

The Hillside
by
Eric Kay

"I really like it here. Sitting under the trees and talking is the best part of life."

The smoldering sun was edging toward the lip of dusk, bruising the sky. The smell of the wild flowers and the tall trees on the hillside permeated the air, and offered a haven from the haze of the city below. Only the quiet drone of insects accentuated the calm rustling of the ankle-deep grass. The air was finally cooling, yet the stickiness of the late afternoon still clung in the thick air.

"Me too. It's cool to just hangout. My house is always so crazy. My old man would be getting home about now. I like it a lot better here."

"I'm the same way. Life can really start to get to you after awhile. Look at all of those people down there. Up here, it's like nobody can touch you. They all look like they could use a break too. It seems like they're just running in circles, chasing their tails."

He smiled a lopsided smile. "My dad said I can't get a dog. I asked again, and he really came unglued this time. Last time he just shouted. I tried to be really cool about it this time and bring it up real careful-like. All of a sudden he just let loose."

Again the silence overtook him. As the sun went down, he rose, wiped the sweat from his tender mouth. He left his solitary spot and went home, alone.