A Nice Boy

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Abstract
Across the street lives a very nice boy with brown eyes like muddied brick and teeth like tiny fence posts.
Across the street lives a very nice boy with brown eyes like muddied brick and teeth like tiny fence posts. He wears a white cowboy hat on top of his head, and you can see him running in circles on the road outside your house, shooting his fingers like pistols and shouting at imaginary bad men. Every morning, he delivers your paper, and you give him a small treat: a candy or some toy you dug out from a cereal box. When he grows up, you will remember him fondly, telling your spouse about how his mother told you that he is doing well in school, and when he graduates, you will be invited and sit clapping just as hard as his family. One day, though, you will turn on your television to see his frowning face, and you will learn why his fingernails were always caked with red and why your cat once brought you the corpse of a squirrel whose neck had been snapped and whose hands had been pierced with green thumbtacks.