



CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN

Casey Bell

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by Casey Bell

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**Published by: BookCase Publishing**

**Cover Design by [csbprinting.weebly.com](http://csbprinting.weebly.com)**

**Printed in the United States**

**Casey Bell  
PO Box 5231  
Old Bridge, NJ 08857  
[bookcasepublishing.weebly.com](http://bookcasepublishing.weebly.com)  
<http://authorcaseybell.weebly.com/>  
<http://payhip.com/caseysbell>**

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## CHAPTER ONE

### Introduction

Sometimes I can still hear Liver barking, or see the construction workers building new homes, and smell the barbecue wafting from the neighbors Viking grill. Sometimes when I see little children playing I see Mark and I climbing trees and getting ourselves into trouble. It's weird how memories live on forever. No matter how old you get, it seems like the oldest memories return, even when you don't want them to.

I was born August 19, 1979 to the proud parents, John and Susan Winters. I was their first born. They decided to name me Jeremy. The earliest memory I have was when I was around three or four years old. At that time we were living in a two bedroom apartment. My mom was a stay at home mom, only because my parents didn't have the money for preschool or a babysitter. My dad was working for a telephone company and going to law school. The thing I remember the most was that we didn't have much. Any time I saw something on the television and would ask for it, my mother would respond, we really don't have the money for that, but just you wait. Once your daddy graduates and gets a job we will have all the money in the world. It wasn't until I was five that he finally graduated. I remember going to the graduation. I watched my father get his diploma. My mother was extremely happy; she was also three months pregnant with my baby sister. After he graduated and passed the bar it took him about five months to secure a job with a law firm. We still didn't have much at first, but as time went by my dad would bring surprises home. I remember a day in October, he brought home a new station wagon; he said he knew we would need it with the new baby coming. By then my mom was eight months pregnant and ready to deliver (something she would always say). At this time I remember seeing less of my father. He would work from eight in the morning until seven at night and by the time he came home was so tired. He would play with me and talk to me for a little while, but it wasn't like before. My mother would always explain to me that that was the way it had to be, that lawyers had to work a lot. She would try to make me feel better by saying it was a good thing because it meant that daddy would be able to buy me whatever I wanted, but I didn't care at that moment, I just wanted my dad. I used to pray at night that my dad would lose his job and that we would go back to the way things used to be. I didn't care at that time that it meant being middle class or cutting corners or not getting everything I wanted, but those prayers never worked. However, things did get better. As the days went on my father saved up enough money for us to move, but we didn't move until after Sarah was born, my sister. She was born on November 22, 1984. It was about two months later that we started to pack. On March 5, 1985 we officially moved into our new home. It was huge; it had four

bedrooms, two and a half bathrooms, a dining room, kitchen, living room, a den, a laundry room, basement, two-car garage, and an attic. It was a far distance a way from where we used to live, but my dad said it was cheaper to live there. I didn't understand it, but I did like the house. It was in a complex called Crystal Fountain. I will never forget that name. It's where most if not all my memories are. It's where I grew up and met all my friends. The complex was still new. At the time we moved there were houses still being built. Including our home there were nine homes in the development. The thing I remember the most about Crystal Fountain were the people who lived in the houses.

Verma Jean Thompson was the first one to come welcome us to the development. She was known as Momma Jean. She was like the mother of the neighborhood and just about everyone respected her, some were just afraid of her. Everyone knew not to mess with her, get in her way, or even get on her bad side. She had a way of making you think twice before speaking to her, because you never wanted to say the wrong thing to her. She spoke her mind and always made sure you knew her opinion. She said things as she saw them and she never cared whether or not you were offended. Sometimes it seemed like she said things to offend. She was an old school mother. She didn't care who your parents were, if she saw you misbehaving she would spank you in a minute. Overall she was a nice person to be around; she liked her peace and quiet. If it got too loud she'd be out of her house to quiet down the neighborhood. I don't know how old she was because she always looked very young, but I knew she was old. She lived alone. Her children were grown and married with children. She was widowed and if you got the chance to sit with her on her porch she would always tell stories about her husband. Everyone would go over to her house to visit, especially to seek out advice. She would welcome anyone, as she would say; who is decent minded and knows how to respect themselves. Her children would visit on Christmas, Resurrection Day, Mother's Day, and during her birth anniversary. I remember those times, because she would have so many people coming over to her house. She had four children, eight grandchildren, three sisters, four brothers, and a whole slew of aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, and cousins coming into town. Mama Jean was the one I remember the most.

Kenneth and Barbara Standards, the vacationers, lived across the street. They were barely home. They were retired and all of their children had moved out so they would vacation for weeks. Once they returned they would usually share their pictures and memorabilia with the neighborhood. It seems like they went everywhere, they would travel to Florida, Hawaii, England, Italy, Israel, China, and so many other places, and they would always bring home gifts and trinkets from their travels. They were in their mid 50's and it seems like their life just had started. Their children would visit for the holidays as well. They had three children and four grandchildren. Their youngest son Christopher

would visit more often, in fact he would baby sit my sister and I sometimes.

Edward Hill was another neighbor who was rarely home. He was the only one who had the guts to disrespect Mama Jean. Mama Jean disliked him very much. Well, the whole neighborhood wasn't too fond of him. He would be away from home days on end because of his job, to this day I don't know what he did for a living. However, he had a dog, Liver. Liver would bark loudly, and for long period of times, pretty much trying to get the attention of Edward, who wasn't home. Every time Edward would finally return home, everyone in the neighborhood would tell him he shouldn't have a pet if he wasn't going to be home to care for it. He would ignore their comments and continue about his day. Mama Jean and he were always arguing. Edward used to always say he would hate to have to come home because he knew Mama Jean would be in his face. He would be home for about a week or two before leaving again for weeks. One time he left and didn't return for two months. Everyone would enjoy his return because we all knew that was the only time his dog would be the quietest.

Another friendly neighbor and the patriarch of the community was William McCarter. We lovingly called him Papa Bill. He was 88 years old and a veteran of both World Wars. He would tell stories about the service and the other wars he witnessed. He was actually against war and fighting and would always say no matter how many wars or battles you fight you can never win. He was fun to be around because his stories were intriguing and he would always have chocolate to share.

Another neighbor living in Crystal, believe or not was Zelda Zeal. She was another not at home on a regular basis. She would live in her home for the seasons she wasn't in Hollywood making a film. Thankfully for her and for us the paparazzi didn't know she had a home in Crystal Fountain. She lived a peaceful life in Crystal thanks to Mama Jean. Mama Jean made sure no one in the neighborhood would hassle her for pictures or autographs. She would, however, sign something for you, but Mama Jean made sure Zelda got her peace and quiet.

Then there were the Matthew's. I remember them just as much as I remember Mama Jean, because their son Mark was a close friend of mine. Robert and Linda Matthew's is their name. I spent many days and nights in their house. Mark and I would spend the night at each others' home many times on the weekends and especially during the summer.

The Pearson's were another family I knew pretty well. Peter and Regina had two children, Michael and Camille. Camille was my age we would play together along with Mark and Kathryn.

Kathryn Bisco was the last of the nine, Daniel and Cassandra were owners of a near by drugstore, Bisco's Family Drug Store. We used to hang out there a lot and we would help around the store sometimes.

At this time we were the nine families living in Crystal Fountain. As time moved on more homes were built and more families moved in. We all witnessed people moving in, moving out, great trauma, and amusing times.



## CHAPTER TWO

1985-1986

Moving into Crystal Fountain was fun. During the move my parents took me to Franklin McCooper Elementary School to sign me up for first grade. Although, I didn't start school until September of 1985 she thought it would be good to get an early start. During the months March through June it was kind of lonely. The only children my age in the area were all in kindergarten. My mother decided not to enroll me being that the school year was almost over, plus she said she could teach me the same things. Mark, Kathryn, and Camille were all in the afternoon classes so I had no one to play with until they came home. Every now and then I would go over to Mark's house in the morning, but for the most part I staid at home until 3 in the afternoon. Once Mark would come home he would tell all about what he learned and did in class. He would bring his projects home and show me the different things they had made. Kathryn would take me to her house and she would help make my own projects. And sometimes we would play school and Camille would be the teacher. Camille would pretty much teach everything their teacher taught them. It was pretty cool because I was getting the same teaching as them, but I never stepped foot into the school. Once school was over times got better. The four of us didn't do much during the summer other than the basics. We would ride our bikes in the neighborhood and sometimes out of the neighborhood. When we would travel out of the neighborhood Mark would take us to some of the strangest places. He said when he would be in the car with his parents he would see places he wanted to go. One time he took us to this wooded area with swamp like lakes. He said he saw someone walking back to the area one day and wanted to see for himself what it was. It wasn't much to see. Most of the time Mark and I spent the time at his house playing Atari or we would sit and watch them as they built new homes in the development. We both had fun watching the construction site, but Mark was more fascinated than I. He would always say; I'm going to be doing that one day. Sometimes the four of us would ride our bikes to the park or find something to occupy the time. The summer ended soon and I was entering my first year in public school.

**September 1985:** I started my first year in McCooper with confidence thanks to Mark, Kathryn, and Camille. Not only did they teach me the lessons they learned in kindergarten, they talked to me about school and what it was like and about meeting new friends. Everything they said about the school made me even the more excited to go. The four of us pretty much did everything together; we walked to school together, played together, and studied together. Mark and I, however, were closer.

Mark was the first one I met in the Crystal development. I was happy to go to school, however, the one thing Mark and the ladies left out was the lack of friends we would have. The children in school were either nice to us or mean. For the most part they were jealous. Everyone knew what it meant to live in Crystal Fountain. It was a development full of luxurious houses. Just to say you live in Crystal Fountain meant that your family was very wealthy. I actually didn't feel so good talking about living in Crystal, because I knew we still didn't have much. All we had was everything we brought over from our apartment and we still had furniture that needed to be purchased.

My first grade teacher's name was Mrs. Nestor. She was the only black teacher in the school. It made Mark feel good, because at the time he was the only black student in the class. The school itself had very few black students and not too many other races. It was a predominately white school and neighborhood. Mrs. Nestor was a very kind teacher and it was easy to learn from her. Mark and I were in her class together, while Kathryn and Camille were in another class, Ms. Diver was her name. The only time we ever got to spend time together was at gym, lunch, and recess. There was this other time, I remember the two first grade classes got together to do a play for the school. I don't remember the name of it, but it had to do with holidays, their seasons and the seasons' weather. I remember Mark and I being New Year's Day. The four of us were very tight because we didn't socialize that much in school. Most of the students didn't talk to us because they thought we were spoiled rich kids. There was this one student who really hated us, Bilfred Ruddy, everyone called him Freddy. He was the class bully, well, to us anyway. He would tell everyone stories about us and everyone would believe them. However, there were two classmates who didn't like Bilfred and for that sake would talk to us, just to make him upset. Elizabeth and Thomas would sit with us during lunch and talk to us. At first they did it just to make Freddy upset, but after they got to know us they realized we were just a bunch of silly kids, like themselves. They would frequent the Crystal neighborhood, when their parents would allow it. My first year in school was not that bad, it ended pretty quickly, and the summer months came in.

**Summer 1986:** My second summer in Crystal was kind of strange. The past summers I was used to spending it with my dad. He would take days off from work, and because he wasn't in school he would take me to the park or sometimes to a baseball game, but this summer he spent a lot of time at work. I spent most of this summer with Mark and his dad. Many things happened during this summer, but there were three things that I remember the most.

The first thing I remember was in June when summer vacation first began. The first thing Robert, Mark's dad, took us to see was *Maria's Troupe*. This was my first time going to a theater. Mark's cousin had the title roll. We saw it at the James Doyle Theatre. At the end of the show we got

to go back stage. Robert introduced me to his sister, Kelly, and his niece, Victoria, the star of the show. She did a great job in the show. Her character was so intimidating that by the time I went back stage I was afraid of her. However, by the time I met her I realized she was just acting. She was a beautiful and warm person. We also got to meet the rest of the cast and some of the crew members. I felt so special, like I was invited to the VIP section. After the show we went to this diner called Lovely's to celebrate the night with Victoria. Some of the cast and crew members came out. Mark and I were the youngest, I kind of felt out of place, but we both agreed that we felt like we had something to brag about once we returned home.

In July I spent Independence Day with Mark and his dad. Robert took us to a parade just out of town. It was wonderful. We were out there for about three hours, but it seemed much quicker than that. They had dancers, floats, veterans, pageant queens, the mayor and governor was on a float, small town celebrities, and much more. I was so happy that I had got the chance to see this. Two things I remember the most about the parade were the GymnasTops and the veterans float. The GymnasTops were a gymnastic dance company. The flips, twirls, and turns they did were amazing; I almost thought they were going to hurt themselves. They did some also throw and catch each other moves, and pyramids, it was just awesome. The other thing was the veterans float. I remember it because I saw Papa Bill on the float. Robert knew he would be on there, but he didn't tell us. He said it was his surprise. When the float came by Robert asked us if we saw anyone we recognized. I looked hard and I saw him waving, Mark yelled out, it's Papa Bill. I looked and realized it was him. Mark and I waved back at him. After the parade we went back home to Peter and Regina's house, Camille's parents, they had a barbeque in their backyard and everyone in the neighborhood was invited. It was fun. My parents were there the whole time. Once I got back I told them about the GymnasTops and Papa Bill being on the float. I spent about a couple of hours their and then Robert took Mark, Kathryn, Camille, and I to see fireworks. We went to Stapple Park where they had a special concert going on. They had local singers and at the end of the concert they had this breathtaking fireworks show. All the colors in the world were in the sky that night. I enjoyed that day very much. It was one of my happiest childhood moments.

In August, Robert took Mark and me camping. This was my first time camping and I was a little nervous. When Mark told me we would be out in the woods amongst bears and snakes I thought to myself that can't be safe. Robert told me not to worry though he said just as long as you don't provoke the animals they wouldn't attack. It didn't calm my nerves though, just the thought of being in the presence of wild animals had me scared. I mean, they don't call them wild for nothing. We went

to this camp site in another state. It was about a three hour ride and once we got there I was both excited and scared. Robert picked out a site for us and it seemed pretty cool. I didn't see or hear anything strange. Robert said that the animals usually don't come out to the camp sites, so I was a little bit calmer. We were there for three days. It was weird sleeping outside in a camping bag. The first day we were there Robert took us hiking on a trail. I was nervous at first because I thought we would have to climb some mountain, but it was just a little trail. We actually saw some wild animals, we saw deers, elks, moose, and we saw a bear. They weren't a threat too us though. Robert told us any time we saw an animal to just stay calm and don't run. He said if you don't seem like a threat to them they wouldn't attack. He was right. We were able to finish the trail without any problems. After the hike Robert took us back to the campsite where we ate sandwiches that were prepared by Mark's mom. The second day was just as fun. We went canoeing and fishing. It was my first time canoeing and fishing. I didn't catch anything, but Robert did, he caught five fish, three big ones and two small ones. After we were done we went back to the campsite and Robert prepared them for us to eat. Robert was a great cook. He knew how to do everything right with fish. The third and last day Mark and I went swimming for a little while before packing up to leave. When I got back home I told my parents all about the camping trip. I'm not too sure, but I think my father was a little jealous of me spending so much time with Robert. Although he never said anything, I had that feeling being that he started to work less and began to take me places. Sometimes he would invite Mark along too. It seems like he was competing with Robert. I really don't know, but it was nice to spend time with my dad again.

**Autumn 1986:** The summer vacation was pretty fun, but like all summers it came to an end and I was starting another year at McCooper. September rolled in and I started my second year at McCooper. My teacher was Ms. Peterson. Kathryn and I were in the same class this year. Mark and Camille had Ms. Rite. It was weird starting the school year without Mark in my class, but I got used to it. Elizabeth was in the same class as Mark, and she still wasn't afraid of Freddy. She would talk to the four of us all the time and she would sit at our table during lunch. Sometimes I thought she was doing it more so to make Freddy angry. However, it was a nice feeling to know there was one person in our class who was not following the bandwagon. During this year Mark started karate lessons and everything he learned he would come to my house and teach me. I had asked my mom if she would allow me to enroll, but she didn't like the idea of karate. She said that it promoted violence. I told Mark, and he just said, it was okay, he said he didn't mind teaching me everything he learned.

My family and I went out to a Sukkot Festival that year. They had games, a magician, food, and candy, everything a child could want.

In November Priscilla, Kathryn's sister was born.

Another thing I remember that happened in November of 1986 (I remember because it was the week before Thanksgiving) was the incident between Mama Jean and Edward. He had come back home from work and Mama Jean came to his house. I don't know exactly what she said, but I remember at some point I heard yelling, screaming and cursing. It had the whole neighborhood at Edward's house. My mother told me to stay and watch the baby as she went over to Edward's. Pretty much Mama Jean went over to his house to let him know about his dog. She told him to get rid of it and he fought back. Once the neighbors went over, they all pretty much was on Mama Jean's side. He started crying, saying the whole world was against him. He then slammed the door and they all pretty much walked away except Mama Jean. She knocked on the door for a little bit before leaving. I watched the entire thing from my window.

Thanksgiving was pretty cool. My mother's parents came to visit. They were the first relatives to visit us in Crystal. We still were just moving in. Another thing that happened that year was over the Christmas holiday. This was the first year that I witnessed Mama Jean's family come into Crystal Fountain. She has eight grandchildren, three of which were my age, Isaac, Jackie, and Raymond. Mark introduced us and every time they would visit Mark, Camille, Kathryn, and I would invite them to play with us. We were very enthused to have children our age around us. We would also play with Andre and Andrew, they were the grandchildren of Kenneth and Barbara (the vacationers); they were identical twins. I can remember waiting for Christmas each year, not for the presents, but simply to see everyone. After so many years together we became friends, and although we only saw each other during the holidays, we still were close friends. I would write them at times and once technology stepped up, I began to call, even email them.

Then there was New Year's Eve. I spent it with Christopher, Kenneth and Barbara's son; he babysat me and my sister. My parents went to a party given by the law firm my dad worked for. It was fun because Christopher allowed me to stay up until midnight. We watch the Dick Clark special and watched the ball drop. I kept saying that I wish I could go to New York and be there and Chris kept saying that one New Year's Eve he would take me.

**1987:** So, the holidays were over, the New Year came in and I went back to school. It was kind of weird because I was encountering a new experience each month.

January was enjoyable; it was the first time the other students started talking to the Crystal Crew (which is what they called us). We had realized that the only reason why they weren't talking to us as because they were afraid to do so in front of Freddy. Freddy was out of school for two weeks, he

was suspended. The first days back to school he had gotten himself into trouble. He pretty much terrorized Thomas. He pushed him into the boy's room, told Thomas to stop talking to us (The Crystal Crew), and then he beat him around a bit. Once Freddy returned, slowly, but surely everyone stopped talking to us again, including Thomas. However, Elizabeth never stopped, we told her not to because we were afraid for her, but she didn't fear Freddy.

February was another weird month. It was the week after Valentine's Day, we all left the school from what we thought was a fire drill, but in fact it was a real fire. Well, it wasn't a fire. Smoke detectors went off in the boy's room. Three fifth graders were in the bathroom smoking. One of them brought the cigarettes from home and started smoking in the boy's room. It set off the alarm and the boys were suspended for a week.

Then there was March, which was pretty cool. It marked our first year at Crystal Fountain. Mother set up a celebration dinner, which dad missed, due to work. I never saw mother that upset before. Dad came home around ten that night. She allowed me to stay up until he came home. Once he got home she told me to hug him and then go to bed. I went to bed thinking they were going to fight, but nothing happened. Mother barely talked to him for three whole days. And when she did, she spoke in fragments and short sentences. You could tell she was upset. Daddy bought home flowers, chocolates, and jewelry in hopes of redemption. It wasn't until he took her out to dinner to Lovely's to celebrate the one year anniversary that she finally forgave him. Chris came over that day to baby sit. At that point he pretty much became our babysitter. I didn't understand why he was always around at first, because I thought he had moved out of his parent's house. He explained to me that he was house-sitting for his parents while they were away. They were in Italy that year. I remember because when they came back they brought back gifts for the whole neighborhood. They brought me back a box of Pelino almond confetti, which are sugar coated almonds. They were uniquely tasty. My parents got a wall plaque that said *Casa Bella*, which means Beautiful house. Barbara said she brought it for them as a one year anniversary present. My mother was so pleased, she started to cry. She kept saying she couldn't believe that they remembered. Kenneth and Barbara were kind of like Santa. When they came home they visited each house bearing gifts. They usually stayed home about one to two weeks before packing up and traveling to another place.

Nothing much happened in April. Robert took Mark and me to see another play with Victoria in it. This time it was at the Albert Brighton Arts Center. Vicky had the supporting role in *Queen Donna*. Just like the last time I saw her, she was wonderful. She has such a presence on stage that is indescribable.

May was a wonderful month for me simply because it meant that summer vacation was near. My dad took Mark and me to a local baseball game that month. It was pretty cool. One of the players hit the ball out of the park and some man next to us caught it. Mark looked at him and told him how cool it was that he caught it. The man smiled at him and then handed him the ball. Mark was so happy and shocked, so was I, so was my dad. Mark asked him why he was giving it to him and the man told him because he had a whole bunch of them at home. At the end of the game the man took us to the field and he had the player sign the ball for Mark. We later found out that he was the father of one the players. Robert got Mark a case to put the ball in, which Mark kept on his dresser.

Finally June rolled in and school was just about over, I couldn't believe my second year was almost done. The last thing I remember about my second grade school year was when Thomas started talking to me again. He would always make sure though that Freddy wasn't looking. It was only for a couple of days, but it was the start of some crazy things to happen. The school year ended and I started summer vacation. I didn't do much in June. Daniel, Kathryn's father got a pool in their backyard, so we pretty much went swimming everyday in June of that year. July was pretty fun. Robert took us to the parade again for Independence Day. The week after my dad took Mark, Kathryn, Camille, and I to a carnival held at a catholic church. It was entertaining; there were rides, games, cotton candy, food, and vendors. August wasn't so hot that year either, and I'm not talking about the weather. Most of the summer Mark and I just sat outside and continued to watch the houses being built.

**September 1987:** September showed its face again and I was back in school. This year was a year I will remember forever. It's the year that I learned a new word, not a good word either, but I'll explain that later. The school year started out normal. Elizabeth, Thomas, and I were in Mrs. Stephens' class, while Mark, Kathryn, and Camille were in Mrs. Godson's class. Although my third grade year was memorable there were three things I remember the most about that school year.

The first thing was in November. Mark told me while we were in lunch; he was so excited he barely got it out. His cousin, Vicky auditioned for a play on Broadway and got a role. She had won the roll of Lisa in *Be The Love*. I was so happy for her, she definitely deserved it.

The next event that comes to memory is the new word that I learned. It was in February of 1988, I remember the month and year so vivid. It was during recess at school and Thomas, Mark, and I were playing catch. Out of no where Freddy comes over and pushes Thomas. Thomas gets up and asked what he did that for. Freddy got really angry and told Thomas he wasn't supposed to be playing with us. Mark got upset and threw the ball at Freddy and told him to leave us alone. Freddy threw the ball back and Mark caught it. Freddy wasn't too thrilled about that. He walked away and we thought

that was the end of him. However, he came back with another ball and threw it at Mark without any warning. It hit Mark in the face and Mark fell down. Freddy went over to him, spit on him and said, and I quote, "Don't you ever do that again, you nigger." He walked away and one of the lunch aids saw him and took him. She grabbed him and took him to the principal's office. I didn't know what a nigger was, but Freddy got in more trouble for saying that word then throwing the ball and spitting. He got three weeks suspension and when he returned he had to stay after school for another two weeks for detention. When I got home and told my mom all about it she explained to me about the word and what it meant and the history in it. Mark wasn't himself for about a week. I would talk to him and try to cheer him up, but it didn't work. The whole month (February), was kind of weird, because that was supposed to be a celebration time for the blacks, but during that time in our school it was just dim.

March arrived and at home it was celebration time according to mom (move-in anniversary), however, at school the stigma of what happened still lingered. Things started to get back to normal by April.

The third thing I remember about that school year was May. It was my first time taking part in a gymnastic show. The third, fourth, and fifth graders put on a big gym show. Each level had something different to do. The third graders did a parachute show. I can still remember playing with the big colorful parachute in gym class. The four of us used to try to make the same affect at home with a blanket, but it just wasn't the same. The fun part was throwing the balls on the parachute and walking around and under. That was my third grade year. Of course the thing that had the most impact on me was the "n" word moment. After seeing the affect it had on Mark, it made me make sure that I try my best to never hurt anyone's feelings.

The most I remember about the summer of 1988 was being invited to Zelda Zeal's house. The four of us were invited over Ms. Zeal's house. She was in the neighborhood on a small vacation and Camille convinced her dad to ask Zelda if we could come over for a visit. The four of us along with Camille's brother, Michael went over her house in July. We were able to see her Golden Globe and her Tony award. She was very nice to us and humble. She showed us pictures she had taken with other celebrities she had worked with. We spent about four hours with her. She also showed us some videos she had made during the shooting of her scenes. We got to see behind the scenes look, and footage of her and other actors playing games during their off time. It was neat to see celebrities playing around like regular people. I had a whole new respect for her and celebrities after that visit. Another thing that happened was Funtastic Kingdom opened. It was the first theme park ever to open around our neighborhood and I was very excited. My father was supposed to take me that summer, but



his job got in the way. Well, the summer ended and soon I was a fourth grader.

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