

The Hole

All the streets in the neighborhood fed into this intersection. Natives could see trouble from every corner behind the opposite-facing stop signs.

Standing smack in the center was like peering into four different continents. Catching a peek at four foreign worlds. If you were facing North, like I was, you'd find the snobby, wealth-ridden Saturn. It gave rise to self-righteous children.

To the right, rested the elderly- you'd have to hop the eerie purple stain from Dolis' accident.

To the left, a masculine nut tree hung over the left corner, flinging cracked pecan shells into the pit that disrupted the patch of dirt.

The kids made it their evil lair, proudly naming it 'the hole'.

The air from this street burned our nostrils. It was rooted in cigarettes and neglected hygiene, neglected children, or both. It reeked like the childhood we never had. Funny enough, it was my go-to route back home. It was rare that Center Street was quiet; when it was you could hear Martha's pleas. It was like I was right there, taking the brunt of the blows for them both.

Soon I was.

Cameron exploded through the screen door, bloody, and smelling of wet dog and cigarette smoke.