

Kaitlyn Jack
4313 Center Key Road Apt 2627
Winter Park, FL, 32792
717-682-1211
kaitlynjack27089@gmail.com

about 560 words

Pick your Path

By Kaitlyn Jack

Jackson is walking down a street when he sees a light pole. He walks to the light pole and leans against it, noticing it's the only light pole on the street. The light flickers for a second. Jackson starts to think he is done for the night when he sees someone walking towards him. He stopped to watch the old man struggle with a silver and black maple wood walking cane, as he approaches Jackson, he stops in front of a bench. Jackson noticed the old man wore a pair of Testoni made from Italian leather shoes. Jackson steps up to the old man.

"Hey! Are you okay?" Jackson said, reaching for the old man's elbow with his left hand as the opposite arm went through the man's navy-blue Hayes Quilted Spanish Shearling Sheepskin Car Coat pockets.

"Son, I'm fine. Why are you not home? It's late out," replied the old gentleman.

"I'm on my way to the dinner down the block, sir."

"That dinner has been closed for months."

"How do you know that?"

"Because I've been around."

“Oh, well.” Jackson lit a cigarette. “I’ll be on my way.”

“See you soon.”

“I hope not,” Jackson whispered, turning to walk away.

The sensation of a hard wooden stick striking his ankle made Jackson turn. “What the...” he thought. The vibrations shot up his leg.

“Boy, give me back my wallet with the cash.”

“How did you know?”

“My eyes are not as bad as they look. I just acted blind; it’s how I stole your phone, your keys, and your wallet. You need to be careful pickpocketing a pickpocket.”

“Oh, why are you calm about this? Shouldn’t you be freaking out?” replied Jackson

“I did the same thing at your age,” replied the old man, sitting down on the bench.

“So... You are a professional pickpocket? What’s your name?” Jackson said, while sitting down next to the old man.

“Well, to you it’s Rick. And to others, it’s whatever or whoever I feel like being at the time. Now, let’s get down to business,” replied Rick. “I used to be a thief as well until I got help to turn my life around. That help I had at the time made me better at my job, and now I can help others.”

“You got lucky. How do you know I don’t have somebody?”

“I have seen you work.”

“Ee-oo-ee-oo”

A cruiser pulled up in front of the bench. Jackson jumps up, making them stop talking. The cruiser’s door opened. “Young man, are you Jackson?” said the officer.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“You’re coming with me; we have a description of a young man who has ripped blue jeans and a black shirt on with a black baseball cap. You fit the description well,” said the officer. The officer starts walking up to Jackson to start reading it.

“You have the right to remain silent. If you do say anything, it can be used against you in a court of law...” says the officer, while Jackson, looking at Rick, is scared for his life.

“Wait, Rose. Don’t worry, I will do it,” said Rick, slowly standing back up.

“What?” said Jackson looking confused at Rick, thinking he got tricked by him somehow.

“Just trust me,” whispers Rick to Jackson as they all get into the officer's car.

End