Twitter Thread by Dr. Taj Butterworth IV



Dr. Taj Butterworth IV
@TajButterworth



I sometimes forget how great it was to grow up in a tiny town that was all of 2 miles wide in southwest Indiana. You could walk or ride your bike anywhere and be safe, never worried about traffic, you could easily get anywhere. You were surrounded by country you could get to...

with a quick bike trip which could turn into a massive trip. My best friend in 9th & 10th grade and I would ride 20 miles from home sometimes, just getting lost, no idea how to get back home, not worried at all.

No worries of a job at that age, and no worries we would be in any danger. No cell phones in 1993, so no distractions. Just kids having the time of their lives. We used to spend the night at his aunt's house, who was cool as hell.

I remember one time she took us to get lunch in Evansville, "the bif city" 30 mins away. We followed that with a movie, a 2 hr trip to the arcade/batting cages, then a second movie that night. Crazy to have no responsibilities but to enjoy life.

She was probably in her late 20's or early 30's, very nerdy, but very cool to us, and a genuine friend even w the age gap. She was awesome, as was his mom who would stay up til 1AM to watch scary movies with us every weekend.

She even read the FEAR STREET books that I had picked up first and my buddy had started reading after. Cool as hell lady that I would love to fly back and see.

We had a tiny public library that was in a brand new building, but had a TON of YA horror fiction.

YA horror was MASSIVE in 1993. I remember falling in love w a kickass 20 something librarian who would allow me to come behind the desk to check out all the new stuff they got in. They had a green chair that was shaped like your body. I'd spend hours there reading.

It was just a short walk from the high school, and I did not have a car or a license (until my 18th birthday). I'd sometimes hang out w the drama kids in 11th grade or in 9th and 10th my best friend (we had a falling out- he got into drugs and smoking and booze)...

Then I would sometimes take the short walk to the library and check out the massive YA section that was almost exclusively horror, often Point Horror (the best YA publishing line ever!)

I once rode my bike to school...

Hit a hidden hole with a pike sticking out, which cut my leg open...had to walk to the jr high (8th grade) all bloodied, the gash on my leg just pouring. Good times. I still have that scar on my knee...

In marching band, the percussion section (bass drum 9th/10th grade, snare 11th and 12th)...would have practice on our own but beforehand would walk to Mr. Gatti's Pizza and have the buffet, walk back, and play for 2 hours. ...

Pep band for basketball games was the shit as well. Stay after school, go to the band hall, get on the drum set and practice until the other showed up an hr before the game. Walk over to the bball court, get the second drumset from the closet, play pop hits for 2 hours...

Praying you would be the one who got to play either one of the two songs w a drum solo- Barbara Ann (Beach Boys), or Wipeout. One time I was on TV. The news guy had a copy of the new SI swimsuit edition, and they had me on TV playing while staring at the magazine on the floor tom

I wish I had the VHS of that just to see what I looked like, as I don't think I have any actual video of me from high school at all. Very few pictures even, most lost when my mom died and my dad instantly remarried and shunned me from his life (oh well).

Went to Florida for a week in the winter break of 1993 with marching band, performed in a couple parades at Disney World, spent so much time at Epcot, thought we owned the freakin' world, bought a plus jurassic park raptor,named it Harvey the wonder raptor after the Weird Al song

Spent 2 days walking around that park singing "Harvey, Harvey, Harvey, the wonder raptor" to anyone who would listen. HATED Sea World. Nearly froze to death on New Year's Eve, huddled w 2 classmates as fireworks went off, getting lost, getting back late to the bus & yelled at...

Lost my virginity in the front driver's seat of a red 1995 Camaro w the black-top that belonged to my GF's brother (they were rich) who was my age, and she was 18 (I was 16), not sure how I even fit into either front seat of that car. Having my heart broken by her later...

Having some random argument w my mom on graduation day, riding my bike to the library, swearing I was not attending. She somehow found me, made me feel better, bought me ice cream, got my hair cut, and I ended up going, party w my friends at my house afterwards...

Remember being 17 and falling for a fellow band member who happened to be 14 at the time. Her mom was cool but not cool w us dating. Forbid it. We got caught sneaking out to see each other so many times, holding hands as her mom drove up explaining she's too young to date...

Broke my arm in 8th grade riding a ten-speed with the tiny narrow tires through the woods behind Walmart with my buddy Jeremy at the time. Remember the immense pain of the shot they gave me before putting the bone back into place which didn't hurt at all...

Just a good way to grow up in relative safety, close-knit ties in town, video rental stores on every corner, Nintendo was huge at the time, the big city was close but far enough away to be special, and going to the movie theater was the best thing on earth.

End of random story about my teenage years I have no idea why I am sharing...

@threadreaderapp unroll me