Dodgeball in the house

My fifth grade gym class had perfected my skills. Peter, the Russian, wasn’t bad either. Our strategies involved, trench warfare behind couches and coffee tables.

There was just… one thing I had the home-house USA advantage; and his feet gave away everything.

I sniffed around and then “Ah!! he’s in the living room, Behind the blue love-seat.” Silently, as my Navajo blood came to life, I made my approach.

It should have been executed perfectly, but the KGV called gave him my whereabouts, and we steady/readied ourselves for and all out…

The first came flying out at me, as the yellow fuzz nipped the tops of my hair. I retaliated as Dunlop 3’s and Wilson US Opens were exchanged like items in a black market, from Kaliningrad to Indianapolis.

We danced the same moves we would use for overhead smashes and slice backhand drop-shots down the line.

We decided on a draw, and no to tell mom about the broken vase. The scent of his feet lingered for days while the windows of my room were opened clearing out other emanations.

I guess I didn’t really mind, the smell three months of it got me used to it. I wonder what readjusting would be necessary in Russia.

-Abel Contreras