

## ***“Pecker”***

**This is a story about words and a boy nicknamed “Pecker”.**

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My name is Woody, not Woodrow or Woodruff or by any other name. You see, I was born on Sunday, father's day on my father's birthday. My parents, being somewhat insane, (dysfunctional), did not want a “Junior”. However they wanted to name me after my father, whose name was Woodrow. Therefore, they named me Woody Roe. (I believe that the only reason that they had me was so my father could get out of the Army so not to be sent to North Africa along with Audi Murphy). I was the third child, (that is why I worried about little “Sammy”). I always felt rejected, even to this day. I did not want my picture taken and I stayed mostly to myself, later I learned that some people thought, because of that, that I was “standoffish”. However, the story gets much worse. Being as how my parents were crazy, true “Jesus freaks” and “bible stompers”, they did not want to associate with the outside world not even attending any church. (All religions were bad, no matter what they were). My father bought four acres in the middle of an old swamp, below sea level, on Sunny Road. He took apart a chicken coop and re-erected it in the center of the four acres. At that time, there were no services on Sunny Road, not even a paved street or electric power poles. Even though my father had a steady job at the Navy, “rough and Ready Island”, we were always poor. Now, because I was abused, I stuttered. Having no way to get to Castle school, some times we would walk to “Kinsley Road, now the “frontage road”, then to Weber Road, now called “Arch”, Road then to Austin Road, up to French Camp Road, then back towards the old 99 HY Way to castle school. (99 was yet to become a “Highway”). Therefore, we missed a lot of school. My parents would take turns beating me for some irreverent reason, as well as the Principal of the school, the teacher of the 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> grades. (Spilt milk?) Taking all this in consideration, I was classified as the school moron. Now at that time, there was a popular cartoon character, “Woody Wood Pecker”. So all the kids would sing the “Woody Wood Pecker” song and call me by the same name. There were about 18 kids in the classroom, with many living on Sunny Road. (Some still do). Since most of us lived out in the country and were somewhat farmers, we were adults. Therefore, it became childish to call me Woody Wood Pecker, so they shortened it down to just “Pecker”. Just as with the TV show, “Leave it Beaver” we thought nothing evil of the term. (Later in life, someone from the past would recognize me in a restaurant and yell, “Hey Pecker”-yeh)! However, this gave me a new identity, not “Woody” the moron, such as in the TV show “Cheers”, but an individual person.

There is an internet search engine called “Excite”. I wanted to have an email address in my name, but all the “Woody's” were taken. So I thought, it would be neat, without thinking it through, to use my old nick name “Pecker”. Now here is where the “cheese gets binding”. Like in the new movie “Atonement”, a situation happened, I think, much to my demise. You see I am in love with a lady, so much that I think of her constantly, to which I sent her an email from “Pecker” via “Excite” without thinking. I know that she likes me, but is so mad, at me, that she

will not talk to me, I had my chance, after four years of hoping that someday I would be able to see her again, I did. She acted as if she wanted to say something, but because I was in church and just wanted to say that I still loved her and was afraid that I would hold her, I did not stop to converse. I think that she got madder at me for not speaking, (or listening), to her. I also think that, (because of the email), like my mother, that I said or thought something evil.

(My mother, being the religious nut that she was, would not let us sing "Silent Night" as it contained the word "virgin".

I want to make it perfectly clear, that not once, not ever, have I thought about sex concerning her or her daughter! I love her like some people *love* "Jesus"! My life, my wealth belongs to her!

[Woody Alspaugh](#)