

A Start

by Anthony Van Hart

I don't like telling stories. I'm far too honest and give far too many things away. And plus, who would want to read about what my eyes saw, my ears heard, or what my heart felt. People should see, hear, and feel for themselves, don't you think?

13 years old and too honest. Too honest to not tell you that I dug through the trash can in the kitchen last night and grabbed out all of the quarter smoked cigarettes my old man threw away. I'm not sure if I plan on smoking them yet - I'm not sure if I know how or if Camels are my brand. But he throws away at least a full pack a day. Takes three or four drags and puts them out.

For now I just keep them in a chess set, next to the shoebox that has some playboy magazines and videos, and some marijuana stems that Nick found next to the furnace in his basement . He wasn't sure if they were his old man's or his sister's but ... if they were Lisa's I'd hold on to them forever.

You see? Three paragraphs in and I've already told you I hunt and gather cigarettes, pot, and porn. You might have also guessed that I have an insane, wet dream causing crush on my best friend's sister. I really need to rethink writing all of this down.

