

The Mountain Fell

"I saw the stars today."

"That's nice, dear."

"Today, Mom. I saw the stars today."

Mom stared at Timmy, lifted an eyebrow. "That's nice dear."

The grass moved. Timmy went to the slide.

"I swear, Mary, that boy's not right."

Uncle Ben chuckled.

"When do we eat the chicken?"

Mom frowned. "Turkey."

"I don't like turkey, Mary. You know that. I only want the chicken."

Mom knew. She was distracted.

The meal was nice. The food was nice. The people were family. Family gatherings were always nice.

After eating, people went upstairs to play pool. Some people went to the living room to talk. Timmy and Mom stayed in the kitchen.

Timmy wasn't finished.

"Do you like the stuffed peppers?"

Timmy looked down at his plate. He had already finished his peppers.

"I mean, did you?"

Mom had made the peppers herself. She was proud.

"I really liked the chicken."

When Timmy finished eating his food, he went upstairs to watch people play pool. It was a nice night.

"Wake up, Timmy. I'm taking you to the dentist today."

Timmy was still very sleepy.

"Hurry or I'll eat your breakfast."

"Yes, Brian."

"I wish you'd call me Dad, Timmy."

Timmy brushed his teeth and went downstairs to the kitchen. Mom and Brian were talking.

"Why won't my own son show me a little affection?"

Bacon and scrambled eggs. The bacon was delicious.

"Maybe because you're never there."

Mom looked out the window. The eggs tasted okay. They needed salt.

"That's not my fault, Mary."

Timmy wasn't very good with salt. He put down too much.

"I know, Brian. You asked why."

"How do you--son of a bitch, Timmy!"

Timmy had made himself thirsty with the salt. He wasn't very good with water, either.

"Clumsy little brat! You clean up that glass, Mary. And you... Go brush your teeth!"

Timmy didn't understand. "I already brushed my teeth."

"Do it again!"

Timmy brushed his teeth. Then Brian took Timmy to the dentist.

Mary cleaned up the glass. She worked on laundry after.

"Think you'll have any cavities, Timmy?"

Timmy was busy looking out the window. He didn't hear.

"Listen to me, boy. I say, you think you'll have any cavities?"

"No." Timmy was still looking out the window.

"You should look at people when they talk to you."

"Mom doesn't when she talks to you." Timmy could hear the road. He liked to watch the lines.

The dentist was nice. He was new. His name was Dr. Bill. No cavities. Dr. Bill said to wait a little while before eating. Brian gave Timmy a candy bar anyway.

A snack was ready when Brian took Timmy home. BLT. The bacon was delicious.

"How was it dear?"

"Brian gave me a candy bar." Timmy liked candy.

"And your teeth?"

"My teeth are fine."

"That's nice dear."

Timmy finished his BLT but he didn't get up.

"Go watch some Toon Disney sweetie."

Timmy stood up.

"Mom?"

"Yes?"

"Are we fat?"

Mom laughed.

"Just a little meaty dear."

Timmy went to watch some Toon Disney. Bonkers was on. Mom didn't have to work on lunch because there were leftovers. She used the time to catch up on reading. Brian had gone back to work.

"Mom."

"What are you doing in here? I thought you were watching cartoons."

Timmy was finished watching cartoons.

"Don't just stand there, Timmy. I'm reading."

Timmy sat down. Mom went back to reading. Timmy stared.

"Hungry?"

Timmy nodded.

"Let's go eat lunch."

Mom and Timmy ate lunch. Timmy finished off the chicken.

"Tim! Hey Tim!"

"Yeah, John. What do you want?"

John grabbed Tim by the shoulder. He shook.

"What? What is it?"

"Why are you just standing there? We have class!"

"Okay."

Tim went to class. Class was long. Tim was hungry.

"Lunch time! That's your favorite time of day huh Tim?"

Tim mumbled. Then rushed off to lunch. He sat with John.

"Like ice cream huh Tim?"

"Who doesn't?"

Pete sat down.

"Not many like it as much as you chubs."

Tim and Pete didn't get along.

"Maybe 'chubs' isn't the right word." Pete went on. He found better words.

Tim wasn't listening.

"Don't listen to that jerk, Tim."

"I'm not, John."

Pete went on. Tim heard, "--your mom."

"What did you say about Mom?"

"Tim don't listen to him!"

"He's talking about Mom!"

Pete laughed.

"He's laughing! Pete, what did you say about Mom?"

Pete laughed more.

"Stop laughing! What the hell did you say!?"

Tim stood up.

Pete stood up.

"Not telling. It wasn't nice, though."

Tim tried to punch Pete. Tim missed.

Pete tried to punch Tim. Pete didn't miss.

Pete became He Who Conquers Mountains.

Tim's mom picked him up from school.

"What happened to my baby?"

"I got in a fight Mom."

The ride home was nice.

"I know, Timmy. What did that boy do to make you so angry?"

Timmy was busy looking out the window. He didn't hear.

"Timmy? What did he do?"

"Nothing."

Timmy could hear the road. He liked to watch the lines.

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