

Taken from More Adventures of a Dying Young Man

Summer Travelin' Book Remixed VOL. 1

Written by Andrew H. Kuharevicz

None of it makes much sense and I don't know what the point

was. I only can write about what I actually looked at. I had a feeling that Dusty Apostolo crossed that line even before I met him. Towards the end he was getting erratically darker and yelling more and more frequently for no reason at all. He was fighting with all sorts of folks who didn't do a damn thing to him. Everything was getting too crazy and it got difficult to watch and even though he didn't say it I knew that he blamed me for the poverty that we were stuck in. It all came to this single point in time when he left me to die in Gary Indiana after I was shot in the leg by his own damn gun (a Colt M1911 Pistol) that he said his grandfather used in World War Two. That night, was a mess.

Who is Henry Oldfield?

And I've never told anybody about what you are about to read, but for the writer to be truer than true it is vital information in regards to the story of who I am. And alright I probably wasn't going to die but it was the first time that we left Michigan together and we were (I think) on our way back from Chicago. We wanted to check out the town that people drive by- talk shit about- but act like doesn't exist. After a couple of bars and aborting a fistfight by the baseball field we were by the tracks and were taking turns shooting an old boxcar trolley under some old bridge next to an abandoned loading dock. It was dark and humid. The only light was from his Volkswagen and it kept going in/out because the whole damn car had terrible wiring. I don't know what happened but it was my turn. "Here you go slim" Dusty said as he underhanded me the pistol. The gun fired and I was shot in the leg screaming at him bleeding through my jeans.

It wasn't loud. The next thing I knew Dusty was telling me that he couldn't get in trouble and "Don't worry" because he's "calling 911 right now". I'm not sure and back when it happened I didn't understand why I couldn't get a ride but now that I've had years to think about the most insane night of my life I know that Apostolo did what people often do. He freaked out and got in his car and left me there. That's exactly what happened. I sat in the woods by the tracks and bled and cried. I really thought I might die. I can't explain the emotion. It was a very strange feeling. I didn't really pass out but time didn't make any sense and he said the ambulance was coming so I gave up the dragging because to get back was at least a good mile. The whole thing just happened and I didn't know what was going on and then I heard "Henry! Henry Oldfield." I saw the red and blue lights. There were three police officers and an ambulance was flashing in the distance. I never even heard the sirens. I didn't

know how long ago it was since Apostolo drove away. It wasn't loud. I heard the police officer wading through the tall grasslands and stepping on all the old rusty metals that have been left behind. I waited and sat there blinking and listening. The police officer sounded like an incoming tide. Nothing made sense. I couldn't believe what was happening.

"Yeah man over here" I said and then I was in ambulance in hospital in surgery in bed with leg in bandages on crutches in train on rail and finally aboard looking out window on greyhound back on the road driving North West back to my hometown. That's how I got here. Anyway...

The end is not now

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