Stephen Hymer

Ms. Chiodini

Humanities-3/4

26 Sept. 2013

**Larry**

When I was little, I was shy when it came to talking to people. So I talked to Larry. He was around my size, maybe a little smaller. He had trouble getting around my house so I had to carry him up and down the stairs and from room to room. He had big brown eyes like me, and was also adopted.

When I would tell a joke he would laugh along with me. He always got my jokes, even if everybody else thought they were lame. We liked the same foods, music and t.v. shows. He didn’t like going outside as much. He said his eyes were light sensitive, so I always promised to tell him about whatever I did when I was gone.

I’d tell him my secrets and about the girl I liked and he’d give me advice about what to say. I went to him when I was feeling down and I’d hug him like a bear if he was feeling sad. Then everything changed.

I stopped talking to him. He asks me, do you want to hang out? But I just walk away. The old jokes we used to tell each other and laughed about for what seemed like an eternity, now seemed stupid and sour. The secrets we shared evaporated from our minds like steam into air. I no longer needed his advice. He begs for me to talk to him, but I know I can’t anymore. Larry, with his black and orange stripes is the same person he was when I was little. He doesn’t know why we don’t talk any more, and why I refuse to look into his eyes. He doesn’t get why I do this to him. He will never grow up, but I did.