

A Narrative for Quick Sketch

Name _____

Date _____

Per. _____

Assign. # _____

The New Gloves

The boys were walking on Third Street, heading back into their neighborhood. They'd just finished baseball practice, and the sun hung low in the sky. Elliot glanced over at Julio and Sam. "Race you," he said with a smirk, and took off down the street.

Julio looked at Sam. "Can you believe he still has the energy to run?" he said.

"I know. I'm beat," said Sam.

Still, the two boys took off after Elliot, who had gotten a good lead on them. Elliot ducked into an alleyway. He dodged dumpsters and splashed through the murky puddles on the potholed street. A startled cat scampered ahead of him and disappeared into a doorway. Elliot glanced behind him and saw his friends followed just 100 feet behind him, running at a dead sprint. He turned the corner and stopped in his tracks. Julio and Sam caught up with him, and all three gazed in awe through a shop window. It was a new sporting goods store. A sign advertised a grand opening sale, and there in the window was a pair of perfect new batting gloves, with wild flame patterns on the backs of the gloves and dyed in their team's colors, too: blue and black with white trim.

"Gentlemen," said Elliot, panting after the run. "We've just got to have some of those."

"Sure," said Sam. "That would be great, but how are we going to afford three pairs?"

"They're on sale," said Elliot.

"But we don't have any money," said Julio, clapping his friend on the shoulder with his hand. "You're dreaming, pal."

"Doesn't cost anything to dream," said Elliot. He turned away from the window and the three boys continued to walk down the street. "Maybe someday," he said.

It was then that Julio noticed something small and brown lying along the curb. It was a worn leather wallet. He picked it up and opened it. "Oh man!" he exclaimed. "There must be at least a hundred bucks in here."

"A hundred bucks!" said Sam. All three boys stared at the crisp bills as Julio riffled them with his thumb. But then Sam slumped his shoulder and put his hands on his hips. He was the one to say what they all were thinking. "Darn it," he said, "you know we can't keep that. Is there a driver's license in there?"

The boys walked to the address listed on the license. It wasn't far, just a few blocks away. As they approached the door, they hoped maybe the person the wallet belonged to had moved. Elliot rang the bell. A man opened it. He was middle-aged and wore a suit and held a necktie in his hands. "What can I do for you boys?" he said. "You selling candy bars to raise money for the team or something?"

Julio looked down at his uniform. "Oh, no sir," he said. "We just came from practice. We found this, though." He handed the man the wallet.

"My wallet!" said the man. "I looked all over for that! You boys are amazing!"

The man introduced himself as Franco Hardsel. He told the boys he'd just gotten back from a very successful business trip. "I guess this is my lucky day," he told them. "And now it's your lucky day, too. You all did the right thing." Franco Hardsel dug into the wallet and handed each boy a twenty—more than half of what had been in the wallet.

The boys turned and walked back out to the sidewalk. "Gentlemen," said Elliot. "Race you back to the store?"

They sprinted up the street, side-by-side. The sun shone orange on the pavement, and the road ahead was wide and clear.