

Bvrroom!

the go-kart screamed alongside the boy's yips and yells.  
He looked up at his father, whose maniacal grin matched his own.

"Hooold on tight, Sgt. Ty-Ty!"

The minimobile broke through the high, yellowed grass and into the sun. The boy closed his eyes and let the warmth and the wind play on his face; he let the vibrations and bumps shake and bounce his body up, down, and sideways.

"Get ready, maboy, this next bump might give ya some shell shock!  
WHHOOO-WEE!"

. . . . .

He saw his father typing on the computer when he entered the room.

The boy walked over to him.

"Dad?" He tugged at his father's sleeve. "Daaad." He tugged again.

"One sec, Ty-Ty...just gotta type up these invoices here..."

"When do you want to ride the go-kart again?"

"Well...I'm a l'il busy right now.

How 'bout tomorrow?"



boy's mother looked up from

her paper. "Did you see that sign next door? Looks like they're starting a development in the meadow."

His father took a sip of coffee. "Mahopac's gonna be gettin' busy. Everyone's moving up from down south." He elbowed the boy. "We'd better get in some go-kart time soon, ay? How does next week sound?"

. . . . .

The boy looked over the stone wall from his yard and into what was once a field. Along the new street was a sign that read "Meadow Crest," and some houses that looked similar to each other. The tall, yellowed grass had been overgrown by short, emerald blades, interrupted here and there by a pool or picket fence. The boy walked across his yard and over to the shed.

He turned the handle.

Inside was the go-kart. There was rust on its frame and a few webs on its wheels. Two year-old dirt still clung in tiny, brittle mounds to its underside. The boy broke some off and rubbed it between his hands. The back passenger-side tire seemed deflated. He stood there and took one last look at the

thing. Then he stepped out of the shed  
and shut the door.