

*One morning in 1943, my teacher caught me reading Ernest Hemingway's The Big Two-Hearted River in class, instead of doing my slave training workbook. My teacher dragged me to my brother's sixth grade classroom. In the class my teacher asked me why, if I had the highest IQ in the school, I didn't work hard and take shit from teachers like my brother did.*

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The class gasped for breath. I said nothing. I looked at the glass panes seemed to be flying. Beethoven's 5th symphony. The janitor looking up thirty feet to the top of the steel pole as he raised up the

*My brother said nothing. at a big window. The glass panes seemed to be flying. I heard the opening of Beethoven's 5th symphony. I looked out at the old janitor looking up thirty feet to the top of the steel pole as he raised up the beautiful American flag.*

*I never could understand at all why my brother didn't say things like, "Hey! Don't talk to my brother that way, like in the movies. I was bitterly disappointed. When I asked him about it later, he said, "Fight your own battles." I had no inkling to kiss ass or pretend to play the pedestrian fake wasp harp. I also had a very light river and a very dark river in my ripped heart.*

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