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Pool Party

That summer had been the hottest that I could remember while we had been living in Arizona. On days like that, when the sun made the concrete blister your feet and burn your skin, everyone in town would head down to the public pool to cool off. My siblings and I also always went down there, though I had become more hesitant since I had just started my freshman year of high school. There was a boy in my class who constantly teased me, pushed me around and laughed at me. I knew he would be at that pool as well, and I didn't care to deal with him in my free time too. But my little sister wanted to go swimming, and my parents had to work, so that option had been taken from me.

When we arrived at the pool that day it was already packed with people from the town. It was quite a big pool, some would say it was the biggest pool of any town in the county. The waters were clear and crystalline, the surface constantly disturbed by the splashing of its occupants. As I took my sister to the locker rooms to change, I spotted him on the far side of the water. The boy who always picked on me. I hurried my sister inside so that he wouldn't see me, and I took my time helping her into her swimsuit. But of course, I couldn't stall the eager ten-year-old forever, and eventually we were walking back out and around to the shallow end so she could get in.

While my sister swam I decided to go to the concession stand to grab a drink. I wasn't much of a swimmer, so to keep cool I liked to drink an ice cold soda while I dangled my feet into the water. As I was returning to the pool to keep an eye on my sister, I felt that tingling sensation you get when someone is staring at you. I turned to

find the person who was watching me so intensely, and sure enough, my bully came strolling down the pavement towards me. I looked around to find something to pretend to be busy with, but I wasn't quick enough, and before I knew it he was standing right in front of me.

"Watcha got there?" He sneered at me. I tried to move around him but he blocked my way. "Move," I said annoyedly. "I can't see my sister with you standing there." He snorted and reached for the coke bottle in my hand. "That looks good, I think I'll take a sip." I batted his hand away and tried to move around him again, but this time he grabbed my arm to keep me from walking away. "Let go," I urged sharply, trying to jerk free from his grasp. He didn't listen, of course, and went to grab my drink from my hands again. Something in me must have snapped, or maybe I was already in a bad enough mood, but I decided then that I was tired of playing this game. I yanked my arm from his hold and before he had a chance to recover I planted my hand on his chest and pushed him away from me as hard as I could. I hadn't meant to, but I guess I pushed a bit too hard, and the boy went tumbling back into the pool. As the kids around us snickered and laughed, I couldn't help but grin secretly as I sipped my drink and walked away.