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Changes

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Changes

Christian Rivera

School was over. The bell's ring signaled the freedom of youthful souls just like a gunshot signals the start of a race at a track meet. I sprint out of class, running so fast I can feel the wind caress my face and the classroom windows seem to pass by, almost as if I was soaring by the classes instead of running. But, by the time I reach the pickup zone my dad hadn't arrived yet. Isaiah, my best friend, challenged me to a game of rock paper scissors before he took off, and of course I won. I was left sitting on blue benches, gazing in awe at the blue skies above the school as the sun warmed the back of my neck.

The smells of fresh cut grass and unsmogged cars bombarded my nostrils while my attention turned from sky to where the sound of the paletero's bell could possibly be coming from. I can't see him but I know he'll come, he always does. Oddly enough though, instead of growing louder the bells begin to fade away. How strange, I really wanted a paleta de limón con chile. Oh well, there's always tomorrow. Off in the distance, I could hear the very distinct sound of my dad's car. That old car was more commotion than get up and go. Nevertheless, I'm glad he arrived. He approached me and I could tell something wasn't right. He was looking at me the same way he looked at me when he had to tell me he didn't have time to play catch—I knew something was up. His brakes screamed and his car came to a very slow stop right in front of me but I didn't want to get in. I took the biggest breath of my life and then got in the car.

"Mijo" he said, but I would not reply. Finally, the dreadful word "mijo" punched me in the stomach. "Today was your last day here at school. We're moving." Right away I screamed, "No dad I have to say bye to my friends!" I kicked, I screamed some more, I even tried to get out of the car. "Cálmate Chaparro, cálmate!" I started to cry. I wondered, "What is next? Where are we going? Are there any paleteros there?" I didn't want to move again.