

MY BEST FRIEND

By Rodney Capell

I can't remember a time when he wasn't in my life! Come to think of it whenever I do ponder on how long I've known him... PONDER? (*HAVE SOME FUN, LAUGH, AND PLAY WITH THE WORD*). Where did that come from? I like it! I'll keep it! Anyway, I can't quite seem to put my finger on it but it seems like I've always known him. As a matter of fact, other than me, he knows more about me than anyone else. Sometimes I think no one knows me better, not even me.

The one thing that amazes me the most about him is how no matter what I've done, and it still trips me out whenever I think about it... PONDER ON, how often he'd seem to just show up during one of my capers, crimes, wrong-doings, transgressions. I mean right in the middle there he'd be getting at me, talking or even yelling, "WHAT THE FUNGYUNGS 'TASTE SO GOOD' ARE YOU DOING?" There were even times when he'd be whispering at me, but it seems like most of the time he'd be getting at me with this cool, calm laid back demeanor. "TO BE OR NOT TO BE? THAT IS THE QUESTION! WHETHER TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES AND BY OPPOSING END THEM? TO DIE. TO SLEEP. NO MORE, NO MORE... no more, no more! Sometimes I even felt a lot of indifference towards him as though he knew he was talking underwater. You know talking underwater? Who can understand someone when they're talking underwater? I mean you can probably tell I'm in some kind of trouble when I'm talking or making certain gestures underwater but it's probably not the talking that you're picking up on but more so the body language. TALKING UNDERWATER, PONDER... "WHO THE HELL ART THOU?" "HE DOES CONFESS HE FEELS HIMSELF DISTRACTED BUT FROM WHAT CAUSE WILL BY NO MEANS SPEAK". "THAT'S WHAT IT IS NOW? A DISTRACTION? THAT'S WHAT COMES TO MIND WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT ME SOMETIMES... A DISTRACTION?" As a matter of fact, I remember my very first caper as if it were that day.

When I was about 10 or 11, I discovered what I believed to be super powers. I really discovered them years earlier. What actually happened when I was 10 or 11 was I started JUST TALKING to people about super powers. I NEVER TOLD ONE PERSON I HAD SUPER POWERS! I DIDN'T TELL ANYONE I HAD 'EM! NO, NO, NO I DIDN'T TELL 'EM ABOUT THAT! NOBODY KNEW BUT ME! I was just checking it out to see what they were going to say about people with super powers. They didn't say much, but what little I do remember them saying left me with the feeling that I should keep that info to myself. That was cool because no one needed to know anyway!

With my super powers there wasn't a fence or wall I couldn't climb and no building was too tall for me to ascend to its roof top. no, no, no none of 'em! And although I had been on the roof of this elementary school many many times before, one day

while walking around up there, “ON THE ROOF OF THE CAFETERIA” I came upon a ventilation shaft. (*ACT OUT FINDING THE SHAFT AND SMELLING THE COOKIES*) Cookies I thought! The way it hit me I knew I didn’t just think about cookies! I had to say the word or at least mouth it, and if I did say it you probably wouldn’t have been able to understand it because I was drooling at the mouth too much... I know I was! I just had to be! I felt this incredible surge of power... just from smelling cookies, so you can just imagine what happened when I ate ‘em! My Mother would say stuff like, “IT’S GOT YOU KIDS BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS”. I don’t remember it like that. NO! I remember climbing the walls with my super powers! Yeah cookies were most definitely one of my major sources of power, candy being another one as well as anything with much much more sugar in it than my parents wanted me having. Before I knew it there I was dangling from the ceiling of the cafeteria convinced that my cat-like skills would guarantee me a super safe landing. Long story short, I landed safely, found the cookies, oh boy did I find the cookies and took all I could carry to a safe place until I could eat ‘em all... or so that was the plan. You see in spite of me having super powers I was still just a kid and I hadn’t yet developed the power of secret keeping. As a matter of fact, it was years later before I even realized that the whole concept to having a secret was to NOT tell anyone! And I can’t even tell you how much longer after that it was before I was actually able to keep a secret myself! So that being my reality I told a friend of mine. We went back up to the school later on that day... YEP... only to find the cops there. It wasn’t long before I started thinking that they were there about the break-in. I even remember thinking, “How did they even know the school had been broken into?”. I didn’t fly or jump through the ventilation shaft with all of those cookies, so maybe it was that window I had to open so I could carry all of those goodies back out!? Or maybe it was even that silent alarm that they told my parents about!? But I don’t know, I don’t think so cause I didn’t hear no silent alarm. Anyway, they stopped and asked us to come over to their car and because we figured and feared they were there about the break-in and we were on the other side of a 20-something foot high fence, we both took off running fast and scared! I can still remember while all of this was happening, HE, my best friend I came to realize and appreciate more and more as time passed, was telling me NOT to run away. YEAH, I HEARD THAT!!! As a matter of fact, he wasn’t just in my ear and in my face he was... I MEAN HE WAS BOTHERING ME, ANNOYING, BUGGING ME, BUGGING OUT ON ME, HARASSING ME AND ALL UP IN HERE!!!

My best friend was always and I do mean ALWAYS at me about any and everything I was or wasn’t supposed to be doing. I call him my best friend because, well, that’s really and truly what he’s been all of my life although I hadn’t really started to figure it out until years after that cafeteria caper. Check me out, here I am giving my crimes titles. “SPEAK THE SPEECH I PRAY YOU AS I PRONOUNCED IT TRIPPINGLY ON THE TONGUE”... He was even making me think I couldn’t make decisions by myself and that was wrong I say to you!!! To each and every single one of you please hear me when I say to you, “that was wrong”. I could make decisions by myself... just as long as I did what I was told!!!

One day I was told by my parents to stop talking to myself. I did but only out loud because I still haven't been able to shut up in my head. You know what I mean... that voice you keep hearing over and over again or that music that never seems to stop when you want it to!? I KNEW IT! I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE! You all know exactly what I'm talking about! Then one day I thought to myself, "WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME TALKING TO MYSELF?" I mean nobody makes a big deal when other people talk to me! SO!... if you're not crazy for talking to me then why am I perceived to be crazy for talking to me? Now if you really wanna know crazy... THAT'S CRAZY!!!

NO, no, no I'm not crazy at all except for NOT listening to my best friend! What I am however, is fortunate, blessed, thankful and very very aware that I've got a best friend whom I appreciate very very much. And something else that's really great about this is so do you! So do all of you! Just be conscience of it, him, her... and embrace your best friend.

See me later!