

Yed Yed

North Street Tales

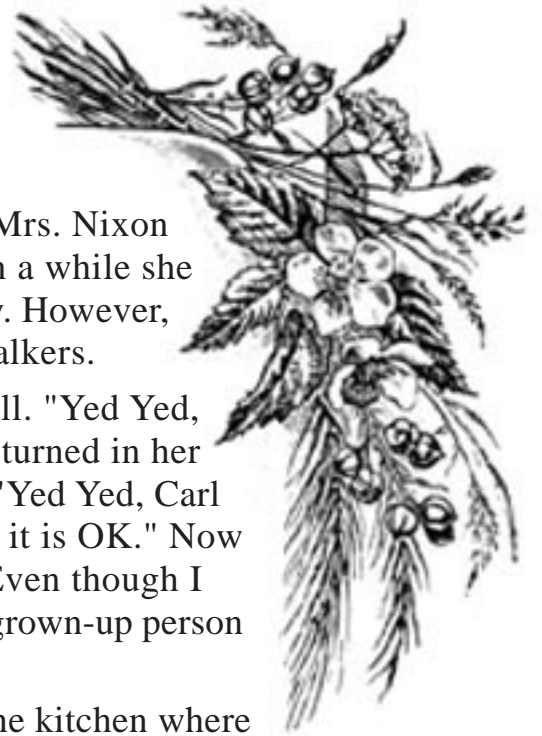
It was one of those warm, lazy, summer afternoons. Mrs. Nixon was sitting in her rocking chair tating. Every once in a while she would glance up if a car passed or someone walked by. However, that afternoon there were few cars and even fewer walkers.

Then the silence of the afternoon was broken by a yell. "Yed Yed, Yed Yed! Can you come over and play?" Mrs. Nixon turned in her chair and saw me sitting on the front steps. She said, "Yed Yed, Carl wants you to go over the play. Go ask your mother if it is OK." Now when Mrs. Nixon told me to do something, I did it. Even though I was only seven, I knew better than to disobey when a grown-up person told me to do something.

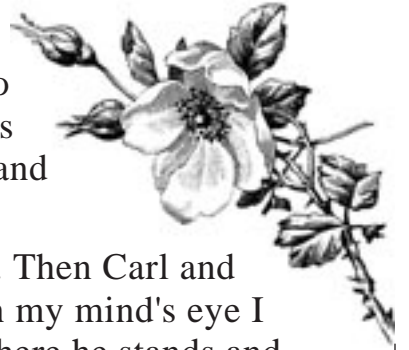
I got up, went around to the side door and went into the kitchen where mother was sitting. I asked her if it was OK if I went over to play with Carl. She said, "Yes, Edward but you look both ways before crossing the street. And be home by four o'clock." That meant that I had just about an hour to play with my friend.

Soon Carl and I were deciding whether we wanted to play cops and robbers or a game that we had made up. We decided on our made-up game which was pretending we were explorers searching for a gold mine in the jungles of Africa. We had seen enough Tarzan movies so we knew what a jungle looked like and what dangers lurked there. Fortunately for us the garden in back of Carl's house was overgrown with bushes and weeds. Soon those bushes and weeds became a jungle through which we would trek to find our gold mine. And so we started on our journey picking our way through the undergrowth, hacking at big thistles with a stick that in our minds was our machetes. It wasn't long until we were emerging from the other side of our imaginary jungle. We had found our gold mine! (Our gold was actually some small colorful stones and a marble or two that we had found). Now we had to decide what we were going to do with our gold. Carl suggested that we could take a trip around the world. We could buy a big ocean liner and steer it ourselves across the oceans and seas. I thought it would be nice if we could go to the North Pole and see if Santa Claus really lived there. Then we both said that it would be great if we could spend our gold at the Cigar Store downtown. Just think of all the penny candy we could buy. It certainly would last us a month!

We made our way back toward Carl's house because I wanted to ask his mother for the time. I didn't dare be late getting home because then the next time I asked to go play with my friend, mother would probably say no.



Sure enough it was five minutes to four. So I said goodbye to Carl, checked to see that no cars were in sight, and ran across the street to my house. Carl stood there, sucking his thumb, and waving at me with his other hand.



I made that little journey across the street many, many times. Then Carl and his family moved to Rochester and I never saw him again. In my mind's eye I can still see that little boy standing by the side of the road. There he stands and I can hear him calling, "Yed Yed, Yed Yed, can you come over and play?"



Edward Barkley