

# **Our Time Together**

*A Father and Son Story*

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Jimmy had a difficult time keeping still. He squirmed and grew restless in his chair, and waited as patiently as any nine-year-old boy could wait. He attempted to watch his favorite television program in order to send his thinking in a different direction. But there was no use. The growing excitement the young man felt on that late summer evening exceeded beyond anything he'd ever experienced before. He was on the brink of receiving the most glorious of gifts, one that meant everything to him, one that would make his dreams come true.

Jimmy Harrison was an undersized kid. He wore a pair of cut off denim shorts and went shirtless, just as he'd done all summer long. Sprinkled with dark freckles was his tiny pug nose. His tangled hair hung well over his ears, while the rest of his locks tried desperately to escape the confines of his worn out Little League cap.

Turning in his father's reclining chair, he looked nervously out the window behind him.

"When is Dad gonna be home?" he asked his mother. "He should've been here like an hour ago."

"Just relax, honey," said Sandra Harrison. "He hasn't been off work for very long. He'll be home soon enough."

Jimmy's mom was a petite, soft-spoken woman who didn't have a lax bone in her tiny body. In her waking moments, there were always chores that needed doing.

"See...look. I told you," she exclaimed, as she unfolded the ironing board. "He's pulling in the—"

Before she finished, Jimmy bounced out of the reclining chair, sprinted out the front door, and jumped off the porch. He bolted through the yard and leaped his bicycle just to greet his old man.

Allan Harrison rolled in the driveway just as he did every evening after working a ten-hour shift. His spirits were high, and his favorite country-western station blared from the speakers of his 1985 Jeep Laredo.

With the Jeep still rolling down the driveway, the eager lad ran alongside, demanding answers. "Did you get it? Did you get it?" asked Jimmy, shouting over the music.

"What? I can't hear you, Jimmy boy," said Allan, teasing. He kept the radio's volume at its max. "What in the world are you talking about?" Again, he yelled back, bearing a juvenile grin. The cigarette hanging from his mouth stayed securely in place as he continued his badgering antics.

“Oh, you know *what*.” Jimmy hammered back while nervously pumping the bill of his Little League cap. “Did you get my shot gun?”

“Oh...is that all you wanted?” asked Allan. Finally stopping, he turned off the Jeep, rolled-up the windows, and got out.

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