

London leather boys, all together.
Two together - nightmare's pleasure.

Like thunder and lightning, goddamn, it's so exciting...

LONDON LEATHERBOYS



By Randall Brooks

The morning came too soon for Randy, or so he thought as he made his way out of bed, heading straight for the bathroom. He quickly showered and shaved, then got dressed and headed out the door for school, skipping breakfast as usual. He usually stopped at a local convenient store and grabbed a can of Dr. Pepper and a Snickers bar, and that was all the breakfast he felt he needed. Well, that and a huge doobie. He just couldn't imagine going to school without a buzz. Oh, hell no!

His dad caught up with him right before he got in his brand new car, a Mercedes Benz straight off the showroom floor.

"Hey, son, here's your allowance for the week," Roy Bolin said to his son, handing him a 100 dollar bill without hesitation, or really much thought. Roy loved his son, and didn't think twice about showering him with monetary affection, especially since he was a well made man who made plenty of money to spare. Some even said he spoiled his son rotten, and he would just scoff at the idea and laugh it off. Plus, he felt like he had to make up for not really ever having enough time to spend with the boy since his work took up so much of his time, him being a building contractor and had to travel a lot.

"Oh, thanks, Dad, almost forgot it was that time of the week," was all Randy said as he grabbed the money and slid it into his wallet without even glancing at it to see how much it was. "Try not to work too hard driving around the job sites today," he said, joking with his father, at the same time making a jab at the fact he didn't think his father really worked hard at all.

"Well, I'll try not too," Roy said, laughing a little, enjoying his son's sense of humor. "One of these days you're gonna need to start working too, young man. Matter of fact, I think you should go by the job service place today after school and see what might be available for a boy your age." Even though Roy enjoyed giving his son everything he didn't have growing up, he also began to believe it was about time the boy learned a little responsibility. Nothing too hard, but maybe a bagboy job at a local grocery mart might be just the thing.

"Sure, Dad, whatever you say," Randy said and opened the door of his car and got in.

"You would think going to school was work enough, gee," he added as he turned the key in the ignition and revved the engine.

Randy lived with his dad and step mom, his mother was doing time in a women's prison in Nashville for prescription forgery and a couple of bad checks. His dad had married a 23 year old woman two years ago, and every day since had almost been a living hell for Randy because she was the most childish individual one could ever meet, and was always trying to compete with Randy for his dad's affection and attention, sometimes being so obvious about it he didn't know how his dad didn't see it.

Or maybe his dad did see it, and just didn't care, Randy concluded at some point and figured he was right. Either way, he really didn't much care, because, well really he had so much more important things to concern himself with.

"Anyways, Dad, got to go, or I'll be late to school again, and have to do another detention," Randy practically barked out impatiently, slamming his car door, then stepped on the gas pedal and sped out of the driveway, not giving his father time to reply. He cranked the stereo as loud as it would go, dark heavy metal pouring out of the speakers so loud, the car shook as it moved along at a dangerously high speed.

When Randy arrived in the school parking lot, he saw his best friend Pete London sitting

on the hood of his car, obviously waiting for him. Randy blew his horn as he drove by, then circled around the parking lot, and drove back and pulled into the empty slot beside Pete's Mustang convertible.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Pete London. (Drum roll please.)

Pete was not your typical 19 year old by no means. He stood about 6 ft even, with a very slim build, shoulder length black hair, chiseled good looks, dark green eyes that sparkled, yet had a look that hinted at death in them. He dressed in black leather from head to toe, and spoke in a mock British accent most of the time. He was such a fun lad, but also very dark and brooding.

He was an artist and a musician, playing lead guitar for a local rock band who were on the edge of actually making it big time, but he seldom grew bored with that, and was almost about to abandon it all together.

Pete's mother had a problem with depression, she was recently married and he was never insolent but kind of a despondent kid getting into drugs and booze and cigarettes. He had been sent off to boarding school but it only made things worse because he was the youngest kid in the dorms and you know how shit rolls down hill. He was always getting his ass kicked around and was the butt of a lot of pranks.

His father had married a young socialite and figured they were married long enough to take on a teenager. Because if he stayed with his mother, her marriage would have fallen apart. She and Pete and his sister lived in Bristol, TN.

And, then around six months after moving in with his father and starting high school, he disappeared. He returned 6 months later and finished out his senior year. He was in a locked facility in Memphis TN. He was in there with the worst of the worst kids, some kids had some pretty violent crimes and couldn't stand trial as adults but were too young to go to prison.

Pete was a depressed kid who needed to talk to somebody. He just out of "good luck" got tossed into the worst of it. His father had more money than sense and shipped him off. He didn't even know where he was going. Somebody picked him up at the airport and drove him to St. Josephs hospital in Memphis, the door closed behind him and he was effectively erased from the world and from anybody's responsibility for the next 6 months.

Pete went from the occasional drunk kid to a deeply hurt and angry young man. If he had ever had any reservations about drugs or firearms, when he returned he had no problem pushing back against the world that betrayed him.

He read "Crime and punishment", "No One Here Gets Out Alive", and struggled through "Dante's Inferno". He was changed forever. He no longer wanted the easy life, he wanted to be a work of brutal and callous divinity.

"That was a fucking tough 6 months. I don't think I talked too much about it. But, truth is stranger than fiction sometimes. I may as well tell you the truth now. I think my 26 year old step mother wanted to be rid of me. So if you ever wondered where I was or why I had changed so much when I returned it was that," Pete would tell anyone who enquired about his curious past.

That's his story from 15- 18. And it only got stranger from there. And that brings us up to date, so let's get back to the story.

"Well, it's about bloody time you arrived, mate," Pete said, inching a little closer to edge of the hood of his car. "I've been itching to fire this bone up and get Chinese, what say

you?”

“It’s casual,” was all Randy said as he got out of his car and slammed the door shut behind him. He also spoke in a somewhat mock British accent whenever around his friend Pete, but didn’t quite pull it off as successfully, and came out sounding more Cockney than British. He joined Pete on the hood of his car, and reached out and grabbed the bottle of bourbon Pete had extended and took a huge swig.

They both sat in silence for the next five to ten minutes as they smoked a joint that Pete had supplied, and drank coffee laced with Jack Daniels and crushed up mushrooms. Something to get them in the mood for the mundane routine that they faced daily. This was a morning ritual they had started at the beginning of the school year, and so far hadn’t missed a day yet of their morning meeting.

“Ah, but this will get us all like prepared and shit for bloody tests and whatnot, won’t it, mate?” Pete stammered, boldly, as he took the last sip of his coffee and then tossed the cup to the ground where it broke into pieces, shattering all over the parking lot.

“Fucking aye, so bloody bitching to the max, my good friend,” Randy declared as he too tossed his cup nonchalantly onto the pavement and watched it break into several pieces, shards flying all over the place. “Like the scene today will be gawking to the max, you know,” he added, then slid across the hood of the car and stood up.

The third and final bell (what was also known as the “tardy bell”) rang, letting Pete and Randy know they were now tardy for school, as they were making their way slowly across the parking lot.

“Well, fuck me, mate, they are always off time with that damn bell,” Pete casually remarked, as he lit a cigarette, took a few puffs, then tossed it aside as they neared the entrance of the school.

“You know, I would love to form a Pessimist Club, but I just know that no one would come,” Randy randomly remarked, as he and Pete entered the school and made their way toward the Administration office for a note for class, and also their third detention that week.

Randy usually had some of the most off-the-cuff, hair brained excuses known to common man, and he was apt to use them any chance he got. And he usually had a different one for every day he was late. They ranged from: “Oh, my, like, the bus I ride like had like an accident and was like you know late,” to: “My uncle died and I had to help bury him.” And, it not surprised him one day when his first period teacher had offered to send his family flowers, and offered to have a prayer in class that morning. He had simply told her it wasn’t necessary, and plus it was against his religion and left it at that.

It was Pete’s turn to break out an outlandish excuse this morning, and to the Principle of all people.

“Hey, it’s like I was attacked by a band of bloody gypsies. See, they even held me down and pierced my ear, and it bloody well hurts like big time.” Pete then pointed to his left ear, in which he had long ago double pierced for the sake of loving the pain.

The Principle simply smiled and said, “Sure, Pete, that’s a good one, but you’ve still got detention.”

Pete smiled and said, “Really, man, it’s like a bitchin’ mob attacked us on the bleeding way into the bloody school.”

Mr. Crawford, the Principle, simply smiled and handed Pete and Randy their detention

slips and their notes for class.

They both flipped him a bird as they exited the office and wandered the halls heading for class.

Randy was usually late to his first period class so often he sometimes forgot what the class even was. It was an elective course he only took for extra credit, but really didn't need to pass it, so even if he wasn't late practically every day, he would still not care to participate in homework or tests, but sometimes would just to kill boredom.

After completing a surprise quiz the teacher surprised the class with, Randy laid his head down on his desk for a few minutes to help clear his mind, which was now beginning to be congested with some really bizarre thoughts. Example, when his teacher had handed out the exam, Randy noticed what appeared to be facial tissue actually melting on the teacher's face. He had blinked a few times, not sure to believe what he was seeing, and hoped that it was just an illusion - a trick of the light-, but when he looked again, the teacher's eyes had melted clear down to his chin, and both his ears were down along both sides of his neck.

Randy knew he should have known better to mix mushrooms with prescription speed, but he had been all too eager to try something new this morning, so when Pete had handed him the cup of coffee loaded with crushed up 'shrooms, he hadn't hesitated to drink it all down, not leaving a drop.

He closed his eyes for a couple of minutes, and when he opened them back up, he was surprised that he was now alone in the classroom. Well, there was maybe one or two other students in the room, but they were so far away that he didn't consider them to be in the same room with him.

There appeared to be clouds overhead in place of a ceiling, and a bright rainbow appeared out of nowhere, reaching from one side of the room to the other. A dark ominous shape was slowly moving toward him, changing colors from black to red as it approached, also growing larger and larger, and turning end over end, revealing all four sides of a large empty box.

Randy covered his ears because there was a sudden blast of noise coming out of the intercom so loud it made his ears hurt. It soon turned into music, a song by the Beach Boys, "Be True To Your School", and he removed his hands and started singing along. He blinked a few times trying to clear something out of his eye, a small ball of dust maybe, and when he was able to focus again, he saw the prettiest young lady he'd ever laid eyes on, straddling a desk two rows over from him, her long blonde hair flowing out beside her as if there was a heavy breeze blowing in the room, waving him toward herself.

Randy raised his hand out of habit, then realized the teacher was also out of the room, so he got up and walked over closer to the young girl and reached out and started rubbing her exposed breasts, causing her to purr like a cat a few times.

The song on the loudspeaker changed to Blue Oyster Cult's "Golden Age Of Leather", and Randy proceeded to remove his leather belt and use it to tie the young woman's hands together. She didn't resist. Not at first.

Randy then noticed there was someone else in the room with him, a boy who appeared to be close to his age, and the more he looked, he noticed the boy appeared to look a lot like him. Tall, slim, dark blonde hair, and deep blue eyes, it could almost be his doppelganger.

He didn't know what to make of it at first.

"I can't tell if my left eye twitches due to sleep deprivation or a thirst for blood," Randy said, speaking to no one in particular, and kind of curious as to why he even said what he did in the first place. He realized he was now standing in front of the young woman, his feet firmly planted, and his pants now down around his ankles, and he was stroking his penis, about to shove it into the young woman.

His doppelganger suddenly spoke up and called him a queer chicken, and accused him of not having the guts to go through with what he intended to do with the woman.

"I'll show you, motherfucker!" Randy shouted, his loud booming voice echoing in the empty room as he shoved himself inside the woman with all his strength, not caring one bit about her protesting.

His doppelganger, who turned out to be Pete London in disguise, walked closer and reached over and grabbed hold of the woman's hair and started pulling it as hard as he could, pulling her head closer to him and his exposed penis, which he shoved into her wide open mouth, very aggressively.

"Oh, my brother, now this is horrorshow to the max!" Pete declared as he continued shoving himself in and out of the woman's mouth, laughing as she choked and gagged, her body convulsing from the brutal attack from both ends.

The bell rang that announced that first period was now over, and Randy woke up sweating profusely, and extremely confused and groggy, not knowing at first whether he had fallen asleep and had a dream, or was hallucinating wide awake again. He slowly got up from his desk and walked out of the classroom, trying very hard to keep his balance as the hallway seemed to move slightly beneath his feet as he walked along.

He headed straight for the restroom so he could sneak a smoke before his next class, where he found Pete London inside one of the stalls with a cigarette in his mouth, already lit.

"Hey, man, I don't know what happened, but I went outside earlier and my car won't fucking start, so I will need a bloody ride if you don't mind," Pete said, blowing cigarette smoke away from Randy as he spoke.

"Sure, man, like no problem, but first I have to run by Job Service right down the road, then I'll like get you home real horrorshow like," Randy said, not really sure why Pete would be going outside during first period and trying to start his car, but then deciding it really didn't matter.

"Thanks, man, I'll like bloody well appreciate it," Pete said, then tossed his cigarette into the toilet and left the bathroom, scurrying along so fast, he was soon lost in the crowd of students heading for their next class.

Pete's second period class was English Lit, a class he actually enjoyed, believe it or not, he would tell people when they enquired about his scholastic endeavors. The day's assignment was for the class to complete two sentences, including both a simile and a metaphor apiece in each sentence. No problem, or so thought Pete as he struggled for a few minutes then put pen to paper and started scribbling away.

The first sentence he came up with was no real problem for him: "A bird song is like gold on an ivory ship - it stands out and shines on an iron-clast day." He was proud of himself for coming up with that simile so quickly. He then put the end of the pen in his mouth and

turned it round and round as he contemplated what to write next that would include a neat metaphor, then it hit him and he almost laughed out loud at what he came up with: "The boys freckles were so bright that when he runs through the house, he looks like a burning bush."

Pete was pleased with what he came up with, but then upon reading what he had written, he soon realized his error: he had written another sentence with a simile instead of a metaphor, so he scribbled over the sentence and set his pen down and gazed into space for a few minutes.

"Today is just yesterday's tomorrow. So, it's not yesterday or tomorrow, but today. And, the day after tomorrow is three days from yesterday. Shoo-boogie-boom, shoo-boogie-boomp-boomp!"

Pete chuckled softly, his laughter going unheard by anyone but himself as he again set his pen down, and picked up the piece of paper, got up and walked to the teacher's desk and handed it to her, smiling a devious smile the whole time.

It didn't help matters that his teacher had a bee-hive hairdo that practically almost reached the ceiling of the classroom, and there appeared to be gnats buzzing around it. The sound of the chimes hanging overhead made him feel dizzy suddenly as he made his way back to his desk, his feet starting to feel rubbery and small. He reached up and rubbed at his eyes, trying to clear them, because a light mist was beginning to fall in the room and was fogging up his vision.

"Ok, have some more tips for everyone: don't strip in front of angry bears, and don't try to milk a moving cow," Pete suddenly announced to the classroom, laughing almost demonically, as he continued to stagger his way across the floor, wondering where the hell his desk moved to. He looked over at a young girl who was giving him the stink eye, and whispered loudly, "I really don't mean to be insulting, but, well if ugliness was a crime, you'd get the electric chair."

Pete found that he felt lost and had no idea where the hell he was, and was grasping along, gazing at every face he saw before him, hoping to find some kind of recognition.

"There are some men I want to walk up and tell that you would never have an erection that wouldn't be taken care of if you would only allow me the pleasure of pleasuring you," he found himself saying to some guy whose name he didn't even know, and had no idea at all why he was even saying what he did.

"Hey, teacher, I need you," he almost hollered, beginning to feel a bit frantic suddenly. "I find it worrying that she bit me in bed. Then proceeded to write her name in bite marks. All without ever losing the rhythm of our fucking." Pete was seeing things in his field of vision that had no business at all being there, and had no idea how they appeared in the first place. Then he remembered the 'shrooms.

"And to all you motherfuckers in here that can't even spell your own fucking name, well, here's a true story for you, I am honestly going to start going to people's houses and axe murdering them if they don't fucking quit mistaking 'there' and 'their'!"

Some big roly-poly looking boy stood up and came toward Pete, and made to grab him.

"God I am surprised they even have tables or a restaraunt left after he leaves. I bet he could eat them out of business. What?" Pete said, continuing to make his way around the classroom, still trying to find his desk, with no better luck than before. "And speaking of restaraunts makes me think of food, and I will not eat oysters. I want my food dead. Not

sick. Not wounded. Dead. I don't want to hear anything bark or moo when I bite into it, just saying."

Pete could barely see at this point, sweat pouring down his brow and covering his face, flowing into his eyes; but he was able to make out his teacher standing up and heading his way, her arms billowing out beside her, growing larger and larger as she approached.

"Mr. London, I do believe you need to sit down, young man," the teacher said, speaking in a very soft, caring voice, her maternal nature on full display.

"I'm sure!" was all Pete said as he felt himself beginning to fall, worrying if the floor was still beneath him.

Just then the bell rang to dismiss class, and to Pete it sounded like a fire drill during war time, and he almost screamed and dropped to the ground on his hands and knees, but instead he simply ran from the room, leaving his books behind. He squeezed his eyes shut, and slammed into a wall of lockers, staggering from side to side as he made his way down the hallway.

When he opened his eyes, it appeared as if the sun was glistening on snowflakes that were falling from above, but instead of white, the flakes were red drops with metallic colors, with huge clouds billowing around him. He visualized silver objects that were shaped like bullets, then he shut his eyes again for a brief second, and when he opened them again, the hallway was clear of everything but students making their way to class, with Pete following in step amongst them.

The school commons area swarmed with students during lunch break, chatting, eating, and some even studying for upcoming tests, while Pete and Randy snuck out to the parking lot to partake in smoking some more and drinking more coffee laced with bourbon and mushrooms.

"Man, those bloody tests I took today were totally bitchin' to the max, you know!" Randy stated as he lit a cigarette and passed one to Pete, as they sat inside Randy's Mercedes Benz with the stereo turned on real low.

"Dude, like for fucking real!" was all Pete said as he chugged his coffee down in one gulp, then tossed his empty cup into the back seat. "And, we still like have the bloody history exam coming up later, did you like study for that, man?" He was referring to the only class he and Randy shared this semester, even though they had tried to get more together, but to no avail.

"Not really, like what do you think?" Randy asked, but not really paying attention to what he was saying as he popped two blue and clear amphetamines, chased with a black beauty, swallowing them with a huge sip of his bourbon flavored coffee.

"It's casual," Pete said, smiling as he passed the huge marijuana cigarette he had lit to Randy, then blew a huge puff of smoke out the window.

"I'm serious," Randy said, taking a toke of the joint, then holding it in for as long as he could, making him feel dizzy and disorientated.

They heard the bell that signaled the end of lunch ring, and realized they were late to their classed yet again today, but obviously didn't care.

"Well, time to quiz, my good man," Pete said as he and Randy got out of the car and walked back toward the school, heading for their class.

---(From the news article that appeared two days after the accident)---

“Punk rockers of a new generation, that’s what they should have been called. These two were very young, but very bright and outgoing, and appeared to have practically everything they needed, simply handed to them on a silver platter. The only thing that seemed to be their downfall was their way of fast living.

But, like they said, you only live once, so why not do it to the fullest!

Some may consider what they did to be insane, but that is still to be debated. Plus, like they were both quoted:

‘Who’s to say who is sane or insane in this society? It’s like what kind of thoughts are you supposed to have when you’re doing it? Is it like, hey, Mom, what are you fixing for dinner, and then wham bam, do it? I don’t think so! I think there are some moments where you can just go crazy and snap, I don’t know - it’s never happened to me yet.’

Well, the young man was right, except now it has happened to him, and now, we as a society wonder what went wrong.

Just remember, they were guys who lost their way, but to you and me, they were renegades.”

The rest of the afternoon had went by pretty quickly for Pete and Randy, both extremely relieved when they heard the final bell signaling the end of their school day, seeing that they both had early release, letting them be able to leave school after fourth period. They both practically ran toward Randy’s car in the parking lot.

Pete stepped over to his car and opened the door and got in, and tried to start it, having no luck, like he did earlier this morning.

“Fuck me, why don’t you!” he declared, pounding a fist on the dashboard. “This sucks like a motherfucker!”

“Oh, man, don’t sweat it, you know you’ve always got a ride when as long as I have my wheels,” Randy said, trying his best to console his friend, not really sure how since it really wasn’t in his nature.

“Thanks, my good man, sure do appreciate it,” Pete said, getting out of his car and stepping over and getting into Randy’s Mercedes. “Oh, hey, like don’t forget you were wanting to go by that Job Service building, bloody aye.”

“Oh, thanks, man, I like totally fucking forgot!” Randy put his key in the ignition, started his car, and proceeded to pull out of the school parking lot, turning in the direction of Dandridge.

It took all of five minutes for them to reach Job Service, what with not hardly any traffic on highway 92, and with Randy driving like a speed demon, ramping up to around 90 MPH at some moments, with Pete holding his head out the window, yelping like a cowboy out of the wild west.

Randy was only in Job Service for about ten minutes, which he had dreaded every moment of, and for no reason at all he found after he was all done. Pete, meanwhile, had remained in the car, smoking a cigarette, and rolling a couple of joints for the road.

“Man, I like don’t even know why my dad is making me get a job, hell, it’s like he gives me money any bloody time I need it,” Randy said as he started the Mercedes and pulled out of the parking lot back onto highway 92.

“Man, like no shit, my bitchin’ old man is like the same bloody way,” Pete said, passing

the joint he had lit to Randy and firing up another one.

"Hey, speaking of my dad, like there he is, man," Randy said, pointing to his father, standing outside a small outlet mall he had built a couple of years earlier.

"Hey, Dad!" then the gunshot rang clear in the quiet air of Dandridge, echoing, as Randy drove on down the highway.

"Hey, man, how do you think you did on that history test?" Pete looked over at Randy and asked, then fired a shot at an oncoming car as it passed by.

"I don't like really know yet, you know, having just taking it a little while ago, man, but I'm sure to find out tomorrow," Randy said, then fired his gun, aiming at a truck that was coming up on the left, heading for Dandridge.

They passed an old man hitchhiking, and Pete fired twice.

"I think my Bible test was pretty easy," Randy said to Pete, as he shot at another passing car, as they continued to speed along highway 92.

"Yeah, I thought Bible was like a bitchin' breeze," Pete said, firing his fourth shot at an eighteen wheeler, which had a police cruiser hidden behind it.

Blue lights and sirens were flashing almost immediately, and Randy pulled over, reluctantly, to the side of the road, and awaited his fate with the law.

Only one of the policemen walked over to the idling Mercedes, slowly making his way toward the car, being as careful as he could be under the circumstances. When he saw the two young guys inside the vehicle, he let himself relax completely.

"Why did you run that truck off the road, young man?" The officer asked, his voice firm.

Randy simply stated something that best fit any situation:

"I didn't like see it, man."

Pete then smiled and looked over at Randy.

"What did you score on your Composition test?" he asked Randy as he raised his gun and fired off the last two bullets in the chamber.

"Order in the court!" the judge yelled, his voice booming inside the Dandridge courthouse, slamming his gavel on the bench. "Anymore outbursts like that, and you'll all be dismissed! Now, Mr. London, what did you say?"

"I said, your honor, I plead insanity."

---Twenty years later----

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the next President of the United States of America, Pete London!"

THE END

"London Leatherboys" footnote: This entire story is inspired by the friendship of Philip J. Lawson and myself. It's a long story about how this story came to be, but I think I can sum it up:

Marijuana!

(And a ride through Dandridge.)