



WRITTEN BY SEGUN 'SHEGZ' AIYEBUSI

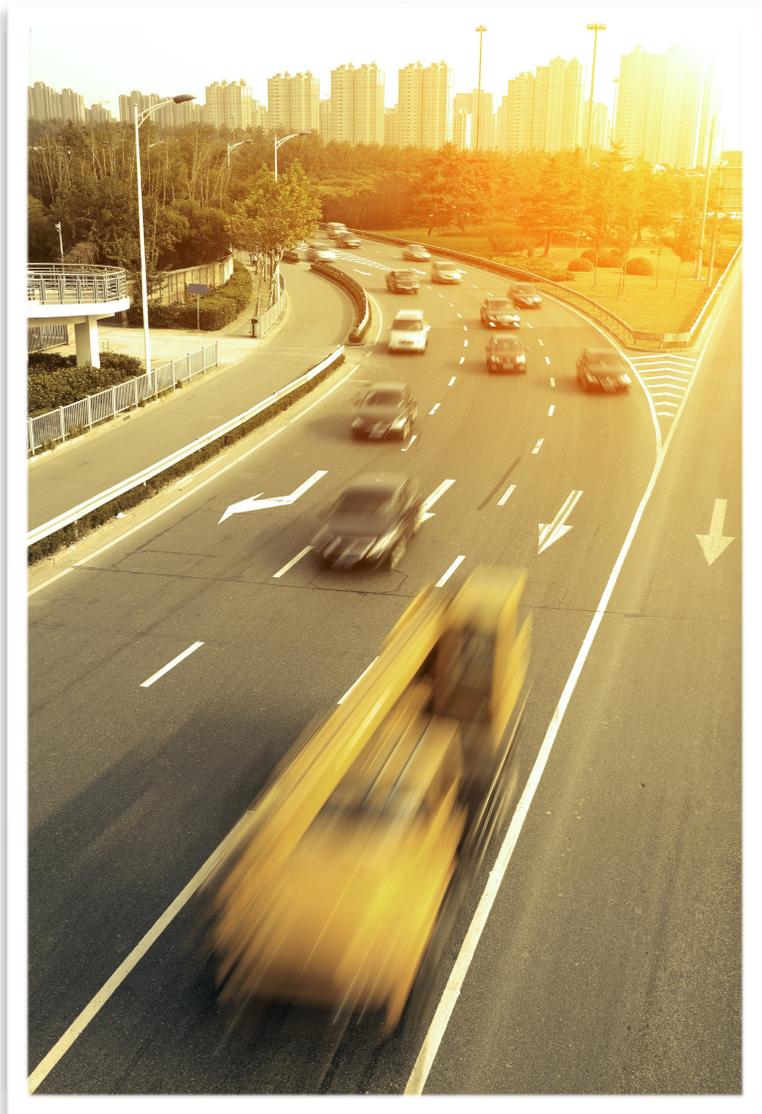
SHORT STORIES:

THE  KID

LOVE JESUS CHRIST. SERVE HIS CHURCH. CARE FOR PEOPLE FAR FROM GOD.

A BLOG
SHEGZNSTUFF
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Lunch. Panera Bread. 12:45 p.m.

Lester kept insisting I join his team for the Tough Mudder competition he was training for, and I kept making excuses about not yet being in the best shape for such a physical ordeal.

He was pulling out his phone to show me a picture of an overweight guy crawling through a pit of mud; (his way of motivating me) when out of the corner of my eye, *something* caught my attention.

The, “something” was a little boy running into the middle of a busy highway intersection. He looked like he was 2, maybe 3 years old, and was wearing a white long sleeve shirt and blue jeans.

Perhaps out of panicked fear that I was the only one who saw him, or just sheer daddy-instincts, I immediately popped out of my chair and raced out the door. Lester wasn't far behind chasing after me and yelling, “*HEY!!!....Dude! Shegz!!,... What....WHERE you going?!?!*”

I had no time to explain. All I could think of was getting to the kid before something horrible happened.

My legs and stamina however, failed to get me to him in time. In utter terror, I watched as the boy tripped and fell right in front of an oncoming dumpster truck.

I heard it before I saw it.

Tires screeching, a gas station attendant yelling, and the sound of metal crushing. I let out a guttural scream just as the scene before me took a turn for the surreal.

Rather than crush the boy with its forceful impact, the truck instead seemed to implode first, and then shatter into a million pieces as it came in contact with the boy. Cars all around screeched to a halt and people came running out from every corner to the intersection.

Lester caught up with me, (after figuring out why I was running) and we both froze, shocked and astonished at the sight of the uninjured toddler.

Not a single stain of blood was on him.

At first, no one dared approach him. We just stood in astonishment with our mouths agape, and the boy in turn stared at us with a look that

seemed to indicate He was aware something terrible had just occurred.

An elderly lady finally made the first move, and approached him cautiously. *“Hi...Hello sweetie, ...where is your mommy?”*

At the mention of the word, *“mommy”*, tears welled up in the kid’s eyes and he let out an ear-piercing scream that further alarmed those in the crowds who weren’t already frightened by what they just saw. His voice was unlike any sound I’d ever heard, certainly not that of a toddler’s. It was deep and gravelly, yet gentle enough to know it was crying for help.

For reasons I can’t fathom, rather than terrify, his voice evoked in me a deep longing for a home world I’d never been to. It seemed to strike at my very heart with a pain and peace I never wanted to end. Tears began to well up in my eyes.

Not certain what they were witnessing, a few people fearfully began to back away from the scene. Lester tried pulling me to come away, but for some strange reason, I felt compelled to stay put.

His scream, (if you can call it that) quieted down to a gentle sob, and I could hear police sirens and ambulances approaching from a distance. I immediately pictured a worst-case scenario. I cringed as I thought to myself, *“Oh God, please don’t let them start shooting if he accidentally starts firing laser beams from his eyes.”*

I doubt it was bravery, but for reasons I’m still yet to fully understand, I reached out my hands to him, offering to carry him as one would a child. He locked eyes with me and became quiet. For a brief moment, I expected another display of his apparent supernatural powers; perhaps lightning was about to strike me?

The countenance of his face softened a little and he nodded his head to me as if he understood what I was trying to do. With his eyes still fixed on me, he slowly walked into my arms, wrapped his hands around my shoulder, and hugged me tightly.

No lightning.

“It’s okay buddy.... It’s okay.... It’s fine. You’re okay” I didn’t know what else to say.

He leaned back and looked into my eyes for a few seconds, as if searching for something, or someone; then put his head back on my shoulders. I patted him on his back trying to soothe him.

It would have been a memorable tender moment if not for the fact that I was aware, (and terrified) that any sudden movement from anyone around me could result in Him screaming again so close to my ears.

By the time the cops arrived, a few ladies were already explaining to them the strangeness of all that just happened. While three of the officers checked on the other drivers, a cop about my age and height approached me. In a firm voice, he asked, *“Sir, are you okay? Is the child okay?”*

All I could think was, *“Dude! Calm your voice down man!! This kid can destroy both of us just by making eye-contact!”* So I put my finger against my mouth indicating that he needed to be quiet. Thankfully, he got the message.

At this point, I could feel super-toddler’s body starting to relax. Lester was trying to get my attention. He put both hands next to his face

signaling to me that the boy had fallen, or was starting to fall asleep.

The cop came closer and offered to take the boy off my hands. I hesitated at first. But he gave me a look that seemed to say, *“I have a gun.”* So I obliged. Gently, he took the toddler from my hands and walked over to the ambulance already on scene.

Maybe it was the adrenaline wearing off or perhaps it was his voice, *that voice* still ringing in my ears, but I began to cry. It made no sense to me. It wasn't like I knew the kid or was in any position to offer any kind of reasonable help with his case.

Lester walked over to see how I was doing and I simply nodded letting him know I needed a moment. An officer walked over to me to get a statement and I recounted all that had happened as best as I could.

Once I was done, he released me and we began walking back towards Panera. To lighten the mood, Lester joked that this experience was further proof that I needed to join him in his training for Tough Mudder. We were laughing

about it when suddenly there was a loud explosion. We instinctively ducked and turned in the direction of the sound.

Our jaws dropped at the sight before us.

Suspended a hundred feet in the air was the ambulance the little boy had been carried into.

The driver was dangling from the open door on his side of the vehicle, and we could hear the screams of one or two more people stuck in the ambulance.

Still keeping his eye on the vehicle in the sky, Lester leaned over and said, *“Dude, I think this kid needs another hug.”*

To be continued... (by YOU!)

{Got maaad fictional writing skills? JUMP IN! Sticking with this storyline, write up a plot of what you think happens next. Shoot for 1,000-1,200 words.}

Send me your entries at remixministrynj@yahoo.com.
(Full credit will be given to you for your work).

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