

My brother Wayne (Sonny) is a fascinating person to me, not only because he's my oldest brother and funny as hell, but because he did things for me that I'm grateful for. Wayne is 13 years older than me, and he was gone by the time I was old enough to remember him but Mom talked about him a lot, so my admiration initially came from stories about him from Mom. As I became a teenager, I got in a little trouble here and there mainly by fighting and taunting the police with my motorcycle, but nothing serious. However, Dad didn't see it as just fun and games and somehow decided I should be put in Plankinton (a juvenile detention center) but that didn't happen, because of my big brother Wayne.....thank you! As I journeyed through life trying to figure out what to do with this gift of life, I was thankfully given an offer from Wayne to have me come to MN and go to Cosmetology school which sounded like a start to a good life, so I accepted and headed to Waynes in MN. Holy shit can this guy party like a rock star was my first thought and man can he spend money at the bars like it grew in his backyard, and come

to find out it kind of did! So, we partied like there was no tomorrow and had one hell of time going to hair shows and what seemed like every bar in MN. Hope it's ok to tell this so here goes, I've never been around a guy that had so many girlfriends and wanna be's, and I must say he handled it well! If you're wondering, Cosmetology didn't work out for me mainly because it wasn't a passion for me like it is for Wayne, he's the best!!! Wayne always had something going on in his person life and I recall getting a phone call late at night from Wayne, and I think he was on his way back from Europe, but he got detained at the MN airport because he had a warrant for his arrest in California. I don't remember exactly what happened that night but obviously he was released. Another time a bunch of us went up north to go fishing (no we didn't, we went to party) and rented a pontoon boat and if you think a pontoon boat can't be sunk, you're wrong, it sunk temporarily front end first followed by the whole damn boat being a few feet under water, then popped up like F@#king cork. So that's right, all loose items went in the water and some woman lost her purse so

enough fishing and time to party at the local never to be the same again bar. I could go on forever about Wayne because I respect and admire him greatly.

Ok one more, Wayne has corvette stingray and I have a 69' Plymouth Road Runner and what do you do with really fast cars, you race them of course but not on the street in front of your house! But we did, and it was loud and obnoxious with screeching tires and brakes but we kept at it and of course stopped before the police showed up. Another? Ok yet another and I could go on forever because Wayne is one crazy son of a bitch especially when he's had a few. I left a bar called Mr. Mikes where we hung out and caused chaos and was heading home when I saw cops with flashing lights ahead with a blue corvette sting ray. Damn that's Wayne getting what was probably a DUI and going to jail for the night so what would a thankful little brother do, leave the stop light I was at with my tires smoking and fly by the cops and my brother as fast as that road runner would go! Shit that worked and now they let Wayne go and started chasing me. Seriously, I grew up in SD where we

drive with no lights when the cops chase us,
so these guys had zero chance of catching
me. I'd love to go with more stories about
my brother Wayne because we had great
times so maybe later I'll write more bout my
big Brother Wayne, I love you Wayne and
thank you! mk