Roger: The Teen With A Keen Eye

731 Words

“Roger Keen! Where are you?” I heard my friend Antonio call out for me, as I was trying not to give up my location. “Marco!” I shouted to Antonio to mess with him, especially since we weren’t playing that game at the moment. “Found you!” He appeared right in front of me, as if he somehow teleported there! How would that happen? “Anton, you scared me!” I was just looking at him laugh at me, due to how serious I sounded. “Let’s go Roger, we don’t have all day! I’m pretty hungry, you know.” Great, now we’re getting food after a horrible game of hide and seek.

I honestly find it pretty fun being around Antonio, or as I like to call him Anton. He definitely hates that nickname, I feel pretty sure of it. “Dang, I forgot my keys to the car. They’re somewhere around here. Could you help me find them?” Anton looked at me with expectant eyes, knowing I have a better chance of finding it. “Fine, I should help you that way I own your car.” I said to him, maybe with a small smirk on my face. From the corner of my eye, I could’ve sworn he was offended by that statement.

I was looking around the grassy area, trying to find his keys. Something felt strange around this area, as if there was a metal thing around here. I noticed a clump of leaves in the corner of my eye, and knew that the metal thing was in there. I went towards the leaves, moved them away from the metal thing, and found out it was Antonio’s keys! I grabbed his keys, and went towards Anton. “Got your keys!”

Anton was just staring at me, and I don’t like how he was beginning to smile the biggest grin I have ever seen. “Dude, how did you do that?!” I was very confused at that moment! Afterall, the only thing I did just now was find his keys. “Hold on, what are you talking about?” I looked at him for an answer, but he was just staring at me in awe. “You looked like you already knew where my keys were despite not having seen them in a couple of days!” Is Anton speaking nonsense or do I not understand what he is saying? Hopefully he doesn’t lose his keys again…

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“We’re here!” I woke up in the car, looking at the building right in front of us. “Where are we?” I asked, unsure of what was going on at the moment. Antonio looked at me as if he was about to explain this to a 5 year old that doesn’t know anything. “We’re at the restaurant… were you not paying attention?” I was unsure of how to respond, or even if I wanted to respond to that. “You know so many things, how would I know?” I was a bit annoyed at that, knowing that Anton is smarter than pretty much anyone around here. If I really wanted to, I could ask him to give me fun facts, and he could probably say over 1,000 fun facts within 10 minutes! “Right, so what are we waiting for? I’m getting a little hungry, you know.” We got out of the car, and went into the restaurant.

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“Man, that was a good lunch.” We were walking down the street, Antonio telling me so many facts that I lost count of how many he said so far. “Yeah, now let me continue to finish the fact before you so rudely interrupted me, car-wrecker.” I felt a little insulted at that, since it was my first time driving a car, but I decided to push that thought back in my mind. I look at the houses surrounding us, and see Antonio’s house. “Well, good night Roger.” Antonio walked towards his front door, fumbling around for his keys. When he finally got them, he opened his door, and went into his house to do whatever.

I decided to go look around the city before going to my own house. *Today was better than most days*. I thought to myself, and some time later found myself in front of my house. I went into my house, and wondered what it would be like if I used my keen eye to help others. *Maybe for some other time*. I pushed that thought aside, as I went to my bed to take a nice deserved rest.