

Rain of PI

I'm sittin by the window, wondering if water will ever touch dese shores again. It seems like years since my old home front in Texas has even had rain. Being shut inside a small room with only my toys for company is a lonely life. My name is Bub. My Papa, Bub senior, considers me a freak of nature. My Momma hopes I'll do great things someday. My Pa is always talkin about the war that's goin on and about some guy named oohsama. "That man can't hide ferever. We've just about chased every last dang terrorist outta that place!" Whenever he tells me this, I just smile, laugh, and burp at im.

Tomorrow's my first day-a school. Momma says that dem kids will be real nice and all...I'm getting on the school bus today. All dere kids are lookin at me funny. Don't know why. "Seat taken! Find another!" That's all I hears from deese kids. They ain't as nice as my Momma said. I'm sittin in the back of the bus now beside a kid who is eating a little brown thingamajig. "May I taste some?" I ask. The kid turns to me with crumbs all over his mouth. He has a look like I never seen before. "I love cookies," I say out loud, all the while thinking about Momma and how she loves bakin.

"Whatever man..." he replies, and turns his face away. I don't know what he is talkin bout, but he turns toward me again and gives me a handful of small cookies with sprinklins of nut chips on dem. I can't wait, and so I toss a few right into my mouth. *Dere good, REAL good*, I think to myself. Suddenly, I begin to feel very strange; I think ma body's goin forward. Like I's been shot by a bandit e'r somethin. Ma throats all jiggly like a jack rabbit.

I'm wakin up now. Somehow or other I am in a teacher's office, I think. Everyone from the bus, it seems, is crowding around me, just astaring and alaughin. Somethin must be funny to dem, so I laugh too. But it is hard to laugh with one of dem brown thingamajigs stickin in my throat. This little ol lady walks in, shaking her head bout somthin. I shake ma head too. She makes one of dem funny faces; I do the same. Everyone's laughing even harder now. I dunno what they're laughin bout, but I laugh again. The nice lady bends down so her face is near mine. She's got dem lovely red dots on her cheeks. I wish I had such lovely dots on ma face. "This is the worst case I have ever seen. You're chokin on some cookies, or are you having an allergic reaction? What's the matter with you?" Dem kids e'r laughing even harder now, an one of em kicks my leg, I guess just for the fun of it. I feel real weird. All dem kids starin at me. I dunno what's goin on with dem. "Looks like I got to get you a piece of dry bread to chew on, followed by a tall glass of water, sonny," the lady croons. "All the rest of you git to class!" she screams.

All dose kids are leavin now. I'm glad they've left, cause I get to be with dere nice lady. She gets up ta git somethin e'r other. "Don't you go anywhars!" she says. She's walkin toward some ol box with stuff in it. I like stuff. Momma says that a heart of a person is in de things they got. I love Momma; she could rule the wurld someday. The nice lady's comin back. She's got nice legs. She hands me some dry bread and tells me to start chewing. I try to give er a smile as the thing in my throat seems to loosen but she barks at me. "NOW GIT TO YA CLASS!!! YOU ARE LATE! AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU IN MA OFFICE AGAIN! YA HEAR?!" I never argue with adults. I head off to class.

After school, I go home. Ma face feels red and hot to the touch. Dem kids seemed to enjoy laughing at me a whole lot. I think about how I went in front of da class to spell sum words er other. Such hard words! Words like C-A-T and D-O-G. I think dose teachers don't like me. No one likes me. I hate dem all. I wanna be smart, just like ma momma!