

The Bus Stop

“Wait up!” Ricky was one of the kids on the street who played ball and rode bikes with him all summer.

At the corner they joined the others from the neighborhood. Tommy squinted, wiggling his toes in the shoes his mother made him wear so he would “look smart” on the first day.

“Hey kid,” Doggo said to Ricky, cigarette dangling. “Gotta light? How ’bout you, New Shoes?”

“No.”

“You, kid? You?” He jerked his chin.

“Put it away.” Tommy stepped closer.

“What are *you* gonna do?”

Hard heel met toe of Converse and the cigarette fell to the ground.