

# The Chronicle of Social Misdemeanors

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## Young Guy, 25, Sits at Old Men's Table

**Nonantum, MA**—This Tuesday, for the third time in a month, young guy Mark Huntley disturbed the peace by sitting down at the old men's table in his neighborhood doughnut shop. Huntley, a 25-year-old unshaven Caucasian male described as wearing a navy blue hooded fleece jacket and tan and olive camouflage pants, did not ask the old men if it was okay for him to join them.

"Those old men are so mad they could spit," said eyewitness and counter clerk Marie Ablonski, 45, "they don't say nothing to him. They want him to leave, but he don't get it."

When asked to explain his presence at the old men's table, Huntley, a part-time community college student who is majoring in oral history, said, "I like to think of us as a 'band of brothers.' They have seen so much of life—in war, in peace, in love. Each time that I sit silently with these wise old soldiers, drinking my mocha swirl latte with soy milk, I learn a little more about what it means to be a man. It is a mentorship of the soul."

Informed of Huntley's statement, table occupant Jerry Capaleone, 85, a retired postal carrier and lifelong resident of the village of Nonantum, expressed surprise.

"What? Is he fucking—pardon my French, I was at Guadalcanal—kidding me?" said Capaleone, "We figure if we don't talk to him, he'll get the hint and scam. My God. What we gotta do? Booby-trap the chair?"

Capaleone's tablemates, Sal Roscaletti, 87, a retired stonemason who resides in the village of West Newton, and Pete "Little Caesar" Palantonio, 85, a retired plumber and part-time grocery bagger from Newton Highlands, reported that they share Capaleone's dismay.

As Roscaletti slowly nodded his head, Palantonio said, "For the record? All we want to do is sit here, drink some coffee, and talk about Marie's boobs. It's the golden years—can't we just have that?"

Observing Dudley as he stood at the counter and ordered a mocha swirl latte to go, Capaleone said, "I don't know what his poison is there, but I guess it makes him a little soft up in the attic, huh? A little whoopy-doo?"

As Dudley left the scene of the crime, once again neglecting to clear his used napkins and empty cup from the table, the three men nodded formally in response to his hearty cry of, "I will see you on the morrow, my brothers!"

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**"What we gotta do? Booby-trap the chair?" Jerry Capaleone, Victim**

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*In our next issue: Clerk Robbed of Morning Greeting*

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