The last Meeting of The Knights of The White Magnolia
By: Preston Jones

Red

The brotherhood? My gosh! The “brotherhood”! L.D., wake up. Git back on the danged planet. The brotherhood ain’t any more. The brotherhood fell on his butt with Skip over there. The brotherhood got carried out of here with a dyin’ old man. There ain’t gonna be no stinkin’ Knights of the White Magnolia cause the Knights of the White Magnolia idea is gone, finished, all washed up. Did you listen to that crap we were reading’ tonight? The gospel according to Maynard C. Stemco. The sun, the moon, and the west wind? Well, L.D., old pal, lemme tell you as far as this here lodge is concerned, the sun’s done set, the moon’s gone down, and the west wind got a splotch on it.

Take a look around you, L.D., whatta ya see? Domino players, stumble bums, mama’s boys, pimple-faced kids, and crazy old men.

Ah don’t fit in nowhere. Ah’m just a lard-buttoed booze drinker. Remember? So I guess that just leaves you, L.D. The only true believer, L.D. Alexander, super market manager and keeper of the White Magnolias