

Do You Ever Really?

by Steele Diamond

The pavement was so hot, it burned the souls of my feet. I really thought they would blister, but they rarely did. I would try to walk on the grass, between driveways. Carrying that large bulky box. I would hear the the slap, slap, slap, of some of the other kids wearing flip flops as they walked by. Wimps. Lucky wimps. I wished I had a pair. The older girls wearing shorts so short they barely held in the ultimate treasures our older brothers seemingly spent hours in the bathroom, dreaming about. Make us wonder what it is all about. "Brand New Key" wafting by from a distant transistor radio.

I would run to my friend's house, only because my bicycle had a flat. My father was a fine Naval Officer, but that left little time for fixing flats. The large box, under my arm with orange pieces of Hot Wheels tracks sticking out all over. Doing it's best imitation of the cowlick on my head. Sweat is pouring down my face, so I detour through the Jensen's yard. Mrs Jensen always has her sprinkler on, during the hottest part of the day. I don't think she really cared about her lawn, but she always smiled and waved from her window, when we ran through her yard.

Arriving at my friend's house, I was happy to see I wasn't last. It looked like Ricky or Charlie had not shown up yet. The other 3 were already there. We would add my fifty, or so, feet of track and wait for the others to show. The plastic track, so hot it was soft, would soon span a couple of hundred feet. Chart a course winding from the carport, through several turns and loops, to the sidewalk. Two hundred feet of track, engineered precisely to cover a twenty foot driveway. It would provide hours of fun for 6 boys. We would watch the cars roll their course for hours. Drinking ice cold kool aid.

I look back now and wonder how we survived without playstations.

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