

The sun was on its trip down, casting long shadows across the park. Fred and I knew our mothers would want us home soon. Fred picked up his football and slowly made his way to the sidewalk where I was waiting. The football was a birthday gift Fred got just a few days ago. Even though Fred and I beat up the ball all day it still had a shine to it, the white had no grass stains. I have wanted a football for a while but my parents wouldn't get one for me. I really wanted Fred's football. But I kept that to myself. Fred and I walked back together, we were both too winded to talk about how first grade had been going for us. I like to think he didn't talk because I won our one on one football game. When we regained the ability to breathe we were already on our street. Fred and I gave each other a quiet wave and split off from each other. Walking to my door I could see Fred and his mom a couple houses down. I could see Fred's mom get after him for not being home sooner. I walked inside and sat down for dinner with my family. Later I went up to my room and crawled into bed and my mother turned off the lights. In the middle of the night I could hear windows shattering and crying. I left my room and went downstairs to see my father looking out the window. I joined him and saw men running down the street. My father went back to the kitchen where he opened the cabinet my sister and I were not allowed in and grabbed a bottle from there. My curiosity got the best of me and I slipped out the door. I walked down the sidewalk with bare feet. The men were running to Fred's house. When I got to Fred's house I could see broken windows and the door wide open. Over the fence I could see the football. In the moonlight it was a crystal. My stomach dropped when I had the idea. I couldn't help myself, I went inside the gate and stepped around the broken glass. I picked up the football like it was an egg. I tiptoed out of the fence and onto the sidewalk. When I got to the sidewalk I ran as fast as I could. Halfway to my house I heard a massive crash from Fred's house. It was followed by Fred screaming and crying. My first thought was that he saw me take the ball. I felt bad for taking something that wasn't mine. I walked back to Fred's house and put the ball back. His crying slowed down at the exact time the men were leaving his house. They didn't see me as they walked onto the street and vanished. But I left shortly after them. Went inside my house. Crawled back in bed and slept. I didn't see Fred for a few days and so I decided to challenge him to a rematch because he actually won the game on that day. When I got to his house his father's car was gone and their door was cracked open. I opened it to see no one there. The kitchen lost its food, and Fred's room lost all of the clothes. On my way out the living room floor had blood marks that had dried and been there for a few days. I made sure to close the door on my way out. I opened the gate and walked onto the sidewalk. As I was closing the gate I could see Fred's football right where I had put it that night. It seemed to me that Fred was gone on vacation or something, so I grabbed the ball and walked over to the park to practice. I practiced so I could win the rematch when he came back home. Whenever that may be.