heartedly adopted his new country. He was very popular at school and was a decent student.

He learned very early and very quickly how to participate in American sports but his passion was baseball. He followed it, played it, and some said he loved it. He was not very tall at about five feet eight inches, but he was tremendously quick and agile. His coaches called him a natural second baseman.

Carlos was ambidextrous and switch hitting came naturally to him once he figured out which hand went where. He was easy going in most circumstances, but throughout his growing up, Carlos showed a mean streak that could get ugly fast. The generations of Catanias that had preceded him had yielded various boxers and wrestlers. Carlos was very territorial when it came to family matters and was well known for once going after a couple soldiers on leave who whistled at one of his sisters and his mother. He gut punched one and kicked the other in the groin. He was ten years old.

Carlos continued playing baseball throughout high school but any thoughts of college were quickly put aside. The family operated a produce supply business and harvested various farms that were actually leased pieces of vacant land where they grew vegetables.

A couple of small colleges were willing to give partial baseball scholarships but, again, Carlos was brought back to reality by his family's need of physical labor to keep their enterprise afloat. Carlos spent the better part of weekdays with school, baseball and working on the family's produce business. His usual day lasted between sixteen to eighteen hours.

In his high school junior class of World History, he met the love of his life. Her name was Carmen Razza, and in her, the best of eons of Italian genes now infused his class. Carlos was smitten, more like shot. Carmen's family had emigrated from Venice, Italy, and was in the grocery business. Not suppliers like the Catanias, but store owners. The three Razza brothers owned and operated about twenty small grocery stores. The middle brother, Carlos, was Carmen's father.

The Catanias lived in the basin of North Hollywood. The Razzas lived in the foothills among the other nouveau riche of California consisting of movie and recording artists and various

other professionals who found California a great place to hit the proverbial gold rush.

Chapter 2

THE STUDENTS BEGAN to fill the alley behind the school for the meeting between Paul Morgan and the very intimidating Peter Duffy. The Duffys were a very well-known and long established family in the valley that operated a chain of liquor stores. The men of the family were classic Irish bog farmers or mountain men in appearance, being very large and heavy. The nurses who assisted in their deliveries at birth said they needed a crane to get them out and they were big enough to pull a plow. They tended to be very pale in complexion and whatever hair they were born with would soon go into “balding” mode. Before most of the male Duffys were out of middle school, they were prematurely bald.

On the other hand, the female side of the Duffy clan tended to be petite and fair haired. In most of their respective households, it appeared that there were actually two distinct species of humanity residing together—the males being almost Neanderthal in their appearance and manners and the females being their complete opposite.

The Duffy girls were very popular at school as they were outgoing and rumored to be always looking for a good time. The family was never going to produce a female who was going to become a nun. Their reputed promiscuous behavior was a

backlash to their family's support and devotion to their local parish, St. Charles Catholic Church.

The men of the clan tended to grunt rather than speak and the girls never stopped talking.

Lisa Duffy was a junior at North Hollywood High School. She was a very good student, a cheerleader, and had been the previous year's sophomore class president. As in the Duffy female tradition, Lisa was the star of the debate team for three years and her verbal barrages were legendary. It was noted that Lisa could talk you to death before proving a principle in debate. With her family's money and success, Lisa believed there wasn't anything she could not attain. With that conviction she set her sights on Paul Morgan. There was just one problem. He had absolutely no interest in her.

Paul, in contrast to his brother, was quiet and detached. Lisa had taken notice of Paul while watching her brother Peter practice with the varsity football team. Peter was the anchor of the varsity line and had been an integral part of the championships that the high school had won. Peter was listed at two hundred eighty pounds but many believed he was over three-hundred. He was still the Little Duffy at home at six feet, because the clan topped three hundred fifty pounds and six feet four as a starting point. When lining up against him at right guard, it was rumored you couldn't see the opposing backfield. Most of the school's running success was with Big Pete leading the way. He was frequently referred to as the big cat, not for being feline or quick, but in reference to a Caterpillar bull dozer.

Making varsity this year, Paul was roughly about half the size and weight of his right guard. His five feet nine and one-hundred and forty pounds were adapted to only one function on the team—speed. Since he'd been very young, brother Lewis had thrown the football and Paul had caught it. Paul lettered in track

in sprinting and distance. He was quick, but more important, he was fearless. He also was a talented baseball player at shortstop or second. He was very much a throwback to his maternal grandfather, Carlos.

Just as Lewis was a composite of both families, Paul was a carbon copy of the Sicilian side of the family. If Carlos had been younger, Paul could have been his clone son. Growing up, Paul listened to his grandfather's sage advice about being fearless, reserved, and focused. His grandfather taught him to fight as he had been taught. Paul's temper was something that Carlos worked on with him as it was a common theme of trouble at school and socially for Paul.

Very early in middle school, the girls began to notice Paul. Though not very talkative, the natural attraction to him was his brooding good looks. His rebellious nature as a bad boy was even more solidified because the ladies found him interesting. Rumors about him circulated that he had been seduced by older women, and that he actively sought out older, more sophisticated bad girls put even more fuel to the fire of his dark and mysterious dating career. In reality, it was very much false advertising. He was forward but discreet in his dating activities and kept his affairs as his own business.

Lisa began to ask her friends about Paul and where he hung out. Her friends warned her that he was part of a group of misfits who ran the gauntlet of convicted felons to nerdy brains that had very little in the way of social skills. Paul felt at home with this array of people, while Lewis, though amiable with everyone, was drawn to the upper social strata of the school that he and Sarina Burke ruled as king and queen. The more Lisa was warned, the more she focused on Paul.

Lisa found out that there was a party on the north end of town on Friday night and she was assured that Paul would attend. She

made it her mission to be there and ensnare her prey. The only way to describe what she changed into after leaving her house was seductive. And that might have been an understatement.

She had to have Paul. He was all she thought about and dreamt about, and she was going to make it happen. She also brought along what she called the 'great persuader.' She had stolen a bottle of very expensive Irish whiskey from her father's locked liquor cabinet. If she couldn't get him sober, she would get him by way of being smashed. She dragged along a couple of her cheerleader friends for support. They weren't bothered by the fact that they stood out at the festivities because of the knowledge of the Duffy family's penchant for physical violence, which might occur with a misstep toward Lisa.

At ten o'clock, Paul and a couple of misfits entered the party house. A number of female eyes targeted him. Lisa saw Paul was drinking a beer and mentally noted that her Irish whiskey was going to be effective in her seduction. Up to this point her coat concealed the bait of her lack of clothing. She moved in and tried to start a conversation with Paul, who was a little more than one can of beer into the evening. Lisa took Paul by the arm as she spoke to him. He rambled on about nothing in particular and when she got him outside, she opened her coat and revealed her lack of clothing and the bottle of whiskey. She told him that she had an idea and he followed like a lamb follows its mother. She had taken her mother's compact station wagon and had intentionally parked it a block over from the party, near an open space with plenty of foliage for cover. Before Paul knew what hit him he had a couple of swigs and began to fondle her. The next thing he knew, his pants were off and she had him.

Paul began to focus on what had just occurred as he pulled his pants back on. He had a lot of thoughts running around in his head but one that he would have never thought of was that Lisa's

central focus of existence was she had found the man of her dreams, and they would marry, have kids, and live happily ever after. She wanted to talk and he wanted to leave and go home as his post alcohol headache began to be his central focus. Lisa realized that he wasn't feeling well and wanted to mother him, but Paul just wanted leave. He left still trying to piece together what had just occurred. Sure it was fun and satisfying, but it seemed to be out of reality to him.

Lisa immediately got dressed, put on her coat and retrieved her friends. She spoke incessantly about Paul and how he would be a great addition to the Duffy family. They looked at her as if she was nuts, but because of her status among them, they quietly agreed. They knew of her other sexual conquests but never had she acted like this. Usually she was as casual about them as if she was checking off a grocery list of liaisons.

On Saturday morning Lisa fumbled through her brother's list of phone contacts for the varsity football team. She found Paul's telephone number and tried numerous times to contact him over the next two days. She needed to hear his voice and if she wanted something to occur, in her mind, it was going to happen.

Lisa caught a glimpse of Paul at Sunday Mass as he was going out of the side exit as soon as services started. She was told he liked to go to the donut store on the corner during Mass and visit with other sinners like himself. He said he never saw any value in sitting on a hard bench, hung over and sleepy on a Sunday morning. Lisa was forced to stay through Mass as her family sat together in front of the church and her absence would be very evident. As soon as the service ended, she made a beeline to the donut store. To her dismay, Paul had left about twenty minutes before with no word of where he was going.

As Monday morning dawned, Lisa was in her bed thinking of how she and Paul would talk and laugh and walk around arm

in arm during the day at school. It was as if she had entered her dream world on Friday night and wasn't going to be brought back to reality. She went to school early, which was unusual for her, and waited at Paul's locker like a cat waits for a mouse.

He appeared about two minutes before first period and was greeted by Lisa, verbally and physically. He recoiled from her hug. He was not one for physical touch and this open behavior was very foreign to him and not in the least wanted. She used that opportunity to broadcast to everyone in sight that Paul now belonged to her. He told her not to touch him and she very loudly reiterated some of Friday night's events to make the public point that he had wanted her then, and for a whole lot more than a hug. What was wrong now? Paul started to walk toward class and Lisa, to save face, called him a wop pile of crap, saying that he would pay for taking advantage of her.

She immediately left the school and went home in fuming silence. She stormed by her mother without a word, slamming and locking her bedroom door like a small child having a temper tantrum. Her mother knocked and was told to go away. Her mother could hear muffled crying and wondered what had upset her daughter so much. All day and into the evening her mother continued trying to get Lisa to open the door, to no avail.

When her father arrived home, he went upstairs and demanded that she come and out and sit at the dinner table with the rest of the family. Two things occurred for certain in Duffy households when the patriarch either spoke or arrived for a meal: the patriarch was obeyed and the family prepared to eat. The large size of Duffy family meals required a copious amount of preparation and quantity. When Mr. Duffy arrived home, he was ready to eat. Period. No melodrama of his daughter was going to keep him from his dumplings.

Lisa refused to open the door, so with a slight flick of the wrist,

the door knob latch was broken. He saw his daughter's condition and realized that she was truly distraught. He sat down with the ever present meal on his mind to deal with this as quickly as possible.

The story that Lisa told was obviously vastly different from the occurrence. Mr. Duffy was known to stop off at the local Irish pub for some libation before heading home. Combining that with an empty stomach resulted in something that resembled a drunken grizzly bear, not only in mood but in stature. The story unfolding by the now vengeful Lisa had her being seduced and raped, rather than the actual course of events. Mr. Duffy was ready to call the police but she persuaded him that it would not be beneficial to either his or her reputation if this got out. He agreed but only with a plan for retribution for the disgrace and deflowering of his little girl. They would reconvene at the dinner table after she made herself presentable.

By the time Lisa made it to the table, both her father and brother had devoured enough food for ten hungry adults, and that was only the first course. In short audibles, with his mouth often full, Mr. Duffy instructed Peter to right this wrong against his sister, their name, the church, and even the universe. Peter wondered if there would be some kind of school or police action against him for injuring another student. His father said he would take care of any actions, but he wanted Paul taught a lesson and to be physically reminded of his actions with his daughter for the rest of his miserable life. He asked if Peter understood and then told him to pass the gravy. "Obliterate the little Italian bastard. Got it, son?"

Between mouthfuls, Peter grunted, "Yeah."

Chapter 3

TUESDAY MORNING ARRIVED with Peter on a mission to right the Duffy family's good name. He had already tipped his football friends of his intent to damn near kill pretty boy Morgan. It was supposed to be a secret but word of an event that could be the biggest thing to happen during the school year spread like a wildfire.

Paul and his older brother arrived at school about thirty minutes before first period. Lewis was well known for being early for class and totally prepared. If Paul had his way, he would arrive as the bell rang for class. A couple of Paul's friends met him at the school gate and told him that his tryst with Lisa the past Friday was well known all over the school and that her brother, Peter, had been chosen by the family to redeem his sister's honor. Peter was wandering around the halls of the school for looking for Paul. His friends warned Paul to be on the alert.

First period came and went, and Paul spent the entire time considering a way to diffuse the situation. The notoriety of an event like this would be sternly dealt with by his parents, especially the carnal side of the matter along with the use of alcohol. Paul had track practice in the afternoon but with the

high volume of calls from Lisa, he hoped to use that time to talk to her about the events of Friday evening.

Paul stood at his locker gathering his books for the next two periods, when Peter and his entourage came down the hall. Peter was obviously very irritated and the words coming out of his mouth were anything but coherent. In fact, he stuttered through the threats he leveled at Paul and came across as the buffoon that most knew him to be, not the white knight out to avenge his sister's disgrace.

Paul was not at all rattled by the encounter. He was very collected as he spoke calmly to Peter. He was sorry for the misunderstanding with Lisa and intended to speak to her that day. Paul's soft spoken apology so surprised Peter that he actually began to soften his approach to show compassion for Paul. That is until the rest of his offensive-line friends interjected with comments about not being duped as his sister had been by Mr. Suave. Their verbal persistence raised Peter's ill temper to a boiling point again and he told Paul to meet him in the north alley behind the school to settle the matter like men. Paul asked if he could speak to Lisa first and perhaps settle the matter between them.

Peter's friends suggested that Paul was chicken and gutless, and that he was afraid of the punishment he would receive for taking poor Lisa's virginity by way of a drunken stupor. Paul could see that this was steamrolling out of hand so he shut his locker door and headed to second period. Peter repeated his command to be in the alley after last period as Paul walked through the group. Right tackle Jack Danelle made the mistake of asking how Paul would feel if one of them had raped one of his sisters.

The words were barely out of Jack's mouth when Paul dropped his books and planted an unsuspected right upper

cut to Jack's jaw. This was followed by a couple of additional punches to his mid-section that caused poor Jack to vomit his breakfast on all of those within puking distance. The non-puked upon members of the group finally sprang into action and grabbed Paul as the bell for class rang and the vice principal came around the corner to inquire what was going on.

The group broke up with poor Jack remaining on the floor, blood flowing out of his nose and mouth, and the real need to alert the school janitor to come and clean up the mess. When the vice principal asked Jack what had happened, he muttered that he had slipped and fallen and it was his own fault. Mr. Martin, the vice principal, was very aware of the true circumstances and made a mental note to contact the city police about what he had heard was going to happen after school. John Martin was not only the vice principal but he was the football receivers' coach and the track coach. He had seen firsthand the toughness of Paul Morgan and knew that someone could really get hurt if they ignited Paul's temper.

Chapter 4

THE FINAL BELL rang for dismissal but it may as well have been the starting bell for a championship boxing match. The majority of the student body headed for the north alley to watch big Pete Duffy beat up pretty boy Paul Morgan. Paul had friends, but the consensus among the males was that they wanted to see some handsome beaten from his good looks. The feminine side of the group was split between those who hadn't ever been noticed by Paul and wanted him to be punished for his aloofness, to rooting for David to bring down Goliath.

Peter's football friends spent the rest of the day stoking his anger by saying anything they could to make him even more aggressive than he already was. By the time school was out, Peter was in a blind rage and nothing short of killing the little son of a bitch would be considered acceptable. Peter's one major oversight, for there was no question that he could beat Paul, was that he was defending the Duffy good name. He never believed for one minute that the decision was not already known; he only considered how much ruin and degradation he could rain down on his opponent.

By the time Paul arrived with a couple of his track friends, the crowd had grown into a mob. He handed his belongings to

his fellow 440 relay partner Tom Fogerty and asked him to keep them safe. Concerned, Tom asked him to be careful, to which Paul replied that he would diffuse the situation quickly so they would only have to run laps for an extra half hour for being late to track practice. Tom was amazed at how calm his friend was with the mass pandemonium going on around him.

Paul approached Peter, saying he wanted to apologize again for the misunderstanding and would still like to talk to Lisa about Friday's events. Lisa stood off to the side and yelled to her brother that Paul had seduced her with alcohol and taken her against her will.

Peter lumbered up to Paul and pushed him backward. Peter planned on a short bout, finishing up his opponent with a couple of punches and a bloody nose. Paul came back at him as if on a spring and a surprised Peter continued pushing. The third time Paul bounced back, Peter met him with a body blow punch, taking the air right out of Paul. He was bent over when Peter landed a two-handed blow on his upper back that sent Paul to his knees, to the cheers of about half of the crowd.

Peter felt very confident and was verbally rallied by his teammates to teach Paul a lesson. The much smaller Paul was down and considered how much more punishment he would need to tolerate to appease Peter before they would shake hands and move on. But Peter made the mistake of taunting Paul that he should get off the ground because he reminded him of Paul's mother when she got on her knees for Peter. That remark drew cheers from Peter's buddies.

In a flash, the remark about his mother took Paul from zero to explosion. From the ground, he punched Peter in the groin area so hard that Peter fell backward. As he hit the ground, Paul was already on top of him, punching alternately in the face and the mid-section. The crowd quieted immediately and

heard Paul's punches hitting bone and flesh with the sound of a hammer hitting a piece of wet wood. The savagery of Paul's attack made it obvious there wasn't going to be a loser, there was going to be a corpse.

Momentarily the crowd was stunned and then Peter's friends decided to intervene to save him by trying to stop Paul. The first person to grab him met with a lightning speed snap of his forearm by a leverage technique that Paul's grandfather, Carlos, had taught him. The screams of the injured only drove more of them to restrain Paul.

Coach Martin was waiting about a hundred yards away from the crowd for the police sirens to give notice that the bout was over. When he didn't hear them, he realized that something was horribly wrong and called 911. He then proceeded to the center of the fight to stop it. A mob was trying to stop Paul from continuing to attack Peter and another was hurt trying to break it up.

At about that same moment, Lewis left the library and asked a passing student what was going on with the students running toward the north alley. Not realizing that he was Paul's brother, she said that the football team was going to beat up Paul Morgan because of what he had done to Lisa Duffy on Friday night. Lewis dropped his books and went into an immediate wind sprint to save his younger brother. He heard sirens blaring as he ran.

By the time he got to the alley, he was winded but shocked at what he saw. His bloodied brother was sitting up and staring intently at the carnage that lay before him. Paramedics worked on Peter, who looked like he had been in auto accident with a semi-truck. They were giving him oxygen and trying to find a clean vein as it appeared he had extensive internal bleeding from the vitals they took. Lewis's focus widened and he saw

other medical emergency staff tending to about six others whose injuries ran from broken noses to a compound-fractured arm.

He approached his brother, who seemed to be in a daze, but when Paul saw Lewis he began to smile. Lewis leaned over and asked, "Are you alright?"

"Yes. Grandpa Carlos was right."

Coach Martin met the police who had failed to show up at the school at the time that had been arranged with the captain earlier in the day. When the captain approached the battle site, Coach Martin shouted in anger that the fight wouldn't have escalated if he and his men had arrived when they had agreed. The police captain, an old fraternity brother, pulled Coach Martin aside and told him that he was ordered by the commander to wait an extra fifteen minutes before dispatching, even after the 911 call.

"Why?"

"The Duffy patriarch asked the commander to delay as a special favor to him."

Chapter 5

THE AFTERMATH OF the fight was not pretty. Five ambulances were required to transport the wounded. When Paul was examined by a paramedic, he was told that he had suffered a concussion and had some swelling in the region of his neck and upper back. He was advised to go to the hospital but he refused, even with Lewis pleading with him to go.

The commander of police force showed up about fifteen minutes after the conclusion of the events. He was on his cell phone when he arrived. He got out of his car and surveyed the injuries and went back to his car and resumed talking on his cell phone. With the windows up, it was impossible to hear his conversation but from the commander's gestures it was a heated discussion.

He finally ended the conversation and called the captain away from the scene to discuss something with him. After a very heated exchange, the captain approached Paul and Lewis and told Paul that he was going to be placed under arrest for attempted murder.

Coach Martin spoke up loudly. "This is absolutely outrageous. If you persist, I'll publicly ask on television why the officers were detained for over fifteen minutes after a 911 call. I'll

ask the press to investigate whether the commander is taking orders from Richard Duffy in this altercation.”

After a huddle of the captain and the commander, they decided to forego the arrest.

John Martin and Tom Fogerty, who had stood by holding Paul’s clothes and books, helped Lewis get Paul into his car and away from the scene as the news media from various television stations were setting up to broadcast the aftermath of the event.

As Lewis drove Paul home, he told him to let him speak to their parents and he would try to diffuse the matter, especially with their mother. When Lewis opened the back door and helped Paul into the kitchen the first of successive yelling and screaming began. Angeline spotted her wounded son and simultaneously questioned Paul about his welfare and accused him of uncivilized behavior. Lewis assured her Paul was fine and led her into an adjoining room to talk to her while Paul’s younger sisters attended to him.

Lewis explained the entire situation including Lisa Duffy’s false accusations against Paul. She gasped a couple of times and said that they needed to call his father immediately and have him come home. Lewis also told her of the remark that made Paul snap and go ballistic to defend her and the family’s name. She calmed down and wore a slight twinge of a grin after that. Paul had become his mother’s champion.

Charlie arrived home and the events were recounted to him and he was especially angered over the police being delayed. Coach Martin and Tom Fogerty showed up about a half hour later to see if help was needed. The discussion was again ignited when the coach recounted his phone call earlier that day and the delay in the police response.

Angeline worried about how her father would react when he heard what happened. He arrived at the house in record