Paperboy

854 Words

It was three o'clock in the afternoon on a scorching hot July day, and we were all in shorts and t-shirts, except for Paperboy. Paperboy was completely made out of paper. He was a fragile, small boy. He delivered papers all over town.

 “Paperboy! Paperboy, what are you going to do? Run to your mama!” The boy right next to me yelled at Paperboy as the boys laughed at him.

“You're just a big ball of trash, go home!” The boys laughed. I felt terrible doing this but everyone else was doing it. What if Paperboy was actually a nice kid? I didn’t want to do this anymore. I was going to do something about it. I was going to stop. But how? It was so hard to fight the peer pressure.

I made an excuse to go home for dinner to get out of picking on Paperboy. I ran home and went inside.

“Back so soon, Ethan?” my mom yelled from the kitchen.

“Yeah!” I shouted as I walked into the kitchen. I smelled the cookies burning in the oven and heard the sound of the water kettle whistling loudly. My mom insisted that I taste the cookies. I took a bite and it felt like it soured in my stomach. I fibbed to my mom and told her they tasted great. Something was wrong. It felt like I was guilty. I became nauseous. I decided to take a walk to clear my mind. I walked up the street and rounded the corner. Out of the corner of my eye I saw something strange. I took a closer look… It was Paperboy! I ran to the tree and climbed up it. I gently took him down and set him on the ground. I asked him why he was in the tree.

“I get blown around a lot… since I'm so light.” He got on his bike and rode off. I returned to my house.

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 *Riinngg!* My alarm woke me up abruptly. Another day. I pulled my laces tight and ran out the door. I met up with the gang and we started playing marbles on the concrete. Before we all knew it, it was three o’clock and Paperboy rode down the street on his bike. The boys stopped playing and started bullying him. It was getting windy and Paperboy got blown off his bike.

“Need lessons on how to ride your bike, wimp!”

They laughed at Paperboy. In the meantime, I smelled a strong stench of smoke. We all smelt it, someone even pointed it out. Paperboy raced down the street and went out of sight. The group of boys started running towards the smell. I sprinted to the screaming noises. I heard the sounds of blaring sirens in the distance. I saw the house was on fire! When I got closer I saw Paperboy slip into the burning house. I ran in after him. I shouted his name over and over again but there was no answer. He finally answered. I ran over to him and grabbed the girl from his hands, he grabbed the dog. We dashed through the crashing house. I realized we went the wrong way and went to the back of the house. The girl in my arms started screaming in my ear. I tried opening the back door. Locked and the lock was on the outside. I turned around and sprinted just in time for the back half of the house to come crashing down. I looked around for the front door. I shouted at Paperboy and I heard no answer back from him. I turned and saw the last of his body crumble to ashes; the dog was nowhere to be seen. I gave the last of my energy to sprint to the front door and give the girl to her parents. My lungs felt like they were going to explode with all the smoke in them. I had a few cuts and bruises but physically I was fine. Mentally I was not. I kept it a secret of what happened to Paperboy. I did not tell a signal soul about how he tried to save the girl. He had a superpower but not a typical one.

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It was three ‘o’clock in the afternoon. I rode as fast as I could down the street with five more papers to throw*.* My arm was throbbing from throwing too many papers. I finished my route, ignoring the bullies yelling at me, rode home and put away my bike. I ran up the stairs to my room where my mom was sitting on my bed. I greeted her with a small ‘Hey.’

“I heard what happened to Paperboy,” she said solemnly.

“Yeah, I know, I *saw* what happened to him.” I sat down on my bed next to my mom.

“You did a brave thing running into the house to save him, even if it was too late. You know, you have become quite a hero!” she said, then left.

 *A hero? I am not the hero. Paperboy was the hero. He had the superpower of courage.*

The End