

Dad and I

A short story by Erndell Scott

This is an unedited excerpt from page 7, chapter 1.

The book is due available in April on Amazon and in paperback at select locations.

Chapter 1

“Isn't that your dad Sydney?”

“No, can't be Jeff, my dad never comes to my games.”

“Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's him. He just got out of that ugly car of yours.”

“Oh, the Martian green Dodge Dart? Great ... nice way to make an entrance Pop.”

Sydney got up from the concrete seat in the dugout and brushed the dirt off his rear end. He tossed his glove to his friend and straightened his baseball cap on his head, pushing his brown, sweaty hair to the side behind his ears. He anxiously walked over to meet his dad, now just about to sit down on the top seat of the weather beaten wooden bleachers. Sydney stopped at the inside edge of the dugout, standing slouched and somewhat hidden in the shadow, peeping his head around to see what his dad was doing. Sydney looked back at Jeff and sighed. Not waiting for a response from his friend, Sydney turned back, stepped out of the dugout and hopped up onto the bleachers. He sat one place down from his dad upon a creaky plank; the wood aching from what little weight was put upon it. His dad was sitting casually, his legs extended over the three bleachers in front him. They both faced the same direction staring out into the field.

“What's up Pop? Done cutting the lawn?”

Sydney's dad smiled, a white glow from his teeth contrasting the dark of his sunglasses.

“Now Sydney, you know that's your job.”

“Yea me.”

“Your mom said this is the last game of the season, right?”

“Yeah.”

“The big championship right?”

“After the twenty-two games you missed, yeah.”

Sydney's dad nodded, a slight grin spanning his face. He turned to look down at the bleachers and with his arms, raised his body up from his seat to adjust his position.

“Hmm, these bleachers are most uncomfortable.”

“Most moms and dads bring a seating pad. You'd know that if you were a regular.”

“Do they sell them here?”

“I don't think so Pop.”

Sydney wiped the sweat slowly dripping down his cheek and lowered his cap to hide the sun.

“Um, Pop, just wondering ... why the visit? You've never once come to my game.

“It's not my game Syd. It's your game ... played by you and your friends. You see me enough. Is it not rewarding and relaxing to have something that's just your own without me always around?”

Sydney glanced at his dad bewildered. “I suppose.”

“I mean, sure, I could come and yell and argue with the coaches and stuff like Jeff's dad. You know, make a big stink, carry on an on with no end in sight. I might even throw a few curse words out in front of that cranky, God-fearing stick-in-the-mud Mrs. Gallagher, or kick dirt on the shoes of umpire Phillips who couldn't see what I was doing because he's so fat to see over his stomach, and maybe, just maybe, I'd throw a cold glass of Kool-Aid on that jerk Peter's when she opens her pouty mouth bragging how she thinks her bastard son is better than everybody else. So yeah, I could come to all your games ... sure, I could do that.”

“Yeah, no ... better you stay at home Pop.”

“I thought you might say that. And besides, wouldn't you rather have ten-year old girls cheering you on?”

“We don't draw that type of crowd, Pop.”

“You mean no cheerleaders?”

“Wrong sport Pop.”

“Hmm, what a shame. When I was a kid we had plenty of them.”

“Cheerleaders?”

“No, girls.”

“Oh.”

“You do like girls, don't you Syd?”

“Well, I uh...”

“It's okay if you don't. Mom and I would tolerate it. We'd just have to build a separate house out back for you to live in.

“Cool! So that would mean you'd lift the 9 o'clock curfew, right?”

“Think again buddy, think again.”