

A Boy and His Tire

by Foster Trecost

I once had a pet tire named Mitchell. He wasn't one to fetch, but I often rolled him in the park. He never lost a single downhill race. Sometimes I'd curl inside and we raced downhill together. Sometimes I'd curl inside and go to sleep.

I found him behind our shed, but I was looking for something else. I had asked my father for a puppy.

"You want a pet?" he said. "Go dig up a worm."

So I went behind the shed and balanced the tire on end to dig the soft ground underneath in search of a pet worm. But I stopped digging to look at the tire, and was no longer interested in worms. Later that day, I took Mitchell for a spin.

My parents accepted Mitchell and rules applied to him just like other pets. I had to keep him clean and never, ever was he allowed inside, though I did manage to sneak him through my window on a few nights, only to be scolded in the morning. I didn't mind; I loved Mitchell.

I woke up one morning and found my father working in the garage. "Where's Mitchell?" I asked.

"He can still be your pet," said my dad, pointing.

I guess in some ways he still was, but riding in the car was never quite the same.

