

Death Runner

Run for Your Life

A Jake Smith Mystery: Book Two

by

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Chapter 1

The farmland night sky is ablaze with orange glowing light with the stink of burning wood. It is Good Friday morning before five o'clock, April ninth, nineteen seventy-one. The closest neighbor, a half-mile away, makes an emergency call to the Morrow fire department.

The elderly farmer couldn't sleep, the stench consuming his nostrils and arthritic legs pounding him awake. He rolls out of bed earlier than normal and struggles to pull on his overalls. It was a tough night and a rougher morning. On days like this, he grieves, having lived alone since his wife passed.

He makes his way to the front door, following the beam from the flashlight clenched in his fist. The man snatches his favorite sweat-stained straw hat off the rack and steps onto the front porch. He takes one painfully slow step at a time down the four stairs and starts across the yard towards the barn. An old hound dog drags behind. The man studies the radiant western sky above his overgrown orchard before deciding to drive over.

Alone on the moonless dark road in a timeworn Ford pickup, he misses, by mere seconds, the marina-blue Chevelle SS screaming past along the dirt road and sliding onto the main paved thoroughfare. It thunders, lights off, into the pitch-black horizon. The near-deft farmer might have heard the car if he remembered to put in his hearing aids.

The neighbor arrives at the disaster a half-hour before the rural volunteer firefighters appear, but the home has been an uncontrolled inferno for over an hour. So there isn't much they can do outside of preventing the adjacent trees and overgrown dead grass from spreading the flames.

Chief Jeff Gaulin gets on his radio and calls for assistance from the larger Lincoln City fire station. Morrow's outdated small tender is halfway through its main tank supply as Lincoln's large Mack pumper pulls onto the scene and helps spray water on the lost home. An hour later, all left is charred ember studded, framing sporadically standing. Everything else is a smoldering heap of low flames and ash. Finally, both engines soak the remaining cinders and stand by to let the mass fizzle out on its own. All left is a waiting game; it will be a long day.

As the sun peeks over the eastern hills, an A1 fire investigation team comes in from Fayetteville, the largest city in Washington County. Henry Mitchell is the lead man with thirty years of experience, while his partner has been working with him for the last seven. They survey the destruction.

Gaulin approaches the team. "Good morning, gentlemen."

"Morning, Jeff," Mitchell reciprocates. "Doesn't look like we can get started for a while." He turns to his partner and suggests they go for eggs and toast. "We'll see you later, Chief."

Just before noon, the investigators are back. They stand around, catching up with various acquaintances for another hour. Gaulin explains that the first man on the scene was Charles Stone and points toward the neighboring farm. He returned home just after sunup.

The two-man team drives over to talk with Charlie. The farmer tells them he hasn't seen the young family for a while and prays they are all right. Other than that, he knows not what happened.

Back on the scene, the investigators suit up in their Velocity Nomex protective gear. They shift through the edge debris before working their way into the depths of the destroyed structure.

Mitchell is where he believes should be a back bedroom. Carefully he scrapes away malodorous rubble uncovering a tiny-charcoaled encrusted foot. Then, continuing meticulously on, a small body becomes unearthed. The fragile, burned lump cannot be more than a year old, if that.

"I got something here!" his partner bellows.

"There is a baby over here," Mitchell returns.

Both men head to their vehicle. They need relief from the scorching ash piles. Between them, they guzzle a gallon of water. Mitchell radios to have a coroner come to the area.

The men return to their gruesome task. Just before dark, they finally finish. The two distorted, blackened bodies are all they recover.

Chapter 2

She was born Elizabeth Marie Jacobs in nineteen fifty-three in Kansas City, Missouri. Her single twenty-five-year-old mother worked whoring the streets of the shantytown on the city outskirts.

After Liz's birth, it took more than a year for the Housing Authority to approve her mother's application and move them into a tiny studio apartment within the inner-city slums.

The streetwalker left her baby girl with a neighbor every night. As a result, the baby constantly cried until four years of age. The babysitter and her alcoholic husband violently tried to stop the crying, only making it worse. After enduring the unruly child as long as possible, the couple finally called it quits on their unstable marriage. The man moved to St. Louis, and the woman went to live with her father in Chicago.

Without someone to watch over her young child, Liz's mother would leave the infant girl alone in her crib while standing on the corner or working close-at-hand bars. Nightly, she brought home a variety of men. Most were vicious, leaving her mother constantly bruised and battered. She only made it through each night by staying high by snorting cocaine or popping pills. Any money she made went to drugs, leaving the neglected child extremely thin and hungry for days.

The same week the child turned six years old, her mother moved a man into their one-room apartment. After that, Liz was on her own to get to first grade and home again. Her mother slept while the sun was up, and the unkempt man worked the day shift at the local Harley-Davidson factory.

The boyfriend rode his motorcycle to work every morning before six and returned drunk late every afternoon.

After a couple of months, the man started molesting Elizabeth as soon as her mother hit the streets. The drugged-out whore either didn't believe the young girl's horrific stories or wanted the dirty man worse than her daughter. The abuse lasted two years until her third-grade teacher got involved.

One afternoon, Mrs. Cobb asked the withdrawn waif to stay after school. Elizabeth sat quietly in her dirty, torn dress, head down, refusing to look at the teacher. Mrs. Cobb cradled Liz's hand and questioned her about her home life. After more than an hour of little response, the teacher let her go home.

Thankfully, Mrs. Cobb didn't give up. She knew it would take time and was determined to save the girl. She started keeping Elizabeth many late days a week. Eventually, after a month, the young girl broke down. She cried uncontrollably and sobbed out her home-life abuse tale. The teacher promised her it would stop that day. She took the girl to the office and phoned the police.

Immediately, a detective team showed up, accompanied an older woman social worker. While the officers questioned the teacher, the social worker talked with Elizabeth. She was good at her job, and it didn't take long before Elizabeth told the whole awful story; every prod and poke in appalling graphic detail. Soon, the dumbfounded woman excused herself, leaving a detective to watch over the child, and went to the washroom. Even though her life was in child abuse cases, she balled uncontrollably loudly, worse than a colic newborn. This was the worst case of molestation she had ever heard about in her twenty-nine-year career.

Another half-hour later, they loaded the child into their car and went to Children's Mercy Hospital.

Social workers and doctors examined and questioned the girl for hours. Once completed reports were in hand, the detectives went to Liz's house looking for the molester.

It was a dark, blustery evening, and the place was empty. Liz's mother was searching for drugs and money. When Elizabeth hadn't shown up from school, her mother's man strapped his meager belongings to the back sissy bar on his older Harley Panhead and hit the wet pavement west towards California.

They placed Elizabeth Jacobs in a children's home and eventually into the foster care system. She never saw her mother or the evil man again.

Going from home to home growing up, Liz never lived in one place that wasn't marginally better than her mother's filthy apartment. Liz's abuse didn't stop as promised and continued throughout her childhood in one home or another. Finally, on her sixteenth birthday, Liz ran away.

She looked for her mother but couldn't find a trace the woman had ever lived. It was unknown to her that her mother had overdosed on coke and passed away shortly after losing her daughter eight years earlier.

Chapter 3

A man sits in his pickup for a half hour, watching customers come and go from the QuicMart gas station on South School Avenue. It is after eleven-thirty Saturday night in nineteen sixty-nine.

Finally, there is a break in the foot traffic. He quickly pulls down his ski mask and runs into the small store carrying an old WWII Walther-P38, 9mm semi-automatic pistol. His father had brought the German military gun back from the European Theater in nineteen forty-five.

Twelve years earlier, at age eleven, Kenneth Walker's old man beat him for the last time. Young Ken went into the garage and pulled the P38 and a box of shells from an old water-damaged cardboard box filled with war memorabilia that his father kept. He loaded the magazine with eight bullets.

The son returned to the house, where his father dozed on the couch, too drunk on vodka to stay lucid. They were alone in the house, his mother working late at a market. Ken stood over his father for the longest time with tears streaming down his face. Consumed hatred, past the boiling point, filled his mind, and his courage built to a killing level.

The young boy shoved the barrel hard into the man's forehead.

The dazed man's blurry eyes opened slowly. Then, suddenly, the lids pop wide, and he screams, "What the hell are you doing?"

Ken pulled the trigger and exploded his father's brains all over the living room wall without a word.

Splattered by blood, the boy ran to the kitchen and wrapped the weapon in tin foil before burying the package behind a shrub in the backyard.

The blast shattered the still spring air, and a neighbor immediately phoned the police. When the child returned to the living room, he heard the sirens screaming up the street.

Ken spent the next ten years in juvenile hall before being released at twenty-one years old. He spent the following year wandering the streets of Fayetteville, looking for work. Unable to find a job, he started selling marijuana and other illegal drugs for a local dealer on the campus of the University of Arkansas.

One night, Ken went to his old childhood home and snuck into the backyard, digging up the ancient Walther, desperate to get into the drug business on his own.

“Get your hands up!” shrieks the robber.

The terrified young male convenience store clerk quickly complies, “Please don’t shoot. You can take anything you want!”

“Empty the register into a bag! No sudden moves or I’ll blow your head off!” speaking from experience.

Grabbing the brown paper bag containing two hundred and thirty dollars, the thief runs from the store and hastily drives away. A mile up the road, Ken turns right on Twenty-fourth Street and drives up the small mountain mound to the local country club, where he sits in the parking lot counting his take.

“He thinks, *at this rate, I’ll need to hit two or three more places.*”

After hearing the sirens blaring past South School Avenue, Ken leaves the lot, following the short, curvy road down to the main thoroughfare. He drives north to the smaller town of Springdale and robs another station.

Using the same modus operandi, he pushes on West to the town of Lincoln for his last robbery of the night.

Back in his halfway house, he counts five hundred and eighty-seven bills. It’s enough to make a buy and get some product to sell.

Randal Brown isn’t pleased with his protégé going out on his own but concedes the university’s white population to him. Ken Walker is the newest drug dealer in Northwest Arkansas.

One night, a few weeks later, Ken wanders into a strip club and sees Lulu Love teasing a pole on center stage. Her long blonde hair flips from side to side to the steady beat of Creedence Clearwater Revival’s *Bad Moon Rising*.

Over the next few months, Ken visits Kats often to memorialize the alluring young woman. During each visit, he stuffs every dollar bill he can muster into her bright pink g-string. Lulu never gives him a second thought.

Chapter 4

After running away from her last foster home, living on the streets isn't a step up for Elizabeth Jacobs. She survives scrounging garbage at night and hiding in dark corners during the day. While she steals everything, she can get her hands on selling the bounty to pimps and drug dealers.

Early sixty-eight, she meets a group of hippies staying in Budd Park and a young man they call Moonrock. Liz moves into his old VW microbus with him. The couple tries to survive by making and selling paper flowers on street corners.

Eventually, they left the group and moved south to Bentonville, Arkansas. Neither could find work, and they couldn't afford food or gas. The pair spent their days panhandling and their evenings arguing. They were there only a couple of weeks before they started physically fighting.

Liz gets up early in the morning after a bloody fisticuff, badly bruised and sore from his beating. Elizabeth walks to the highway and sticks out her thumb. The first car to come along, a late-model Pontiac, picks her up.

“Good morning, Beautiful. Where you headed?”

“Not sure. I just know I can't find work here and need to try somewhere else.”

“You're in luck. I own a little business in Fayetteville and always looking for help.”

“What can I do?”

“Don't worry your pretty little head about it. I'll teach you everything you need to know. But first, we'll stop and get you some food. My name's Denny. What's yours?”

“Elizabeth.”

He pulls into a local diner in Rogers. Denny has a soda, and Liz scarfs down a burger, fries, chocolate shake, and two pieces of strawberry pie. Her wide, periwinkle-blue eyes sparkled with delight.

Denny explains they will stop by his business as soon as they get to Fayetteville, and she can take a shower and clean up. He assures her sure she'll love the other girls and be able to borrow pants and a clean top. Afterward, they will go shopping, and he'll buy her new outfits for work and play.

Liz tells the stranger that she doesn't have a place to stay. Denny again assures her she has nothing to worry about. He owns a small apartment complex where most of his employees live, and she can bunk up with another girl until a unit becomes available. He also offers insurance and other benefits she can choose from and deducts from her weekly pay. He says he'll get her to a dentist and fix her teeth and a doctor for a complete checkup, all at his expense. Then, in the second week, she can start work.

Liz was so excited about getting a job she overlooked asking what it entailed.

A half-hour after leaving the café, they pulled into the parking lot of Kats. Liz exclaims, "Oh, you own a bar?"

"Well, yes. It specializes in men's delight. Your pay is minimum, but all the girls live off their tips, where all the real money gets made. You could easily pull down five hundred or more a week. But, of course, it all depends on what services you offer. It's like you'll be self-employed. The sky is the limit!"

"Services?"

"Let me show you around and introduce you to the other girls. Then we can sit down and talk. You never have to do anything you don't want to do! It's fun and simple work."

Kats closed this early as Denny and Liz slipped into the lounge. Elizabeth spies the stage and glistening chrome pole. Behind the bar stands a young woman washing glasses and an older gentleman stocking liquor bottles on a shelf fronting the mirrored bar back. Suddenly, a large reflective-tiled ball on the ceiling spins, spewing colored light dots around the dim room, and a voice from beyond shatters the quiet scene. "Good morning, Boss. What have you got there?"

Turning around, she notices the elevated DJ booth in the back corner where a young man tests the sound and broadcasting equipment. He waves at the new girl, "I'm Ethan."

Liz waves back before she turns to Denny. "What kind of place is this?"

"Let me introduce you," ignoring her question.

They approach the bar. "This is Grace, one of our bartenders."

Grace looks the filthy, ragged girl over. She nods without speaking and turns her back on Liz, wiping down the back counter with a dirty dishrag.

Denny makes an excuse for her rudeness. "It's hectic before opening. You'll like her when you get to know her," wrinkling his nose. "Milt, come over here."

The older man shuffles over. "Hi, I'm Milton, but everyone calls me Milt."

"Hi, Milt."

"All right then, let's go to the office. I'll introduce you to my wife, and the three of us can chat."

Liz follows Denny through the clothes-strewn ladies' dressing room into a large walnut-paneled office. A giant floor-safe stands in the corner, with a couple of rifles leaning against it and two desks with a well-dressed beached-blonde sitting behind one. The glass wall looks into the barroom through a one-way mirror. Liz has never seen a one-way mirror, and it surprises her that Denny spies on everything in the bar. She also notes a closed-circuit system screen on the corner of his desk, picturing the dressing room.

"Meet my wife, Charlotte," Denny's opened hand outstretched toward the sitting lady.

The three sit down for their talk. They discuss dancing and money and benefits. Liz is hesitant to take her clothes off in front of strange jeering men. Charlotte tries to calm Liz down, saying she's in charge of the girls and watches out for them. The blonde also reinforces the fact that nobody ever has to have sex with a patron and only dances untouched. But she also states most girls make most of their income servicing the clientele. She tells Liz her stage name is Lulu Love.

After an hour of convincing, Liz and Denny's wife go to the dressing room, where Liz meets Madison, the first dancer to

arrive. She's twenty-one, a few years older than Liz, and extremely friendly. Madison lends Liz clean clothes and shows her where to shower and clean up.

After shopping with Charlotte, they return to Kats. Her new boss asks Madison if Liz can stay with her until an apartment opens.

Elizabeth spends the rest of the day and evening observing and meeting the girls and regular customers. After Madison's shift ends, the two girls return to her apartment together.

Chapter 5

Powell Tucker is eighteen in nineteen-sixty-nine and a freshman at the University of Arkansas. He attended an early summer orientation weekend with his father, Newton Tucker, Lieutenant Governor of Arkansas.

The father and son arrived midday, a few hours before the Friday night orientation party, and Newton took his son to Kappa Sigma's fraternity house to introduce him around. He had been a member and president many years earlier. Powell immediately accepted as a pledge for the coming semester.

As the father and son team leaves, the current student ruler slaps Powell on the back, winking, "We'll see you at Rush Week, Brother."

Being young and naïve, Powell asked his father what the guy meant. He's told it's just a harmless initiation ritual; nothing to worry about.

Powell arrives at school a week before the semester starts. First, he needs to move into his dorm room and plans to get acquainted with his new fraternity brothers. As soon as he settles, he heads to the frat house.

He receives a chilly reception from the few early members settling in, and they invite him to leave immediately. Going down the outside steps of the old two-story home, Powell runs into Jackson DeFrey, the fraternity's president, whom he had made a few weeks earlier, "Powell Tucker, right."

"That's right."

"Where are you going? Come on in and meet the boys."

"Well, I already met a couple, uh, they asked me to leave."

"Nonsense. Did you tell them who you are?"

"Didn't have a chance."

DeFrey puts his arm around the new man and escorts him back inside, introducing Powell around with most immediately welcoming the freshman. The head student leads him to the kitchen and pours a couple of beers for himself into large red plastic cups from the ever-present keg. They return to the living room, and DeFrey sits in the regal seat reserved just for him. Powell wiggles onto the couch between two other brothers.

“Not yet, young man!” DeFrey bounces his bent index finger up and down and points to the floor. Powell glances around the room, and everyone in attendance has bouncing fingers. Finally, he slides down to his assigned seat.

Tucker says something. DeFrey, again wagging his index finger, “No! No! Only when you’re spoken to first.” Furthermore, all the brothers follow suit with the gesture. It’s going to be a learning curve for the outspoken new student.

The group chatters away with stories of last year’s Rush Week, all laughing, each adding to every tale of woe. Powell sits quietly for three hours. His buttocks are numb, and his feet tingle, but every time he tries to stand or shift positions, the finger-wagging and head-shaking start up again.

Another hour and Jackson stands, announcing everyone is going to the Grub Shack for a burger and brew. The group cheers and jumps to their feet, including Powell.

“This is a fraternity outing. No pledges! You can leave *after* we’re gone,” DeFrey sets more rules.

Twenty minutes later, the group saunters out the door, and Powell stands and stretches his legs, wondering what the hell he’s getting into.

Chapter 6

Liz's life as a stripper and sometimes prostitute was neither a propitious time nor a sad time. It's more commonplace to see her dancing at Kats than anywhere else. Her life is nothing more than a day-to-day existence. She and Madison become the best of friends. Seven months after moving to Fayetteville, Elizabeth still sleeps on Madison's couch.

Her prostitution amounts to quick blowjobs in the alley behind the strip club. Liz despises men and refuses to get into bed with any of them. To get through dancing and servicing clients daily, Liz has taken to smoking weed and taking capsules of Seconal, commonly called reds. The barbiturate taken in higher than recommended doses result in a high stupor, poor judgment, and slow, uncertain reflexes. Liz takes the illegal drugs thanks to Madison's prodding and supply. It's the only way Liz survives each night.

The girls have to split the extra tip money with their boss, and Liz only pockets ten dollars an act. As a result, cash is always tight, and she struggles to make ends meet.

One freezing dripping night Lulu Love leaves work at three in the morning. She stands outside the club's front door, bundled in her light summer coat, contemplating how to get home. She doesn't look forward to walking the nine blocks to the apartment when a semi-attractive young man appears from nowhere.

"Hi, I'm Ken, but my friends call me Squirrel."

"Not interested. Leave me alone!" recognizing the patron and assuming the fellow is looking for a date.

"Want to buy some smoke or something to warm you up?"

Liz figures she could use something for the cold, wet walk home. "How much for two reds?"

“For you, sweetheart, five each.”

Liz forked over ten ones and handed two red capsules.

“Why don’t we go to Lou’s for coffee? You look like you need someone to talk to.”

“I don’t think so.”

“Come on. Biz is slow tonight,” looking up at the angry leaking sky, “besides, I have a warm, dry car. One cup, and I’ll drop you off anywhere you want.”

She looks over the skinny guy. His chocolate-brown wet hair plastered against his head, with bangs trailing streams of water down his face. But those magical hazelnut eyes are too much to resist. Liz follows Squirrel to his car. They race over to Lou’s All Night Diner.

Sitting in a worn-out green booth, they stare at each other, shivering while waiting for the coffee.

“Look at us,” the young man comments, “a couple of drowning squirrels with no nuts.” Both break into laughter.

The pair sit enjoying each other’s company for a couple of hours over hot beverages and burgers, followed by a slice of stale apple pie. The rains stop as the sun rises. Liz looks out the picture window next to them and comments, “It’s getting light. I need to get home and go to sleep.”

True to his word, Squirrel reluctantly stands. “All right, but I need to see you again. Can we have dinner and catch a movie?”

“I’m off on Mondays. Would that be alright?”

“Elizabeth, anytime is right for me.”

After their first date the following week, they become inseparable and spend every opportunity together. They were again at Lou’s four months later, sharing an early morning breakfast in the dark. Liz is quiet and not herself. It scared Squirrel, believing it was over and waiting for the hammer to drop.

“What’s going on, Elizabeth?” he can’t stand it any longer.

After a long moment staring into his intense, haunting eyes, those eyes, “Ken, I’m pregnant,” anticipating he’ll run like a squirrel fleeing a trap.

“That’s wonderful. Let’s get married!”

Stunned by the jolt, “Married? Are you sure?”

“Of course. We’ll go to the justice of the peace this morning.”

He braids a small band from his unused napkin and places it on

the third finger of her left hand. Laughing, the pair make plans for their future.

By nine-thirty, they're husband and wife. Early afternoon they find a large run-down house out in the country. The drug dealer hands over a month's rent plus a deposit to the owner. Rushing back to Liz's apartment, the pair grabs her limited belongings.

Her husband waits in the car while Liz goes into Kats and tells Madison she married and moved out. Madison squeezes her tight and long. "I'm so happy for you. Does he have a brother?" Both enjoy the hysterical moment.

Liz heads to the office to quit. Denny's furious. Charlotte, outwardly calm, "Lulu, you can't just walk out. You're revered here by all of us and our customers."

Liz cries. There is no way she's staying; besides, she'll be showing before long and couldn't work anyway.

The boss woman continues, "Honey, we're both happy for you. Why don't you take some time off? Babies are expensive, and you'll need as much money as you can make. After giving birth, get into shape and come back, even if it's just a couple of days a week. You're always welcome here." She ends, "Good luck Elizabeth, and keep in touch with us."

Exactly that happens. After Elizabeth brings baby Emily into the world, she returns three nights a week to Kats.

Chapter 7

The start of classes and the beginning of Rush Week for the new students entering UOA starts the last Monday in August, following the summer orientation. Powell Tucker meets his nerdy roommate, Phillip Ward, the week before. Phil attends for education and is not interested in joining a fraternity.

The bookish student disgusts Powell. He can't understand anyone refusing to be humiliated by the older bullies of Kappa Sigma. They aren't going to be friends.

Kappa Sigma holds a Sunday evening event for the twenty-three new pledge candidates, outlining their requirements for membership.

After the national rules, President Jackson DeFrey launches into the four unofficial rules of their chapter. Foremost, a candidate must be from an upper social and economic family. The fraternity is not a welfare department. And no rednecks or minorities. Second, every first-year member must contribute twenty-five percent of all monies, family support, or work income to the fraternity. We primarily use this for parties. Third, each student must possess the mental fortitude for acceptance into the secret Society of the Dagger after two years as a regular member. Last, all members must be straight, with no exceptions. Any member discovered, otherwise subjected to SOD's wrath!

"Questions?" DeFrey asks the floor-sitting Pukes.

"When can we move into the frat house?" Tucker speaks up.

"Pukes don't ever talk first! Sit quiet, heads lowered. Never, never make eye contact with anyone! If you have a question, raise your hand, and if a Brother gives a shit, he will call on you!" DeFrey asks, "Does anyone care what this Puke has to say?" No Brother does, nor not one Puke raises a hand.

“Gentleman, go to your dorms and make your toga. You’ll be wearing this every day and night for the week. Don’t remove it unless a Brother requests you to. Now, let the games begin!”

Every Kappa Sigma member walks by Powell and slaps the back of his head. “Dumb ass!” “Where did we find such a stupid child?” “What shit-hole did you crawl out of!” and similar comments.

“We adhere to a strict Code of Silence. If I hear of anyone repeating a word from this House, SOD will bury you!” glaring at each floor-sitting Puke one at a time. “We’ll see you, Pukes, tomorrow. Now get the hell out of here!” Jackson ends the meeting.

In his room, Phil asks how the meeting went, and Powell refuses to comment or even look at his roommate. Instead, he tears the sheet off his bed and configures it around his body as a makeshift toga before laying on the bare mattress and staring at the ceiling until he falls asleep.

Monday morning, Powell heads to his first class. He happens upon a couple of frat members. Each slap the back of his head, “You’re too dumb to make Kappa Sigma, Puke!” and “What makes you think you’re shit doesn’t smell?” respectively.

Tucker keeps his head lowered and quietly takes a step.

“Hey, Puke, did I dismiss you?”

Powell returns and stands solemnly before them, staring at their shoes.

“Drop and give me twenty!”

Powell falls to the dirty cement and struggles under his loose-fitting sheet to accomplish the task. A small group of students stops to watch and add their unruly comments. After they let him go, the freshman continues to class. Other students stare or laugh at his wardrobe and submissive behavior along the way.