

Ripple in the Moonlight

By Jeremy Perry

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Watching a classic showdown on the last day of school was the perfect ending to another boring year. I stood back and cheered for my pal Michael Conway. Michael was small, but he sure knew how to scrap. I'd seen him in many fights, and he'd won almost every one.

Jerry Sullivan was a bully and a bruiser who stood nearly six feet and weighed 180lbs. And the kid was only in the sixth grade. I was pretty sure he failed a grade or two, but he never would admit to it. I couldn't prove it either because he moved here in third grade.

The brawl seemed to go in quick bursts. Up until this point, the fight had been nothing more than fat mother insults and ugly girlfriend remarks, followed by another round of wildly thrown punches and rolling around on the grass.

"Well, your girlfriend is a bitch and the ugliest thing that walked the face of the earth," said Michael.

"Oh yeah," Jerry began. "At least my mom can take care of me and I don't have to live with my grandma."

At that moment, the aura seemed to take an abrupt change and the crowd fell silent. I had known Michael since the first grade, and it was true, his mom had struggled with substance abuse, which forced him to live with his grandparents. He hated talking about it, and it was a sore subject. But now, everyone standing there knew about it. I was sure something horrible was about to happen. That's when all eyes fell on Michael.

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