

Too Many Toys

by Franklin Goodish

The next door boy tells mine that his parents got another house because he has too many toys for just one.

The next morning, mine asks me before school why we can't get a new one too.

The coffee is shit. I say that little dweeb next door isn't coming over again. My wife doesn't even look up from the laptop. My son looks away; I try not to watch him blinking rapidly. It's too early to start obsessing how bad things will be for him in life. I should say I'm kidding or at least take back the ban. I even think about patting my son's shoulder and reminding him that daddy has a weird sense of humor. But the boy next door is worse than a dweeb; he's a prima donna and a bully and a little shit to boot. The divorce will only make him more.

Even though we're running early, I jerk my head in the direction of the garage. My son gets up from the table and heads to the car.

