

The bus lurched forward and stopped,
lurched forward and stopped.

Nana hummed as she knit.

“How come we always gotta go here
after church?” CJ said.

“Miguel and Colby never have to go nowhere.”

“I feel sorry for those boys,” she told him.

“They’ll never get a chance to meet Bobo
or the Sunglass Man.

And I hear Trixie got herself a brand-new hat.”

CJ stared out the window feeling sorry for himself.

He watched cars zip by on either side,
watched a group of boys hop curbs on bikes.

