

The Other Boy

BY ROB COOK

Another boy used to live with us
and we were bestest friends
and we played together every day

Sometimes he did things that got us in trouble
like when he said let's catch crawdads in the creek
even though we weren't supposed to get dirty
but he said *c'mon* and it was a lot of fun
and we only got a little bit muddy
until we made pretend like we were crawdads
and that was even funner but we got a lot bit muddy
Mommy yelled at us and I tried to say *I'm sorry*
but the other boy screamed *I hate you mommy*

After that the boy started hiding
not hide-and-go-seek hiding but for-real hiding
I asked him *why* and he said
I can't even breathe without getting in trouble
but I don't understand because
we live in the same body and
I can breathe just fine

The last time he was here he tossed
a water balloon into the living room
and I laughed so hard I couldn't stop
even when daddy got mad
Then I got scared and said
it wasn't me it was that other boy I'm a good boy
but daddy spanked me anyway

Last night the boy came back
while I was sleeping
we caught crawdads in the creek again
and we got muddier and muddier
and we laughed and we laughed
Then the boy started to leave and I cried *don't go*
but he just looked back at me and winked and said
See you in high school kid