

# Boss Ralphie

## The story continues...

Story by Edward Carboni

The story so far.... Boss Ralphie (Archangel Raphael) is having a bad millennium and has been demoted to being the angel in charge of recruitment. We first meet him when he tells Sam Miller, a retired trackless trolley driver, that he will soon be an angel working on Ralphie's crew. Bigz (God) gives him the task on Christmas Eve of reforming a life long thief (Bugsy Sullivan) and getting the thief to help a little girl (Breezy) who is known as a pure spirit. The girl is so special that if Ralphie fails, his position as archangel is in serious jeopardy. With the help of another angel who enjoys quoting mob movies (Finch), they find the thief and set out on Christmas Eve to complete the task they were assigned.

"God, the big guy, the Don of all the universe," said Finch. Bugsy Sullivan had gotten his breath back. He was looking around to see where he would run to next. "Bugsy, we don't have all night, so please don't run again. You'll just be wasting time, and in this weather you could catch a nasty sniffle," Ralphie said. Bugsy Sullivan, a man who had never done anything in his life that did not benefit himself, considered what was being proposed and he wondered if he was going insane. But there they were. He didn't believe in God, let alone angels. That lack of belief in anything beyond himself made it easier to do what he did for a living. He was going over his lack of belief in his mind. There is no God, he was sure. "Bugsy, you're not insane and it makes no difference if you believe in Bigz or not. Bigz believes in you, and at this juncture Bigz has given you a wonderful opportunity to turn

your life around. You could possibly come out of this job as a good man and not the man you are now, and that is a man who sees only the evil in the world because he's putting it out there himself," said Ralphie. Bugsy Sullivan dismissed the last statement and he thought to run again. If he did they would simply find him again. So on a cold and snowy Christmas Eve, the thief decided he would go along with these lunatics until he could find some way of escaping them.

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The trio walked north on Passyunk Avenue in South Philadelphia. Ralphie and Finch were looking up at the sights of Christmas decorations that were on display. Ralphie liked the tinsel, Finch was more impressed with the lights. Bugsy Sullivan took notice of neither, his mind was occupied with coming up with an escape plan. "So if you guys are angels, where are your wings?" He wasn't going to be fooled because these men could run faster than him. Ralphie took his eyes away from the festive decorations and looked at the thief.

"You two can't be real angels unless you got wings, you know." He had 'em cornered now. Just a couple of lunatics.

Ralphie unbuttoned his overcoat and attached to his sweater under it was a pin of golden wings. Bugsy looked at it closely.

"They're a pair of American Airlines wings! They're not real wings!" said Bugsy.

"Yeah, I know. But it is

funny---and you should see the look on your face." Ralphie started laughing, and Finch did too.

"Funny? Funny how? Funny like I amuse you, like I'm some clown," said Finch.

"Why does he do that?" asked Bugsy.

"Because he likes to do that," said Ralphie.

"So where are the wings?" asked Bugsy again.

"We don't have 'em. People made that up. After they did we actually tried 'em out for a while, it seemed like a neat idea. But it didn't work out too well--- they're very bulky and they were just for show anyway," said Ralphie.

"So is this what angels do? Come up on unsuspecting people and scare the hell out 'em in the middle of the night?" Bugsy thought he'd bide his time and wait for an opportunity to get away.

"To begin with Bugsy, you are not in any way, unsuspecting. And to answer your question, no, this is not what I normally do. This is a special assignment. I normally work in resource procurement," said Ralphie, "and Finch here, he just started with us a little while ago. He got in on the hero clause. Pulled a man out of a burning car."

"Yeah, and when the thing blew up one of the doors took my head clean off. It was a real mess from what I heard," said Finch.

The snow had begun to come down a little harder when Ralphie turned into a hoagie shop just north of Bainbridge Street. He emerged with a brown bag and a cardboard cup of hot chocolate.

"What's in the bag?" asked Bugsy.

"A hoagie, some chips...and a Tastykake." They began walking again and where Passyunk crossed 5th Street they turned onto 5th. A half block up, in the threshold of a boarded up store, was a man bundled against the weather. Ralphie squatted on his haunches and handed him the bag and the cup of chocolate.

"How are ya, Connor? It's a meatball hoagie in there, with extra provolone just the way you like it. Merry Christmas." he said.

"Hey Ralphie, thank you," the man brought a wrinkled and soft looking hand from a tattered glove and opened the bag, a wide smile came across his bearded face, "but I didn't get you anything." He began to chew on the sandwich that was steaming in the cold weather.

"Yes you did, Connor. You're my present," Ralphie said, "we have to get going, but I'll see you later, okay?"

"Sure Ralphie. Thanks again."

The three continued on their northward journey, and after a few blocks, Bugsy spoke.

"So who's the bum?" he asked.

Ralphie looked at him the way one would look at a child who had just broken a plate in a thoughtless manner.

"His name is Doctor Connor Barrett. He helps the homeless sick out here for a couple of months a year. He used to be what we call a sympathetic man. But after a while Gabriel got sick of listening to him. He came down here and told Connor to put up or shut up.

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# Coco 'Nut' Funnies

## Hands Free Phone



This Asian girl uses her bra to make a hands free phone. I guess she could not afford a blue tooth headset.



## Caution!



There is a condition affecting men in the Keys called "micropenis". It happens to short fat men with big egos. They are totally aware that they have a diminutive dangler and a truly tiny tinkler so they will try to impress you, but in most cases the big head isn't any smarter. Someone needs to inform pest control!

## 2008 Darwin Awards

Named in honor of /Charles Darwin, the father of evolution, the Darwin Awards commemorate those who improve our gene pool by removing themselves from it.

### Pierced

A 23-year-old man with various body piercings wondered what it would feel like to connect his workplace test equipment to his chest piercings. Several co-workers tried to convince him that it was a bad idea to wire him self up to the electronic control tester, but he ignored their pleas. He proceeded to connect two alligator clips to his piercings and hit the test button...

When the police and rescue personnel arrived, his co-workers were still trying to revive him with CPR and rescue breathing. They were not successful.

### A Screw Loose

A contract worker was hired to install reinforcement bars on a communications tower near Camp Bullis, Texas. He was wielding power tools high above the ground, when 2 other workers saw him lean back and fall 225 feet to his death. Turns out, the man had loosened the bolts to the bar to which he was attached.

Read the continuation of this story in the next issue of the Coconut Telegraph due out February 1st.